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ST JOSEPH ACADEMY
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THE VISITATION.
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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Minstrel's Prayer.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

O MOTHER dear, if any song of mine
Has led some weary wanderer to thy shrine,
Has caused some heart, down-drooping to despair,
To seek new hope and strength and courage there;
Not mine the honor: 'twas thy spirit stirred
My dull and heavy heart, my lifeless word;
And if I made thee better loved or known,
The glory was not mine but thine alone.

O Mother, if by any dastard deed
I've made thy heart and Jesus' Heart to bleed,—
If I, whose song has led the wanderer home,
Have, after all, a castaway become;
Then take my cause and plead for me on high.
Can He, thy Son; unheeding pass thee by?
Yea, show to Him my heart all sorrow-riven
And let thy minstrel feel himself forgiven.

Some Mediæval Ways of Honoring the Blessed Virgin.

BY M. N.

HOW various and how beautiful are the forms of devotion to Our Lady! We who live in these modern days have our own special ways of honoring her. We have at our disposal, means undreamed of by our Catholic forefathers, for rendering the practice of our holy religion easy—I had almost said *too* easy. We consider that if we hear daily Mass during the month of May, with perhaps an occasional attendance at the evening

devotions; if we are present at the October recitation of the Rosary at least ten times, in accordance with the decree of Christ's Vicar on earth,—if we do these things, I repeat, we consider we have amply fulfilled our obligations. But it may be questioned if our present methods have such lasting effect upon the inner life of the soul as those "old-fashioned ones" which prevailed in times gone by.

Any one who gives a moment's thought to the subject will admit that, to-day, quantity and novelty seem too much in evidence, both in our private manuals of devotion and our public religious exercises. We rush from church to church, from service to service. Vespers are a weariness, and Compline scarcely less dreary. We want something "brighter." Even when assisting at the Adorable Sacrifice of the Altar, how very few there are who do not prefer to say other prayers rather than those of the Missal! How few really know and closely follow the Ordinary of the Mass!

We are so accustomed to consider morning and evening prayers as necessarily consisting of a specific form, composed of certain definite acts of devotion arranged in a formal order, that we quite lose sight of the fact that Prime is the Church's morning prayer, and Compline her evening devotion. We forget, moreover, that this same Church never intended that, *besides* her public Offices, her children should burden themselves with a multiplicity of long private prayers. Now, however, the Divine Office has, for the most part, been reduced to a duty discharged by the

clergy alone, private prayers have gradually come to take the place, in our minds, of the other far more important obligation.

That this was not the case in earlier ages, a glance into the old "prymers" and prayer-books will at once suffice to show. Then, all the favorite and most popular devotions to Our Lady—such as the hymns of her Joys, the litanies, the Marye Mass, the Five Psalms, the antiphons, and the night hymn—were adapted to *general* as well as private use, and might be sung as well as recited; whereas our modern devotions have each petition and each act of virtue absolutely distinct. "No room is left for a varied play of feeling," says a reliable authority; "there are no contrasts,—no light and shade." We are no longer in sympathy with the mind of the Church. We have lost the liturgical spirit.

Quite a usual practice amongst the laity during the Ages of Faith was that of participating, to some extent, in the Canonical Hours by saying, instead of each Hour, five "Our Fathers" and "Hail Marys," with an appropriate prayer. These prayers, which were very beautiful, could easily be learned by heart, as they were in Anglo-Norman verse. In the prayer for Matins, our Divine Lord is reminded how "by His sweet pleasure" He was mocked, buffeted, and spit upon; how at the same hour He "raised Himself from the dead and delivered His own from purgatory"; and the petition ends: "Grant me pardon of my sins, and patience in tribulation." At Prime are described the condemnation by Pilate and the appearance of the Risen Christ to Magdalen, "who loved Him much." The concluding words are: "Show me, Lord, Thy Face, and give me grace to do well." At Tierce, the scourging at the pillar and the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles are recalled, with the petition, "Enlighten my heart with Thy love, that I may serve Thee day and night." And so on through the rest of the Hours.

Several other methods of recalling, to

the different hours of the day, the various stages of Our Lord's Passion, or the joyful and sorrowful events of Our Lady's life, are given in the printed editions of the "Horæ," or Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. It will be remembered also that it was not only rich and noble lords and ladies who had "prymers" and who said Our Lady's Hours, but that this Office seems to have been the favorite devotion of *all* who could read. It is, moreover, abundantly evident that our ancestors were accustomed to learn it by heart in their childhood, and recite it with a companion. Sometimes they said it whilst dressing; and, as we have elsewhere said, the scholars in the royal college of Eton were expected to recite the Matins of our Blessed Lady while making their beds.

The author of a book called the "Mirror of Our Lady," written about 1430, gives us the reasons why "in all these Hours" (the seven Canonical Hours) "we ought to do her worship and praising. At the Hour of Tierce" (nine o'clock) he says, "labourers desire to have their dinner; and Our Lady hath brought forth to us Him that is food and bread of life, our Lord Jesus Christ,—comfort and refection to all that labour in His service. At the Hour of Sext" (noon) "the sun waxeth more hot; and by means of Our Lady the everlasting Sun hath showed the heat of His charity more largely to mankind." The remaining examples are equally quaint and full of piety, but these two will suffice.

Dr. Rock tells us that "Books which had in them the Canonical Hours were sometimes left by will, to be fastened to a desk or reading-stand nigh some altar, that those who wished might say or sing their Matins and Evensong out of them." Frequent mention is made in old wills of these handsomely bound manuals. In 1399, Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, leaves her daughter "a book with the psalter, prymet, and other devotions, with two clasps of gold, enamelled with my arms, which book I have often

used." The latter remark was, in very truth, no idle boast; for at that time devout women believed that in following these pious exercises they were imitating the example set by Our Lady herself, of whom an old English preacher said that "every day, from morrow to underen" (from early morning until nine o'clock), "she was in her prayers."

It is related of St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, that "during Advent and Lent, after a short sleep, she would rise at midnight, and, going to the church, say alone Matins of the Most Holy Trinity, Matins of the Holy Cross, and, lastly, Matins of Our Lady." True, this was the practice of one whom the Church has placed upon her altars; but it is none the less a fact that many, many men and women thought it no hard thing to take a daily part in the Divine Offices of the Church; and this, too, when the hearing of Mass, or even of several Masses, every morning was the general rule.

Later on, when cruel laws had made invocation to Our Lady a penal offence in England, once her favored Dower, there were not wanting courageous Catholics who met together in secret to recite her Office. That such was indeed the case is proved beyond a doubt by the "register of criminal proceedings" taken after the second unsuccessful rising in the northern counties, A. D. 1569, against all who were suspected of any predilection for the old Faith.

It was a quaint and curious custom amongst our forefathers to offer to Our Lady various "garments," in the form of metrical prayers, which took their name from some key-word, such as *amictus* (mantle). Again, there was the "hairpin," or *crinale*, which consisted of ten strophes, each of five short lines. Then, too, certain prayers called a "ring" were often recited; and it is well to note here that these purely devotional "rings" must not be confused with what were formerly known as "bede rings" (rings with ten small knobs, or bosses, and a

large one for the *Pater Noster*). They were made of gold, silver, ivory, and other less costly materials; and it is abundantly evident that they were used both in England and Ireland as far back as the fourteenth century.

There was also the ring to which was attached the string of beads which we now term the Rosary. This ring could be worn on the little finger, or fastened to the girdle; and the beads—which in those days were called "a pair of beads," or "a pair of *Pater Nosters*," or "Ave Beads," or simply "a *Pater Noster*"—were not gathered into a circle, as at present, but fell in a straight line, as we see from the effigies still existing on ancient tombs and brasses.

During the Ages of Faith, inscriptions on rings—such, for instance, as *Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judeorum*, or *Ave Maria, gratia plena*—were believed to possess a special virtue. There was, moreover, one class of rings, having figures of Our Lady and the saints engraved upon them, which would seem to have been quite peculiar to England; for authorities on the subject tell us that no examples of the same kind have been seen elsewhere. These rings, however, must have been extremely common, judging by the frequent reference to them in the old wills still preserved. One may still meet with rings inscribed, *O Mater Dei, memento mei*; or with the Holy Names in Old English characters, *Jhesus, Maria*; or with *Ave Maria, gratia plena*. The last inscription is often found on brooches, as well as on bag-purses attached to the belt, which were worn in those days as they are now; though, unlike our modern belt bags, the clasps often bore the sacred monograms of Our Lord and of His Blessed Mother.

In 1508, we find John Petty, Lord Mayor of York, leaving to his daughter Anne "a pare corall beides" (beads); "it was her mother's, with rings and jewels." And, much earlier (1369), Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, bequeaths "a set of beads of gold and a ring." Brooches, or

"nouches," are also frequently mentioned as being attached to pairs of beads. Thus, in 1361, Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, leaves to his nephew "a nouché of gold surrounded with large pearls, a ruby between four pearls, three diamonds, and a pair of gold *Pater Nosters* of fifty pieces with ornaments, together with a cross of gold, in which is a piece of the True Cross of Our Lord."

Again, the Earl of Warwick, above mentioned, speaks in his will of another "set of gold beads with buckles, which the Queen gave me." And of Dame Eglington, the accomplished prioress, Chaucer tells us that—

About her arm she bare
A paire of bedes, gauded all with grene;
And thereon hung a brooch of gold full shene,
On which there was first writ a crowned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.

We give the words, because they are yet another proof that such ornaments were the usual accompaniment to the beads.

With regard to the name "Rosary"—a charming one, by the way, and equally so in its German equivalent of *Rosenkranz*,—it is scarcely necessary to state that, before the sixteenth century, this word was seldom if ever used to designate the beads themselves.* Nor was it even restricted to the form of prayer said upon the beads; for, in 1543, a small volume, written in English but printed in Antwerp, was called "The mystic sweet Rosary of the Faithful Soul, garnished round about as it were with fresh, fragrant flowers, according to the Truth of the Gospel, with fifty pagens [pictures], of the Holy Life and Passion of our Lord Jesu Christ, with certain places of Holy Scripture corresponding every pagen," etc.

It is worthy of note, in connection with this subject, that the celebrated Lansperg composed a Rosary of the Fifty Joys of Our Lady,—or perhaps it would be more correct to say he recommended meditation on different mysteries commemorating Our Lady's Fifty Joys; and, though his name

does not appear, it is quite possible that the small volume above mentioned was the English version of his Rosary. He gives also a shorter form, in which each mystery begins, *Ave, benignissime. Jesu*, etc.; and then continues, *Ave et tu, O gloriosissima Dei Mater*, etc.

History tells us that Louis Blossius composed a similar form of meditations, which went by the name of a Rosary. We know, moreover, that during the Middle Ages the term "Rosarium" was a very common title for books, and "as such," says a reliable authority, "dates certainly from the thirteenth century." Chaucer, in his "Canterbury Tales," alludes to the famous Rosarium composed by Arnold de Villanova, in Catalonia. This Arnold was a renowned physician, and doctor to Pope Boniface VIII. A. D. 1294-1303. The poet thus refers to him:

Lo, thus saith Arnold of the new town,
As his Rosarie maketh mencion.*

A Rosarium was composed by Father Bernardine de Busti, that holy Franciscan friar and devout client of Mary, who, besides the most copious of all the Offices of the Immaculate Conception—an Office containing nine new lessons for every day of the Octave, and enriched with numerous indulgences by Pope Sixtus IV.,—wrote also a Mass for the same feast.

Again, *unum Rosarium* is mentioned by Sir William de Walworth, the brave and loyal Lord Mayor of London, who in his will, dated A. D. 1385, places it in his list of books. Consequently, we may more reasonably assume that it was a volume of meditations rather than a pair of beads, seeing that these were not known by the name of Rosary till a much later period; though the prayer itself was so called, and one in all probability often recited by a citizen, whose evident devotion to Our Lady would have made him as well acquainted with the use of the beads as with that of the sword. His mind in this matter is plainly shown by his own words, wherein he bequeaths 'his

* See Edmund Waterton, F. S. A., and others on this subject.

* Mention.

soul to Almighty God, to the glorious and Blessed Virgin Mary, to St. Michael and all saints; and his body to be buried in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in the church of St. Michael in Crooked Lane, at the corner of the altar'; whilst his books, his good works, his large-handed charity to all in need, and his many acts of truly Christian piety, prove him to have been a worthy follower of the Faith he professed.

Not alone in prayers and books of meditation was devotion to the Queen of Heaven made manifest, but her Joys were commemorated in popular song; and even till quite recent years seven and sometimes twelve Joys were sung in different counties of England. Perhaps the best known of these carols is that entitled "The Seven Good Joys of Our Blessed Ladye."* We have seen, not once but over and over again, how famous was this devotion from the early days of Faith up to the time of the Great Apostasy, and even after; for the stained-glass windows in which it was frequently represented were not all demolished till a later period. As a matter of fact, one of the great windows in Canterbury cathedral wherein Our Lady's Joys were depicted, together with the "blissful martyr" St. Thomas, and the patron saints of England, was not destroyed before the Commonwealth.

It has been hazarded — as a conjecture merely, positive proof being of course impossible—that the very great veneration in which the saintly Archbishop of Canterbury was held, not only by the English people but by all Christendom, may have contributed not a little to spread and make popular the devotion he loved so well, and which the Virgin Mother is herself believed to have revealed to him. On this account the Seven Heavenly Joys have ever been associated with his name.

It is, again, most curious and interesting to find that the Joys of "Sainte

Marie, Mayden and Mère," formed the subject for painted cloths,—“probably,” antiquarians tell us, “intended for the decoration of walls.” Thus, by his will, dated August 4, 1458, John Tidman, chaplain, bequeaths to Alice, the wife of William Philipp, “a cloth painted with the history of the Five Joys of our Blessed Ladye”; and to Isabella, daughter of Jane Byddus, “a cloth painted with a large image of the Blessed Virgin Marye.”

These quaint ornaments, if we may use the word, were sometimes called “stevened cloths,” as we see from the will, dated July 19, 1464, of one John Burton, chaplain to the infirmary of the poor, in the Hospital of St. Leonard, at York. This good man leaves to his sister Ellen “a small stevened cloth with an image of the Blessed Virgin Marye,” and the inscription *Mater Dei, memento mei.** John Baret, of Bury St. Edmunds, whose piety and generosity were remarkable, left his niece “the stevened cloth of the Coronation of Our Lady.”

Then, too, there were mural paintings, remains of which may still be found in old houses, and all these prove how inseparably the thought of the Virgin Mother was bound up, so to speak, with the daily life of the people. Edward VI., Elizabeth, and James I., by acts of Parliament rigidly enforced, ordered all Catholic books of devotion—such as missals and primers—to be burned. Hence the small number still available for reference; but, even so, these scanty materials are more than sufficient to give us a very fair idea of the prayers addressed by our forefathers to “that Most Blessed Virgin, Our Lady St. Mary, Mother of Christ, next after God most honoured to be.”

A favorite manual of devotion amongst English Catholics in mediæval times was that containing the prayers and meditations of St. Anselm. St. Thomas of Canterbury habitually used these prayers; for his chronicler tells us that “when Mass

* “Songs of the Nativity.” Edited by W. H. Husk.

* “Bury Wills and Inventories.” Camden Society. Vol. II, p. 262.

is being sung through down to the Gospel, he readeth the prayers which his predecessor, Archbishop Anselm, of blessed memory, had composed." Amongst them were several addressed to Our Lady.

The Irish, it need scarcely be said, were noted for their hymns and prayers to Our Lady. One of the former, consisting of twenty-four stanzas, is entitled "The Protecting Corselet of Marye." It is generally attributed to the eleventh century. One stanza runs:

I offer myself under thy protection,
O loving Mother of the only Son,
And under thy protecting shield I place my body,
My heart, my will, and my understanding.

When Alexander Stavenby, Bishop of Coventry, drew up his constitutions in A. D. 1237, he desired "all Christians to say daily seven *Paters*, seven *Ave Marias*, and two *Credos*"; and he moreover instructed his clergy not to promulgate or teach a new form of prayer, but to exhort the people to be faithful in their daily use of what they already knew. Perhaps it would not be disadvantageous if the laity, in this hurrying twentieth century, were to take to heart the good prelate's advice, and, instead of burdening themselves with a multiplicity of all sorts and conditions of vocal prayers—prayers which it is next to impossible to say with constant attention and devotion,—they would revert to the old-fashioned piety, which disdained not its "pair of beads," its devout nightly reading of the Passion of Christ, its Psalters, its frequent attendance at the Divine Offices of the Church, and above all at Holy Mass. We could not do better than cultivate the spirit and follow the example of our Catholic forefathers; and when our efforts seem useless and our petitions unavailing, let us turn, as they did, with unabated confidence, to the Holy Mother of God, remembering that—

The rose when shaken fragrance sheds around,
The bell when struck pours forth melodious sound;

The Heart of Mary, moved by earnest prayer,
Will scatter grace and sweetness everywhere.

Beppo and the Beacon Shrine.

BY JOHN KEVIN MAGNER.

I.

IT has been well said that, even on so material a ground as the law of conservation of energy, no particle of true affection is ever lost in this world; and neither is the tiniest particle of any true thing, especially if it be set forth on the printed page, as Pio Decimo so ardently desires. Perhaps he will go down to history as the "Catholic Journalist's" or even "Novelist's Pope."

It was a sentence from an undeservedly forgotten romance by that great Catholic woman of letters, Lady Fullerton, that sent Jack Leathley to Italy, where he became friends with little Beppo Davia, learned to love the beacon shrine of Our Lady in the tiny harbor of Trebbia, and took a most important step, which it is not a story-teller's business to forestall.

But the sentence—the casual, printed remark, indeed—that effected all these things? Alas! we Catholics have a knack of letting our classics get out of print. I can not lay my hand on "Lady Bird"; though I have "Too Strange Not to be True," and other novels, by the same gifted hand. I can only give Leathley's version of what Lady Fullerton wrote. "She taught me," Jack has often said, "that the best possible investment of a penny, when this big grey London of ours depresses a fellow, is to give it to an Italian child with a guitar or accordion. Just watch his smile, and you'll go away with a feeling that God's in His heaven."

Jack first began to give pennies to Italian children when he was in Anglican Orders, a muscular curate in the parts about Saffron Hill. "Little Italy" there is good, even on the testimony of Englishmen most opposed to alien immigration. And to say that is to say that the children are very good indeed.

Jack Leathley was then the Rev. John

Leathley, M. A. He was a High Churchman who honestly believed himself to be in priest's Orders, and was in consequence rendered as miserable as his buoyant nature permitted by his two employers—the Broad Church vicar and that gentleman's narrow wife. Outside of the denizens of "Little Italy," as most frequenters of Saffron Hill are aware, the British public is too bemused with beer to trouble the Church of England (as by law established) with church-going. So for three seasons of the year Jack's abilities were wasted.

In winter, when severe distress was abroad, he came out strong; for, luckily, he had some private means. Perhaps otherwise he would not have been retained in office by the vicar and vicaress, to whom he gave the services of an Oxford graduate for the wages of a bricklayer's assistant. In any case, during the bleak months Jack used to meet the Catholic clergy of the district on the common ground of blankets, coal and food. He made valuable friendships then, all and each of which he retains. One of the Fathers discovered that Jack had read Dante to advantage, and offered to teach him colloquial Italian. The offer was gratefully accepted; and the Padre—a Florentine—soon discovered how simple a soul was Jack's, and how high-minded. The two ideas—Jack Leathley and proselytism—were more than incompatible: they were ludicrously so.

Henceforward there was no shadow of let or hindrance on the Catholic side when Jack gave alms to the poorer Italian children or their parents in the starving months, and spoke fluent Italian sympathy with the most robust of British accents. Sometimes he gave pretty rosaries or medals, but always with the request that recipients should have them blessed by a priest—"un prete." Asked bluntly by little children, or by some of their naïver elders, how it was that he still considered himself a Catholic priest, Jack ended by saying quite humbly that he did not know.

Vicar and vicaress heard of this and waxed furious. Mercifully Jack's modest patrimony gave him the freest of hands, and the "dearth of Anglican curates" we read of in the newspapers secured him peace. But in peace, as the deep saying of the holy prophet Isaias has it, one's bitterness is most bitter. There came a day when some of the Italian children he loved peppered good John Leathley with searching questions from the Penny Catechism. Young Padre Hippolito, who taught him Italian, was too shy to meet the earnest young parson on grounds of theology, trusting that God would do His own work in His own good time. But the little ones had no such scruples; and God's work was begun, as so often before, *ex ore infantium*,—by the mouth of little ones.

To speak quite humanly, perhaps Jack Leathley's disillusion was in a sense a little premature. The sheer frankness of the children as they harped upon the great text, "Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build My Church," started in his mind doubts of the validity of his Orders and the jurisdiction of his "branch" of the Catholic Church, which in twenty-four hours became agonizing. Led by his angel, as are all upright men who give their guardian spirits control of their footsteps, he made his way in great distress to Padre Hippolito, and was surprised—even in his grief—to find that scholarly and retiring young priest so prompt in aid and decision when consulted in his official capacity. Poor Jack's upheaval had left him so shaken in mind and body that he was scared by the common temptation in such cases to believe that no human being had ever undergone such desolation. Padre Hippolito laid a reassuring hand on his arm.

"I know your sufferings very well, *caro mio!*" he said, in the limpid Tuscan his pupil now spoke like a book. "God will often have it so in the case of conversions, whether from sin or (as in your case) from error, however blameless. He crucifies us on a cross that is too high for

earthly comfort and not high enough for heavenly. The words of the children have shown you that the Protestant Church is wrong: they have not proven—how could they, *questi fanciulli?*—that the Catholic Church is right. Meanwhile, *povero amico*, your health is suffering. I can see it. The body must be looked after, that it may help the soul. If you will allow me to prescribe, I advise that you go at once for a few months' rest in Catholic surroundings,—preferably in Italy, since you know our language and love our people. My uncle is parish priest of Trebbia, a beautiful but little-known fishing village some leagues to the south of the fashionable coast you English call the Riviera. But Trebbia is quite unspoiled by the tourists. Shall I write to my uncle to find you rooms? He is a very simple and gentle yet learned old man."

"Pray do!" groaned Jack, his head between his hands.

Padre Hippolito met his gaze with a whimsical, half-bantering look. But when the young parson dropped his eyes to the carpet, the grave young priest turned upon him a glance of deep commiseration and sympathy, and his lips moved in silent prayer. Then he took a sheet of thin note paper from his desk, and began to cover it rapidly with fine, spiky handwriting.

As he paused in the composition of a sentence, Jack Leathley interjected, this time in homely English:

"Of course I chucked* my work this morning."

"I *felt* that, without asking you," said Padre Hippolito, resuming his letter. "And you need not tell me that the Reverend Signore—and the Signora—made you a great quarrel over the breakfast table."

"They did indeed," said Jack ruefully, under his breath. "It was a beastly row, and my head aches with it yet."

The Padre nodded, and for some minutes there was no sound but the soft friction of a pen upon paper. Could we have looked over his shoulder just then,

we should have read words of which these may serve as a translation:

"Receive him for my sake, and you will soon learn to love him for his own. He is one of those ingenuous men, not uncommon in this wonderful country, who seem never to have sullied grossly their baptismal innocence, and to be of the soul of that Church from whose outward communion they are visibly severed. . . . I would leave him very much to himself, and allow the quiet atmosphere of Trebbia to mature God's work. I am giving him the 'Credentials' and the 'Threshold of the Catholic Church,'—two golden little works by an English priest whom I knew well and revered: the late Canon Bagshawe,—may he rest in peace! When the time comes, you may read some Passaglia with him; for the Signore Leathley is a good scholar, though he humbly thinks himself most ignorant. I need not counsel you, *caro zio*—you who were my first teacher,—not to hurry an Englishman who has on his mother's side much of that Scottish blood that made Macbeth (the great metaphysical Scottish creation of the English Shakespeare) be ever '*letting I dare not wait upon I would.*'"

"Luckily, the Signore Leathley has also an Irish strain, so that the instinct of faith, and of revolt against modern materialism is in his veins. . . . It is a beautiful soul that I send to your charge from this black London. . . . Above all, I would encourage him to be much with the children. He has no false tenderness, and is given to no needless caresses and similar softnesses; for he loves little ones by reason of their innocence, and not merely for their natural charm. . . ."

Padre Hippolito's pen continued to traverse the sheet for some time, but its messages were of a purely private character. When the envelope was sealed, addressed and stamped, Padre Hippolito touched the bell and gave it to a rubicund and smiling lay-Brother for transmission to the post. Then he turned to Jack,

who beamed through his weariness and thanked him with his eyes.

There was silence for a space. Presently Jack said:

"What about my present programme,—my *immediate* plan of campaign, I mean?"

"It is simple," said his friend, with the quiet assurance that at first so puzzled Jack, and now so pleased and soothed him. "You have had no food, so you must promise me to lunch in a few minutes, either at your rooms or in the house here. I would prefer the latter, unless you think you have real need of solitude. In either case, you must try to get a couple of hours' sleep this afternoon; for you had none last night, I can see. Then come to dine with us at seven. Father Rector will be delighted to have you with us."

"*E poi?*" said Jack. "And then?"

"Oh!" replied Padre Hippolito, rising with a smile. "Then we shall discuss, not the testimonies of the early Fathers, *caro mio*, but time-tables. Travel is your cure just now,—travel, not theology. But of course there must be also a great deal of prayer and resignation to God's guidance, as I need not assure you. Remember what your great fellow-countryman, Cardinal Manning, said in a sermon once, when he was Archdeacon of Chichester, and very much in your position: 'We are under God's hand; we must not draw back, and we should not hurry forward.'"

Within forty-eight hours Jack Leathley was in Trebbia of the purple waters, looking out to the westering sun, and baring his head as the Angelus chimed from the campanile of the little church on the rocks overhead. Hesitant still, he was hopeful, and no longer in the acuter anguish of scarce three days before. Somehow, the invocation that arose to his unaccustomed lips was not the hallowed prayer of the Incarnation that we call the Angelus, but the words of poor, proud Byron—whose memory most of us cherish, with all its blurs, in that it recalls a poet who reared his foster-daughter a Catholic, who made his only speech in the House of Lords for

Emancipation, and who died in what he had reason to believe a noble cause:

Ave Maria, 'tis the hour of prayer!

Ave Maria, 'tis the hour of love!

Ave Maria, may our spirits dare

Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!

Ave Maria, O that face so fair,

Those downcast eyes beneath th' Almighty
Dove!...

Jack choked upon sobs as he said his first queer prayer to Our Lady. Donning his hat once more, and opening his eyes, he found himself the object of sympathetic scrutiny by a small boy holding a lamb, whom he had not observed when the Angelus chimed. He had just followed the example of the fisherfolk on the rocky foreshore, and obeyed the voice of the bell as best he could.

"The Signore is sad—*ha l' aria mesta*," said the child, straightening his meek burden between strong little arms and looking (to Jack Leathley's eyes) almost awfully like Italian pictures of St. John the Baptist, symbolically carrying the *Agnus Dei*. But it was a very real little boy of nine summers or so, and the white creature that nestled against him was prosaically just of the age when Italian cookery clamors for the knife. "The Signore is sad," said the little boy; "and so am I,—very sad. I have to take this lamb to the inn called Of the Sun, and to sell him for the dinner of a foreign gentleman, because my grandparents are poor. I have no father or mother. My father was a fisherman, but was drowned in a storm. My mother died when I was a baby. And now I must sell my lamb. It is sad; is it not, Signore?"

"What is thy name, boy?" said Jack.

"Giuseppe Davia," answered the child; "but they say Beppo, for short, in this parish. The Signor Curato calls me Beppo of the Beacon, because I am fond of Our Lady's shrine that has her statue and the lamp out yonder at the mouth of the harbor. It is the only signal to the fishermen for miles along this coast; and once when it went out there was a black

storm, and my father and two others were drowned in their boat. Signore, I go out to it daily at the low tide, and pray to Our Lady for the good estate of their souls. Before I was born men used to burn wood before her altar, and make a great blaze; two men would sit up the whole night to keep up the beacon for the poor men at sea. But now we have the American oil—the petroleum—in an iron vessel, and it burns all night without a watcher.”

“You must take me to see the beacon,” said Jack Leathley. Then, remembering the usage of Italian speech toward little folks, he resumed: “But why art thou sad concerning the lamb?”

“Because,” said Beppo, “excepting the Signor Curato in this world, and God and Our Lady and my parents in the next, he is my only friend. And he is to be eaten to-morrow night by a foreign gentleman at the Inn of the Sun.”

“I am the only guest at the Albergo del Sole,” said Jack; “and I promise you, Beppo, not to eat your lamb. But do you come with me to the inn, and I shall buy the lamb for you, so that you may have his price to take home to the grandparents. Then, lest they sell him to be eaten again” (Jack remembered “we shall put him in a stable for thee, his “thou’s” and “thee’s” with a jerk) and thou canst come to play with him till he becomes a strong ram,—or, for aught I know,” added honest Jack, “a big fat sheep.”

Thus it was that the two children—for such they were—fared onward to the Albergo del Sole; the smaller of the two pointing out the crazy boat used to bear oil to the beacon.”

“I am strong enough now to row it myself, Signore,” he said proudly; “and in calm weather they let me go and fill her lamp, and light it too.”

The setting sun struck the placid waters, so that the little bay gleamed like a tirelessly burnished shield. It was as though a golden pathway clove the

ocean from where they stood to the radiance of the far horizon. The figure of the Mother and Child stood out in black silhouette against crimson clouds, while the spray thrown up at the feet of Our Lady’s shrine fell like multicolored gems that had spilled from her mantle. The sea was of the intense Mediterranean blue, with only here and there a tinge of more cruel green, like the glint in the eyes of some sleek but sullen panther.

(To be continued.)

Far from Home.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

HE was but a little fellow, the month was the leafy June;

He caught up his tiny fiddle and played me a Magyar tune;

The soul of the Spring ran through it, and the song that the gypsies sing

When the sound of the brook’s first murmur sets their wild feet wandering.

And I saw, as the baby fingers swift danced with the fiddle bow,

A field with a golden harvest set in many a shining row;

And I heard the voices of reapers as their shining, sharp scythes swung;

And I saw them dance, with no roof-tree but the sky where the bright moon hung.

Then the fiddle bow moved more slowly; there were tears in the minor strain

And the fading hopes of the exile who would never see home again.

It faltered and trembled, then ended; the brave little hands were still;

No longer in homesick fancy the young folk danced on the hill.

No longer the ripe grain glistened in the smile of the foreign sun;

The call of the world insisted; the sad little tune was done.

But, oh, the pictures it painted and the songs that a fond heart sang

At the sound of that little fiddle, as the Magyar music rang!

Two Heroes.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

ONE of the finest ballads in the English language is Tennyson's story of the "Revenge"; and one of the most striking passages of English prose is Raleigh's contemporary account of the fight off the Azores and Sir Richard Grenville's death,—the record which is the basis of the poem. Whether in prose or verse, it stirs the blood to read how the old Elizabethan sea-dog, with his one ship, the *Revenge*, fought a whole Spanish fleet through a summer day and night; how when his admiral sailed away with five ships, refusing to meet such desperate odds, Grenville refused to go; how he was attacked by the leading ships of the enemy, and they tried to board him and were beaten off, and then—

The sun went down, and the stars came out far
over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one
and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high
built galleons came;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her
battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back
with her dead and her shame;
For some were sunk and many were shattered,
and so could fight us no more,—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in
the world before?

When the sun rose, the *Revenge* lay a wreck with her enemies around her. Grenville, sorely wounded, would have blown her up, but his men made him yield; and he was taken on board the Spanish flagship, where he died exulting in his exploit. But the *Revenge* could not be taken as a prize to Spain; for the wind rose, and with many of the shattered victors she sank in the Atlantic.

Raleigh told the story in his "Report of the Truth of the Fight about the Isles of the Azores this Last Sommere," published in 1591. Five years after,

another narrative was published by the Dutchman Van Linschoten, and soon translated into English. In 1852 Froude, in an article in the *Westminster Review*, on "England's Forgotten Worthies," used these records to revive the memory of Grenville's last fight. Three years later Kingsley published "Westward Ho!" in which he made Grenville one of his heroes. For thousands this story of Kingsley's is taken as a true picture of the time; and its glorification of the Elizabethan sea-rovers, and the calumny and contempt he pours out upon Jesuits and Seminary priests, are accepted as the verdict of history.

Sir Richard Grenville's name was for me, from the day I first read Tennyson's ballad, associated chiefly with this story of the fight off the Azores in 1590. But one day I took up Dom Bede Camm's "Lives of the English Martyrs"; and there, in the story of Blessed Cuthbert Mayne, I found how Grenville won his knighthood; and his name has now other associations.

Cuthbert Mayne and Richard Grenville were both men of the same part of England—the long peninsula of Devon and Cornwall, which its people call the "West Country"; and the men of the West Country are a sturdy race, with perhaps a strain of Keltic blood in them. Mayne was born at Youlston, in Devon, in 1544; educated as a Protestant, and ordained a minister; but when he was the young chaplain of an Oxford College he became a Catholic, and went abroad to study in the newly established Seminary of Douay. In 1576 he came back as a priest to labor in the West Country.

He stayed at the house of a Catholic landowner, Mr. Tregian, at Golden, near Truro, in Cornwall. He passed as Tregian's steward, and in the few months that he lived there he made many converts. Rumors spread that there was a priest in hiding at Tregian's house, and Elizabeth's bishop of Exeter took counsel with the high sheriff of Cornwall as to

arresting him. The sheriff was Mr. Richard Grenville.

On June 8, Grenville, with the bishop's chancellor, several "justices," and about a hundred armed men, surrounded the house at Golden, and demanded admittance. Tregian met Grenville at the door. The sheriff told him he had come to search for a criminal who had escaped from London. "There is no such man in my house," was the reply. Tregian asked Grenville if he had a search warrant from the Queen; and when the sheriff could not produce any such authority, he protested against his house being searched. But legality counted for little; and Grenville was a violent man, who, as his own admirers confess, "was subject at moments to such fearful fits of rage that he had been seen to snatch the glasses from the table and grind them to pieces with his teeth." Threatening Tregian with a drawn dagger, he forced his way in, followed by his men.

Cuthbert Mayne met him at the door of his room. "Who are you?" inquired the sheriff, and caught him by the front of his vest. He felt something hard there; and, asking, "Do you wear a shirt of mail?" he tore the priest's clothes open, and found an *Agnus Dei* in a silver case hanging on his breast. This was enough ground for arrest; for to have an *Agnus Dei* was a criminal offence under a law passed six years before. His papers were seized. They showed he was a priest; and Grenville, treating him with insulting rudeness and heartless cruelty, dragged him off to Launceston Jail, where he imprisoned him in a dark, underground room, loaded him with irons, and chained him to the posts of his bed. Tennyson makes Grenville chivalrously anxious to save his men from the prisons and the "devildoms of Spain"; but the poet had probably never heard of the cruelties of Launceston Jail, and the further barbarities that were to follow in Launceston market-place.

Eight days later, Mayne was put on his

trial at the assizes for Cornwall, held at Launceston by two judges, Manwood and Jeffries. There were five counts in the indictment. These may be thus summarized: (1) That he had brought from Rome a printed faculty of absolutions. (2) That he had published this document at Golden. (3) That at Launceston he had taught and defended the ecclesiastical power of the Bishop of Rome. (4) That he had "brought into the kingdom a vain and superstitious thing called an *Agnus Dei*" and given it to Tregian. (5) That he had said Mass at Golden.

Asked what was his defence, Mayne pointed out that no proofs were before the court. It was the practice of the martyrs, and rightly so, not to throw away their lives, but to force the persecutors to prove their allegations. As to the first two points, the document produced did not come from Rome. It was the proclamation of the Jubilee of 1575, printed at Douay, and now out of date and of no effect, so that he had never published it. The third point rested on the evidence of three men who swore to a conversation with him in prison. He denied he had on that occasion said anything about the jurisdiction of the Holy See. There was no evidence that he had brought the *Agnus Dei* into England or given it to Tregian. It was true, a chalice and missal had been found in his room, but this did not prove he had actually said Mass.

Mayne had shown that the case had not been proved, and Judge Jeffries was inclined to direct an acquittal; but his colleague Manwood told the jury that, "where plain proofs were wanting, strong presumptions ought to be sufficient." The jury retired; but, in spite of Manwood's charge to them, they could not agree. And now Richard Grenville, the high sheriff, was guilty of an act of scandalous injustice and illegality. He meant to have the blood of the priest, and he went into the jury room and argued with and bullied the jury into agreement. The verdict was "guilty of high treason";

and Manwood pronounced the horrible sentence that Mayne was to be hanged, cut down alive, hacked to pieces, disembowelled, and beheaded. "Thanks be to God!" said the priest, as he was taken back to prison to wait for death.

He waited five months in chains. Judge Jeffries had sent to London a strong report against the legality of the conviction. But after long debate the council confirmed the sentence. At the end of November the warrant reached Cornwall. Grenville was to see to its execution. On November 28, Mayne, wasted by long imprisonment and still loaded with irons, was brought out from the jail to a meeting of magistrates, where two ministers were to dispute with him. Grenville must have been there to see this other fight against odds. For hours Mayne held his own. At last one of the magistrates said that even now, if he would swear to the Queen's jurisdiction over the Church, he would be spared. "Give me a Bible," he said, and they thought he was broken down and would yield. But he kissed the book and said: "The Queen never was, nor is, nor ever shall be, head of the Church of England." The priest was then told he must die next day.

When he was laid on the sledge to be drawn to the gallows, one of the magistrates wanted him to be so placed that his head would project behind the hurdle and be battered on the pavement; but Grenville (and it is the one incident in his favor) forbade this brutality. As Mayne stood on the ladder with the halter round his neck, vain attempts were made to wring from him information as to those who had assisted him. He was flung off as he struck his breast and said: "*In manus tuas, Domine!*" His head struck the gallows as he fell, and it was thought that he suffered no more, when the hangman used his knife.

For the hunting down and the butchering of this priest, first of the martyrs of Douay, Mr. Richard Grenville received the honor of knighthood from Queen

Elizabeth and became "Sir Richard." The rank that was once the reward of honorable service in the field, and pledged its bearer to serve God and the King faithfully, and to protect the weak against outrage and injustice even at the risk of life and limb, was given to him for this hangman's work.

He was a good fighting man. He served against the Great Armada. He conducted the first expedition to Virginia for Raleigh, though his overbearing temper helped to ruin the enterprise. He did much sea-roving work for his Queen, with tangible rewards in the way of booty. It would seem that in his last fight it was the same self-willed temper he had shown before that made him disobey Sir Thomas Howard's orders, separate himself from the fleet and engage the Spaniards. He fought well. Some of the best and some of the worst of men have done that. St. Louis and Godfrey de Bouillon were good fighting men; so were Cartouche and Captain Kidd, and a host of brigand chiefs and pirate captains. His last words are in strange contrast to those of the priest he judicially murdered at Launceston. Linschoten's narrative tells how, as he lay on deck of the Spanish ship, he said:

Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind; for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, that hath fought for his country, queen, religion and honour. Whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of my body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier, that hath done his duty as he was bound to do.

Even from the soldier's point of view, he had disobeyed his orders and sacrificed uselessly lives that his admiral would have saved. But, apart from this, how strange sound these braggart words! One hopes that there was some other thought in the dying man's mind,—some thought of a prayer for mercy and pardon. Better far, and more heroic surely, was his victim's end. Mayne had done his duty, obedient even to death; but he indulges in no boastful exultation. It is only "*Deo gratias!*" when he is condemned; "*In*

manus tuas" as he falls from the ladder at the gallows, striking his breast in sign of humble penitence.

The fierce-tempered old sea-rover is one of the world's heroes, a good type of its standards. The gentle Seminary priest is one of the heroes of God's Kingdom. Of Mayne it might be truly said his soul "departed out of its body, leaving behind it an everlasting fame." The weary months of suffering in Launceston Jail, the agony endured at Launceston gallows, are more heroic than all the battle deeds of the man who won his knighthood by violating even the very laws under which he acted, to hound his neighbor to a cruel death.

The Late Charlotte Grace O'Brien.

THE daughter of William Smith O'Brien was born in 1845, and died on June 3, 1909. Many a heart on either side of the ocean will breathe an earnest prayer for the repose of the patriot's daughter. She was but three years of age when her father was sentenced to be "hanged, drawn, and quartered," for Ireland's sake. He was patriotic and noble; she was equally noble and patriotic, the worthy daughter of an heroic father. At nine years of age she met him as if he were an utter stranger. He had passed the interval in transportation or in exile; and during those tender years of childhood she had not known a father's caress or a father's smile.

She had just come to womanhood when he was laid with his fathers in the family burial place at Rathgonan, near Ardagh, in the County of Limerick. From that time forward began her real individual life; and although she had most tender and affectionate brothers and one sweet, gentle sister, substantially the remainder of her days was lived alone, and in a groove mapped out for herself. She had comfortable means, and looked out on the broad world with an intelligent eye,

but on the Irish world with a discriminating and loving one.

The fighting attitude of Michael Davitt and Parnell in the Land League agitation at once appealed to her; and, as manifesting her native goodness and unselfishness, she supported it heartily and generously with pen and purse, although she herself and all her nearest and dearest were receiving the means of livelihood as landlords from the land. It was during the Irish exodus, that resulted at this time from the combined effects of nature's poverty and landlords' greed, that her life-work dawned, first in hazy lines, and then came out chiselled and embodied before her—"the reform of female emigration." Her woman's heart, overflowing with the milk of human kindness, drew her instinctively to this.

In early days she had a great leaning, while an Irish Protestant, to the gentle and, in many ways, winning Society of Friends. That item alone will show what kind of heart she had; pitying everything tender, ready to stand to the death by the cause of the poor and the weak. And what so tender, what so pathetic, what so defenceless as the poor Irish maiden crossing the ocean wave? Her heart went out to that pale face, to that stainless purity, to that modest lip and heart, facing dangers it had no notion of, braving perils it little knew.

Her first intention was—she an Irish Protestant—to establish a body of Catholic Ocean Nuns. I knew her to interview bishops and urge them to found such an Order; I was with her. Failing in that, her next project was to have a priest as chaplain on board each of the emigrant liners. She was a Protestant still, but she knew the priest's influence with his people. She pointed that out to the managers of the companies, insisted on its beneficial effects, drew out a scheme of payment (sixpence a head from each emigrant), asserted that Irish emigrants would gladly pay an additional sixpence to go on a vessel that had a priest, and declared that

the names of all such vessels should be advertised in Ireland and America.

That failed; and then came, in bold characters and bolder determination and work, the "O'Brien Emigrant Home" at Queenstown. "I wanted to get a hold over the steamships," she said; and she did. Her greatest "falling out" was over the *Germanic* of the White Star Line; but ever after I heard her speak of Captain Ismay, of the White Star Company, as her best friend; and of the line, as being the first to adopt her suggestions. Even lately, when *THE AVE MARIA* published some strictures—for which we on this side of the water were most grateful,—she at once brought them under the notice of the Company. They immediately promised inquiry; but she seemed to hint that she would have more confidence in the promise if her friend Captain Ismay were alive to see to it. Knowing her mind, it will be permitted me to say that she was strongly of opinion that all persons travelling should publish every blamable act committed or countenanced by officials, but that persons should be perfectly certain of their reports; and that public opinion was the only thing to correct such evils.

While engaged on the "Emigrant Home," she felt that Irish-American action was necessary also. She was loud in praise of the men she met in the States. It will not be counted invidious if, out of the hosts and hosts of friends she met and made, I mention one. Speaking out of her generous Protestant heart about his Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland, she remarked: "*I met an apostle.*"

Through love for the Blessed Sacrament, she became a Catholic on Holy Thursday, 1889. That sacred dogma, and the immaculate Conception and immaculate life of the Virgin Mother of God, were the two great Catholic devotions that, over and above all, appealed to her mind and heart. Her desire, mentioned frequently during life, was to await her resurrection in the Catholic burial place

at Knockpatrick, which overhangs her beautiful home at Ardanoir, Foynes.

It was a most edifying and enviable thing to see how generously and how scrupulously her large-hearted Protestant relations carried out even her slightest Catholic wish, for which may God bless them bounteously! Sunday, June 6, 1909, was a bright, sunny day; and, with reverence and amidst the tears of many, Charlotte Grace O'Brien was laid to rest just beside the old ruins, and in the ground where possibly the feet of our Apostle Patrick trod. R. O'K.

A Strange Celebration.

THE approaching quatercentenary of the birth of John Calvin was anticipated by Scottish Presbyterians in the form of a special service in the ancient church of St. Giles, Edinburgh, during the month of May; the sitting of the General Assemblies of the three main bodies into which Protestantism in Scotland has split offering a unique opportunity for such a celebration. Two of these sects—the Established Church of Scotland and the United Free Church—set aside their minor difference for the nonce, in order to render homage to the memory of one whom both delighted to honor. The Free Church, however, remained severely aloof. Burns has sung:

O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
 To see oursel's as others see us!
 It wad frae monie a blunder free us
 An' foolish notion:

What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
 And e'en devotion!

To an outsider, as a Catholic must naturally be, the spectacle presented by the celebration in question, described by "A Contributor" in the columns of the *Scotsman*, can not but afford amusement. The title of the article, by the bye, although Scriptural in origin, is not an entirely happy choice. "The Pit whence We were Digged," is somewhat ambiguous.

A pit is suggestive of darkness rather than light, and Calvin is surely supposed by his admirers to have shed light upon the way by which heaven is to be reached; whereas a pit, even though it may be the source of illumination, uncomfortably suggests a region very far distant from eternal happiness. But let that pass.

"A Contributor" waxes eloquent over his theme; occasionally he rises to the pathetic, and barely escapes "dropping into poetry," like Silas Wegg, when his feelings are more deeply touched than usual. Here are some extracts from his approving pen: "The two moderators, in the glory of court dress and hoods [who shall say that Presbyterians hate ceremonial vestments?], went slowly up the long aisle to the communion table, walking in perfect accord." The enthusiastic description continues until it reaches what must be designated as bathos. Presbyterians have a rooted objection, as a rule, to any prescribed formulas of worship. But on this occasion the prayers to be used had been printed on cards and distributed among the congregation, which consisted in great measure of ministers of one or other branch of the Kirk. "They not only got the Assemblies to worship together," says "A Contributor," with increasing enthusiasm, "but they got them to read the prayers!... In a voice that rang far down the aisles to the remotest corners, Dr. Mitford Mitchell read the first prayer. It was an ancient prayer revised by Calvin and used ever since in the Reformed Churches of Geneva and France. Dr. Mitchell made only one change: he omitted the phrase 'born in corruption,' doubtless because he is not strenuous in holding the doctrine of original sin."

After this it is scarcely surprising that another minister to whose lot it fell to read a prayer for the welfare of the General Assemblies should do so "with deep feeling"; for the petition ran: "So order all their doings, through Thy Good Spirit, that unity and peace may prevail among

them." Much need of unity and peace, forsooth! A fundamental doctrine of Christianity treated as though it were a mere human opinion by one of the leading divines gathered together, regardless of their differences, to worship God in harmony!

Yet "A Contributor" does not discover the irony of the situation. "Unity and peace!" he cries in exalted strain. "Unity and peace,—they have come like a flood!" It is highly probable that many in that gathering would scarcely echo such rhapsodic utterances. Many there, unlike Dr. Mitchell, must have been "strenuous" upholders of the doctrine he chose to reject. All such would surely resent the liberty taken with the prayer "revised" by the father and founder of their heresy. Shade of John Calvin! What an indignity! His pet doctrine—the doctrine which lay at the root of his theory of predestination to eternal damnation—to be thus boldly and publicly ignored!

We are favored with yet another glimpse of the unity so fervently admired by "A Contributor" in one of the two addresses delivered on the occasion. Professor Paterson, we are told, "ascended the pulpit, and pictured Calvin in the breadth and depth of his teaching. But he showed how far men have marched since his day. Calvin's norm was the written word. For the Bible he made the stupendous claim that it was the word of God, as if dictated by His Spirit. From that everything evolved. But now we knew that the revelation of God transcended far the word, and breathed in the prophets of every time!"

We may well ask, in wonder, "What was the unity so enthusiastically applauded by the writer of the article in question?" Rival religious bodies worshipped in one building, sang the same psalms, followed the recitation of the same printed prayers—with a trifling omission, due to a difference of doctrine,—and listened to a discourse in which Calvin's belief in

the Sacred Scriptures was coolly classed among exploded myths. A strange unity surely, unless we are to believe that the Established Church of Scotland and the United Free Church, to a man, have ceased to believe in the elementary tenets of Christianity.

The sole unity discernible by a Catholic in the heterogeneous gathering in St. Giles' is the unity of fierce hatred against that True Faith which Calvin rose up to combat. "Show your abhorrence of everything Romish," Presbyterianism would seem to say, "and then you are free to pick and choose as you will from the few remnants of Christian teaching left to man."

A Salutary Example.

WHAT most people will be inclined to characterize as a salutary example was recently made of a motor-car driver in New York. Proceeding along a public highway at the rate of forty miles an hour, he failed to blow his horn as he approached a thirteen-year-old boy, struck and killed the boy, then deliberately increased his speed, and for the time being escaped. Later, he was arrested in Texas, brought back to New York, tried for and convicted of manslaughter in the first degree, and sentenced to imprisonment for not less than seven or more than twenty years.

In view of a statute in the criminal code of New York, the offending chauffeur might well have been convicted of, not manslaughter, but murder in the first degree. The statute provides that, "the killing of a human being, unless it is excusable or justifiable, is murder in the first degree when committed by an act imminently dangerous to others and evincing a depraved mind, regardless of human life, although without a pre-meditated design to effect the death of any individual."

This view will commend itself to the good sense of the average citizen; and,

taking into consideration the circumstances detailed above, the offending chauffeur might reasonably have been held to come within the provisions of the statute. The killing of the boy was certainly neither excusable nor justifiable; and the act of speeding along a highway at the rate of forty miles an hour was just as certainly "imminently dangerous to others," and evinced, if not a depraved, at least an utterly reckless mind, tantamount to a thorough disregard of human life.

Instead of claiming, therefore, that he is the victim of prejudice, the convict may felicitate himself that he was not condemned to the electric chair. In the meantime his sentence is likely to moderate the speed and increase the prudence of other drivers. Says the *New York Tribune* on the subject:

The idea has too much prevailed among a certain type of automobile-drivers that their rights on the street are superior to those of any one else; that when they sound their raucous horns it is the duty of everybody else to get out of the way, and that if any one fails to get out of the way and consequently gets hurt it is his own fault. Such fellows need a stern reminder of the intolerable error of that idea. They need to be made to realize that the rights of the general public on the streets are superior to those of any particular class of it; that an aged and infirm person has just as good a right to walk slowly across a street as an automobilist has to run his machine along it at any rate of speed; that it is more incumbent upon the drivers of such engines to avoid running over persons than it is upon persons to avoid being run over; and that when a driver does run over anybody he must bear the responsibility for it. The conviction of Darragh ought to go far toward bringing some motor-maniacs back to sanity and toward inducing some motor-criminals to respect the law. If it does not; then we must hope that at the hands of other just judges and juries every one who does as Darragh did will meet with Darragh's fate.

A hope to be cordially re-echoed by the eighty odd millions of Americans who do not own automobiles, and by the judicious among the other thousands who do.

Notes and Remarks.

It is a delightful experience to see ourselves as others see us — when they are capable of seeing straight. A most faithful observer is Mr. Alexander Francis, and consequently he has many favorable things to say about us in his new book, "Americans: An Impression." The self-assertiveness of our people is due, he thinks, rather to superabundant vigor than to vanity; this makes them "impressionable and volatile, and disposed to run to extremes"; and, while it is undeniable that their practical side has developed at the expense of their artistic capabilities and high intellectual output, there still exists a deeper life "which has suffered no permanent evil from the gusts of commercial passion with which its surface is constantly swept." "A humble heart," Mr. Francis says, "has always been beneath their bluster and brag." In fact, he is of opinion that bragging in America is in danger of becoming a lost art; an opinion with which the editor of the *Academy* declares he can "hardly coincide." That is because Lord Alfred Douglas does not know us as well as Mr. Francis. Bragging! We had thought that was the national fault of Englishmen. It is true that Americans are somewhat given to exaggeration, and that in a few of the larger cities of the United States the secret of silence, dignity, and repose seems to have been lost; but boastfulness is not, and never was, among our national foibles, as all the world knows. We beg to assure the editor of the *Academy* that he wouldn't consider all the bragging of Americans, at home or abroad, worth mentioning if he knew how much there is to brag about over here. Our modesty should be known to all men, especially to British subjects.

A somewhat notable exemplification of the existence, in the Catholic Church of Ireland, of that continuity which the

Church of England claims so loudly and so futilely, was witnessed a few Sundays ago at Derry. The occasion was the solemn dedication and reopening of the historic Long Tower Church. Thirteen hundred and sixty-three years have passed since Ireland's great saint, Columbkille, offered the first Mass, in 546, on the Long Tower site. There he built his Dubh-Regles, or Black Abbey Church. Though no doubt that church was first of wood, it was subsequently rebuilt of stone; and from various evidences it is perfectly clear that it lay within the ground occupied by the present building. Manuscript maps of the seventeenth century, and Manus O'Donnell's description of his pilgrimage to it in 1520, locate it precisely enough. But the discovery of the foundation within the present church, and continuing outside past the Calvary, leaves no doubt whatever as to the exact position. The recent dedication was a memorable ceremony, as was entirely fitting at a spot thus characterized on a slab of record: "Here, for over a thousand years, Mass was daily celebrated."

With the thermometer registering 90° in the shade, we hold that this is no time for controversy; and we doubt if it is ever opportune to argue with a Protestant minister who sees in the teachings of the Catholic Church nothing but a tissue of flagrant lies, ingenious statements, cunning designs, etc.; and who regards the Church itself as a monster steeped in superstition and sodden in iniquity. Sober-minded men of all creeds and of no creed pay little attention to such preachers as the one whose printed ravings are now spread out before us. He reminds us of the minister of whom President Lincoln used to tell—a Methodist exhorter in the West who got wrought up to so high a pitch of excitement in his exhortations that they had to put bricks in his pockets to keep him down.

It was John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, who said that "an ounce of

charity is worth a pound of knowledge." Judging from our separated brother's vituperative expressions, and his many disagreements with learned theologians and historians, Catholic and non-Catholic, he is "lean in love and thin in knowledge." But let us not fail in charity ourselves. It may well be that this rampant preacher is "not well in his wits." We remember receiving many years ago, from a prominent Episcopalian clergyman, a letter in which the opinion was expressed that a bishop of his denomination famed for anti-Catholicism was really a monomaniac on this point. The very mention of Pio Nono would sometimes excite him to fury; he actually tore his hair on learning that a distinguished presbyter of the P. E. C., whom he knew, had "gone over to Rome." We sincerely hope that the preacher whose sermon we have been reading will never become so violent as that; but it would be well for the elders of his church to have a few bricks ready to slip into his pockets, should he ever again become wrought up to so high a pitch of excitement.

Endorsing as an excellent piece of advice a contemporary's statement that "children should be taught to swim; if they have not the necessary accomplishment, they will grow up to be a source of danger to themselves and to others when they go out upon the water," the *Dublin Weekly Freeman* adds:

The bathing season will soon be in full swing, and week after week the usual crop of drowning accidents will have to be recorded. Sad reading they always make, and especially so because they are almost always due to the fact that the victims have ventured into the sea without having the slightest knowledge of the art of swimming. To be able to swim even a few dozen strokes would in many cases save those who perish during the swimming season. Now, there is no accomplishment at once so useful, not to say indispensable, and so easily acquired. And in addition there is no exercise so beneficial and bracing.

It is not merely in the swimming season or to imprudent bathers that drowning

accidents occur. The whole year round at sea, and for the greater part of the year on inland waters, there are numerous instances of disasters in which inability to swim, or even to keep oneself afloat for a few minutes, results in a deplorable loss of life. In communities blessed with proximity to river, lake, or bay, sensible parents will see to it that their children, girls as well as boys, acquire, at the age of ten or twelve, an accomplishment the acquisition of which is as easy as its possession is important.

In the year 1900 there was held at Sydney, N. S. W., the first Australasian Catholic Congress. Coinciding as it did with the celebration of the centenary of the Church in Australia and the consecration of the completed portion of the Sydney cathedral, it was a notable demonstration of the power and glory and unity of Australian Catholics. In 1904, a second Congress was held; and in September next there is to be a third one, which promises to eclipse its predecessors. The coming celebration will synchronize with the Silver Jubilee of Cardinal Moran's advent in Australia, with the laying of the corner-stone of that portion of the cathedral which remains to be built, and with the opening of the Missionary College of St. Columba. Our antipodean exchanges predict a magnificent demonstration, and their predictions are apparently well-grounded.

The "Tag Day" of the present century is not the novelty that many persons probably believe it to be. It is merely the rehabilitation of a custom prevalent in Catholic England of mediæval days. In an interesting paper contributed to a recent issue of the *Australasian Catholic Record*, the Rev. P. J. Sheehy writes:

Another occasion for providing necessary funds for parochial purposes was known as "Hockday" or "Hocktyde." It was the feast of the women of the parish. The second Monday and Tuesday after Easter were known

as "Hocktyde." On these days women seized and bound men as they came into the town or left it, and they demanded a small payment for their release. Recourse was had also to stopping roadways and bridges with ropes and demanding a toll from all men who desired to pass. In the old account-books that have come down, we find various entries of the amounts collected on these occasions. . . . Hockday generally brought £10 or £12.

On the whole, the modern "Tag Day" is a decided improvement on the Middle Age "Hockday." The methods employed are less strenuous, and, so far as our personal experience enables us to judge, are equally effective.

Apropos of the alarm felt among the sects on account of the aloofness of the masses from the churches, the *Chicago Israelite* "can not see why rational Protestants should be alarmed at present conditions. Protestantism is more influential in the United States to-day than ever before. It is discarding its distinctively impossible myths and dogmas, adopted from Greco-Roman paganism, and rapidly coming to be a Judaism without racialism or nationalism, and as such is rebuilding its foundations upon a solid basis upon which to rear a lasting structure."

This is doubtless meant to be consolatory; but it is questionable whether professing Christians will feel particularly complimented by being informed that they are in a fair way of becoming Jews, even with the racial and national characteristics entirely eliminated. As for the influence of Protestantism in the United States, most people are of opinion that it is decidedly on the wane.

In a recent address on the Royal Declaration, Father Nicholson, S. J., called the attention of his English audience to a point not hitherto exploited. Passing by the fact, said he, that the Declaration is erroneous and that we do not adore the Blessed Virgin; saying nothing of the fact that the Declaration arose in the darkest

pages of our history; passing over, again, the fact that the Declaration insults wantonly the holiest feelings of twelve millions of the King's subjects and the religion of more than two hundred and sixty millions of Catholics,—it does seem almost a crime that he is also forced to insult the religion of so many of his own relations. For he is made to insult the religion of his niece, the Czarina of Russia; of his Queen's nephew, the Czar; of his niece, the Queen of Spain; of his cousin, the King of Belgium. He must insult the religion of the lifelong friend of his dead mother, the ex-Empress Eugenie of France, the religion of the Emperor of Austria, and the Kings of Spain, Italy, and Portugal; and all this without any good to be gained, any danger to be averted.

The probabilities point to such an amendment or reconstruction of the Declaration as will obviate any necessity, on the part of Edward VII.'s successor, of insulting either his relations or his subjects.

Though comparatively rare in Christian communities, well-authenticated cases of demoniacal possession are of frequent occurrence in missionary countries. The Rev. Father Hull, S. J., editor of the *Examiner* of Bombay, in answer to a correspondent who had called his attention to such a case, remarks: "What with newspaper cuttings and letters, we get a large number of these; and the publication of one or two typical ones is sufficient." Writing from Ningpo, China, to acknowledge the receipt of some offerings for her mission from readers of THE AVE MARIA, a Sister of Charity refers to the fervent piety of her charges and their devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and adds quite incidentally: "She showed the wonderful power of her miraculous medal here about a month ago. A poor woman was terribly tormented by the devil day and night. A Christian relative brought her a medal, before which the devil fled, much to the amazement of the pagan

neighbors, who saw and heard all that passed. The woman is now a fervent catechumen, and her son is studying at the mission school."

One of the most distinguished physicians in London once assured the late Dr. Frederick George Lee that, in his judgment, numerous peculiar and remarkable cases both of epilepsy and madness could be duly and rationally accounted for only by the Christian theory of possession. A detailed account of the permanent cure of such a case by means of the Church's exorcisms is among MSS. in our possession for use next year. The exorcist was the bishop of the diocese, and the narrative is in his own words. One revelation of the demon's presence and power was so terrifying that the bishop declares he was unable at first to bear it, and fled from the room in horror and dismay.

A Vatican personage of notable distinction is credited by the Roman correspondent of *Le Temps* with this declaration:

Do not forget that the Papal claims to temporal power are but an assertion of the claim for freedom of spiritual ministry, which the Holy Father finds practically impossible so long as another sovereign power presides at Rome. An Italian politician, as noted for his cleverness as for his anti-clericalism, has very well expressed it when he said that the Pope's continual protest against the occupation of Rome is the only means left him for reminding the world that the Sovereign Pontiff is not the puppet of the rulers of Rome; and that thus the world may rest certain that, in the exercise of his spiritual ministry, his Holiness is not influenced by the masters of the Eternal City.

Thus understood, the Pope's claim to temporal power will impress a good many opponents of that claim, in its common interpretation, as being the reverse of improper or inexpedient.

In an address delivered at the convention of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, Buffalo, Mr. Fred Kohler, of Cleveland, thus explained the

Common-Sense or "Golden Rule" policy that has for some time obtained in police circles in his city:

- First: Juveniles are never to be placed in prison. They are to be taken home, or the parents sent for and the child turned over to them for parental correction. Second: The members of the force are to use their kindly efforts in easing the friction and ill-temper between man and man, wherever and whenever it makes itself manifest. Third: The best policeman is the one who manages the offender with the least show or display of authority. Fourth: Some men fall through some unfortunate circumstances and are not criminal at heart, and should be treated accordingly; in which case the best results might be accomplished with a well-applied reprimand. Fifth: Officers should have sufficient evidence of a competent character to secure conviction, before even considering the imprisonment of a person on any charge whatever. Sixth: Any apparent violators who are not known to be of good character and reputation are to be accompanied to the precinct station, where the matter will be carefully inquired into by the officer in charge, and the proper action, as specified by the Common-Sense Policy, taken.

Mr. Kohler reports that, in practice, the policy thus outlined has been crowned with most gratifying results,—which is easy to believe.

Apropos of the approaching Golden Jubilee of the Catholic mission in Sierra Leone, the British colony on the western coast of Africa, the *Weekly News*, a non-Catholic journal of the district, has these observations:

Among those whose labors among us stand high in the recognition and appreciation of the people are the Catholic missionaries—priests and nuns,—who, in their self-denying and, we may almost say, unobtrusive work, have set an example of energy, self-denial, and self-sacrifice, which it is impossible to praise too highly. No one but those intimately acquainted with their work knows anything of the privations which, with uncomplaining resignation, they sometimes undergo in the prosecution of their labors. In fact, their whole system, here and everywhere else, is based upon the principle of "denying oneself and taking up the cross." They put their hands to the plough and never look back, whatever the circumstances in which they are called to labor. We can not help

feeling, in these days of intense materialism, and the absorbing devotion to "the things that are seen and temporal," the very great importance to the spiritual life and growth of man, of having the practical example of a great organization so completely given up to the ideal and so unwaveringly holding aloft the great principle that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

We are not members of the Catholic communion: we are Africans interested in the upbuilding of this country. And while we deprecate the multiplication among us of rival Christian denominations and the strifes of conflicting sects, we gladly welcome all the agencies, whether spiritual or secular, which have contributed to the civilization and upbuilding of the peoples of Europe, Asia, and America. And we confess to a grateful experience of the unselfish labors of the Catholics among us. . . . We respectfully offer our homage and congratulations to Bishop O'Gorman and his self-denying coworkers.

The foregoing is merely an incidental expression of sentiment very generally entertained throughout our foreign mission field. Latent as a rule, it finds on suitable occasions a voice, like that of the newspaper just quoted, to proclaim both its existence and its vivacity.

A considerable portion of humanity take a peculiar interest in "first things" and "last words." Two instances of the former class of items we find in the current issue of *Historical Researches*. One is the first letter written in America. Its date is 1494, and its author the physician of Columbus' ship on the second voyage. The letter runs:

My idea of these Indians [in San Domingo] is that, if we could talk their language, they would all become converted to our religion; for they do before the altars exactly the same things they see us doing, — as, for instance, kneeling and bowing, singing the *Ave Maria*, or doing any other devotional exercises, and making the Sign of the Cross over one's self. They all say that they wish to become Christians; for, in reality, they are idolaters, having in their houses many kinds of strange figures. I asked them the meaning of those figures, and they told me "Things of Turey," by which they meant "of Heaven." Once I made pretence

that I was going to throw those figures into the fire, and this action of mine grieved them so much that they began to weep. They believe that everything, no matter what, we have brought with us, comes from Heaven, and also called it "Turey."

The second instance is mentioned in an extract from O'Gorman's "History of the Church," and is quoted under the caption "The First American Abolitionist":

Father Antonio Montesinos, Dominican, one of the priests of the expedition under Vasquez de Ayllon (one of the judges of San Domingo), which sailed from Spain in June, 1526, was a man who deserves to stand in history by the side of Las Casas; for he preceded Las Casas in protest against the enslavement of the Indians. In San Domingo in 1511 he preached a sermon, "very piercing and terrible," telling his hearers they were living in sin; that their greed and cruelty were such that, for any chance they had of going to heaven, they might as well be Moors or Turks. An apology and retraction was demanded. The next Sunday he declared that the monks of his Order would refuse the sacraments to any man who should maltreat Indians or engage in the slave trade. . . .

Mr. Stephen Therry, who died recently in New York, at the age of seventy, requested at the last that the parchment on which was written his act of consecration in the Society of the Holy Name should be placed in his hands, and he passed away while holding what he was wont to call his "passport to heaven." According to New York papers, Mr. Therry was the founder of the Holy Name Society, which was originally established in the parish of St. Francis Xavier in 1854. For many years prior to his death he had modestly withdrawn from active participation in the Society's councils, but its purpose and activities were ever dear to him. He was a man of most exemplary piety. Until ill health confined him to his house, he was a daily attendant at Mass and a frequent communicant. Those who knew him best are loudest in his praise, referring to him as a citizen of the highest worth, and a Christian of the noblest ideals. *R. I. P.*



Our Lady's Visit.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

WHEN Mary, prompt to do God's will,
Sped swiftly over vale and hill,
Her loving mission to fulfil
Toward Saint Elizabeth,
The grasses bowed themselves full low,
Midsummer blooms made haste to blow,
And gladsome breezes whispered low
"Hail Mary" with each breath.

And oft as we, like Mary, speed
To do a kindly, loving deed,
There greet us, though we take no heed,
Fair tributes from above.
Our Guardian Angels rapture show,
Our Lady's mien with joy doth glow,
And o'er us streams of graces flow
From Christ, the Fount of love.

Schoolgirls Abroad.

BY S. MARR.

I.



I hardly knew how it all came about. One evening toward the close of May we were talking of the approaching vacation, and Catherine Rooker said her daydream was Europe; whereupon Aunt Margaret fairly took our breath away by declaring she would chaperon us if we could get the consent of our parents. Well, after that there was a whirlwind of pleadings and of preparations. Each of us—Catherine Rooker, Mary Johns, and I—asked the trip as a graduating gift; for we expected our diplomas in June, and hoped to enter St. Hilda's College the following September; and, after some family councils, permission was granted. Aunt Margaret

had spent several summers abroad, and had visited France and Italy only the winter before; so, as she herself said, she was really never unpacked, and could easily be ready as soon as we were.

If classes had not kept on, and if examinations had not stared us in the face, we never could have waited for the time appointed for starting. Arrangements were left to Aunt Margaret; and, as it was late when our plans were made, we had some difficulty in getting suitable accommodations. But, finally, we were booked to leave New York July 10, on the Cunarder *Helvetia*, not a very large boat, but a very steady one,—a quality which we learned to appreciate later.

In the meantime we talked of nothing but our trip. We packed and unpacked till we were worn out. Aunt Margaret urged us to lighten baggage as much as possible; and when it was time to start, we made a final inventory, so that there would be no duplicates in the way of things to be used in common. Each one of us had a blessed candle and a bottle of holy water in her trunk; but no objection was made to these. And the trunks were strapped, labelled, and marked with our cabin number the night before the "good-byes."

We left home at noon on Monday, and it was hard to part from dear ones. Our parents and hosts of friends and relatives were at the station to see us off, and we promised more letters and post-cards than we could possibly write if we did nothing but write all day. There was a queer sinking of our hearts—I know mine went way down—when the train started and we waved a last good-bye to our parents and friends. Perhaps we might never see them again.

We were glad of a distraction just then, and duly exclaimed and aided in the

search as Mary Johns began to unpack her suit-case in the hope of finding her pocketbook. Aunt Margaret came to the rescue by handing over the missing article which she had picked up from the bench in the railway station, where its absent-minded owner had carelessly placed it.

Our trip to New York was pleasant, if uneventful; and nine o'clock Tuesday morning found us boarding the *Helvetia*, delighted with ourselves and the world in general. Following Aunt Margaret's directions, we quickly caught a glimpse of our staterooms, which were outside rooms and opposite to each other. There were our trunks; and we noted, with a queer swelling of the throat, that flowers and fruit, confectionery and reading matter had been provided by the thoughtfulness of the dear ones at home.

Having gotten our bearings, we went up on deck and watched with all the eagerness of inexperience the busy scene before us. People were coming on board; trunks were arriving on the dock; the ship's officers were everywhere in evidence; bell-boys were running about; cooks with white caps and aprons lounged near the gang-planks, up which were being wheeled marvellous amounts of gleaming fish, great sides of beef and mutton, boxes of poultry, crates of fruits and vegetables. We were a part of all the excitement; and, as we looked at the crowds beyond the gates waiting for the last word of greeting, the last sign of recognition, we exchanged theories as to the life-stories going on around us.

Ten o'clock the signal rang out. The gang-planks were drawn in, there was a quiver of the boat, a pause, and then we moved slowly out, the water gradually widening between us and the waiting crowds. We were off for Europe, and—we were homesick. But Aunt Margaret interrupted our thoughts by telling us that she was going to initiate us into the ways of sea-travelling. First, we went to the upper salon, where there were letters and telegrams for each one

of us. We eagerly looked for home news, though we knew the letters must have left home before we did. In disconnected little exclamations, we imparted to one another the contents of our letters; and, with Aunt Margaret as guide, we hurried to the library to get some post-cards ready for the pilot's boat. So engrossed were we with our home messages that we missed all the river sights, getting out on deck only in time to see the fort at the harbor entrance, and to watch the pilot get into his tiny launch and steam toward the city, while we steered our course for the open sea. It was a beautiful day, blue and gray,—but a soft gray with warmth in it; and I thought the boat was moving on in the heart of a great opal.

Next on the programme was to see the deck-steward and arrange for chairs. We were beginning to feel more at home, so I went to the cabin to unstrap our rugs and dispose of what we had wrapped up in them. Then I sent a bell-boy up with them to the deck, where Aunt Margaret had won over the steward to give us a lovely, sheltered spot. Seats at the table were next secured, and then we were delightfully settled for eleven days of restful travel.

The first afternoon we took a survey of the boat and its resources for diversion. There were few young people on board, but we were a host in ourselves, and soon knew all whom we cared to meet. The captain's headquarters were inviting; and we found the captain ready—for the sake, perhaps, of his daughter in England, who, he said, was about our age—to answer our numerous questions. He let us feed his canary, and allowed us even to make friends with Ju Ju, the cat.

In making the rounds, we learned that there were four hundred steerage passengers on board—Austrians and Italians,—and it was with real interest, not mere curiosity, that we watched them as they appeared on the lower

deck. They did not seem to mind our taking photographs of them, and we took several of a poor little Italian mother and her two children. She was evidently in the worst stages of consumption, and her husband was taking her home as a last hope. But even the warmth and sunshine of Italy can not restore what was lost in the dark, sunless tenement room of the East Side in New York.

Every evening there was music among the Italians, and such charming voices as some of them had! They would gather in the shadow of the cabin, and on request—a request supplemented with small coins—one among them would start “Santa Lucia” or “Finiculi, Finicula,” the rest joining in lustily. They seemed very happy; and, judging from the laughter which greeted *sotto voce* remarks and asides made at the expense of their audience, they got quite as much pleasure and amusement out of us as we did out of them.

The voyage was very smooth; so everyone appeared at table, and the bill of fare offered would have done for a puzzle paper. Mary Johns said she believed in research work, so she religiously picked out the dishes whose names conveyed no idea to her of what she was to get; and when she found that “côtelettes Perigourdine” was a mutton chop with a paper frill on it, and that “minced collops” was plain hash, she declared in favor of curried prawns, anchovy toast, caviare sandwiches, pigeon compote, soubise, and kromskies. Three meals a day, with tea or bouillon and wafers at ten and four, was the regular order; and the demand was generally equal to the supply, for the sea air gives one a good appetite.

We found no little instruction and pleasure in studying the charts, maps, and the ship’s log, which were posted in the salon; and it was a delight to us to go up to the little cabin occupied by the operator of the wireless telegraph

apparatus installed on the *Helvetia*. The operator was a young man from Ireland, and he took much pains to explain the system to us. The second day out, we sent to our dear ones a joint message, over which we were much elated; for we felt that we were the first from our little home town to send a wireless message there. It was wonderful to see the charts and diagrams in the telegraph room. The operator knew where all the great liners should be at a given date and hour, and as our voyage progressed we received messages from many of them.

Through the courtesy of Captain Naylor, an officer took our party down to the steerage. Everything was perfectly clean, but it was damp and crowded and gloomy. How much we have to be thankful for! We also went down to the engine-room, nine feet below sea level. There we saw the stokers shovelling coal into the furnaces. The time of their labor is called a watch, and is four hours, when they are replaced and allowed to rest eight hours; from which one gets an idea of how hard the work is. The thought that came to me was how dreadful Purgatory must be. The order of the ship was most striking, and we could understand the pride of the officers and the crew in their boat. Everything was almost as clean as at St. Rose’s.

The days were perfect. We sat in our steamer-chairs for hours at a time and read, or listened to Aunt Margaret as she told us some of the places we were going to visit and some of the wonders we were to see. There was a restful music over everything; we didn’t hear the sound of the sea so much as we felt it. None of us were fine singers, but several times when some attraction had drawn most of the people from the deck, we sang softly, to the rhythm of the waves, the dear old hymn:

*Ave Sanctissima,
We lift our souls to thee!
Ora pro nobis,
'Tis nightfall on the sea.*

Ora pro nobis,
The waves must rock our sleep.
Ora, Mater, ora,
Star of the deep!

We did not take part in many of the games, but it was quite amusing to watch old men playing quoits and old ladies trying to play shuffleboard. There was one man—he must have weighed three hundred—who never could get the ring on the bar, but he played every day; and there was a boy who cheated in shuffleboard every time he got a chance. As we watched the people play, we discussed the matter, and decided that in play one shows his real character more plainly than at other times.

In the evenings there were card parties and musical gatherings; but the quiet of the sky and the sea and the charm of the twilight hour were more inviting to us. The sunsets were gorgeous. Like a great Host, the red, glowing disk would hang over a cloud-altar. The white wake of our boat seemed a pathway to the west; and, with spray as incense, it was not hard to imagine that it was God's benediction hour, and that He at the close of day was blessing the sea, and blessing us, who more than ever felt His nearness.

When the night had closed in around us, we went to our cabin, where we said our Rosary together, and then went to rest; realizing each night that we were another day nearer our destination, another day farther from home, but always near to Him who has us in His keeping.

(To be continued.)

The Mazarine Bible.

This was the earliest book printed in movable metal type. It contains no date, but a copy in the Bibliothèque Mazarine bears the date of the illuminator Cremer (1456), so that the book must have been printed before that time. It is called "Mazarine" from Cardinal Mazarin, who founded the library in 1688.

The Story of Dickie.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

X.

It was two months after the sad occurrence related in the last chapter, when one morning Miss Olivia was gathering flowers in the garden. She had a large basket half filled with roses, which were to be used in decorating the altar of the Sisters' chapel for the feast of the Assumption. The girl often went to see the Sisters now. Since the departure of Dickie, it had been her custom to visit them once or twice a week. Her father had already given her permission to attend the academy at Williamstown the coming year, and Olivia was looking forward to the prospect with lively and joyous anticipation. For her beloved Sister Mary Aurelia had been recalled, and was likely to spend the next session at Williamstown, where the Sisters had a large boarding-school.

The girl had also become very well acquainted with Father Shea. They never met without speaking of Dickie, in whose guilt, in spite of damaging appearances, they could not bring themselves to believe. Father Shea was of the impression that the snuff-box had been swept off the table with some newspapers, or had accidentally fallen into the fire. "You know, Miss Middleford," he remarked, "the two articles might easily have disappeared in different ways. It is possible that a tramp stepped into the library through the hall-door, and stepped out again with the gold piece in his hand." Thus for the hundredth time they had discussed the question of the boy's guilt or innocence. Father Shea did not attach much importance to his disappearance. "It was the act of a child," he said,—"a very much hurt and, from his point of view, if innocent, an unjustly treated child." And Olivia had fully agreed with him. The thought of Dickie was often

present in her mind. She could not help wondering what had become of him; but not the slightest trace of him had been found since his departure.

She had told Father Shea of her fancy about the skilful rider, "The Young Chief of the Bedouins." But her father, who was present at the time, said that he could not trace any resemblance to Dickie in the boy.

"You see, Father, Olivia was full of the idea, thinking that perhaps the little fellow had gone back to the circus. She wanted me to go to headquarters after the performance and ask his name; and, to please her, I should have done it had it not been for the dreadful stampede caused by the runaway elephant. We were all glad enough to get off with our lives. Luckily, though, none of the audience were hurt; and we saw next morning in the paper that the boy who was injured—it was at first believed fatally—happened to be the poor little fellow in whom Olivia was so interested. It appears he was a gypsy, the son of a member of the band that masqueraded as Arabian soothsayers."

"And if it hadn't been for that, Father," said Olivia, "I should not have been so certain that it was Dickie."

On this warm August morning, as she leaned over the iron palings to cut a great spray of crimson roses that bent their bright heads almost to the ground, she saw a man slowly approaching in the middle of the street, with a little dog beside him.

"How like Tim that dog looks!" she thought, pausing with lifted shears to watch the little animal jumping and gambolling from side to side, as Dickie's dog had been wont to do. The man slouched lazily along, his ragged straw hat in his hand, while the perspiration poured down his grimy cheeks. When they arrived in front of the house, the dog gave a yelp of delight, and, rushing through the gate, began to jump upon Olivia with short, sharp, joyful cries.

"Don't be afraid, Miss; he won't touch you. He's as harmless as a young kitten. He's took a fancy to you, that's what he has."

But Olivia was not at all afraid. Taking the tired, dusty little creature in her arms, she asked, rather imperiously:

"Where did you get this dog? It's one we had here some time ago, and was lost. Where did you get it?"

The man scratched his ear, hesitated a moment, and then replied:

"I didn't steal him, Miss. It's the first time I've ever been as far down as this. Them fox terriers will follow any one that's good to 'em. Mebbe you're mistaken, Miss."

"No: I am positively sure this is Tim,—our old Tim. You see he knows me. I have a very particular reason for wanting to know where you got him."

"Well, I don't mind telling you neither. I've had him about three months, and he was give to me by a feller that got pinched."

"Got pinched?" said Olivia. "Crushed somewhere, do you mean?"

"Oh, no, Miss,—not that bad! I mean took up,—put in jail for stealing."

"For stealing? What was he like?"

"As ugly a mug he had as ever you see. But he was fond of the dog."

"Not a little boy?"

"Oh, no, not a little boy! An old hand. Some of them smart cops ran me in for vagrancy, and the day I come out was the day that feller went up. And he says: 'Pardner, if you'll take that there little dog and be good to him, I'll be obliged to you. And I come near getting into worse trouble with the dog, too.'"

"Where did that man get him, do you know?" asked Olivia, not much interested in the story of the sorry-looking traveller's troubles. She was concerned only as to where the former owner had found or stolen the dog.

Glancing toward the house, she saw her father standing in the doorway.

"O father," she cried impetuously,

"won't you come here, please? See what I've found!"

As Mr. Middleford prepared to comply with his daughter's request, Tim, seeing him, struggled from Olivia's arms and ran to meet him.

"Why, it's Tim!" exclaimed the President. "Where did he come from, Olivia?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out. This man had him."

Mr. Middleford looked at the tramp.

"You appear to be very tired," he said.

"Come inside and sit on that bench. I will ask some one to fetch you a drink of water."

Jim, the colored man, was weeding the kitchen garden. Mr. Middleford called him, told him to bring some water; and as the tramp seated himself comfortably on a bench beneath an elm tree, Mr. Middleford said:

"My daughter tells me the dog came with you. How long have you had him?"

Anxious to hear the rest of the story, Olivia told her father all she already knew.

"I was just telling the young lady," said the tramp, "how I come by the dog. He knew all kinds of tricks. The feller told me he's been a trick dog that he'd filched from a travelling show—a kind of one-horse business. And the way that animal could whip a handkerchief out of a man's pocket, or sneak a dollar bill from a table, was a caution. And the dog had a trick of his own that no one never taught him. He'd hide things away. Once, when the cops was chasing that feller, he lost the dog, and never found him no more till a day he come barking and jumping on him when he was resting from the heat in some kind of a cave, under a bluff, in the country. He told a lie there; for it was a place where he and two other fellers had hidden booty they got in four or five robberies. There was three of 'em, and they got fighting. The other two was took up right off, but my friend got away. It was only two days after he told me that I was took up myself; and when I come out they were running him *in*; and that's how

I come by the dog. One day I was showing off some of his tricks in a saloon, and there was a cop in there—in plain clothes he was—an' he says: 'I believe you're a thief.' So I scooted out. I haven't tried to make Fancy do none of them tricks no more; and if he belongs to you, Mister, you're welcome to him. And that's all there is to it."

Mr. Middleford's eyes and those of his daughter met in an intelligent glance.

"Of what are you thinking father?" And, without waiting for him to answer, she went on: "I know! Of Dickie. It was Tim tha t stole the things, wasn't it?"

"I am afraid Tim was the thief," replied Mr. Middleford. "We had a little boy here," he explained to the tramp, "and two articles were missed. We thought he had taken them and—"

"Got him took up, I suppose?" said the man.

"No, we had no intention of doing that. But, knowing he was suspected, he ran away."

"Too bad. I tell ye, Mister, I can show ye how cute that little feller is if you'll let me come inside."

"Very well," said Mr. Middleford; "though I fail to see how that will avail Dickie now. The mischief is done."

"It'll prove what I say, and mebbe be of some good to the little feller," continued the tramp.

"We don't know where he is," said Olivia, sorrowfully. "Poor Dickie! How we wronged him!"

"*You* never wronged him, my dear," her father replied. "You have always believed him innocent. I can not remember that Tim was ever allowed to come into the house."

"Sometimes he was, papa," said Olivia. "I remember one evening being surprised to find him in the library; and he may have been there when we didn't know it. And Nora used to drive him out of the kitchen."

"I will show you the room," said Mr. Middleford, leading the way. Tim had

already established himself on the piazza.

"Come, Fancy!" called the tramp, snapping his fingers.

The dog looked first at the man, then at the others, and began to wag his tail in a hesitating manner. The man picked him up; Mr. Middleford led the way to the library.

"Leave the doors a little open," said the tramp, "and see what he'll do."

The dog ran round and round the table, and finally lay down in front of the screen that hid the fireplace.

"Put something on the end of the table, and let him see you doing it," said the tramp.

Mr. Middleford took a silver dollar from his pocket and laid it on the edge of the table. The dog lay quite still for a moment, then jumped up quickly, and snatched the dollar between his teeth and made for the outer door. They followed him. Nora, hanging up dish towels outside the kitchen door, was amazed to see the President and his daughter, accompanied by a disreputable-looking man in rags, following an equally ragged little dog toward the stable.

"That's surely Tim, little Dickie's dog!" she said to Mary Blaine, peeling peaches on the porch.

"It is so!" rejoined Mary. "I wonder if the boy's come back?"

"Oh, but you're innocent!" cried Nora. "That creature was a man years before Dickie was born. But 'tis the dog,—surely 'tis the dog."

Meanwhile Tim had run as fast as his little legs could carry him into the stable, and, going straight to a disused stall, began to burrow under it. The space beneath was scarcely wide enough to admit his small, lithe body; one would have thought it hardly wide enough for that. In a moment he reappeared, covered with dust and straw. Shaking himself, he looked gayly up into the faces of the spectators, unconscious, it is to be supposed, of having done anything wrong.

"Papa," said Olivia, "I can see Dickie just as he looked that morning when he went away. After I had spoken to him about the money I felt sorry, and yet I hadn't said anything I shouldn't have said. But he looked so surprised and hurt. Then I wanted him to come in the evening and see you. I'm sure he thought I believed he had taken the money, though I didn't; and how cruel I must have seemed to him! Afterward, as I stood at the window waiting for him to pass, I saw him going over the back lot, walking very slowly, with his head down. No wonder he felt terribly. What if we should never be able to let him know we wronged him, and that we are sorry?"

"You must not grow morbid about it, Olivia," said her father. "It seems to me everything is turning out beautifully. It is not hard to find people nowadays if you look for them in the proper way. But look at Tim! What is he going to do? He has been standing there for some time, cocking his ears, as though trying to remember something or somebody; and now he seems to have decided to act. There he goes on a run!"

The dog had run up the stairs leading to the loft where Dickie had slept, and was scratching at the door, which he probably found ajar. They heard him pattering about above their heads for some time. When he came down again, he seemed to have lost his buoyant spirits; he began to whine, gazing into the faces of those around him.

"He was looking for Dickie. Poor Dickie!" said Olivia. "O Tim, if you could only know what you've done!"

Nora and Mary now appeared.

"Wirra! wirra!" cried Nora when she learned what had happened. "What an injustice we did to the poor little boy! Didn't I want you, Miss Olivia, not to let that rogue of a dog come into the place at all?"

"But you grew to like Tim very much, Nora; you can't deny it," said Olivia.

"And the poor dog couldn't help it. He was doing only what he had been taught."

"Does he belong to this man now?" inquired Nora. "And where is Dickie?"

"If we only knew where poor Dickie is, Nora!" said Olivia. "Perhaps he is dead, or maybe wandering with some circus."

"We will try to find him, Olivia," replied her father. "By inserting an advertisement in two or three papers, we may come upon some trace of him. I shall do that at once."

"And now I'm for rooting out yonder hole," said Nora. "I'm curious to see what we'll unearth there."

"Shall I peek in and clear it out?" asked the tramp.

"I think you're the fittest to do it," said Nora, regarding him with aversion.

He got down on all fours, inserted a long arm into the space underneath the manger, and presently drew forth his hand, containing several small pieces of money and two or three handkerchiefs. A further search revealed a comb, some scraps of silk and ribbons, a few bones, and last of all a ten-dollar gold piece and a blackened silver snuff-box.

(To be continued.)

Sainted Namesakes.

Ireland has the honor of giving birth to two illustrious namesakes—Marianus Scotus, poet, scribe, and commentator on Sacred Scripture; and Marianus Scotus, the chronicler. Marianus was no doubt a common name in Ireland; while Scotus was an addition, indicating the country to which these learned men belonged.

The former, whose surname was Mac-Robert, was a native of the north of Ireland, but completed his studies in the Abbey of Kells. He left Ireland in 1067 in order to visit Rome. On his way across the Continent of Europe, however, he was induced to remain with the aged Bishop of Bamberg. A writer who knew him at this period speaks of him as a

"handsome fair-haired youth, of goodly mien, and well instructed in human and divine knowledge." During the lifetime of the old Bishop, Marianus and his two companions lived the lives of hermits; and on his death they journeyed to Ratisbon, where Marianus began his work of composing and transcribing books. So industrious a scribe was he that his two comrades were kept busy preparing the parchment for their master. Marianus wrote books for high and low, for rich and poor, for clerics and laymen, without fee or hope of reward. No one can say how often he transcribed both the Old and New Testaments, with notes and comments, as well as numerous psalters and smaller books. He was noted, too, for his holy life, and it is said by a trustworthy authority that God gave him the power of working miracles. He built the church of St. James of Ratisbon for the benefit of his fellow-countrymen, and passed to his reward in 1088.

Six years previously the other Marianus (the chronicler) had died in Mayence. He was educated in the school of Moville, that Ulster village from which many an ocean liner now sails westward. Leaving his native land in 1056, he entered the Irish monastery of St. Martin in Cologne. Two years afterward he was ordained priest and took up his abode in a little cell near Würzburg, where, almost four centuries before, his countrymen, SS. Killian, Colman, and Totnan, had died the death of martyrs. He resided in his little cell for ten years; then, by order of the bishop of the diocese, he went to Mayence, where he wrote the books of chronology which gave him his name. He has been honored with the title of "Blessed," and sleeps among kindred dust in the church of St. Martin in Mayence.

A MILLINER meant originally one from Milan,—a Milaner; just as a "cord-wainer," or shoemaker, was a worker in leather from Cordova.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Messrs. Methuen & Co. have just published a new novel—"one of high politics"—by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, M. P., entitled "A Change in the Cabinet."

—The Rev. Albert Barry, C. SS. R., who died last month at Mount St. Alphonsus, Limerick, was both an eloquent preacher and a graceful writer of prose and verse. Some of our readers will remember a beautiful translation of the *Dies Iræ* which he contributed to these pages. Father Barry had a host of friends throughout Ireland, by whom his death is sincerely mourned.

—Readings from the Gospels and Epistles are not uncommon, but satisfactory selections from the Old Testament are rare; hence there is a real need in Catholic libraries for such a volume as "Choice Morsels of the Bread of Life," selected from the Old Testament by the Rev. C. Coppens, S. J., and published by B. Herder. It should have a welcome wherever our language is known.

—Mrs. Katherine Tynan Hinkson knows the child mind; hence her juvenile books, while not uninteresting to grown-ups, are especially helpful as well as entertaining to young folk. She has lately published, through Sealy, Bryers & Walker, "The Story of Our Lord for Children"; and text and illustrations must instil a tender and an intelligent love for the beautiful life of Him who loved the little ones of His fold, and drew them close to His knee when He was on earth.

—An illustrated catalogue of the musical instruments, books, portraits, MSS., etc., relating to music, exhibited by the Musicians' Company in London four or five years ago, has just been published by Novello & Co. Among music printing exhibits were Johannes Gerson's "Collectorium super Magnificat" of 1473, the earliest specimen of printed musical notation (in it the notes were printed at the same time as the letterpress, not stamped in afterward); "Agenda Parochialium Ecclesiarum" of 1488; and the earliest publication in England—viz. Higden's "Polychronicon" of 1495.

—"Meditations and Instructions on the Blessed Virgin," for the use of the clergy and the faithful, Vol. I., is a translation, by W. Humphrey Page, K. S. G., of an excellent work by the Rev. Father Vermeersch, S. J. This first volume contains Parts I. and II.—Feasts of Mary and Month of Mary—of the entire work. Part III. will deal with the predestination of the Mother

of God and her place in the admirable plan of Divine Providence. In the development of the subjects for meditation, attention is paid both to doctrine and to the pious practices suggested thereby. The book may be cordially commended to all our readers. It contains 462 pages, and is tastefully printed and bound. R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

—The following comment by Canon William Barry, on degenerate literature, which he aptly calls the "Black Death," is as timely on this as on the other side of the Atlantic:

I never leave my house to journey in any direction but I am forced to see, and solicited to buy, works flamingly advertised, of which the gospel is adultery, and the apocalypse the right of suicide. These highly charged explosives, a few years ago simply French, are now multiplied and multiplying in our English market. Is there no public opinion strong enough, at any rate, to forbid the display of them at railway stations? Will Christian fathers and mothers go on tolerating in so criminal a fashion the mischief such reading can not but inflict on the young of both sexes? I am amazed at the blindness of good people to a state of things which must end in the widespread ruin of religion and the degradation of morals. Is it really no one's concern but that of the vicious-minded author and the money-seeking publisher? I call these printed pages the Black Death.

—It will gratify many readers to learn that a collection of the poems contributed to THE AVE MARIA by S. M. R. is to be published next week, under the title of "The Book of the Lily, and Other Verses." Certain of the lyrics and sonnets contained in this volume would suffice to place the author among the poets that count. The poems in honor of the Blessed Virgin, which form the first part of the book, are admirable in their spontaneity and freedom from affectations, and recall the unstudied simplicity of "Songs in the Night," by Mother Drane. The commonplace props of minor poetry are nowhere in evidence. As to the externals of "The Book of the Lily," we may say that they are in keeping with its contents.

—Catholic readers in general and Catholic librarians in particular will welcome the following complete list of books by the Rev. John Talbot Smith. All are of high merit and genuine importance, and well deserving of the attention of those for whose benefit they were produced. We have all the more pleasure in publishing this list on account of the false impression that certain of these excellent books are no longer in print: "A Woman of Culture" (novel), "Solitary Island" (novel), "His Honor the Mayor" (tales), "Saranac" (novel), "The Art of Disappearing" (novel), "The Chaplain's

Sermons," "Lenten Sermons," "Life of Brother Azarias," "The Catholic Church in the Adirondacks" (published by Benziger Brothers); "The Prairie Boy" (P. J. Kenedy & Sons); "The Training of a Priest" (Longmans, Green & Co.); "The Catholic Church in New York," 2 vols.

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Curragh Chase was but a short distance

from the city of Limerick; yet it was as fully dissociated from this regrettable class-hatred and turmoil as if it belonged to a different sphere. There was something in the air of the place, there was something in the seclusion, but there was beyond these a something in the happy dispositions of the family dwelling there, that exorcised the foul fiend. In these pleasant surroundings Mr. de Vere had the good luck of being nurtured.

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"My recollections in connection with these my early years are chiefly rural and sylvan. They come to me fragrant with the smell of the new-mown grass in the pleasure grounds, the breath of the cows as they stood still to be milked, rolling their eyes in quiet pleasure, with a majestic slowness such as the Greeks attributed to the eyes of Juno. No change was desired by us, and little came. The winds of early spring waved the long masses of daffodils till they made a confused though rapturous splendor in the lake close by, just as they had done the year before; and those who saw the pageant hardly noted that those winds were cold. Each spring the blackbird gave us again his rough, strong note; and the robin's, as the season advanced, gained a roundness and fulness like that of the thrush. Each year we watched the succession of the flowers; and if the bluebell or the cowslip came a little before or after its proper time, we felt as much aggrieved as the child who misses the word he is accustomed to in the story heard a hundred times before. Each spring there came again the contented cooing of the wood-doves far away, and that tremulous pathos of the young

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from the city of Limerick; yet it was as fully dissociated from this regrettable class-hatred and turmoil as if it belonged to a different sphere. There was something in the air of the place, there was something in the seclusion, but there was beyond these a something in the happy dispositions of the family dwelling there, that exorcised the foul fiend. In these pleasant surroundings Mr. de Vere had the good luck of being nurtured.

His father, Sir Aubrey, the first baronet, at the early age of eighteen married Miss Spring Rice, who was then only in her seventeenth year. She brought into the home of Curragh Chase, besides winning manners, steadiness and perseverance of will, which was of no little advantage to the romantic and imaginative disposition of the De Vere blood.

"My recollections in connection with these my early years are chiefly rural and sylvan. They come to me fragrant with the smell of the new-mown grass in the pleasure grounds, the breath of the cows as they stood still to be milked, rolling their eyes in quiet pleasure, with a majestic slowness such as the Greeks attributed to the eyes of Juno. No change was desired by us, and little came. The winds of early spring waved the long masses of daffodils till they made a confused though rapturous splendor in the lake close by, just as they had done the year before; and those who saw the pageant hardly noted that those winds were cold. Each spring the blackbird gave us again his rough, strong note; and the robin's, as the season advanced, gained a roundness and fulness like that of the thrush. Each year we watched the succession of the flowers; and if the bluebell or the cowslip came a little before or after its proper time, we felt as much aggrieved as the child who misses the word he is accustomed to in the story heard a hundred times before. Each spring there came again the contented cooing of the wood-doves far away, and that tremulous pathos of the young

lamb's bleat which seemed hardly in harmony with his gladness as he bounded over the pastures illuminated by the sudden April green.

"Each year the autumn replaced the precipitate ardors of the spring with graver joys and more sedate fruitions—its golden harvests, and all those darker colors which decorate, though sadly, the funeral feast of the year. The maple slowly, as of old, relinquished its fires; and there was the falling leaf and the frightened flutter of the poplar's gilded tablets in place of the thickening leaves and deepening shadows of the vernal woodlands; but beyond these woodlands a remoter landscape was once more seen through clearer air. . . . One of the approaches to the house was three miles long, and it passed three lakes,—one surrounded by meadows, pastures and groves; another by woods which had never been planted by man. Through those woods my father was never tired of making new drives and walks." *

Evermore, as a boy growing up, and as a young man home from college, Sir Stephen's spare hours were spent among the peasantry; and his parents had never a dread that he would be corrupted thereby. *En passant*, let it be said that there is a delicacy of feeling and sensitiveness among the Celtic poor of Ireland that might have done credit to persons of a far higher estate. Account for it as you will; say that it is a characteristic of the Irish nature, or that the topsy-turvy of centuries of sad and revolutionizing history has sent the blood of nobles to run in the veins of those who now drive the spade or follow the plough; account for it as you will, the fact remains, admitted by all.

Curragh Chase was, and is, a "tillage country"; and such a country always presupposes a very large population; for tillage, previous to the introduction of machinery, required a great number of

hands to work it. The gathering of the male portion of that population on a Sunday in the hurling field around Curragh Chase was a pleasant sight for the eye to see,—one, alas! that it could not see now, thanks to emigration! Their young captain, the son of the manor, was at their head. Beloved and admired, he was their unanimous choice; and he deserved it. In that field full of young men, it is no little thing, be certain, to deserve to be elected captain. Every sinew in that gathering of young men has been strung to the utmost by continual labor and exercise for six days out of the seven. It is not city clerks or dandies, who have been sitting on office stools or jumping over counters, you have there. It is not idle graziers, following their cattle, and as lumpish and as heavy. It is merry lads, full of heart and life and spirits; up with the lark in the morning; sowing with the spring, with the summer weeding, with the autumn reaping, with the winter threshing; taking their rest either leaping or giving a hop, step and jump on the head ridge; thinking nothing of a long June day's tramp, or leaping on the back of their *garrans*, to ride off, saddleless, a dozen or score of miles; merry lads, as gay in their mirth and as light as the sunshine in summer, but in their wrath black and fierce as the winter blast and the scowling hail-storm. It was no little thing to be chosen captain of these, and to deserve it.

"Do you remember Sir Stephen when he was young?" I said to a countryman near Adare.

"Ah, no!" he answered. "I never remember to see him young; but I heard the old men often talk of him when he was young."

"And what did they have to say about Sir Stephen?"

"Well, now, this: they praised one man for one thing; and they praised another for another. One man could run, another could 'cast' (throw a stone), another

* De Vere's "Recollections."

could hurl, another could dance. One had a sure aim, one had a good ankle and leg, one had a strong hand; but they always gave him *the bush over 'em all*."

"But did they not think him somewhat small?"

"No. They always said that, all round, he was the best-made man they knew. He was about five feet nine. I used to hear 'em say that when young he was not so stout as when he got into years. He had as nice a leg and body and hand, and as strong a neck and wrist, as ever they saw."

It need not be said what an advantage it was to these young men to have one of such position as their captain, as their teacher, as their model, as their guide, to train and restrain them in those days, when such young men in Ireland received education but from the hedge school-master,—young men whose grievances were many and bitter, and whom an evil set of traditions was constantly dogging at market and fair, at christening, wedding and burial, and at the door of every public-house.

(To be continued.)

WE have our mountain-top moments when vision is clear and wide, and it is easy to see straight and to appraise things at their true value; and the great realities, which are intangible and which generally we can not get hold of, now *take hold on us*, and all that is best in us becomes alert and strong; and it seems to us that we can never again be mastered by a mean motive. And then gradually and all unconsciously we sink back, to the old level; the vision becomes only a memory, and life is again mere commonplace; our horizon has contracted; the realities of life are again the things which can be weighed and measured, bought and sold; and perhaps the cry of appetite or passion drowns the "still small voice," and our lower self has gained the upper-hand.

—Josiah Strong.

The Mother and the Child.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE convent stood on the only hill for miles around. It had been an old-fashioned country-seat until twenty years after the Civil War. Then its owner had been unable to pay the interest on the mortgages, and so the Sisters bought it. The gold cross on its chapel shone over the cool-looking clusters of aspens and locusts in the hot summer sunlight. The daughter of this former owner stood on her doorstep, and looked, shading her eyes with her hands, at the chapel spire. Her baby—a flaxen-headed little boy of two—lay asleep in the grass under the thick hedge of blossomless lilacs.

Mrs. Warton's angular form, covered by a large white parasol, had just passed down the garden path into the road; she was a very thin woman,—so thin, the Negroes said, she was obliged to carry a big umbrella in order to make a shadow. Mrs. Warton and her constant umbrella were not beloved in the neighborhood. She was a slave of duty to her neighbors; her husband, a placid, silent man was the village postmaster. The couple had no children, and this fact helped to account for Mrs. Warton's ceaseless activity outside her own home, where, apparently, she had no duties. She had founded the Social Visiting Club Devoted to True Economic Principles. There were other members, but she herself did most of the work and all the talking. The work was to visit the poor and help them to economic principles.

While Alice Leslie stood looking at the glittering cross on the chapel, with many doubts and fears in her heart, Mrs. Jeff Warton continued her way along the dusty road, borne up against the heat by indignation. She had had what she called a "tiff" with Alice Leslie. And the effect of this on Alice had evidently been disheartening; for, having

looked at the cross a little while longer, she went back to her baby and wept.

Mrs. Jeff Warton was not of the weeping kind; she wept seldom, and then only when her temper was aroused. She swept into the post-office with violence. Jeff, rotund, placid, was sorting letters behind the screen which separated him from the general public.

"Shiftless!" cried Mrs. Warton, folding her umbrella. "I should say so! She's only fit to be one of those Sisters up at the convent, who spend their time within four walls, instead of getting into the open and doing the world's work. Shiftless!"

"Mary Ann," said Jeff Warton, with the slow Georgia drawl, "I ain't got nothing against the Sisters. I didn't think much of them at first because pop used to read Maria Monk's book to us when we were children; but I've learned better since. They're a sensible lot of women, and I reckon their letters have about quadrupled the earnings of this post-office."

"Jeff," said Mrs. Warton, fanning herself with a large advertisement bill of a popular excursion, "I say that Alice Leslie is shiftless. She can't pay the rent: she has to live on what truck her garden can give; and she simply won't part with that baby, though Mrs. Ingelby will give her a place in Charlotte, in her own home, but she must go alone."

"Seems to me," said Jeff, "that, if I was a baby, I'd want my mother to stick to me, right or wrong."

Mrs. Warton smiled indulgently. She was never severe with Jeff as she was with the rest of the world. Even when her engagements at meetings kept her out late and he failed to have a hot supper waiting for her, she seldom reprimanded him, though this was trying.

"It is not economic," she went on; "it's unscientific; the best thought of modern times demonstrates that children who can not be brought up as they should be ought to be taken from their mothers. A mother like Alice Leslie—a widow

without resources—ought gladly give up her child to an institution and go to work. But she'll starve first!"

"No, she won't," said Jeff, turning aside to bite off a "chaw" of tobacco. "I sent a leg o' mutton and some of that barley we got from Lowe over this morning. And I've a good mind to speak to the Sisters when they come for the letters."

Mrs. Warton bridled; it was Mrs. Warton's habit to bridle,—that is, she struggled to produce an expression of extreme haughtiness and disdain.

"Jeff Warton, I'm ashamed of you," she remarked, "encouraging idleness and thriftlessness!"

Jeff shrugged his shoulders in a lazy way. He respected his wife's superior education—she had been one term at Delaware Female College,—and the consequence of it, which gave her great volubility of speech; but he always held silently to his own opinion.

"She'll have to give in, and let the baby go to the institution in Charlotte. She can't earn enough to keep a roof over her head and hold on to that baby too. It's ridiculous! It should not be allowed. I'll see to it. The rent is due on Monday, and she'll have to go. It sounds cruel, but it is the best thing for the child and her,—the very best. Leslie, her husband, was shiftless, and he left a shiftless widow."

"Poor Leslie was all right till he caught cold helping in the railroad wreck on that winter night; and I reckon Eve herself didn't feel so desolate about the loss of Paradise after her baby came."

"Blasphemy!" said his wife. "After supper, I go on the train into Charlotte and see that a place is kept for that wretched baby."

Jeff Warton merely grunted, and his wife walked rapidly over to their dwelling in the oak groves. Jeff watched her.

"I wish my wife wasn't so masculine," he thought, wistfully. "She's a good wife and an educated one; but the more scientific she grows, the harder she gets. If I were a woman, I don't think I'd give up

my child to anybody to raise. When I think of my old mother and the hard times we had, I wouldn't cut out the hard times and lose the memory of that mother."

Jeff took out his pipe, and watched the birds in the dusty locust trees for a time. He thought of the struggles his mother, a widow, had made for him; and he actually smiled at the remembrance of the day when he had surprised the little woman by doing her ironing, while she had dropped tears over the task of mending his only pair of "Sunday" trousers, which he had torn in a thoughtless game of football. "If it's mother and hard times or no mother and good times," he thought, "give me mother!"

His wife appeared from the grove, looking rather flushed, and carrying a folded shawl on her arm.

"Jeff," she said, "I've had some cold things on the table in the kitchen. I couldn't wait for supper; I've got to have this iniquitous business finished. The idea of Alice Leslie's expecting to bring up that child in poverty, when there's an institution that will take it and raise it in the best possible manner!"

"I wish," Jeff said, with as much irritation in his tone as he ever showed, "that you'd let Alice Leslie alone. She'll make out somehow. My own mother did, and there were five of us. I wouldn't give up the memory of those old days, when we had to sew newspapers together for quilts and when a nickel was riches, for life in any rich institution in the world; and Alice Leslie's boy will say the same thing when he grows up."

"Your mother wasn't an educated woman," answered Mrs. Warton, calmly. "What did she know about economics?"

"She knew how to make a home!" retorted Jeff. "I tell you that!"

"My dear old man," said his wife, indulgently, "it is seen she brought *you* up. Dear! dear! I must see Alice first, and tell her to have the child ready, and then catch the train for the institution. Good-bye!"

Jeff frowned.

"A remarkable woman!" he thought. "But too well educated. I'd like to help Alice Leslie to keep her child, but I'm afraid I can't fight against my wife's education. I wish some of the Sisters would drive down in their buggy for the mail before the thing is settled. They're so fond of the picture of the Virgin and the Child, I reckon that they'd somehow see the real, human point of view."

In the meantime Alice Leslie was alone with her thoughts, and they were wretched thoughts. For her the end of the world had come. There was no use in going over the past. Mistakes had been made by both her father and her husband. Mrs. Warton had roughly pointed them out in her frank way. But Alice did not care. She did not care what mistakes they had made in this world if she could only be sure that she should meet them in the next, and if she could only keep her baby. To think of parting with him was worse than death. And yet, as Mrs. Warton pointed out, the rent must be paid. She *must* earn enough to pay it. But how? Mrs. Warton had, with cold truthfulness, pointed out that there was no answer to this question. She had two accomplishments: she could play on the piano with a certain dash and precision, and she could make paper flowers. She did not smile as she made the inventory. Mrs. Warton had made it for her with a sneer, intended to stimulate her to better things. She might give music lessons to small children; she was careful and exact enough. But where were the children? Mrs. Warton had called up her gift for the making of the flowers, which she herself had utilized on festal occasions, only to shatter its value.

"I can't,—I can't give him up!" Alice Leslie said many times during the afternoon. Whenever she approached her door she caught sight of the cross on the convent chapel glittering in the sun. It seemed to beckon to her.

Like most persons in the neighborhood,

she looked at the convent with dislike. It had been the property of her people; but, after all, the Sisters were not responsible for her father's failure to keep it. That was not her reason for regarding the Sisters as intruders, nor was it that they were of a different creed. She was not positively attached to any creed; but she, like most of her neighbors, resented the fact that the Sisters had made their convent an asylum for colored people. It was an industrial school for black boys. To this the best house in the neighborhood had been reduced. It was an insult which the more practical folk had begun to forgive, though it was the general opinion that the blacks were being educated above their position. But Alice Leslie was not practical. Her father's dining-room filled with black boys, who were not her father's servants! It was too horrible.

She avoided the Sisters whenever she happened to meet them. One of them, once seeing her little boy among the clover in the fields, had given him a little lace-bordered picture of the Mother and the Child. She allowed him to keep it; but the only excuse that she could find for the preoccupation of the Sisters with the black people was that "they were not Southern ladies." To think of that beautiful old mansion, the pride of the district, with the carved marble mantel-pieces, its Louis Seize portico, and its mahogany doors, used by the grandsons of her father's slaves! There was a certain jealousy, too, among the poorer white neighbors, with whom she sympathized; these colored children were receiving a practical education which their children were not given, for the district school was poor and badly taught. Alice Leslie could not, as a rule, see the convent without impatience; but to-day the gilded cross in the distance seemed to look at her tenderly.

"Those Sisters wouldn't help me," she sighed; "and I wouldn't ask them. But" (and she looked at the little picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel) "if they like

a picture of that kind, I should think they'd *understand* better than Mrs. Warton."

The cross glittered; but she turned away, half in disdain, half in longing.

About four o'clock Mrs. Warton appeared again. Alice Leslie saw her coming and met her at the garden gate.

"I want you to have that child ready to go to Charlotte at nine o'clock to-morrow morning. I'm off now to make the arrangements. And then you can come to live with me for a while, and I'll have you taught plain sewing. Jeff's just as foolish as you are. He talked of the Sisters helping you, but—my sakes!—they're so busy with their little niggers they have no time for you; so don't get that idea into your head. Besides, you're not a Romanist."

Alice would hear no more; she broke into sobs, ran up the path to the house, and locked herself in. She was, however, not safe with her sorrow. Mrs. Warton came back, and put her head through the window.

"You needn't think," she said, "that your little accomplishments will help you in this practical world. I told your father many times that he didn't know how to bring you up. And don't reckon on the Sisters up there, I say again. They won't help you; they probably want to take that child away from you and make him a Romanist."

"I'd make him a Romanist to-morrow if I thought I could keep him!" cried out the mother. "I want to keep him, and it will just break my heart to give him up. Something *must* happen to prevent it!"

"You've just got to face the music," answered Mrs. Warton, replacing the pot of geraniums she had put aside in order to make room for her head in the window. "As to expecting anything from those Catholic nuns, it's absurd!"

Alice Leslie threw herself on the old-fashioned haircloth sofa, and clasped her child.

"It almost seems as if that woman had a spite against baby!" she sobbed.

Mrs. Warton, filled with righteous resolutions, made her way to the train. The mother felt that the ruin of her world had come. She could not live without her child,—she could *not* live! Was there no help on earth or in heaven? The little picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel was pinned against the wall under the mahogany-framed looking-glass.

"She was the Mother of Christ anyhow," Alice Leslie thought. "Nobody can deny that. And *she* never left Him!"

Alice Leslie did not dare to pray to the Mother. All her traditions were against this. She did not know what to say; she simply extended her hands, holding her baby in them. That was all. And then she waited with a kind of calm; neither expecting nor hoping, but just waiting. The baby slept, and she must have slept, exhausted by trouble and the heat of the day. A gentle knock at the door awakened her. She started, terrified. Could it be Mrs. Warton? No; that gentle knock was not hers. She unlocked the door. In the dusk stood a tall, dark-clothed figure. The neigh of a horse sounded near; in a carriage beyond the gate sat another Sister. The mother started back, half-awakened and frightened.

"No, no, you shall not take him!" she exclaimed. "I will keep him if I starve."

"You will keep him, of course," said the soft voice. "Mr. Warton at the post-office has sent us. There are many things you can do for us at the school; and, if you don't mind, we will take you with us now. Come, and rest for a while."

"Then I shall not have to give him up! I suppose," she added fearfully, "you'll make me bring him up a Romanist."

The Sister at the door—she had very humorous eyes—laughed.

"Don't worry about that. Come for a few days, and see what you can do for us. If you can play a little, you can help in the Kindergarten. We have too many children and not enough teachers."

"Alice Leslie!" called a shrill voice from the gate. "I have made all the arrange-

ments for that child." (Mrs. Warton had hurried from the station.) "Don't you be deluded by these celibates: they have no sympathy with human life."

"Mrs. Warton," said Alice, "my baby is to stay with me. I'm sorry you've had so much worry about me, but—"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Warton. "You can't earn your living."

"She will help us teach the children in our school till we find other work for her," said the Sister, gently.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Warton, clutching Alice Leslie's arm. "What! Teach niggers! Alice Leslie teaching niggers! She doesn't know anything, in the first place. Your father would turn in his grave, Alice Leslie, to hear of you teaching niggers!"

Alice paled a little, and shrank back. Then she heard a suppressed laugh from the Sister at the door. That restored her trust.

"I shall be ready in a minute," she said.

Mrs. Warton stood, scolding at the gate.

"It's uneconomic," she said; "it's foolish! *She* ought not be allowed to live in a fool's paradise."

Alice Leslie gathered a few things together and wrapped the baby up. Then she entered the buggy and sat between the Sisters.

"Oh, I forgot something!" she said.

She handed the boy to the tall Sister and ran back to the house to get the little lace-edged picture.

"Do you realize," was Mrs. Warton's last appeal, her voice ringing through the damp, heliotrope-scented air,—"*do* you realize that they'll make you try to teach *niggers*?"

"Little children, black or white, are little children," said the Sister, sternly; "and no mother ought to forget *that*!"

"Drive on!" said Alice Leslie, holding her baby tight, with the Sister's arm around her.

Mrs. Warton stood, statue-like, in the road.

"It's uneconomic!" were her last words uttered there; but, later, she spoke her mind fully to Jeff.

Vox Domini super Aquas.

BY MARY EVANGELINE L'ESTRANGE.

I HEARD Thy voice above the sullen thunder
For one swift moment; 'mid the lightning's
blaze,
Mine eyes beheld, with joy and fear and wonder,
The thrilling sweetness of Thy steadfast gaze.
"Lord, bid me come to Thee upon the water!"
Thus cried my heart, while yet my lips were
dumb;
But Thou didst hear and softly call: "My
daughter,
Fear not: have confidence. I bid thee come."
I came, unmindful of the lightning's gleaming,
Nor feared that I should sink beneath the
wave;
My spirit glowed, my heart with trust was
teeming;
For Thou wert near, omnipotent to save.
Give me still greater faith,—a trust unbounded,
Draw me still closer to Thy wounded side.
Who hopes in Thee shall never be confounded,
But evermore shall in Thy love abide.

Our Lady of Victories, Quebec.

ON the shores of the St. Lawrence, in the Lower Town of Quebec, stands a shrine, dedicated to the Mother of God, which has a close connection with many important events in the history of the city. The corner-stone thereof was laid on the first day of May, 1688, in presence of the Marquis de Denonville, that pious gentleman and brave soldier, then Viceroy of New France, and of the illustrious first Bishop of Quebec, François de Laval.

It was not very long afterward that, in 1690, the town was thrown into consternation by the advent of Admiral Phipps, with a fleet of thirty-four vessels, to besiege Quebec. His ulterior design, in the event of success, was likewise to fall upon the sister colony of Montreal with a land force of four thousand, comprising the dreaded Iroquois auxiliaries. A

summons was sent to that veteran fighter, the Count de Frontenac, then but lately returned to the colonial governorship, that he should forthwith yield up the city. Frontenac's reply has become historic. He denounced the besiegers' master, the Prince of Orange, as a usurper, and bade the sailor himself come nearer if he desired a closer acquaintance. Nevertheless, the governor knew in his heart that, humanly speaking, there was but little chance of a long and successful resistance. A force of some fifteen or sixteen hundred men from the Admiral's ships were speedily landed at Beauport, and were opposed by the valiant Juchereau de St. Denis, at the head of two hundred and fifty men. At five o'clock on an August afternoon began the bombardment of the town, which lasted until eight in the evening, only to be resumed next morning and continued through the day.

During the intervening night of terror, of trembling, of fearful anticipation, the Ursulines and Hospital Nuns prostrated themselves before the altar in their respective chapels, to implore the mercy of God and the intercession of the ever-blessed Virgin. The Bishop, Mgr. de St. Vallier, who had been absent upon his pastoral visit to Montreal, returned by the "light of torches"; and, passing through the city gate, hastened to join his prayers with those of the devoted religious, — praying with extraordinary fervor, as is recorded, to *Mater Divinæ Gratiæ*. The women of Quebec, of all classes and conditions, made a solemn vow to walk in pilgrimage to the little shrine in Lower Town, if the city were delivered from the impending dangers. Toward that shrine, in fact, turned the heart of the city. Despite every expectation to the contrary, the land force of St. Denis proved victorious. The attacking fleet was driven away, with the result that the entire expedition against New France was abandoned. The statue of Our Lady was carried, processionally, to the four then existing churches of the town, and

a *Te Deum* was sung at the cathedral. The name of "Our Lady of Victory" was thereafter given to the little temple in Lower Town; and it was decreed by the Bishop that a solemn service, including a procession, should be held there annually, upon the fourth Sunday of October.

More than a score of years later, the ancient capital was once more in deadly peril. A powerful fleet had set sail to attempt the reduction of Quebec, with such sanguine expectations of victory upon the part of the commander, Sir Hovenden Walker, that his only anxiety was as to how he should winter with his forces in Canada. It was upon a September evening that fisherfolk brought word that vessels numbering from ninety to ninety-six had entered the Lower St. Lawrence. Instantly the menaced city threw itself at the feet of Mary, the Help of Christians. It is recorded that the whole population hastened to Lower Town to pray before the altar of Our Lady of Victory. Then the unexpected happened. The fleet, sailing up the St. Lawrence in its pride and strength, was suddenly met by a southwest wind and enveloped in a fog. The Admiral, roused from sleep, rushed to the poop, to find, as he himself relates, "everyone in terror and strange confusion." Eight transports were dashed to pieces upon the treacherous rocks of Ile-aux-Œufs, and once more the expedition against Quebec had to be abandoned. In a transport of joy and gratitude, the citizens built a handsome portal to the little church; and its name was changed by the Bishop to that of "Our Lady of Victories," to emphasize the fact of her repeated intervention.

For nearly two-score years afterward Quebec and its tutelary sanctuary remained at peace, always a reminder of the old-time favors, and attracting thither a crowd of pilgrims, until at last the grim spectre of war once more threatened the fortress city, and the cannon of the brave and adventurous Wolfe thundered from the heights of Levis. It would

almost appear as if the Providence that overrules all human events had decreed the salvation of the Catholic colonies of the New World from the fearful tyranny of the impending Revolution in France, and that Our Lady had obtained for her favored city immunity from the coming disasters, and safe shelter under the beneficent flag of Great Britain. However that might be, on the memorable 8th of August, 1759, the whole of Lower Town was wrapped in flames, and the bursting of a shell partially destroyed the church.

After the capitulation of the town and the cession of the French colonies to the British crown, the shrine was restored. Work was begun thereupon in 1765; services were resumed, and the October celebration again gathered the saddened and chastened votaries of Mary around her altar. In 1877, the interior of the church was redecorated; and in 1886 the bicentenary of its foundation was commemorated with all pomp and circumstance, the late Cardinal Taschereau officiating.

The decorations of the church have reference to many of those events which gave the little structure its distinctive features. In the frescoes appear the arms of the first Canadian Cardinal, and those of the founder of the city, the illustrious Samuel de Champlain. Inscriptions on the wall, at the back of the edifice, offer a synopsis of historical facts relating to the shrine. The sanctuary contains precious relics,—among others, that of the True Cross, exposed for public veneration on Good Friday and All Souls' Day, and that of St. Genevieve, who is specially honored there, and whose feast is of particular devotion.

The altar is formed of turrets, representing the "Tower of David"; and within each are preserved the relics of various saints. Above the altar are the words *Kebeka Liberata*, and the figure of a woman crowned and seated upon a rock. At her feet, the Indian spirit of

the St. Lawrence empties its urn; while around appear a beaver cuirass, shields, and the standard of England. The whole is taken from a commemorative medal struck by order of the King, Louis XV., to perpetuate the victory of Phipps in 1690, the motto of which was "*Francia in Novo Orbo Victrix.*"

And so the tiny temple erected to the Queen of Heaven, in the stress of troublous times, as a monument of the city's gratitude and the city's love, has, during the passage of years, become merely quaint and Old World in appearance. With its walls of sombre gray, in niches of which are tiny shops or stalls, it stands in the centre of the busy market-place, whither the market boats bring produce from the whole surrounding country. Above it tower the citadel on the frowning rocks of Cape Diamond, and a modern hotel occupies the site of the storied Chateau of St. Louis. Around it are the busy wharves, and the broad river, upon whose fair surface raged so many a sanguinary conflict. Who is there that visits Quebec and does not find his way to that venerable house of prayer, where is enshrined the past with its struggles, its vicissitudes, its triumphs, and where the prayers of multitudes from generation to generation have invoked "Our Lady of Victories"!

FRIENDSHIP is to be valued for what is in it, not for what can be gotten out of it. When two people appreciate each other because each has found the other "convenient to have around," they are not friends; they are simply acquaintances with a business understanding. To seek friendship for its utility is as futile as to seek the end of a rainbow for its bag of gold. A true friend is always useful in the highest sense; but we should beware of thinking of our friends as brother-members of a mutual benefit association, with its periodical demands and threats of suspension for non-payment of dues.

—Henry Clay Trumbull,

Beppo and the Beacon Shrine.

BY JOHN KEVIN MAGNER.

II.

THE holy old *curato* of Trebbia, Don Bianchi, approved mightily of Jack Leathley's affection for Beppo. And Jack was pleased to find also that he was touched by the purchase of the lamb; for Italians (though not nearly so cruel to brute beasts as English-speaking humanitarians represent them) are, as a rule, distinctly matter-of-fact in their attitude toward edible creation. But in the kind old priestly eyes Beppo's lamb was an exception, as was Beppo himself.

Beppo Davia, the orphan—now being brought up by not inestimable grandparents, who considered the task rather an infliction,—was one of a bright army of Italian children who are robbed of their birthright and vocation by the carpetbagging politicians now ruling the Peninsula. With intense love for the service of God, and seemingly sent into the world "to serve Him in gladness," little Beppo was dull at his books. Much more than his want of means, was this an obstacle to his ever serving God at the Altar; for the Church in all lands can always find money, somehow or other, to give opportunities to a boy of parts. But Beppo was not bookish. In olden days, the Franciscans on the hill to the northeast of Trebbia, or the Dominicans in their square white priory two miles inland, could have tried the boy's vocation, and built him up into a holy and happy lay-Brother. Alas! the Cavours and the Crispis have effectively done their work in modern Italy, and left more Anarchists than *frati* to continue it. The home of the White Friars had long since been wholly sequestered, and lay desolate amid its once smiling vineyards. The sons of St. Francis were reduced to a handful—barely half a

dozen—who subsisted on the fisherfolk's alms, and were strictly forbidden to receive local novices.

"Really, Signor Curato," said Jack to Don Bianchi one day, "I probably speak out of the fulness of my British ignorance; but I feel in my bones that the boy is born for better things than herding cattle, baiting hooks, or, at the best and worst of it, turning waiter in a London restaurant. I assure you, with respect, that he has taught me more of the real Catholic frame of mind, that he has elevated and strengthened my faith more, especially in the direction of devotion to the Holy Eucharist and the saints, in three short weeks, than—"

"Than his parish priest," said Don Bianchi, with a humorous gaze under beetling black eyebrows.

"No, not so, Signor Curato," replied Jack. "I was saying that little Beppo has taught me more than any in England who have essayed to teach me by precept. With respect to your humility, you are leading me on the better road—the way of example. And now, before you have time to be angry, let me make my proposal. I am far from being a wealthy man, but I find that in this plenteous country, stricken as it is by cruel taxation, the English sovereign goes strangely far. Let me pay his expenses at some Catholic school or junior seminary; so that the vocation may develop, if it be there in the germ."

The old priest's eyes kindled up, and he rested his hand on Jack's.

"You are offering to do a great work," he said; "and in three years' time (if I am spared) we may talk over your project again, if its only outcome be to send little Beppo into the lay novitiate of one of the greater houses, far from here, that are allowed by the government to receive a few aspirants. The child were well away from those grandparents, who are avaricious and, to put it gently, not very devout. The plan must be kept from them for the present—until it becomes

practicable, indeed. As for the priesthood—no. I confess I had thoughts like yours once; but since I tried to teach poor Beppo the first declension, I have come to the conclusion that, unless it pleases Domineddio to teach him Latin by what we call *scientia infusa*, he can never read the Missal. Do you try him for recreation to-day with the second declension. *Agnus* will be a good word to begin on, since you have become joint proprietor of his pet lamb, to the intense but most sympathetic amusement of the whole *borgo* of Trebbia."

Jack tried that afternoon, but found swiftly that the tongue of Old Rome comes not by nature to Young Italy, but by an adaptability that Beppo lacked.

"*Agni, agno, agno*,—of a lamb; to a lamb; *with, by, or from a lamb*," chanted Jack.

Alas! the case-meanings were so many elusive mysteries to the keen intelligence that was artlessly building up in Jack Leathley's mind the fabric of the Faith. Only the sonorous genitive plural appealed to Beppo's fancy.

"*Agnorum!*" he murmured with satisfaction. "That sounds very good. Let us call this one here—the *agnello*,—let us call the lamb *Agnorum*."

That was the first and the last of their Latin classes; and Jack Leathley felt almost angry, for about three wags of *Agnorum's* tail, that a child of such angelic innocence and piety should have no bent for serious studies.

As events turned out, little Beppo was destined to be Jack's instructor to the end, and in more vital matters than the Latin accident his big friend would so gladly have given in return.

"When the bell rings, *what do you not pray to Our Lady with me?*" said Beppo one day. "You turn aside and pray by yourself. And you know that even the old women say here that courtesy costs nothing."

This was severe for Beppo. How could

Jack answer him? Jack had read just sufficient theology to know that he was in the wrong, but not enough to prove that the Holy See was infallibly in the right. Meanwhile the Roman Pontiffs prohibited all communion of public prayer between their children and half-believers, and Jack was a man of honor. Had he seen a man in his position approach the altar rails in a Catholic church abroad—as some High Church parsons have been known to do,—he would have driven him away.

"I think you are sad and unhappy," said Beppo, "because you wish me to be a priest, and it is no use, on account of the *Latinorum*. And I think you are also sad because you also ought to be a priest. You know the *Latinorum*, and you come to Mass every day, and you are often with the Signor Curato; so you go to confession, but you never go to Communion,—at least when I serve Mass. Now, with me it is different. I do not make my First Communion till Corpus Christi next. I am nine years of age. But you are older, dear Sior Lisli! You have some of those scruples against Holy Communion that Don Bianchi tells us are of the devil."

Jack thought it a venial silence to let the little boy think he was a Catholic. If his own faith were not yet serene, he would not run the risk of the millstone by troubling that of "one of these little ones." Meanwhile he saw with relief that the pet "Branch Theory" of Anglicanism, in which he had been brought up, looked thin and phantasmal under the bright Southern sun; and he felt that even one breath of this Catholic child could blow it beyond the moon.

If only the full grace would come! But Don Bianchi spoke no word of controversy. He made a memento in his Mass every morning, and remained on his *prie dieu* till near midnight week in, week out, praying hard for Jack, who knew naught of this intercession. It was reserved for little Beppo to bring things to a head.

On the feast of SS. Peter and Paul there was the customary procession of the Blessed Sacrament, for all Trebbia was Catholic; and even the mayor, an able but acidulated medical man—one Doctor Buongiovanni,—raised no further objections on the government side beyond sulking in his surgery all day. He had been pious in his youth, was affronted in early practice by some consequential clergyman, and thus weakly attracted by the false geniality of Freemasonry.

When the procession was over, Beppo, in cassock and cotta, hurried out of the sacristy to his friend, the "Sior Lisli," whom he found waiting for him, chatting gaily indeed with a group of other children, but holding in his hand a few of the nut and honey cakes they call *comete*,—the residue of a basketful he had bought and distributed one by one. Beppo frowned a little as he surveyed the others; for the temperament of the Italian child is swift and even fierce in jealousy. The offer of the residual handful of cakes appeased him not at all; but he mastered himself, as he waved them aside with a gesture like that of some baby Cæsar.

"*Altro, altro!*" he said, almost sullenly, but clinging to Jack's left arm. "I have no hunger, as these others have. I am come to tell you what perhaps they have not troubled to do. Men do not work to-day, for it is the *festa*; but to-morrow there will be work, and there will be a blessing of the boats at evening-tide. I know that you would love to see it, and perchance to go out for the night's fishing, as you have done before in one of the boats. But you have not yet seen the blessing by the Signor Curato, with acolytes and a cross-bearer and holy water, and the lighting of the beacon with much ceremony; have you, Sior Lisli?"

Jack admitted that he had not, and also that none save Beppo had troubled to tell him of the service,—one so common in Brittany, so rare in parts of devastated Italy.

Beppo was pleased. The other little boys moved away, with much doffing of caps and repetitions of "*Buona sera, Signore!*" The *comete* were eaten, save those that Beppo still refused. Why should the well-filled boys remain? Beppo snapped his fingers in light scorn as they retired.

"Dear friend," he said, with one of the swift transitions of his race, "these others are good children enough, and have eat your *comete* and will pray for you. But would they *die* for you, Sior Lisli?"

A startling question. British-fashion, Jack opined that they would not, also that he saw really no particular reason why they should. But Beppo's thoughts were elsewhere.

"Anger is short madness," he said. "The schoolmaster tells us that, from Petrarca. I have been so angry for the past few minutes that I have been mad,—as mad as an Englishman. May God forgive me! I have been jealous, and that is madness. And it made me lie, which is a sin. I said I was not hungry."

"Can you eat a *cometa*?" said Jack, handing the child one of those astronomically named stickinesses so common in Italian streets when there is a *festa*.

"A comet?" repeated penitent Beppo. "Now, may God forgive me, but I could eat the moon!"

He ate four comets instead. It is hungry work to be carrying the incense boat for hours,—feeding the thrible and not oneself. When the light meal was over, Beppo brushed the adhesive crumbs most carefully from the front of his cotta.

"Perchance, Sior Lisli," he said, "you thought me truly mad when I said I would die for you. But I would. You have still the sad air in your eyes. I wish that I could die for you!"

Honey that has been coddled with nuts in a light oven has a way of travelling over a child's face. Jack Leathley patted Beppo on the cheek, with a sensation as of touching a fly-paper, and told him that the Signor Curato was beckoning

him from the sacristy to enter and leave his cassock and cotta.

As Beppo moved away, repeating that he wished to give his life for his friend, with a deep, serious look in the big eyes, as if some premonition overshadowed his soul, unemotional Jack reflected that the viscous trail of the *cometa* had not reached the boy's forehead, and that somehow it were good Italian manners to have kissed Beppo on the brow, as if he were never to see him more. But frigidity prevailed, and Beppo went sacristy-ward uncaressed.

Before two days were sped, Jack felt a pang at the heart, in the midst of the great happiness that at length dawned upon him, when he reflected how coldly he had said good-bye to Beppo, the child for whom nobody seemed to care.

(To be continued.)

The Most Urgent of National Needs.

THE frank criticism of public schools in commencement addresses by eminent educators and the discussion of such criticism at educational meetings during the summer ought to result in the improvement of elementary education everywhere. Whatever may be thought of the superficiality of educational methods in colleges and universities, it is very generally admitted that the effort to make study interesting in elementary schools has been carried to such a limit that the children are studious only in the sense of avoiding all real study, while their teachers are at little or no pains to give anything like a thorough training in fundamentals. In an address at the Commencement of the High School at Orange, N. J., last month, Dr. Alexander Humphreys, president of Stevens' Institute, went so far as to say that the public school system of the United States was so faulty as hardly to warrant the term "system." Founded on hazy and unsettled ideas as to what "education" and "elementary education" mean, no wonder its results are unsatis-

factory. What is education? What is precisely the end of elementary education? How should this be given? are questions which many educational authorities do not seem to have studied with anything like thoroughness.

The first step toward reforming preparatory education should be the elimination of the fads that have usurped the place of the fundamentals. The faddists and theorists have had things their own way too long. On this point the Rev. Father Donovan, of St. John's Cathedral, Salford, has something to say well worth quoting. He speaks from experience, having taught for eleven years in secondary schools. It will be seen that elementary education needs reforming in England quite as much as in the United States:

We have nature study faddists, science faddists, water-color faddists, hand and eye faddists, clay modelling faddists, hygiene faddists, domestic economy faddists, cookery faddists, anti-alcohol faddists, drill faddists, and lately I discovered swimming and even boxing (!) faddists. Whether the boxing faddists succeeded in getting the manly art placed on the curriculum I do not know. (I should not be surprised if soon we have aerial navigation faddists.) All these things are good in themselves. But educational authorities ought to consider whether there is time during school hours and in a school course to teach them methodically and thoroughly in a truly logical, graduated, and educational manner; whether the children's minds are big enough to grasp them; whether the children have been sufficiently trained in the fundamental habits of application, attention, observation, reasoning and accuracy. And, even if time could be found, are there no other subjects of equal or greater value educationally, and at the same time, of more immediate practical utility or necessity?

Of some of the evil effects of this overcrowding of subjects, Father Donovan says:

Teachers are cramped in their work. They have not the time and opportunity to exercise their skill and powers effectively. I have spoken to many teachers on this subject, and all have agreed that teaching, in the true educational sense of the word, is practically impossible under present conditions. Not only is their time frittered away by multiplicity of subjects, but they are bound hand and foot by the red tape of officialdom.

The children leave school not only without proper development of their mental faculties, but with warped intellects, with little or no power of reasoning, without habits of application, attention, and observation. They are careless about the meanings of the most ordinary words; they have no hesitation about speaking or writing sentences of which they understand not one single word. They have not learned the habit of being cautious about accepting as true statements they read or hear. They are "bad writers, worse spellers, and shy altogether of arithmetic." They—or many of them—are full of conceited notions about their superior knowledge. They think they know much about everything, whereas they know practically nothing about anything. . . .

If radical and truly educational reforms are not speedily introduced, the educational authorities will simply be paving the way for the decadence and downfall of the nation. The present elementary system is not producing, and can not produce practical, level-headed, self-reliant men and women. It can produce only silly conceited persons, who will fall an easy prey to social revolutionaries at home and enemies abroad.

All of which impresses us as being eminently sane. Educational authorities on either side of the Atlantic can not afford to ignore such criticism as this. The reform of elementary education, all things considered, is perhaps the most urgent of our national needs. Let us hope that the reformers will not fail to realize the fact that religion is a *sine qua non* in any system of education intended to produce law-abiding citizens. Our civilization is Christian; and the prosperity of civilized nations no less than the well-being of individuals and families depends upon Christian morality, which can not be inculcated without thorough instruction in Christian principles.

WORK how you will, you can not be perfect; and if you were you could only be what God made man before sin came. We are working together to save life in a world where millions die for want of care. To do less than the best we can is failure, and the best we can do together is very little compared with what there is to be done.—*Marion Crawford.*

Notes and Remarks.

We commend to the attention of Catholics generally, and more specifically to those of our faith who are recognized as "leading citizens," this advice of an Iowa Knight of Columbus to his fellow-members of that Order:

I desire again to commend to your consideration the value to the cause of religion, of having a representative of our Faith on the public library boards of the cities where such libraries exist. In a few instances Catholics are members of these boards, and through the advantage thus possessed have been enabled to put many Catholic books on the shelves of libraries which otherwise might not have found a place there. *It is entirely within our rights as taxpayers to ask for such representation.*

This last sentence merits underscoring. Too many Catholics apparently forget, in the case of public libraries, that such institutions are no more Protestant than Catholic. Taxes paid by Catholic citizens help to sustain them and the oldtime American principle, "No taxation without representation," may with perfect equity be invoked to ameliorate present conditions.

A non-Catholic clergyman of St. Louis has been receiving an object-lesson in the reverential decorum due to the house of God. He thus describes it:

I entered a Catholic church one night not long ago, and, taking a back seat, I watched the worshippers as they came and went, and was deeply impressed with their reverence and devotion. Before leaving, I dropped on my knees and prayed that I might live to see the day when Protestants would enter and leave their churches in the same spirit that was manifested by the worshippers that night.

I was so deeply impressed at what I had seen, that I went home and wrote to Archbishop Glennon, and asked him for his opinion as to why Catholics were more reverent than Protestants. He made a prompt and courteous reply, setting forth a number of reasons. The two that made the strongest appeal to me were: "Their belief in the real presence of Christ dwelling in the church," and "The Catholic Church teaches life, death and eternity in the

spirit of realism, and the Catholic mind is subdued and reverent in the presence of these mysteries so presented."

The first of the two reasons mentioned is, of course, all-sufficient as an adequate explanation. But plainly, the Catholic "church building" is a church, the House of the Lord, who actually dwells therein; the Protestant "church building" is a meeting-house unhallowed by any divine presence, although venerable because of the worship with which conscientious Christians impregnate its atmosphere.

President Hadley, of Yale College, and Tsao Yun Siang, editor of the *Chinese Students' Magazine*, published at the same institution, have given a lesson in urbanity which deserves to be repeated all over the United States. Commenting on a sensationally reported criticism of Yale and other American universities by Bishop McFaul, President Hadley said: "So far as my experience goes, the Catholic clergy of America are exceedingly careful not to utter false charges on the basis of reports which they have been unable to verify. If there has been a departure from this wise tradition, I am sure that it represents the momentary inadvertence or error of an individual, and that matters will be more effectively set right by fellow-members of his own Church and profession than by anything like public controversy." This is plainly the language of a gentleman, refreshingly dignified and urbane.

In reference to a murder recently committed by a Chinaman in New York, and the extraordinary efforts made for his apprehension, the editor of the *Chinese Students' Magazine* has this to say:

The Chinese people might be characterized as phlegmatic and philosophical, but they can not be so to such an extent as to be immune from passion, momentary insanity and crimes. When men of the Caucasian race, even the respectable, highly educated and brought up under the roof of benign Christian homes have been known to commit similar deeds in the Far East, it is not altogether an impossibility for

one of a different civilization, brought up under the most unfavorable circumstances, to commit the same. . . . We take this opportunity to request the American public to forbear from molesting the Japanese students, whom we sincerely desire to bear with us in this hour of national disgrace, when they should be mistaken for Chinese. Let the Chinese students not resent the examination they might be required to undergo; let them calmly face the ordeal, and, with a sense of national duty, bear a part of the shame that a countryman of their fatherland has provoked—alienated as the criminal may be.

Not less creditable in every way than the expressions of President Hadley. Tsao Yun Siang is spoken of as a graduate of St. John's College, Shanghai, and before leaving China had evidently learned much of which a great many people in this civilized country are wofully ignorant. His request in regard to Japanese students is not flattering to us. There is no country in the world that ought to be more free from race prejudice than ours, but we are sorry to have to admit that this note of uncivilization can not be repudiated.

Fifty years in Europe, whether or not it be worth a cycle of Cathay, is relatively a much briefer period than five decades in our younger country; and, accordingly, the Golden Jubilee of an Irish college is a less notable event than would be a like epoch in the history of an American one. The recent celebration, however, of the completed half century of Holy Cross College, Clonliffe, was not without historic importance. The ground on which the college stands is notable for its martial associations. Not far from this institution was fought the famous battle of Clontarf, in which King Brian defeated the Danes; and here it was that, whilst thanking God for the victory, he met his death. Founded by Cardinal Cullen, Holy Cross College has a generous patron in the person of his successor, the present Archbishop of Dublin, and it has reason to feel proud of the number of ecclesiastics who have been promoted from the presidency or

the collegiate staff to the episcopate. Scarcely less striking have been the successes of the students in university examinations. The London *Catholic Times* says that "as many as eighty-one of them, who went up for the Royal University Examinations, had taken the B. A. degree by the end of last year. These are results which tell eloquently of the high standard of education at Holy Cross College, and of what it has achieved for the Church within the fifty years of its existence."

After the Baptists, perhaps the most anti-Catholic of all the sects in this country are the Presbyterians. The clergy of this denomination are, as a rule, particularly hostile to all things Catholic. Hence our surprise and gratification to learn, on the authority of the *Catholic Herald*, of Sacramento, Cal., that on a recent occasion the Presbyterians of Hamilton City, in that State, offered the use of their spacious church to the Catholics of the vicinity for a three days' mission. The offer was gratefully accepted, and Protestants as well as Catholics flocked to hear the sermons,—earnest exhortations to lead good lives, and clear expositions of the doctrines of the Church.

As a straw may suffice to indicate the course of a stream, we may hope from the little incident at Hamilton City that mysterious currents are now in operation, clarifying, quickening and widening the waters of Presbyterianism.

The probabilities are that Uncle Sam will be obliged to look after Cuba for a long time to come. There is any amount of reconstruction work to be done down there yet, and the Cubans need help for it. In a recent address at Dayton, Ohio, Gen. Garcia said: "Cuba is the little brother, the United States is the big brother. If the little brother makes a mistake, take him to task for it; but don't crush the life out of him. Help

him along; brace him up; never think of devouring him."

There is no intention on the part of our government to crush the life out of Cuba, though assimilation may some day become a necessity. The "little brother" has been very troublesome, and is not too well disposed to correct himself. He should be taken to task sternly, and threatened with what, in our opinion, he has long and richly deserved.

There has recently been a revival of interest, throughout France and Germany, in the historic Lourdes miracle commonly known as "The Lupus of Metz." We gave an extended account of this miracle some four years ago ("Science Nonplussed at Lourdes," Vol. I.X. p. 257), and mention it here to note that Dr. Ernst, whose certificate as to the condition of the subject of the miracle, Mrs. Rouchel, is therein referred to, has successfully prosecuted a Dr. Muller, a freethinker, for publishing a statement in which Dr. Ernst is accused of intentionally altering in his certificate of cure his previous diagnosis—that he had specified two diseases in his diagnosis, and in his certificate spoke only of one.

For the benefit of such of our readers as may not remember the cure, we give a brief outline:

Mrs. Rouchel had been suffering for a number of years from a lupus on the face. In the right cheek there was a hole, of about a finger's diameter, through which a lead-pencil could easily be passed. Whenever she wished to drink it became necessary to fill up this cavity with lint, in order to prevent the spilling of the liquid through the opening. Besides this, there was also a perforation of the palate.

The patient was presented by her physician, Dr. Ernst, to the consideration of the Metz Medical Association. Dr. Ernst saw Mrs. Rouchel just before and just after her pilgrimage to Lourdes. Before her departure, he certified as to the existence of the two holes. The palate, he declared, had been perforated for four years, the right cheek for three years. During this period the appearance of the patient had become pitiable; the nose and the upper lip were drawn

up and distorted, and were covered with a fetid pus, which also infected the interior of the mouth.

Such was the state in which Dr. Ernst saw Mrs. Rouchel when she set out for Lourdes. The infirmarians who frequently during the day renewed the dressings on the patient's face testified that, up to September 5, 1903, no change took place in her condition: the two holes were there, as was also the suppuration. The nurse who bathed Mrs. Rouchel in the piscina on September 5 itself, had seen the two gaping cavities. From the one in the cheek pus was running freely. Before the procession, another nurse who bound up the patient's face observed the same conditions.

Immediately after the procession, it was found that the two holes were completely closed up. On the following day, in the presence of five or six physicians who were with him at the Board, Dr. Boissarie satisfied himself that the wounds of the cheek and the palate were entirely cicatrized. These verifications, effected in the course of a few hours, suffice to establish the instantaneity of the cure.

A non-Catholic correspondent of the *Emporia (Kansas) Weekly Gazette*, writing from Rome, has this to say of what the Rev. W. R. Alger, another outsider, calls "the most imposing organic symbol of Christendom":

The Holy Roman Catholic Church, whether we like it or dislike it, still must be admitted by serious-minded persons of every faith to be the cement that is holding civilization together. For if the influence of the Catholic Church were removed from millions upon millions of our fellow-creatures in Christendom, barbarism and anarchy would rise rampant in the world.

* Not a particularly novel assertion, even from a Protestant nowadays; but such declarations are very gratifying, as proof that traditional antipathy or bigoted repugnance to the Church is on the wane everywhere in the United States.

Apropos of the strong stand taken by Cardinal Andrieu, Archbishop of Bordeaux, in his virtual defiance of the French government's attempted censorship of his pastoral letters, the editor of *Rome* asks:

What will happen next? If the Cardinal is acquitted, a very improbable verdict, it will

mean that the government recognizes the right of French Catholics to disobey the Law of Separation. If he is sentenced to an insignificant fine, the offence will certainly be repeated, not only by him but by his colleagues in the hierarchy; and the government will only have succeeded in giving force and publicity to the Cardinal's denunciations. And if the Cardinal is sent to prison, and followed thither by a score of other French bishops? In that case we shall know at last how much life and vigor remain in the Catholic body of France. In the meanwhile the action of Cardinal Andrieu, taken in relation with the similar action of the Bishops of Cahors, Bayonne, Montauban, and others, is the most significant incident that has happened in France since the passing of the Law of Separation.

It is tolerably safe to predict that Clemenceau & Co. will not make the tactical mistake of imprisoning any cardinals or bishops. Self-preservation is apt to be the first law of ruling powers, as of nature, and it appears to us that the French government have sufficiently numerous other difficulties to contend with in prolonging their tenure of office without bringing all the vital Catholicism of France—and, in spite of appearances, there is a notable amount of it—to bay with its back to the wall.

It would seem that some such matter as the heresy of Professor Foster, of the Chicago University, is agitating Protestant circles in Canada. In a recent leading article, the *Sun* (St. John, N. B.) says:

The original essence of Protestantism was protest against clerical authority,—against the claim of Pope and priests to the right and power to interpret the Scriptures, and to impose their interpretation in the form of dogma upon the laity. It was a revolt against ecclesiastical autocracy,—a declaration of the right of the individual to read and to think for himself and to come to his own conclusions. Its essence was the principle that the honest convictions of the individual are for him the right and the truth. Obviously, then, Protestant churches arrogate to themselves the same authority against which they revolted, when they in turn set up fixed standards of dogma, and hiss "Heresy!" at those who venture to disagree. And the so-called Higher Critics themselves play the Pope when they set up their criticism as a thing of author-

ity and call upon their less learned brethren to bow down and worship it.

There is no tenable middle ground between the absolute spiritual authority claimed by the Roman Catholic Church and the full admission of the sovereignty of the individual understanding. Catholicism at least is faultlessly logical. Granting its premises—a divinely appointed and inspired, and hence infallible, Church,—you must admit its conclusions to the uttermost. But a Protestantism founded on the denial of infallibility in any human agency and yet imposing standards of Biblical interpretation and religious beliefs, is obviously illogical. In so far as it hampers individual freedom of thought and expression in its congregations, so far it returns toward the place it set out from,—so far it nullifies the force of the original protest.

All of which is quite true, as has been repeatedly pointed out by Catholic apologists. Authority in religion is an essential of its endurance. It is a case of one Pope or a million popes, every man his own pope, endowed with personal infallibility.

The Church in the West has sustained a great loss by the death of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Cotter, of the diocese of Winona, which occurred on the 27th ult. He had been seriously ill for a long time, but, in spite of his age and enfeebled condition, it was hoped that his life would be prolonged for many years. No American prelate was more venerated and beloved by his priests and people than Bishop Cotter. He was the first bishop of the diocese of Winona, and its growth has been phenomenal. Twenty years ago it was hardly more than an aggregation of scattered missions; poor for the most part, though very promising. Winona is now a flourishing, well-organized diocese, with numerous churches, schools, and charitable institutions. Bishop Cotter will be remembered in many parts of the United States as a zealous advocate of total abstinence. Previous to his elevation to the episcopate, he often lectured for this cause, and was for several terms president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. *R. I. P.*

Notable New Books.

The Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol. V. (Diocese—Fathers.) Robert Appleton Co.

The present volume of this admirable work completes one-third of the whole, and carries the Encyclopedia as far forward as "Fathers of the Church." Our praise of the preceding volumes is fully merited by the one before us. The same may also be said of our dispraise. We find the text of Vol. V. extremely interesting and valuable. Of articles that we have examined with some care, special mention may be made of "Ethics," by Father Cathrein, S. J.; "Evolution," by Father Wasmann, S. J.; "Education," by Dr. Pace; and "Divorce," by Father Lehmkühl and Walter George Smith. All of these timely subjects are exhaustively treated. The articles on "Egypt" and the "Education of the Blind" are among others marked for future reading, both being from the pens of experts.

The choice of contributors in many cases could not have been more happy. Dr. Fortescue writes on "Eastern Churches"; Father Thurston and Mr. Lilly, about England; Father Cleary, concerning the diocese of Dunedin; Mgr. Baumgarten, of Dr. Döllinger, etc. If certain of the articles are gratifyingly full, others, it must be said, are disappointingly brief. In fact, we are at a loss to understand what rule the editors follow in the distribution of space. The notice of Döllinger, for instance, fills five pages and a half, whereas less than a quarter of a page is devoted to either Dupuytren, the great surgeon, or Durandus, the famous ritualist. As we have already remarked, contemporary Catholic celebrities whose Lives have not been written, or may never be published, would seem to demand fuller notice. Mr. Patrick Donahoe, to mention only one such person, should have had more than thirty-four lines, considering his great services to the Church and his fellow-countrymen in the United States. This lack of proportion is the most serious fault we have to find with the Catholic Encyclopedia. To omissions we shall not refer at present, though we have noticed a number. These may be supplied in supplementary volumes.

An excellent feature of the Catholic Encyclopedia, which will be appreciated by all who make frequent use of reference works, is the ease with which any division of an extended article may be found and read. The illustrations, for the most part, are well selected, and enhance the interest of the text which they accompany. Those contained in the present volume are numerous and well printed. There are also three colored plates, the best of which is the

page from Gutenberg's forty-two line (Mazarin) Missal; it is excellently reproduced. Of the maps, numbering six, the most interesting is the one showing the extent of Christendom A. D. 622.

The genuine importance of works of this kind, published volume by volume, naturally becomes more apparent to the reader as the number of volumes increases. The Catholic Encyclopedia has fully established its claim to be a storehouse of information hitherto inaccessible to most persons, and its right to a place in every collection of books comprehensive enough to be called a library.

The Book of the Lily, and Other Verses. By a Sister of the Holy Cross. THE AVE MARIA Press, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Compared with the ordinary compilation of popular verse, this dainty volume, whose sole object is to honor Mary Immaculate, and whose dress of her colors is as dainty as ever issued from a press, is like a lily amid a bed of flaunting tulips. The book is divided into two sections,—the first containing poems distinctively in praise of Our Lady, the second made up of reflections upon kindred themes. Many of these verses have adorned the pages of THE AVE MARIA, and all will be welcomed by those who appreciate exalted sentiment enshrined in fitting form. Perhaps the following lines indicate most fully the chaste and dainty literary style of the writer:

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

O little uncrowned King! that men
Should threaten Thee with harm,—
Thy kingdom but dear Mary's heart,
Thy throne, her arm!

And didst Thou feel the thrill of fear
That made her press Thee still more near?
And did the tremor of her heart
Its anguish unto Thine impart?
I see Thee fleeing through the night,
The shadows leaping into light
To guide Thee o'er the desert sand
To strangers in an alien land.

O little uncrowned King! that men
Should threaten Thee with harm,—
Thy kingdom but dear Mary's heart,
Thy throne, her arm!

The sonnet "On New Year's Eve" will appeal to all who appreciate the claims of that friendship which is consecrated by high motives. Surely there was never a worthier tribute than this fair book laid at the feet of the Lily Maid.

An Impeached Nation; Being a Study of Irish Outrages. By Henry W. Cleary, D. D. The New Zealand Tablet Publishing Co.

Habitual readers, for some years past, of the *New Zealand Tablet* will recognize in this book a series of excellent editorial articles appearing in that sterling journal. Dr. Cleary

has been well advised in amplifying these articles and co-ordinating them into consecutive chapters of a substantial volume of some four hundred pages. The broad thesis which the author undertakes to maintain is that the wrongs perpetrated by the law, the ministers of the law, and the ruling caste, against the Irish people have been far graver, more studied, and more systematic than the offence committed by the people against the law. That he has triumphantly demonstrated the truth of his contention will scarcely be questioned by any unbiassed reader of his convincing pages. And, sooth to say, it did not require one half the ability, logic, and wit that Dr. Cleary has brought to bear upon the subject to convince unimpassioned men that Irish "outrages" are a commodity ordinarily manufactured (when existent at all) for a purpose by the very persons who appeal to them as an irrefragable argument against meting out elementary political justice to a people far more sinned against than sinning. We remember noting, a year or two ago, among the Irish "crimes" that were being heralded all over the world, the trespassing of a ten-year-old child upon a public park. She had wickedly, feloniously, and with malice prepense, actually walked upon the grass!

Dr. Cleary's book is divided into four parts: "The Great Tammany [Irish, not New York] Outrage," "Coercion in the Making," "Coercion in the Working," and "Crimes of the People." A half dozen valuable appendices are added, and the volume is supplied with an excellent bibliography and an adequate index. An important addition to contemporary Irish history.

The Path which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church. By Peter H. Burnett. Edited and Abridged by the Rev. James Sullivan, S. J. B. Herder.

The original work, of which the present substantial volume of some four hundred and fifty pages is an abridgment, was first published half a century ago. Its author, Judge Burnett (1807-1895), a native of Tennessee, was the first Civil Governor of California, and, later, a judge of the State's Supreme Court. When the book appeared in 1860, it was at once recognized as a valuable addition to Catholic apologetics. Dr. Brownson (*Quarterly Review*, April, 1860) gave it both a cordial welcome and high praise, saying of it: "It is an argument addressed to reason and good sense, not to passion and sensibility; and we can not conceive it possible for any fair-minded man to read it and not be convinced,—although we can conceive that many a man may read it and not acknowledge himself convinced."

Father Sullivan states that the task of abridg-

ing Judge Burnett's book to about one-half its original size "was rendered easy by the lengthy and frequent quotations, subsidiary arguments and repetitions that the eminent jurist, unjustly to himself, evidently considered necessary to a clearer understanding of explanations and lines of reasoning that were sufficiently plain in the first instance." While the task has been performed with notable discretion, it still remains a question whether the average non-Catholic would not attach to some of the "subsidiary arguments" referred to more importance than is accorded to them by the editor.

While the book, even in its present form, contains a great deal that is necessarily more or less trite to the reader of controversial literature or of the stories of converts, there is about it, nevertheless, an atmosphere of such evident sincerity and straightforward honesty that one's sympathy is captured from the outset, and the clear-cut reasoning that marks every page is an intellectual delight. The last chapter, on "Miscellaneous Considerations," will be found especially interesting. If only as an antidote to works more or less tainted with the modernistic spirit, the volume is worth its place among good books.

Report of the Nineteenth Eucharistic Congress.

Held at Westminster from 9th to 13th September, 1908. Sands & Co.; B. Herder.

Writing to Archbishop Bourne a month after the close of the magnificent Eucharistic celebration in London last year, his Holiness Pius X. declared that the published accounts, and still more the welcome report of his legate, Cardinal Vannutelli, made it evident that, "while the first of its kind in England in the order of time; it must be accounted as without rival throughout the Universal Church for its concourse of illustrious men, the weight of its deliberations, its display of faith and devotion to the Holy Eucharist, and the splendor of its religious ceremonies." This is exceptionally laudatory language from a sovereign accustomed to weigh the meaning of words; but no one who examines even cursorily this splendid commemorative volume of seven hundred pages will think the phrase "without rival throughout the Universal Church" an exaggeration. Favorable as was the impression created last September by the successive press dispatches and letters from London relative to the great Eucharistic Congress, it needed the present exhaustive report to furnish a comprehensive and adequate view of its importance and its success.

The book gives the story of the Congress day by day; reproduces the papers read at the various sessions, with the sermons and

speeches; describes in detail the more notable of the different functions, religious and social; and concludes the narrative with the parting words of the Cardinal Legate as he left London on September 17. Among the almost two-score important studies read by eminent clerics and laymen, it would be invidious to single out any for special commendation; yet "The Holy Eucharist in Pre-Reformation Times," by Abbot Gasquet, and "The Mass and the Reformation," by Canon Moyes, must be mentioned as being of exceptional historic interest to all English-speaking Catholics.

Of the seven appendices that complete the volume, not the least interesting is that dealing with "The Press and the Prohibition." The unanimity with which journals of all parties condemned the English government's last-minute forbidding of the procession of the Blessed Sacrament is, under the circumstances, rather remarkable. It effectively proves that the great body of the English people recognized and applauded the manly stand and utterance of Archbishop Bourne: "As a loyal Englishman, and still more as a Catholic striving in all things to be obedient to our Faith, I feel it my duty to conform myself to the publicly expressed wishes of the constituted authority. But I am not prepared to submit to the dictation of the Protestant Alliance or any similar society."

One of the object-lessons which the Congress must have taught with forceful emphasis to the non-Catholics of London and of the world at large, was commented on by Archbishop Healy, of Tuam, at the same meeting, in the Albert Hall, at which the Archbishop of Westminster made the statement just quoted. Speaking of the great gathering of the highest prelates in Europe and America, Mgr. Healy said: "Here there is unity and catholicity and continuity which binds together the near and the distant, the present and the past. It is not an aggregate of discordant units, but a homogeneous gathering of prelates obedient to one rule, animated by one faith, inspired by one purpose—to honor our Saviour in the Sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist, and next to that to add the testimony of their homage and devotion to our Holy Father the Pope."

The volume is well printed, handsomely bound, and illustrated with fifteen excellent plates.

Catholic Churchmen in Science. (Second Series.)

By James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D.
The Dolphin Press.

A neatly printed and tastefully bound volume of two hundred and twenty pages, supplied with a table of contents and an excellent index. The half dozen sketches which, with the Introduc-

tion, make up the contents have for the most part already appeared in different magazines, "Regiomontanus: Astronomer and Bishop," for instance, having first seen the light in our own pages. Albertus Magnus, John XXI., and Guy de Chauliac are other individual studies; while the last two chapters deal with "Clerical Pioneers in Electricity," and "The Jesuit Astronomers."

The qualities that rendered the first series of "Catholic Churchmen in Science" so widely popular are again in evidence in the present work, and Dr. Walsh has carried a long way toward completion the task of demolishing the century-credited falsehood that the Church and churchmen have been inimical to genuine science. The reiterated assertion by the author that the contrary is the case—reiterated in preface, Introduction, and each separate chapter—is an inartistic blemish accounted for by the fact of the chapters' originally appearing as independent articles. The intimation that still a third series of these valuable papers may be looked for is a welcome one.

The Via Vitæ of St. Benedict. By Dom Bernard Hayes. Benziger Brothers.

This addition to the publications of the English Benedictines is a series of meditations on the Rule of St. Benedict, and is introduced, in his own inspiring way, by the Rt. Rev Bishop Hedley. The opening chapter is on meditation, and sets forth the advantages arising from using the Rules as subjects of mental prayer. In a few paragraphs the method of this holy exercise is explained, and in such a way as to encourage one in this very necessary practice. The points arranged for meditation are taken from the Rules on Silence, Humility, the Divine Office, Prayer, Zeal, etc., and are suggestive to religious other than Benedictines. There is a simplicity about these spiritual lessons that should commend them to all.

Not for this World Only. By Frances Noble. B. Herder.

Under this title there are two stories with profound lessons to parents as well as to daughters. In the first narrative we see the results of a Catholic education as opposed to the training given in a secular institution. Margaret Pollard and Agnes Valmore are clearly pictured; and mothers who are drawn to the "social advantages," so-called, of "finishing schools" would do well to read this simple story. "The Trial of Mabel Deering" deals with obduracy and disobedience in a daughter, who marries against her parents' wishes, and who suffers bitterly in consequence. Both stories are realistically told.



A Total Abstainer.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

I AM as healthy as can be;
My eyes are bright; just look at me!
And I drink—water.

The flowers that near the streamlet grow
Are all so beautiful, you know;
And they drink—water.

The moss that under them doth rest
Wears diamonds on its emerald breast,
And it drinks—water.

Even the pebbles smooth and white
Spring from the pool, so cool and bright;
And they drink—water.

Let all who will, take beer or wine;
It is not wrong, but I'll decline;
For I drink—water.

The Story of Dickie.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XI.



EARS were now flowing from Olivia's eyes; she could not restrain them.

"O papa!" she cried. "Tim began his old tricks with the money and the snuff-box. And poor Dickie has been made to suffer for all!"

"Mebbe the boy'll turn up one of these days, Miss," said the tramp. "If you'll tell me what he was like, I might come across him and send him back here."

"He was a pretty little boy," said Olivia; "not very tall for his age,—he wasn't quite thirteen. He had honest blue eyes, and *very* curly hair, like St. John in the pictures."

"Black?"

"Yes, quite black."

"I've seen them pictures. My old granny had one; she used to show it to me. My name's John."

"Did you ever look like that?" asked the girl, observing for the first time that the man's features were good, and that his thin hair, streaked with grey, was inclined to curl.

"That's what granny used to say, Miss," replied the tramp, with the ghost of a laugh. "I'm a long way from it now, though,—a long way."

Olivia turned aside.

"Oh, if Dickie should *ever* grow to look like that!" she thought. "But it would be impossible; he's too good."

"Well, I'll be going," said the tramp. "I know you'll treat Fancy well,—or Tim as you call him."

"Oh, we don't want him,—we don't want him!" exclaimed Olivia. "Take him away and be good to him."

"He don't seem inclined to go now," said the tramp.

Olivia whispered to her father, who took something from his pocket and placed it in her hand.

"Please take this—and Tim. Pick him up, and don't let go of him till you are far away. Thank you for what you've done! And try to be a good man, won't you?"

"I ain't so very bad, Miss," rejoined the tramp. "It's only that I'm fond of the road. Thank you,—thank you! I'll be sure to send the boy, if I find him. I should think he'd be glad to come back to a place where the people are so fond of him."

Darting for Tim, the tramp soon had him in his arms. Olivia could hear the angry, sharp barks of the dog for some time after they had passed into the street.

The distress of Nora was almost as

great as that of her mistress. After the tramp had gone, she went up to the stable and to the room Dickie had occupied, which was now the sleeping place of the old colored man, and in which she had never set foot since the day after the boy disappeared.

Olivia followed her.

"What are you going to do, Nora?" she asked.

"Nothing at all, but see if maybe in some nook or cranny I might find some token of the poor boy, or maybe a bit of a note he'd left behind."

"Don't you remember we went through and through the place the next day?" said Olivia.

"I know, but I'm minded to search again," said Nora, peering earnestly into the most unlikely places a note could be found, but without effect.

"Jim cleaned the room again when he came back," said Olivia. "And how often it must have been cleaned since then!"

"The Lord knows not very often, by the looks of it," observed Nora.

"It seems to me it looks all right," replied Olivia, glancing about her as she spoke.

"Maybe so," said the old woman. "But it's like comparing black with white: you can't do it. Look at the bed, with an old horse-cloth over it for a blanket; and the saddle and halter hanging on the wall, instead of the picture of the Blessed Virgin Dickie used to have; and the pipe and the tobacco box on the little shelf where the beautiful shell holy-water font stood! I wonder why did Dickie leave that, Miss Olivia? I gave it to him with all my heart, and it's a wonder he didn't take it. At first it came against him in my mind, but now it's in his favor. I'm thinking he couldn't take a stick or a stem to remember them that wronged him."

"I fancy he thought it would be too difficult to carry, — if he thought of it at all, Nora," said Olivia.

"Let it be as it may, Miss Olivia. I put

it down in my own room between my own bed and Mary Blaine's, on the little shelf where I had my hair tonic. And I gave Mary the other holy-water font to herself. And never have I dipped my fingers in it since, but I had a prayerful thought for the poor fellow, let him be good or bad, Miss Olivia. And now we've found him to have been persecuted and wronged, and he's likely a wanderer on the face of the earth."

"You make me feel dreadfully, Nora," said Miss Olivia. "There is nothing belonging to Dickie here. Let us go down."

As they were about to descend the narrow stairway, Olivia in front, Nora turned sharply once more and said:

"Look at the horse-cloth on the bed, instead of the beautiful spread Dickie used to have! What became of that spread, Miss Olivia?"

"Mary Blaine took it away. I suppose it's in a closet somewhere. I saw it hanging on the line after Dickie had gone."

When Olivia rejoined her father, she wanted him to let her go immediately to Father Shea and the Sisters to tell them what had occurred. But he would not permit her to do so till the next day.

"The afternoon is exceedingly warm," he said. "You are tired and excited. You must wait till to-morrow."

"But, papa, my roses!" she pleaded. "They want them for to-morrow. It will be the feast of the Assumption."

"You seem to be quite familiar with all the Catholic feasts," said her father. "I'm afraid you'll be running away from me after a time, to put on the veil."

"Suppose I should? How would you like it?" asked Olivia.

"I shouldn't like it at all," he said. "Occasionally I question the wisdom of letting you go to the convent school next year. I had a letter from your aunt this morning. She thinks we are both crazy."

"But, papa, you promised!" cried Olivia. "I am all ready. My things are marked, — even my knife, fork and spoons. You couldn't think of breaking your promise?"

"I have no intention of breaking it, my dear; although it is out of all precedent for the president of a Congregational college to send his daughter to a Roman Catholic school."

"It's the very best thing that can be done, under the circumstances. If they weren't sending you to that ridiculous conference in Germany to be gone six months, I never should have thought of leaving you. As it is, you're leaving me! Now, papa, won't you feel much easier in your mind knowing I am safe and happy in that lovely school we visited, under the protection of dear Sister Mary Aurelia?"

"Yes—I think I shall."

"You remember the girl we saw that afternoon, papa,—Mary Procter?"

"Yes. She was very nice."

"She's a Methodist. Her mother and father are missionaries in Syria. And when they went away they left her at the convent, because they knew she'd be safe there. They used to live across the street from the Sisters."

"I wonder the Society of Foreign Missions did not take their commission from them, if they knew it. It seems to me they'd be better employed if they took care of their own child first."

"They're coming back in two years. Mary says the Sisters have never tried, in any way, to influence her."

"That may be true,—I have no doubt it is. But it's the silent influence that works, Olivia."

"And if it be a good influence, papa?"

"I hardly know what to say to that, Olivia."

"But my flowers,—won't you let me take down the roses?"

"No, my dear; Jim can take them."

"They ought to go soon."

"They may go at once, if you have them ready. Jim has to take the wagon for some chicken feed."

"They are all ready. I was putting the last spray in the basket when the tramp came along."

The roses were dispatched, with strict

instructions from Olivia to Jim not to say anything about the advent of Tim, or what had followed.

"I wouldn't think of sayin' a word to dem ladies dat dey didn't ax me," replied the old colored man. "Dey looks so quiet and solemn, pretty neah like angels, only dey wears black close."

When Jim returned he said:

"Dey're all in excitement down dar, Miss Olivia. First I met de priest an' he says, 'Jim,' he says, 'dars a little dog down at de house wot looks zaçkly like Dickie's Tim. He came about a hour ago, an' now we're expectin' de boy. First he come to de convent,' he says, 'an' den he come to me. Dickie mus' be on his way back, an' mus' have lost him.'"

"And what did you say, Jim?" inquired Olivia. "Of course you couldn't help telling him then."

"Couldn't help tellin' him, Miss Olivia, when you say don't say a single word about it? Course I didn't say a word. I jus' snickered an' I says, 'Mighty nice if Dickie's a-comin' back, Fader,' says I,— 'specially if he can clear hisself.' An' Fader he says, 'Dickie wouldn't come back if he couldn't do dat.' Den he says, 'Don't you say a word to de folks at President Middleford's house. It'll be a gay surprise for 'em if Dickie comes.'"

"And what did you answer him, Jim?"

"I jus' looked kind of innocent, an' I says, 'No, Fader, I won't,' an' drove along. An' when I come to de school, de Sister—de fat one—de one dey calls Mudder Speerer—she was standin' on de porch, an' she says, 'We's got good reason to b'lieve dat Dickie's comin' back; his dog come here dis afternoon, and now he's at Fader Shea's. But don't you tell Miss Olivia, Jim, cause if de boy doesn't come, she'll be disappointed. But we all t'ink,' she says, 'dat if Tim's here, Dickie mus' be near.' I couldn't hardly keep from laughin', an' I clean almost forgot de flowers."

"Jim, I didn't know you could keep a secret so well," said Olivia,— "though

they'll all be disappointed. I suppose Tim got away from the tramp, and wouldn't follow him any longer."

"'Spouse so," remarked Jim, shuffling away. "I only done what you told me."

As soon as breakfast was over next morning, Olivia went down to tell what she knew to Dickie's friends. They were all disappointed, as they had based great hopes on the reappearance of Tim. Father Shea was glad to have the dog stay, if he would; but after two or three days he was missing again, and nothing more was seen or heard of him.

In the meantime Mr. Middleford inserted the following "Personal" in two papers:

"If 'Dickie' will communicate with E. M., Old Preston, he will hear something to his advantage."

But no reply was received.

A short time after the return of Tim and the establishment of Dickie's innocence in the minds of his friends, two men were seated on top of a railroad embankment, gazing down at the wreck of several cars piled up beneath them. One was a man of perhaps seventy years of age; the other, much younger. Fortunately, no one had been killed in the accident, nor even seriously injured, though a great many were scratched and bruised. After the first excitement was over, these two, strangers until now, wandered off at a little distance from the crowd, conversing and speculating as to the cause of the accident.

"I've been in several wrecks in my time," said the younger man. "I've been with the Beckwith Circus a good while, and we've had some narrow escapes. I'm advance agent now, and generally travel ahead of the show. My name's Williams."

"And mine is Featherston," said the other. "I'm not a Catholic, and never will be one; but I've come two thousand miles to spend my last days in a Catholic Home that I'm told is the best in the country. It's not a free place, you understand: you

pay a thousand dollars down, and have a good comfortable home for the rest of your life. I had a friend who went there, and he wrote me about it."

"Where is the Home?" asked Williams.

"It's in Williamstown; there's a hospital connected with it, but I believe the grounds are very large. The old people live in separate cottages. You have your meals carried to you in your own rooms, and in that way can choose your friends. If you don't care for everybody or anybody, you can stay by yourself. But I'm not that kind of a person."

"I suppose you mean the St. Luke's Hospital and Home for the Aged?" said Williams.

"Yes, that's it. Do you know it?"

"No, not from experience, though I've heard it well spoken of. By the way, our people left a little fellow there the last time they were in Williamstown, — a crazy elephant ran amuck and trampled down two of them. A nice boy. And now I know why your name seemed familiar. It's the same as his."

"It's not a common name," replied the other. "We were the only family in our part of the country. I'll have to look that boy up."

"He's a fine little fellow," observed Williams, — "an orphan, but a good, honest, sensible, bright boy. But here's the wrecker's train! I guess I'll go down and see if I can't help. You sit right here and make yourself comfortable."

"Thank you! I believe I will," rejoined the old man, taking his pipe from his pocket. "I think, after what we've gone through, I'll enjoy a good smoke."

(To be continued.)

WHAT we call a sunflower is the helianthus, so called not because it follows the sun, but because it resembles a picture sun. A bed of these flowers will turn in every direction, regardless of the sun. The turnsole is the heliotropium, quite another order of plants.

Schoolgirls Abroad.

BY S. MARR.

II.

On the morning of the 21st field glasses were in evidence; for we were nearing the Strait of Gibraltar, and land was visible on both sides of us,—Portugal and Africa. The first object that met our gaze as we turned our glasses toward Cape St. Vincent was a light-house, while close beside it rose a monastery. And if one helped vessels to a safe harbor, Aunt Margaret said, so did the other; for the monastery light led souls to God. What meditations on eternity the monks there must have made, as they looked out over the vast waters day after day and year after year! Soon we were in the Strait, with the land of so many of our castles plainly in sight. We had read over and over all that our guide-book had to say about Gibraltar (which was little), and had rehearsed what we remembered of it from our geography days (which was less); so were altogether open to impressions. We rather favored the legend which gave the name "Pillars of Hercules" to the great sentinel rocks standing guard at this southern "meeting of the waters"—the Mediterranean and the Atlantic.

Soon we were in the harbor, with Gibraltar towering from twelve to fourteen hundred feet before us, Algeciras at our left, and back of us, in hazy distance, Africa. Here we received our first impressions of a foreign land and foreign people, and partially realized that we were three thousand miles from home. The boat anchored about three-fourths of a mile from the pier; and as we waited to board the lighter, which was to take us to land, we found much to interest us. Around us were boats flying flags of many lands. A German war-vessel, queer Spanish boats—we thought they must surely be "galleons,"—Moorish craft, English and

Italian merchant ships, and a trim American yacht, were close neighbors to the *Helvetia*. In the distance, the city built against the rocky bluff, with white, pink, blue and cream-colored stucco houses and tiled roofs, looked for all the world like a post-card town. As we puffed toward the great English fort, we felt as if we were living a page out of a gorgeously colored story-book. This feeling of unreality did not leave us as we walked, or rather ran, up the pier to where a row of queer little carriages was waiting. It was a case of "first come, first served"; and as we had but a short time to spend on shore, every one wanted to ride and to see as much as possible. The carriages were small, square-looking little affairs, with dingy white curtains; and vehicles, as well as the small horses, conveyed an idea of age.

Just at the city gates is the market-place, and here the post-card people became a part of a swiftly moving picture. English soldiers in khaki uniforms—much to the disappointment of Mary Johns, who wanted to see a real "redcoat,"—Spanish señors in white and sombreros, señoritas also in white and wearing mantillas, fruit-sellers and flower-venders ("straight out of 'Carmen,'" Catherine declared); tall, bronzed Moors, wearing light tunics, yellow slippers and red turbans; peddlers of mixed race; Turkish and Jewish traders; Irish, English, Portuguese and Dutch merchants, were congregated in and about the market, which was held in low buildings and stalls on both sides of the roadway. There was a wealth of color and sound, and the glimpses we got as we drove by through a Babel of languages were most attractive; but time forbade our stopping, so we passed into the city, through one of the great arched gateways. We were in the military stronghold of the English, and soldiers were everywhere.

We drove at once to the church, and had a glimpse of life in this quaint town as we rode through the narrow, stone-

paved streets. In the British parts, everything was military-looking and clean. Not so clean, but decidedly more picturesque, were the Spanish parts. To the tourist, Gibraltar stands for all that he sees in his brief stay on shore, even when he strays, if time allows, across the sandy strip of neutral territory to the north and into the Spanish town adjoining. We were amused to see small donkeys, carrying huge panniers of fruit, fish, coal, or with kegs of water, picking their steps down the narrow lanes and through the crooked, hilly streets. There are stairways in all directions, and roof-gardens in most unexpected places; for so irregularly are the houses built that a roof-garden of one dwelling serves as a side garden, level with the ground-floor of the neighboring house. We "took in" the shops on our way; and it was amusing to note the signs, half English, half Spanish. It seemed good to meet English ladies, evidently the wives of the officers stationed at Gibraltar; and their modish white linen gowns and white parasols struck a pleasantly familiar note.

Just as soon as we stepped into the vestibule of the church, we were at home; for there at the entrance was the calendar of the League of the Sacred Heart, and at once our thoughts flew back to St. Rose's, where, at our last visit, we had marked on the "intention" card our petition for a safe journey. Entering the church, we knelt in thanksgiving for the privilege, and then looked around. The organ was near the altar, and here we saw for the first time the numerous side chapels which mark the churches of Europe. A special altar was used for Requiem Masses, and was of black marble. Over it was a statue, also in black marble, of Our Lady of Sorrows, a gold sword through her heart, and wearing a black cope and veil. Mary Johns was the first to notice the open confessionals; and was about to ask Aunt Margaret about them, when we were summoned by her to meet an English priest whom she had accosted, in order

to secure four Masses in lieu of the four we should have to miss the next day. The clergyman was interested in us as Americans, and Catherine declared that he looked disappointed when he found that we dressed and acted in a wholly civilized manner.

Cheered by our brief visit to the church, we made a hurried trip through the fortifications, going up four hundred feet, through tunnels cut in the solid rock and fortified at intervals of twelve yards by guns pointing across the Strait. Catherine, thanks to Aunt Margaret's questions, told us much of the early history of Gibraltar, the "Calpe" of the Greeks. She directed our gaze through a "porthole" toward Ceuto, the point opposite Gibraltar, and said it was fourteen miles across. Mary insisted that the guide-book was wrong, or that Catherine had misread it,—that she should have said the path we had covered was fourteen miles. By this time Catherine was rather short of breath, and we got spasmodic bits of information about the Arabs coming in 711, of Spanish conquest in 1309, of a return to power of the Moors in 1333, of their fall in 1492, and so on, until the English and the Dutch came to have a share in the history of the great rocky promontory. Tired in mind and feet, we sat down near an opening, from which we had a splendid view of the harbor; also of the stretch of land between the English and Spanish possessions,—a stretch known as neutral ground; and, not far away, we saw the cemetery, the only really neutral ground in this great world of ours. As this sandy strip of land is level with the sea, burials are all above ground in stone compartments.

Standing near us, as we rested, was a young soldier, as still as the rock back of him. Mary remarked in an undertone that he was a typical English soldier, if only he wore a red coat, adding that she felt sure his name was Tommy Atkins; whereupon Aunt Margaret made an excuse to ask the soldier a question. His hand went up in salute, and he answered in the soft,

delicious accent of Cork. Before we left him, Mary found out that his name was Michael O'Brien, and that he had no burning desire to wear a red coat; further, that he was wearing the khaki uniform only long enough to get means to bring himself and his mother to the United States.

After this blow to Mary's powers of divination, we silently made our way out of the winding tunnel; and, warned by our driver who was waiting, that we had very little time to spare, we bade him stop at a curio shop, where we had our first experience in a sliding scale of prices, articles offered at five shillings finally selling for two! We were anxious to visit the Loretto Convent, but it was out of the question. On our way to the pier we took in the Alameda Garden, and here met several persistent peddlers. One of them must have seen a gleam of desire in Catherine's eyes; for he followed our carriage, displaying a lovely black spangled net fichu. "Wouldn't that set off Jeanie's dark hair and eyes?" whispered Catherine, referring to a brunette beauty of our schooldays. And though she had whispered the words, the Spaniard had caught them and said: "You desire it for Jeanie; yes, Jeanie desire it also." And he nearly made us purchase the lace to get rid of him. On our drive we saw poplars, pepper trees, ilex, dwarf palms, olive, almond, orange and lemon trees; and in the well-kept park there were many flowers that one loves to see in what we have come to call at home an old-fashioned garden. One of the gardeners delighted us with a bunch of varied posies, which we were sorry not to have had before we visited the church.

At the pier we supplied ourselves with the reddest and sweetest of strawberries, resting on green, aromatic leaves, which the Moor who sold them to us said he had brought over that morning from Morocco. The Moors go across to the African side at night, returning in the morning, as the gates of the city are

closed at a set hour, and only those with permits are allowed inside. These permits are not obtained easily, nor are they given for an indefinite period; artists, we were informed, must have a special permit to sketch, and even regular residents are licensed.

As we reached the lighter, which was scheduled to leave in five minutes, Catherine thought she would use the time and her kodak to secure a picture of our noble-looking strawberry vender; but he turned rather angrily away, to the amusement of the motley crowd gathered on the pier, as well as of Mary Johns. Seeing this, Catherine whispered as we embarked, "Mary Johns, if you ever say 'strawberry Moor' to me, I'll call you 'Tommy Atkins'; so there!"

In half an hour we were on board the *Helvetia* and steaming out into the Mediterranean. Such a beautiful sea! Opals and diamonds, sapphires and turquoises, all breaking into sounds that are colors and colors that are sounds! It didn't seem like the ancient history of our schooldays when we talked of the wars that were waged on those waters, of the heroes of antiquity who sailed their length and breadth, and of Cleopatra crossing it on her way to the court of the Cæsars. Then we remembered that the Apostles who brought Christ's teaching to Rome must have sailed on the Mediterranean, and that the sea-path from Europe to the Holy Land must be marked with the bones of numberless Crusaders.

(To be continued.)

One by One.

The American Indians, when they go on an expedition, march one by one. The one behind carefully steps in the footprints of the one before, and the last man of the file obliterates the footprints. Thus, neither the track nor the number of invaders can be traced.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Vols. XIII. and XIV. of the English translation of Janssen's "History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages" are now ready. Kegan Paul & Co., publishers.

—"The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square" is a recent addition to Messrs. Nelson's Sixpenny Library. Mrs. Henry de la Pasture has published a number of excellent novels, but this one is considered her best book.

—"A Garland of Pansies," by George Mark Jameson (Benziger Brothers), is a collection of poems on a variety of subjects, some religious, all full of feeling, and all worthy of place in the thought-garland offered. A pretty allegory in prose, entitled "The Race," which closes the little book, is a pansy of thought worth preserving.

—Educational Brief, No. 26, issued by the Superintendent of Parish Schools, Philadelphia, is "John XXI., Philosopher, Physician, Pope," by James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. The paper appeared originally in the *Ecclesiastical Review*, and has since been included in the chapters of Dr. Walsh's second series of "Catholic Churchmen in Science."

—"A Seal of Our Lord's Love," reprinted in neat pamphlet form by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, sets forth the efficacy of the Cross in fashioning the soul for eternal happiness. It is a treasure-house of comfort to the sorrowing, and ministers to the strong of soul without the sentimentality which is sometimes found in writings on the subject of trials and losses, which are the portion of all.

—In "Francia's Masterpiece," just published by Kegan Paul & Co., Mr. Montgomery Carmichael deals with the first appearance in art of altar-pieces representing the Immaculate Conception. He shows that such pictures came into existence at least one hundred and thirty years earlier than is popularly supposed. Francia's *Immaculate Conception* in San Frediano, Lucca, is exhaustively treated.

—The chorus of approval which has welcomed each successive edition, in either the original language or a translation, of "Vain Fears that Keep You from Frequent Communion with Our Lord," by the Very Rev. S. Antoni, S. T. D., obviates the necessity of any extended notice of the revised English edition of that capital booklet, published by the Angelus Co., Norwood, London. That the Holy Father has highly approved of the work, and that in its present

form it contains official translations of the latest decrees, are more than sufficient grounds for our cordially recommending it to our readers, clerical as well as lay.

—From the Cathedral Library Association, New York, comes a booklet of 44 pages, "The Roman Church before Constantine," by the Right Rev. Mgr. Louis Duchesne, author of a monumental edition of the "Liber Pontificalis," etc. The translation from the French was done by the late Rev. J. W. Reilly, and has already appeared in the *Catholic University Bulletin*. A learned little work, and, to the historically minded, a very interesting one.

—Sixty illustrated little paper volumes of stories for children make up a series entitled "The Catholic Library," published by the C. Wildermann Co., New York. Volumes II. and III. are representative numbers; and, while the stories are all that they should be, they do not seem adapted in every case to the minds of children—at least of young children. "Lisping Joe," "News of the Newell," and "The Hogans" are interesting, and teach a lesson with no sign of preaching; but they are for "grown-ups" rather than for children. The list in full, however, contains many titles that indicate real children's stories.

—The well-known Canadian Catholic author, Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, dedicates his new volume, "Essays, Literary, Critical, and Historical," to his fellow-countrymen, the French-Canadians and Acadians, for whom he professes sincere admiration. Four of the five essays—"A Study of Tennyson's Princess," "Poetry and History Teaching Falsehood," "The Study and Interpretation of Literature," and "The Italian Renaissance and the Popes of Avignon"—have already appeared in either the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* or the *Champlain Educator*. The fifth and not the least interesting essay, "The Degradation of Scholarship," is here published for the first time. All the papers give evidence of the knowledge, literary culture, and scholarship acquired by Dr. O'Hagan in the post-graduates courses pursued in various European and American universities. They make admirable reading for the studiously disposed, and are not without apologetic value. Published by William Briggs, Toronto.

—One of the most enjoyable of new books is Mr. William Winter's memories of old friends who have won fame with the pen,—Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Poe, and others of less renown.

("Old Friends: Being Literary Recollections of Other Days." Moffat, Yard & Co.) Mr. Winter's hearty tribute to Longfellow as America's greatest poet is refreshing in an age when, as he complains, no name in literature is uttered with that accent of profound respect and sincere admiration that trembled on the tongue of his contemporaries fifty years ago when the leading men of letters were mentioned. Some of Mr. Winter's reasons for ascribing supremacy to his old friend are as follows:

A reason for thinking Longfellow is the foremost of American poets is the belief that he was more objective than any of the other bards, and was elementally actuated by an impulse of greater and broader design. . . . Another reason why Longfellow stands foremost among our poets is that he possessed and manifested a more comprehensive, various, and felicitous command of verbal art than has been displayed by any other American poet; while still another is that he speaks with a voice that is more universal than personal. "Evangeline," "The Building of the Ship," "The Golden Legend," "The Saga of King Olaf," "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and "Hiawatha" are works that illumine the general imagination, express the general human heart, and are freighted with the general life of man.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The Book of the Lily, and Other Verses." A Sister of the Holy Cross. \$1, net.
- "An Impeached Nation; Being a Study of Irish Outrages." Henry W. Cleary, D. D. 4s. 6d.
- "Report of the Nineteenth Eucharistic Congress. Held at Westminster. \$1.75.
- "Catholic Churches in Science." (Second Series.) James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$1.08.
- "The Path which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church." Peter H. Burnett. \$1.50, net.
- "Choice Morsels of the Bread of Life." Rev. C. Coppens, S. J. 60 cts.
- "Father Jim." J. G. R. 10 cts.
- "Graduale Romanum." Dr. F. X. Mathias. \$1.50.
- "The Great Problem." Rev. J. J. Burke. \$1.
- "The Decree on Daily Communion." Father Juan Ferreres, S. J. 75 cts.

- "Rules of Life for the Pastor of Souls." Rev. T. Slater, S. J. \$1.25.
- "The Preachers' Protests." Very Rev. D. I. McDermott. 25 cts.
- "Henry Charles Lea's Historical Writings." Mgr. Baumgarten. 90 cts.
- "The Divine Story." Rev. C. J. Holland, S. T. L. \$1, net.
- "The Catechism in Examples." Vols. IV., V. \$3.
- "The Lady of the Tower, and Other Stories." \$1.25.
- "The Art of Melodeon or Harmonium Playing." J. Singenberger. \$1.50.
- "The Cardinal Democrat. (Henry Edward Manning.)" I. A. Taylor. \$1.25.
- "A Friar Observant." Frances M. Brookfield. \$1.50.
- "The Little Book of Humility and Patience." Archbishop Ullathorne. 60 cts.
- "The Life of St. Melania." Cardinal Rampolla. \$1.50.
- "History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." Rev. E. A. d'Alton, M. R. I. A. \$3.60 per Vol.
- "The Sunday-School Director's Guide to Success." Rev. Patrick Sloan. \$1, net.
- "Handbook of Canon Law." D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B. \$1.25, net.
- "Round the World." Vol. VI. \$1.
- "True Manhood." Cardinal Gibbons. 50 cts., net.
- "Heortology: A History of the Christian Festivals from their Origin to the Present Day." Dr. K. A. Heinrich Kellner. \$3, net.
- "Sodality of Our Lady." Rev. H. Opitz, S. J. 50 cts.
- "Catholic Footsteps in Old New York." William Harper Bennett. \$2.50, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Very Rev. George Canon Richardson, of the diocese of Salford; Rt. Rev. Mgr. L. Daniewski, diocese of Southwark; Rev. H. O'Brien, diocese of La Crosse; and Rev. T. A. Buckley, diocese of St. Augustine.

Mr. Richard Brown, Mr. William J. Hanzel, Mr. Malachy Hogan, Mrs. Rose Smyth, Miss P. G. Hofileña, Mr. George Labbe, Mr. Jacob Hamilton, Mrs. Pauline Vogel, Mr. James A. Black, Mrs. Margaret Cunningham, Mr. William Sari, Mrs. Mary McCaffrey, Mr. John Philpot, Mr. George Cullen, and Mr. Alphonse C. Vallée.
Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 17, 1909.

NO. 3

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Some Titles of Mary.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

AUXILIUM CHRISTIANORUM.

HELP OF CHRISTIANS! Thou whose prayer
All can do, and all will dare
For the loved ones of thy Son.
When thou didst speak, salvation was begun.

REFUGIUM PECCATORUM.

Refuge of Sinners! Title sweet to hear:
Glad hope enhancing, death to chilling fear.
To die for sinners God was born of thee;
Pray thou thy Son from sin to make us free.

MATER AMABILIS.

Ah! who so loved and loving? Whom thy Son
Dowers with love thy purity hath won
With lowliness entwining; and its streams,
O'erflowing, fall on souls whom Love redeems.

ROSA MYSTICA.

Sweet Mystic Rose, whose scent fills heav'n and
earth;
Whose radiant blossoms, dewed with grace, give
birth
A thousand diamond virtues in that ray
Which shines from out the Sun of everlasting
Day.

MATER INVIOLOATA.

Inviolate, untouched, all hedged around
By holy influence, thou art holy ground
And virgin soil,—a garden for thy God,
Whose flowered paths His feet alone have trod.

MATER DEI.

Mother of God! This is thy greatest name;
Hence all thy glory, thy undying fame.
For this all other grace in thee was wrought,
First-fruit of souls redeemed that Jesu bought.

An Exhibit at the Alaska - Yukon - Pacific Exposition.

BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

IT is with pleasure that, at the request of the Editor of THE AVE MARIA, I give some particulars of the Franciscan Mission Exhibit at the Seattle Exposition. A year or so ago I received, from the chief of the Bureau of North American Ethnology—a branch of the Smithsonian Institution,—a letter, asking if I would make suggestions for the Exhibit of the Bureau and the Smithsonian. In replying, I made the suggestion, among others, that a most attractive, educative and inspiring exhibit could be made of the Franciscan missions of California; that, as these missions were established for the christianization and civilization of the Indians of the coast, the buildings largely erected by their labor, and for all the early years solely or chiefly occupied by them, it would be a most appropriate thing for the Bureau of Ethnology and the Smithsonian to present them to the world.

I thought no more of the matter in the rush of daily work until I received from the chief and the special agent appointed for the Exposition, the Hon. W. de C. Ravenel, other communications asking if I would undertake gathering from the missions the material for such an exhibit. For a time I hesitated to undertake the responsibility, owing to my ceaseless occupations; but I finally came to the

conclusion that only an enthusiast could do the work, and that, therefore, it became a duty laid upon me.

Accordingly I went up to San Francisco and had an interview with his Grace, Archbishop Riordan, which resulted in my being furnished with letters to Bishop Conaty and others, that, in the warmest and most generous terms, commended the exposition of the mission relics, and urged that I be given all the assistance possible.

The question, then, was to adjust the materials to be collected to the space allotted for the Exhibit. First of all, the officials determined to make a model of the Santa Barbara Mission, as the centre attraction. While I did not object to this, as I love this building with devotion, I am free to confess that, had there been more time, I should have urged that San Luis Rey be substituted for it, for this reason: in studying the architecture of these old missions, I was constantly met by the assertion of architects and others that there was no "style" that, properly, could be called "mission."

I finally determined to endeavor to give an authoritative answer to this objection. Accordingly, with the thousands of photographs before me that I had made and gathered of mission detail during the past twenty-five years, I began the analysis of the various structures, and again visited them in person. I came to the conclusion that a "style" did not necessarily imply the invention of new architectural elements; but that the fullest requirements would be met if existing elements were harmoniously combined in a new way that at once differentiated the structures from all others. This the "mission style" certainly did, and, after determining what the essential elements of the style were, I sought then to find a "typical" structure. This I decided must contain all the elements of the style, in perfect harmoniousness, free from any foreign or conflicting elements. This latter negative condition at once barred out Santa

Barbara as a typical structure; for, in the *fachada*, are introduced engaged columns and capitals of the Greek, which, while perfectly pleasing and agreeable, are a foreign element, and therefore unallowable in a "pure" or "type" structure. The final result of my study was that the only "type" structure in the whole chain of the twenty-one California missions is that of the saintly and accomplished Peyri—San Luis Rey,—the mission next northerly to that of San Diego, the one first founded.

It can be seen, therefore, that it would have been an extra pleasure to me if I could have called the attention of architects and those interested in the subject to the model of a building that I regard as the "king" from the architectural standpoint. But, as from every other viewpoint, the model of Santa Barbara is most satisfactory, the architects must look to the pictures, or come and personally visit San Luis Rey (and the others) in order to have their professional requirements satisfied.

The rest of the Exhibit was soon determined upon. Mentally I cast my eye over the field—knowing it so well,—and questioned what would be both available and desirable. Articles that were now in use might be desirable but were not available. I remembered that at the Dominican Orphan Asylum at Mission San José there were two statues, one a striking *Ecce Homo*, and the other of San Buenaventura, which, together with a smaller figure of St. John the Evangelist which was in the relic room of Santa Clara College, would well represent the style of the altar figures of the mission days. The Mother Provincial graciously acceded to my request that these be loaned for the purpose, and, when I went to pack them up I was able to add some ancient wooden altar candlesticks, the wheel of bells used at Easter, and the ancient and Indian made "clapper," used when all the bells are silent.

When it came to the final decision

before packing up, it was concluded not to send the *Ecce Homo*. While to the reverent and sympathetic, the figure and its facial expression are wonderful, it was thought that it might excite foolish remarks and laughter of the scornful and unbelieving; and as it has become so dear and precious to the Sisters at the asylum, and they could not bear to think of its being subject to the slightest effrontery, it was concluded better not to send it. But San Buenaventura—with his very name suggestive of the good fortune which may Almighty God give to this and all other useful and helpful exhibits,—was duly boxed, well wrapped up in paper and soft padding, and shipped to his destination.

In the meantime I had been twice to see the Rev. Father Gleeson, rector of the Jesuit College at Santa Clara; but having missed him, was compelled to write my desires. The Archbishop graciously added his request to mine, though Father Gleeson's sweet and brotherly spirit needed no such urging; for he responded at once in the most cordial manner. Accordingly I was able to pack and forward from Santa Clara the figure of St. John (before mentioned), a part of the old altar of Santa Clara Mission, containing the Tabernacle,—an ancient, large folio choral, bound in bronze, bearing evidence of having been made in the fifteenth century; the crucifix from the altar of Father Junipero Serra's own church of San Carlos, in the Carmelo Valley, Monterey; a mortar for the pounding of incense, and one of the best of the oldtime paintings I have found at any of the missions. It represents the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes.

In addition, I was able to secure from Santa Clara a lavabo, a sermon preached by the first bishop of California, a missal, an altar card from the old altar, and a missal stand of most unique construction. This stand is made to open, so that a book can rest upon it at the proper angle; yet it is constructed, joints and

all, legs, book support and back from one piece of wood. It is as interesting as one of those puzzle pieces of carving that one finds hard to explain, but this was made for a specific and useful purpose.

From the Rev. William Power, of the Mission of San Miguel, I secured an old iron for the making of the Sacramental bread, one of the silver processional crosses brought originally from Spain, and a set of white and purple vestments, consisting of chasuble, stole, burse, maniple and humeral veil. There was also a very interesting old maniple, almost worn out, that was one of the earliest in use in the missions; possibly old at the time of the founding of these missions, and secured from one of the Jesuit missions founded a hundred years previously on the peninsula—as Lower California (Mexico) is commonly termed.

I forgot to state that three very fine old sets of vestments were also sent from Mission San José; so that there is a good representation of these sacred altar robes of the missionaries, many, if not all, of them undoubtedly worn by the sainted Serra in the offices of the Church.

From Pasadena, from the private collection of the rector, the Rev. P. J. Farrelly, I secured a two-volume history of the Friars Minor, published in 1587; two old pieces of vestment once in use at the Mission of San Gabriel, an illuminated psalter that has internal evidence that it was made prior to the twelfth century, a first edition of the Madrid print of the Roman Catechism, a painting of St. Augustine by David Teniers; and, most interesting and pathetic to me of all, a manuscript, "Daily Examination of Conscience," written by one of the priests of the missions a century and a decade ago.

I also sent a Life of Father Serra, by Palon, in the original Spanish, and several original documents signed by the Viceroy, the Count of Monterey, from whom the old California capital was named; one signed by Galvez, the Viceroy who worked with Padre Serra at the time of the found-

ing of the missions; and one by Revillea Gigedo, who was in office at or near the beginning of the eighteenth century.

As a fitting background for this display of "relics of the olden time," I forwarded from my own collection of modern oil paintings the following: a magnificent canvas representing a christening at the Santa Barbara Mission, when California was under the dominion of Mexico, having thrown off her allegiance to the mother country of Spain. This painting is by Alex. F. Harmer, a gifted artist, who stands in the forefront of the California profession as a painter of historical subjects. Having married a native Californian who possesses all the charm and beauty, elegance and grace of the "splendid idle" days of Spanish dominion, together with a large number of the elaborate and gorgeous costumes of those days, she is able to pose for her husband, and to clothe others who pose, in the very dresses and adornments used in the days he depicts. His paintings, therefore, have a historic value that will increase as the epoch he depicts recedes farther into the past. In this picture the scene is laid on the steps of the old mission, which looks up into the clear California sky as a background to the gorgeously clad, happy groups of the foreground.

Chief in attractiveness is the mother and her babe, the latter clad in a most elaborate christening dress. Adoring and congratulating friends surround them. Awaiting them, on the level below the steps, is the old-fashioned *carreta*, in which lumbering, jolting, rickety "carriage" they were brought to the church. Imagine such a conveyance for a recent mother to-day! In those days women and babes alike were strong and vigorous. Outdoor life, horseback riding, and fairly simple living made them robust.

There are many other groups and figures in the picture, such as proud horsemen riding on the backs of beautiful horses which were not far descendants from the world-famed horses of the Arabs; sailors

from visiting vessels, naked Indian children, the band of Indian musicians, the Padres in their long Franciscan robes; a Yankee trader who happened along in one of the foreign vessels at the time, and whose present to the mother and babe had helped his popularity; while here, there and everywhere Spanish and Mexican women were busy chatting and laughing as women of all nationalities and all tongues have ever done on such occasions.

Another picture is painted by Alex. Fournier of the ruins of San Diego Mission. It is in the artist's best style and the old ruins are bathed in the peculiar luminous atmosphere of California of the South during the winter rains. There is another painting of a portion of San Diego by Carl Ahrens, the Canadian artist; also one by him of the stairway of the Mission San Gabriel, and another of San Antonio de Padua. This artist and his wife came at my solicitation, and I provided a horse and wagon with which they journeyed for six months along the line of the missions, painting and sketching. Ultimately I expect to add another twenty of Mr. Ahrens' canvases to my gallery. He produces the wonderful mural effects with a poetic and sympathetic feeling that few artists attain to, and it was this that led me to engage him for a series of mission paintings.

Another gem is that of Chris. Jorgensen, a California artist,—a picture of San Buenaventura and all its outbuildings, after the ruin caused by secularization, and before the smaller buildings had been removed. The sun glow is vivid in the west, and seems to symbolize the dying power and light of the missions.

This same feeling is put into a painting of San Carlos, Carmelo, by W. L. Judson, the dean of the Southern California College of Fine Arts, who also has another painting of San Luis Rey. The former picture is a great favorite of mine because it so fully and exquisitely sets forth San Carlos, though ruined, where Serra dwelt and

worked, and where he lies buried,—in the glow of the setting sun. Yet even in the sadness of ruin there is a permanent glory,—the glory of noble life, self-sacrifice, devotion to God and humanity; all of which sanctify these ruins and make them inspirations to the generations that are to come. That of San Luis is also dear and precious to me, as it was one of the first of the paintings of the California missions I ever possessed, and in it Mr. Judson has put much of his genius.

Still another painting of San Carlos as it is to-day is by Charles H. Grant, the noted marine painter of New York, who, on a recent visit to Carmel to portray its sea scenes, was induced to deviate from his marine preferences and depict the old mission in its present condition.

In addition to these paintings Father Gleeson kindly allowed me to send from Santa Clara College library the painting, by Andrew P. Hill, San José, of Santa Clara, as it appeared in its palmy days. This is a noted and historic picture and always attracts great attention.

As a final complement to these varied representations of the missions, I secured from Mr. James Horsburgh Jr., twenty magnificent carbon photographs, made by Howard Tibbitts, of the various missions. The question then arose as to how these could be displayed; and just at that time, as if providentially guided, I saw in Berkeley a new invention, worked by electricity which would take these twenty photographs in a case, and reveal them one at a time to the interested spectators. The inventor of this "displarian," Mr. C. H. Townsend, readily fell in with my plan to make a special case and send it to the Exposition, and I had the pleasure a few weeks ago of seeing it in complete working order.

This, in brief, is an account not only of the various interesting articles on exhibit, but a history of the Exhibit itself.

It is destined to attract much attention

and be a source of education to thousands of people upon the subject of the missions and their builders, those first great pioneers of the States of the Pacific Ocean,—pioneers who came not seeking homes for themselves and families, or allured by the lust of gold, but moved by the love of God and humanity to seek to uplift from savagery and degradation a native people still in the darkness of superstition, idolatry, and heathendom.

"Our Uncle the Bishop."

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

It should be stated at the outset that he was not our own uncle. He was the uncle of Benedetto, Giuseppe and Benedettino, who were orphans and, all together, owned the house in which we lived that summer. Giuseppe and Benedettino were brothers; Benedetto was their cousin and the Canon's eldest nephew and ward. The Canon was later made a bishop; but in those early days he used to come and see our parents frequently; he often brought the boys to play with us, and, on special days, he would take us all to Benedetto's vineyard to spend the afternoon. Benedetto was a stripling of sixteen, a handsome, slender, brown-eyed boy, and we used to regard him with admiration; for the three of them would often discuss their worldly prospects before us, and it was clear that Benedetto at last would be a landowner of some importance.

His house, or rather theirs, for his young cousins were joint-heirs in that, was a quaint old place with a chapel, a salon of state where the furniture was always under brown holland, and a wonderful cellar, ice-cold on the hottest days. People certainly know how to build in Italy. And there was a garden: not formal but fragrant and old-fashioned. Low borders were overrun with rebelliously

vigorous flowers, the pinks so heavy with bursting petals and perfume they toppled into the paths. A number of herbs grew there that have no names in English; chief among them *Santa Maria*, with its serrated leaves and odors of balsam and healing; and then thickets of lavender, so tall and straight—and so sweet—all the cleanness and pungency of the air seemed gathered to it. The garden used to be watered at dusk and the mystery then of coming gloom, of wet earth, and wondrous scents, was enough to make one believe that God walks abroad indeed in the gardens of men, at the hour of the evening prayer.

Following the example of Benedetto, Giuseppe and Benedettino, we had adopted the Canon as our uncle for some time when my mother decided that we should go to him for lessons. It was the death-knell to our holiday; but we were getting beyond all control, and this return to the pains of learning had become necessary. "Zio Canonico" taught his own nephews at the seminary. We went to his house and found a stern professor there. Benedetto looked down on us still more now from his height of Greek and mathematics. We were learning mountains and rivers. Our uncle's chief trouble with us was that he could not keep us off the top of the table.

One memorable day that my sister started to cross the map of Europe on all fours, there was a sudden, unexpected swish in the air, and a gutta-percha ferule descended on her hand. She was so astonished that she didn't cry. She got herself back to her place and sat, and stared. We all stared. My father's soft voice had said so often in the midst of our frays: "You must never hit a little girl." But we felt that our uncle the Canon had some right and justice; for he had forbidden crawling repeatedly, and we damaged his maps. From that hour, even when he gave us little cakes, made by the cloistered Sisters, or gorgeously embroidered scapulars, we never forgot that

Zio Canonico carried a ferule. We never saw it again. Benedetto said that he kept it in his boot or sleeve, and used it mostly in his class of philosophy (the humor of this statement did not appeal to us then as much as it should); but its breaking forth was always unexpected and fearful, like this that we had seen, a very counterpart of the lightnings of yore.

Some years later, when the Canon was created a bishop, we were all made to write him dutiful little letters of congratulation. And, of our free will, we called him "Zio Vescovo." He had been fond of us and continued to send us occasional remembrances. It is safe to say that none of us, grown to man or womanhood, will ever forget the kindly old tutor with his rather Scriptural ideas of training, and his serious, gently stern gray eyes. After he took possession of his See, he used to send us yearly not the little hard, sweet cakes made by the Sisters, but certain long, green glass bottles containing capers,—a specially large and luscious caper which grew abundantly on the rampart walls of his episcopal town.

The family used to prize and enjoy the Bishop's capers until some one of us, making the pilgrimage to that high spot, saw with his own eyes dishwater and other amenities emptied over the caper-bearing walls from the overlooking medieval houses. The good Bishop probably knew no more of the capers than that they were a "specialty" of his town. The blossoms were very beautiful, purple and white, with a caprice of twisted petals and a pungent aroma borne afar. They screened the old ramparts in verdure; but never could any of us again be induced to touch the berry.

Now the years had elapsed. Benedetto was a tall, bearded man and a lawyer; Giuseppe was in the cavalry, and Benedettino had died,—a gentle, delicate child, too frail to rear. But a group of us had come together as in the old days. These meetings the gods give sometimes, and

they are almost too wonderful to be true. Aunt Hetty, new to the family and to Italy, was the only addition among us. Our uncle the Bishop, regarding this, in the kindness of his heart, as one of the days that the Lord had made (I quote his own ecclesiastical Latin), invited us all to dinner *en masse*. It was more than kind: it was heroic; but Benedetto took charge of the expedition, Giuseppe's absence unfortunately depriving us of the support of cavalry. And one morning very early—it was the feast of Sant' Emidio, patronal for the Bishop's town—we all embarked in a wagon drawn by oxen, in which benches had been tied for seats. The tumbrils of 1793 came to my mind, but Benedetto was cheerful and would not be discouraged. "Horses! What's the use of horses," he exclaimed, "when you have to go sheer uphill at a foot pace all the way? Of course we'll get there before night. Yes, the Bishop will wait dinner if we are late. Oh, bother you fellows! You know nothing about the mountain."

The mountain has its mysteries, we know. Usually, for ten weeks in the depths of winter the Bishop receives no mail. This on account of the deep snow; yet the Roman road is superb. Very slowly, up and up we went, passing lonely farms and little houses with patches of garden where the tall lavenders grew as they did in ours; but rarely a sign of life. And this immense panorama, wide as the west, with austere crests of Apennine towering; broad, silent valleys waiting for the voice of a poet to sing them, this great highway, where the feet of the numbered travellers raised but a little dust at the edges,—all this is in the very centre of unknown Italy. On the whole, the ascent can not have occupied more than four or five hours. The town was surrounded by walls built on a substructure of Pelasgic origin; the gateway, pure Gothic. Think of the history that piles record on record like this! The portal passed, a paved hill went up in front

of us with houses frowning down on either hand.

Here we alighted, seven strong, and again before us was a broad, curious flight of easy stairs passing under an arcade in deep shadow. A lamp of wrought-iron hung swinging from a crotchet and chain beneath an image of Our Lady,—a lamp filled with olive oil that would smell, no doubt, when you poured it, of gray *uliveti* clinging to the sides of cliffs. Verily, the Bishop had attained a See worth having. As we drew near the piazza, little girls in clean, stiff garments, with big brown eyes in their brown faces, and darker hair under the flowered scarlet headkerchief, followed us in groups, the lads shrank away against the walls; but Benedetto knew them all and had a greeting for each: "Addio, Lorenzo! addio, Francesco! addio, Carlo! Uncle Paul's automobile coat seemed the chief object of interest; it had already cost him some chaff where he sat behind the slow-swinging bullocks; now it made him distinctly conspicuous.

We reached the main street near the cathedral (for there is a cathedral stuck away up here at the top of the mountain), and found it crowded and the good people dropping to their knees; for, lo! across the open space, on his way to High Mass, our own Bishop was advancing, mitre on head, his crosier majestic in his gloved hand, and tapers borne before him, and the rood. We knelt on the cobbles for his blessing with many memories, not all sad, flooding our minds, and then followed into the modest *duomo*. Truth compels one to say of this edifice that it was rebuilt in the eighteenth century, that it has plastered walls and a noisy organ. But, then, even a bishop who is our uncle can not have everything in this world. Some of the pews had the names of owners painted on them in the midst of delightful garlands of roses, like a Sicilian market wagon. We discovered this in the midst of a long *Credo* with many *fioriture* of hard-blown, perspiring choristers. Then we

found the oasis of a cinque-cento panel, sombre and faded,⁷ but unmistakably genuine, set in the rude later pier; and, after that, felt cooler. But for all the heat and the discord, the cut *mortella* (box) trodden into the pavement smelt sweet and reminiscent; and, in the end, the long, nasal scale of the *Ite* collapsed happily into a brief, quick-swelled *Missa est*. The organ stormed, and we were free.

One is not indecently glad to be out of church, but this day was set in August. Benedetto had orders to show us the vescovado; so we left his lordship disrobing and came to the massive stone pile, with its hoary escutcheon over the portal, claiming ownership for some feudal name of long ago. Once within, a hall like a long corridor opened before us, wide and high, vaulted overhead, and so perfect in proportion Bramante might have drawn it. At the end was a great window lighting it, and a stone seat where page and courtier may have idled the bygone day. Nothing we saw subsequently could compare with the architectural beauty and harmony, the echoing silence, the suggestive power of that spot. The view from the window alone might equal it. For here the palace "sat alone," like Dante's city in her mourning, at the edge of a mountain, and as far as the eye could see no obstruction of human handiworks came before you. Billows on billows of mountain-tops rolled away into distance, ridge succeeding ridge; there was no other object: a great plain of summits like the sea, diving deeper here and there, and there must have been a sky, though one forgot it, and there was a little mist, over among the crests, like a very atmosphere of mid-ocean. The wind was hushed, but it blew, notwithstanding, across this vastness in swift, laconic, spoken messages of life and power. It was hard to tear oneself away from the window with the carven seat.

There the Bishop found us. He had grown stout in the latter years; the

keen air of his high See put a sparkle in his eye and a rosy hue in his cheek. The man seemed larger in him, too, than in the days of his professorship, and he asked with a great laugh like a boy's:

"What were the confluent of the Danube?"—"It's mountains this morning, sir," somebody answered him. And "Well, well, so it is!" he rejoined happily: "What do you think of my cathedral?"

Half an hour later we thought a good deal more of his dinner. For all killings of the fatted calf commend me to Italians, and especially to hospitable people in the country. Aunt Hetty, counting up the courses as we jogged homeward at dusk, numbered them at twenty-three. Benedetto modestly alleged that there were not more than seventeen, but he confessed to leaving out the ham and figs, the salad, the cheese, and a certain wonderful fruit tart about the size of a cart-wheel, and with an engaging cross-bar face—I regret to say nobody partook of this tart—it came too late in the game. But let it be said here that if none of us died, suddenly and violently, after this banquet, we owe the fact, probably, to the day itself, the feast of Sant' Emidio, who is the protector against earthquakes and other calamities.

The Bishop's two sisters and various nieces had taken part in the preparation of this dinner; and, much to our embarrassment, waited at table. We were further covered with confusion when his lordship artlessly requested his secretary to go to the cellar for a certain light wine Aunt Hetty was to taste. The secretary went, promptly and gladly, filling us once more with admiration for the unspeakably great courtesy and hospitality of Italy. You are not only made welcome, but all around you, eyes and hands and feet and hearts are waiting eagerly for your service. The table appointments had been very plain. With the coffee our breath was taken away, for it

was served in tiny cups of gold porcelain, gems of the rarest kind; and on each was painted a small Watteau-like sylvan scene or idyll. No two were similar. Aunt Hetty's eyes grew wide. The Bishop looked around at the signs of impression with which he was no doubt familiar: "This is the one treat," he announced, "that I can offer my guests."

"Besides yourself, Eccellenza," Aunt Hetty answered him with great politeness. "But they are miracles. I never saw such fineness, such finish, such grace! And the little panels are adorable. Capodimonte, I believe?"

"No, French, I should say." The Bishop was rather vague.

"Sèvres," put in Benedetto with finality.

"Begging your pardon" (this was Uncle Paul) "they are neither Sèvres nor Capodimonte. They are exactly like, in style I mean, a Murano set we saw in Venice that had belonged to one of the doges."

"Perhaps," our uncle the Bishop raised his shoulders doubtfully, saying the word in two syllables. "The service was a gift of Napoleon to one of my predecessors. You will be surprised to hear that Napoleon spent a night here once; he was in many unexpected places. The Bishop of that day found him, contrary to his expectation, gracious and anxious to please, and entertained him as best he could. The coffee-set came, after the Emperor left, as a token of his regard and gratitude. As to where he got it, that is another pair of sleeves."

Benedetto laughed. "It may be from the next house he honored with his presence."

"No," the Bishop objected. "He was no pilferer; though he did take sometimes on a large scale."

Through this speech, to my horror, came Aunt Hetty's undertone in English to her lord: "Did he think the Bishop could be persuaded to part with them?"

My hair stood on end; it is my humble belief that Uncle Paul's did likewise,—

what there was of it. Aunt Hetty is very young,—too young to be one's aunt at all; very pretty, spoiled and born in the breezy West. She goes abroad with a conquering spirit, and sometimes wins. Italians do not usually misunderstand her, because, as mentioned above, she is charming, and they do not take Americans quite seriously. The race is, in their eyes, a quaint and delightful cross between children and savages.

"If you won't, I'll ask Benedetto."

That gentleman, hearing his name, turned pleasantly to the speaker.

"Don't listen to her," interrupted Uncle Paul.

But Benedetto is an Italian and a follower of Castiglione, so he listened and smiled. Then he grew rather uncomfortable.

"*Si figuri!*" he ejaculated. "The only trouble is that I am afraid the set is not his personal property; but a sort of heirloom, passing from bishop to bishop."

"Absolutely no use to them. They'll all be broken in time. I would get him a handsome new set and—and build him an orphan asylum or something."

A faint red had come to Benedetto's brow as he realized that she wanted to buy the service. The orphan asylum set him laughing.

"Would not that be a large price to pay for eleven cups and ten saucers?"

Fortunately the Bishop's rising to say grace made a diversion. I endeavored, as we trooped out, not to hear Uncle Paul's brief protest about our "host's china" and an indignant allusion to one of the Commandments. Aunt Hetty sailed forth resolute and serene. I might mention incidentally that she is a match for any man on any day of the year. The Bishop showed us his private chapel, containing sundry relics, and bunches of fifteen different kinds of flowers growing on one stalk,—marvellous manufactures of his faithful friends, the cloistered Sisters; and his library, chiefly Latin and theological, wherein he modestly presented

us with some paper-bound pious works of which he was the deprecating author. After this his lordship went to take his siesta, and we were conducted to the guest-rooms to rest. They were big places, dusky and cool, the brick floors clean-swept and still moist from recent sprinkling. The beds, too, were huge and canopied with large feather pillows in cases of finest linen whereon our uncle the Bishop's monogram was embroidered in letters six inches high. Here, we thought, was the hand of his "sisters and cousins and aunts." But what is the use of resting when you only have three hours left, and there is a museum to see where the relics of the Roman camp that was here nineteen hundred years ago have been collected, coins, arms, and vessels, turned up by the ploughshare; and where, under glass, are kept the drawings of the one painter the town has produced,—dust, poor beggar, now three hundred years?

We had wished to spare our uncle the Bishop the sight of our Fifth Dynasty equipage; so the wagon and oxen were to be at the city gate at five. Having returned to the vescovado (dear word! redolent of summer in Italy and of historic medieval towns), for farewells and courtesies, we found an innocuous stirrup-cup awaiting us in the shape of raspberry syrup and ice served by the fair hands of the nieces. To our dismay, Aunt Hetty, newly risen, fresh and lovely, was in the breach again. Uncle Paul was hot and tired, but he managed to hold his own.

"How would you like it if one of your own guests, on leaving, asked for the best teapot?"

"It isn't a teapot: it's rare ware, and one can always make an offer for that. I would do up his old cathedral for him."

"Thank you! and send me the bill. Let it be Tiffany, please, for the sake of economy. Really, dear, it would be most discourteous."

"Pierpont Morgan asks for anything he wants, and generally gets it."

"So I have heard. Like the crucifix at Assisi."

"An exception . . . you prove nothing. And I want those cups."

"Well, if you must, let us wait at least a few days and then write to him about them."

It was compromise; but what can one do? As he wrote it, three days later, the epistle was a masterpiece. His lady's delight in the beautiful old town and vescovado, her indebtedness to his lordship for his most kind and gracious hospitality, and her keen appreciation of this beloved Italy of ours; also there was that coffee-set, of very precious gold china, presented by Napoleon. His Excellency must pardon, a mere woman's whim, who knows something of rare wares and has the *flair* of the collector for a choice specimen. (Alas for you, Paul! Whims she has; but this pose of connoisseurship is like a perfume assumed out of somebody else's smelling-bottle.) He humbly craved the Bishop's indulgence, but if there were any possible way of satisfying her desire, the undersigned would not only be profoundly grateful, but would beg his Excellency to permit him to make what poor recognition he could of this great favor; as, for instance, something for the school, or vestments if needed, or an offering of books to the seminary?

It was exceedingly courteous in form, exceedingly diplomatic, and irresistible in its appeal. Aunt Hetty read it with great joy and pride in the writer; and, from that moment sat herself down to await the coming of the Bishop's answer. "It should be here in two days," she said. A third, a fourth and a fifth passed. But, then, the Bishop was a very busy man. Aunt Hetty had looked exclusively to the mails. At the end of a week a brown peasant fellow walked into the house with a box on his shoulder. "From Monsignor Vescovo," he announced, delivering a letter. (In this country the punctilious still send their messages by

hand.) Aunt Hetty shrilled with glee: "O Paul, they've come! That dear, dear Bishop!" The man must have a big tip, and a drink; and, oh! how could she ever wait to open it. Paul brought his tools, and between them they pulled, and banged, probed and hammered, both fairly excited. As the first nails began to give, she remembered the letter:

"Do see what he says." Paul opened the big envelope.

"Hum! hum! Many thanks for my *gentilezza*; enjoyed our visit so much, . . . most grateful for anything we will be so kind as to do for the school which is indeed in urgent need of repairs and improvements . . . but with regard to the coffee-set, infinitely regrets as personally would be only too happy, . . . but left to the See . . . inventoried, always considered a part of the appanage of the incumbent, and not free to dispose of it. Takes the liberty of offering the Signora a small token of his regard which he hopes may serve to remind her of her trip to the mountain and of the great pleasure her presence conferred upon one who has the honor to sign himself . . . your most humble servant," etc., etc.

Aunt Hetty was almost in tears. "My dear, what *has* he sent me then?"

The case contained six long, narrow, green glass bottles of the luscious capers from the ramparts. Personally, I do not think our uncle the Bishop did it with the least malice; but an air of humiliation appears in the midst of us whenever capers, or miniaturesd gold *demi-tasses*, or the mere name of Napoleon is mentioned.

The Debt.

BY MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

THE love I gave my mother made no stir
 Within my heart like this I give my child;
 On heights of joy, from depths of anguish wild,
 I pay to him the debt I owe to her.

Sir Stephen de Vere.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

II.—A YOUNG MAN.

SIR STEPHEN stands in the hurling field, the captain and the idol of that vast gathering of young men. He is of decided advantage to them, because he is good; were he bad, he would have been of decided injury. But they are not without benefit to him; they are good, and he learns from them.

He is still in his minority when the wonderful event in Irish history, the Clare Election, returning O'Connell to Parliament, takes place. Over across the Shannon, a few miles distant, the whole extent of the County Clare, from the hills of Killaloe in the east to Slieve Callan in West Clare, can be seen, stretched out before one's eye, from the ridge of Curragh Chase. And all that extent of country—perhaps a stretch of forty miles—is seen, on the night of that famous Election, blazing with bonfires. The heather on the mountain tops blaze a sheet of fire and flame and smoke ascending to heaven; the furze and fern of the hills, the dry grass and brushwood of the valleys, everything inflammable—wheaten reed, oaten straw,—everything sends forth its tongue or its shaft of flame. It is, as it were, a huge bonfire enveloping the whole country from one end to the other.

Across the Shannon can be heard the distant cries and shoutings of a people gone wild with joy. For eight days the Election has proceeded; for eight days they have restrained their feelings; for eight days every other county in Ireland has waited to see what Clare would do. In the eyes of the people, no nobler deed has ever been done. The peasantry of Clare have immortalized their county, and the peasantry of all Ireland sympathize in their triumph and rejoice in their victory. The bonfires of Clare fling their glow across the Shannon, and light the

bracken on the Limerick borders. It stretches inland, and rushes away through the country. The Clare shouts have leaped across, and are answered by brotherly cries on the Limerick shore.

From the paling bonfires at midnight a young man of seventeen walks thoughtfully toward his home. He feels that this is no bigoted religious triumph such as might be seen in other parts of Ireland in times of religious ascendancy and bigotry. Sir Stephen knows too well that the Catholic Irish—

... never cursed the shrine
Where others kneel to heaven.*

He feels it is a class triumph, a caste defeat with a vengeance. All the stories he had heard from the nurses who had cared for his childhood, all the stories he had heard from the young men in his intercourse with them in the hurling field, all the tales he had heard from the men now sobering into middle life or past,—all these come back to his recollection, as he walks thoughtfully under the midnight skies to his home.

Neither the thought of the young man nor the feelings of the nation at large could be understood without a short retrospect. There was one blessed moment in Ireland. In that moment there were not two classes, but one: all were Irishmen. There were not two national religions, but one: the brotherhood of love. That blessed moment of union and peace was the period of the Volunteer Movement of 1782.

Standing by the road which leads from Limerick to Curragh Chase, there is a piece of waste land, in the form of a vast dish, or saucer, shallow in depth. If there was in the County of Limerick a spot of land on which the dove of Noah's Ark in the Penal Times might have found rest for the sole of her foot, it was there at Loughmore. This piece of "commonage"—perhaps fifty acres—is covered in winter time with water; and when the water is frozen, it is a favorite skating ground with

Limerick citizens. In the late spring, early summer, and autumn it is covered with a tufty grass, full of sweet-smelling herbs. Here they gathered, those splendid Volunteer regiments from Limerick, Clare, and Tipperary.

Sir Stephen had tales of these glorious Volunteers, not from old men, or from those who had heard tell of them, but from those men who stood with him in the hurling field,—those men whose hand had waved the Irish flag in front, or borne the glittering pike, the national weapon, in the ranks. They had told him of the reviews; of the gathering bodies of foot and horse; of the glorious sunshine; of the bursting music; of the formation of ranks; of the measured tread of the foot, the careering of the horse, the salute, the march-past; of the carriages, filled with ladies in pomp and beauty, that thronged the neighboring highways and crowned the heights; of the volume of gladness in the hearts of the people, and all the glow and enthusiasm and pomp and circumstances of a national army.

It was a blessed moment. Alas!

It is gone and forever, the light we saw breaking
Like heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead.*

That was a moment when Ireland had but one heart, one pulsation, and one rich glow of life and health throughout its whole system. A few years passed, and, oh, there were two peoples in Ireland instead of one; two hostile camps, classes, castes, instead of one gathering of the nation's children; instead of one brotherhood of love, two creeds of deadly hate; a life-and-death struggle in opposite ways, instead of one united hope and aim and end! And the hatred and cruelty were so savage! Read a few reminiscences from Limerick history.

"During this month [April, 1798], yeomanry corps are scouring the country in all directions, seizing arms and making arrests. General court-martial was established in the Council Chamber of Limerick."

* Moore.

* Ibid.

That is for the one side—the side of power. Now for the other side—the side of the people. On that same day, “a man named Grant, holding the rank of sergeant in the rebel army, was sentenced to receive 600 lashes; 250 of which were inflicted immediately; the remainder on the following Monday. Michael McSweeney, charged with being a sergeant in the United Irishmen, was sentenced to 600 lashes. Matthew Kennedy, charged with taking arms, was executed. John Moore, convicted of being a rebel captain, was hanged. Owen Ryan, convicted of being a rebel, was sentenced to receive 500 lashes, and to be transported to the West Indies. Andrew Ryan, Patrick Carroll, Michael Callinan, and—Sheehy, charged with having pikes, were whipped by the drummers of the garrison.”

In one day, “Thomas McSweeney was hanged; David Toohy and Michael Doonigan received 100 lashes each; — Ryan, 600 lashes and transported; David Carroll, 200 lashes and transported.” On the next day the following sentences were passed: “Daniel Hayes, 800 lashes and transportation; John Collins, 100 lashes and transportation; James Kelly, ditto; Richard Kelly, 600 lashes and transportation; Thomas Frost, transportation; William Walsh, sentenced to death.”

From Askeaton, in the County of Limerick, Patrick O'Neill was brought in,—“a most active rebel, sentenced to be hanged and beheaded in the neighborhood from whence he came. He was conveyed to Askeaton, and his sentence there executed.” From Kilfinane, “Patrick Wallace was brought in, charged with collecting subscriptions; sentenced to be hanged, his head to be affixed to his own pike and placed on Oliver Castle.” From Rathkeale, “Joseph O'Loughlin and John Fitzgerald were brought in, escorted by George Leake, Esq.,” a commander of the Rathkeale Volunteers. The court-martial, sitting in Limerick that sad summer, did their duty to the satisfaction of the upper half; and so we find, under date July 14, that “the mayor,

sheriff and corporation passed a vote of thanks to the officers composing the court martials for their temperate and decided conduct, wisdom and justice.”

The Clare Election was to Ireland almost what the storming of the Bastille was to France. The gentry thought that nothing was beyond their fears; and the peasantry, that nothing was beyond their hopes. Sir Stephen lived a great part of his spare time among the peasantry, joining in their field exercises and sports, or sitting unassumingly with them by their winter hearths. With the De Veres, imagination was an heirloom, united with an almost maidenly tenderness toward the distressed.

It was customary with the country-people, for miles and miles around the places of these savage punishments or executions, to attend them. I could not well say what was the motive or what the dominant attraction. Curiosity was there, no doubt; and if the unfortunate victim was a relative or connection by marriage or by neighborhood, there was the added feeling of loyalty. But, whatever attracted or urged them, go they did, and in vast crowds, sometimes from inconceivable distances. These people brought back and rehearsed a tale that would have put to the blush the reports of present-day newspapers. They saw but the one thing, and they retained but that one thing in their memory. Every detail, however, of that one punishment or execution was fixed and held in their recollection as in a vise.

Into the receptive soul of a young man those pitiful tales were poured. There is a thousand times deeper effect made on the mind of the listener by the recital of a minute detail given by one who saw the deed than there is by the largest events of history written in a calm, philosophic mood. In this manner did the days of Sir Stephen's young life go by, listening to the tales of the past, and comparing the parts one with another that each of the divided halves of the

nation had played, and were playing, in times, that (then) were as yesterday.

"Old men remember with horror, and shudder when they speak of these terrible events of '98 in Limerick. Full swing was given to the sheriffs, who made themselves acceptable to their patrons by the worst possible excesses. The government had everything its own way. Each succeeding day gave strength and power to its minions; whilst the lash and the gibbet were in constant requisition, the shrieks of the victims heard in every quarter; fired by the hands, not only of an infuriated yeomanry, but in many instances of men of rank and station who thus manifested the black feelings with which their hearts were filled.

"During the Clare Election in 1828, Limerick was as it were the centre of operations of O'Connell and his friends. The citizens were actually wild with excitement. . . . The return of O'Connell for Clare was an achievement hitherto unparalleled in history. . . . The immense military force with which Limerick had been filled, and which occupied every village and hamlet in Clare, had no effect in controlling the feelings of the people; it no more overawed them than did the frowns and threats of a baffled and beaten aristocracy. Every barony in Clare gave a majority to the man of the people over the nominee of the aristocracy, Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald. And when, at the close of the poll on July 2, 1828, the high sheriff declared that there were 2027 votes recorded for Daniel O'Connell, and only 936 for his opponent, giving to the former a majority of 1091, after a contest unequalled since the beginning of Parliamentary elections, the joy that diffused itself everywhere knew no bounds. On his return to Limerick from Clare on the Monday after his victory, O'Connell was escorted into the city by the congregated trades, with banners and heralds bearing wands wreathed with laurel."*

* Lenihan.

(To be continued.)

Beppo and the Beacon Shrine.

BY JOHN KEVIN MAGNER.

III.

IT was just such another evening, in the aspects of sun and sea, as that upon which Jack Leathley had first roamed along the rocky, narrow beach of Trebbia, what time the Angelus chimed, and he fell to praying in the words of Childe Harold, and had beheld little Beppo with the lamb, and made friends with him.

The setting sun clove the sea with a gold sword as directly as three months before, and the outgoing "fleet" of a dozen lateen-rigged craft seemed ablaze in the path of his radiance, so far, at any rate, as the wavelets lapped the sombre hulls.

From where Jack Leathley sat, perched on the poop of the foremost vessel, looking shoreward to the crimson sails of those that followed with ceremonial precision, the scene was one that clamored for the brush of a Turner, or, preferably, of a Stanfield, with the faith of Italy at his heart, no less than love of the light that lies over Italian land and sea. Rosary in hand, the girls and women of Trebbia were kneeling on the beach. Some of the older men were mingled with them, and all the children who could so much as toddle, besides many borne in arms. Among the former, Jack looked in vain for the lithe little form of Beppo Davia.

The reason of this unwelcome gap was—quite literally—not far to seek. The shaky old boat in which petroleum was wont to be transferred from the shore to the shrine was now draped in showy red, and contained the Curato, with his book and two serving boys with lighted torches. A third attendant—no other than Beppo himself—was standing on the stone platform of the shrine, an unlighted wax taper in hand, beneath the well-moulded figures of the Mother and

Child. At his feet were the old andirons, on which in former days the beacon had been fed with logs of timber and blazing brushwood. But now—so unpicturesque is modern Italy—there was only, breast-high, an inverted copper cone with a tube and a tap, for all the world like the naphtha flares (but much bigger) that one sees outside the pay-box of a country circus. Young Italy is certainly matter-of-fact. It has been well said that a modern Italian would a thousand times rather pay a visit to Chicago than to the Vale of Chamounix. In British phrase, Italians are “fed up” on scenery, and are driven to find apter if less lovely means of making ends meet, and thus defraying their exorbitant taxation.

The ceremony of blessing the boats was simple. As each of them passed, it was sprinkled with holy water (at rather long range) by the Curato. Then, when the whole little fleet was clear of the bar, Beppo clambered down a step or two, took a light from one of the torches in the Curato's boat, and kindled the petroleum flare. Simultaneously somebody let off a musket on the shore with a fine bang, and the crews struck up the first verse of the *Ave Maris Stella*. Their voices were robust, sonorous, and even tuneful, which those of the women-folk on shore were not, as the land-breeze brought gusts of the refrain to where Leathley was now scudding away in the offing, and vainly attempting to wave good-night to Beppo.

The last he saw of that strange little friend was his humdrum departure to shore, pulling the stumpy oars of the boat that bore the Curato and his acolytes. Jack was a little dazed by it all. He had been accustomed to pray for vague and intangible “grace”; but the use of prayer to bring blessing upon the toil of a night rather staggered him, as it does so many outside the Church who have read their New Testament to little purpose. “But *at Thy word* we shall let down the *net*.” That was the meaning

of it all, however childlike in manifestation. And this meaning soaked into the young parson's heart, as the early darkness fell, and the light flamed afar on the figure of the Mother and the Child.

The padrone of the boat in which Jack was a working passenger—for yachting experience made him useful at need in the quite simple navigation required—was a gentle pessimist. Jack was bubbling with enthusiasm, and said so, in his now first-rate Italian, which the padrone understood quite well, from his term of military service, though able to reply only in dialect. From his mournfully-chanted responses, Jack gathered mistily that the padrone, as usual, was in a cheerfully despondent mood. It was all very vague, and, indeed, customary; for Jack knew his man well. The only new thing to find fault with, or vent uncomfortable suspicions about on this occasion, was the padrone's fear that Beppo had not filled the ugly flare-lamp full enough of kerosene.

“I clenched my fist, Signore,” said the mournful one, “and made signs with it—thus—to the child that he should rap the copper sides of the oil reservoir to see if it were quite full; and, do you know, while the Curato was not looking, Beppo laughed and shook his fist at me.”

“Does the boy have to fill the lamp himself, as a matter of regular duty?” said Jack.

“Oh, no, Signore! We ourselves take that in turn, though sometimes we let him do it; for he is strong and willing. But yesterday was a feast day, and what is everybody's business is nobody's. Perhaps the man had a little wine and forgot to go. It is a sad world, and you never know.”

“But it is a brilliant starlit night,” said Jack.

“Our black weather comes up without warning on these coasts,” said the padrone, with intense relish.

“But Our Lady?” insisted Jack, his keen eyes scanning the now tiny luminous

figure that seemed to hold out protecting hands to them from the distant shore.

The padrone doffed his cap and walked aft. His inveterate brooding would utter no word against her.

"The padrone is never so happy as when he is quite miserable," laughed one of the two younger sailors who composed the "crew."

Jack gave the man a cigar, and lit one himself. The sea was as smooth as the Thames below bridge,—a base comparison; for its calm and beauty were beyond description, at any rate by Jack Leathley, into whose soul they were sinking for the first time with Catholic significance, with much of what is besought in the *Funda nos in pace* of the echoes yet ringing in his brain.

He was silent for a space, and then said absently, rather to avoid the appearance of unsociability than to seek information:

"But if one of your black storms *did* come on when the nets were out, and the oil in the beacon failed, surely you could make Trebbia safely?"

"If we thought of those chances," said the other, "we should never do our work, Signore. We should become like the good padrone, something of a nuisance to ourselves and to the neighbors. Or, rather worse, for the padrone is absolutely without fear when danger really arises. Since you ask it, however, I may tell you, in excuse of his nervousness, that the government of Italy is more careful to have a great navy than to light its coasts. Our Madonna's lamp, which we have to keep up ourselves, is our only beacon at Trebbia till the lighthouse our deputy promises every election is built. He is a *very* great promiser, that one! We often had wrecks here before the time when we first began to use the strong American spirit,—or oil, as you English signori call it, that will not blow out in any wind that can reach the harbor. That poor little boy the Signore likes so well, Guiseppe Davia,—he lost his father in a storm one night our light

(the old one) went out. That was a poor year. I remember it well, though I was only a lad at the time, and they had trimmed the lamp with oil pressed from walnuts, which is not bad for hungry folk to cook withal, but turns watery at the bottom of the cask."

The man spoke lightly; and presently, finding the Signore too preoccupied to make reply, began to busy himself about the nets. Some rudimentary signals began to flash from the other boats, to which the other seaman replied with a lantern, after a crisp order from the padrone, whose voice lost its tone of gentle maundering the moment fish were to be caught.

Jack lent a hand as usual, glad that the fishing grounds selected enabled him to see afar, "like a dawn in the midnight," the luminous haze which showed not only the way home, but (as his heart kept whispering) the way to heaven. The fishing was good and most plentiful. All their hearts were light, and there were snatches of song to be heard here and there as the toil went forward. The padrone worked like a Trojan, and was doubtless inwardly pleased; but none the less contrived to say something dispiriting, to the effect that so huge a catch would send prices down. This was a little too much for Jack's nerves. Another time he would have sworn,—if the red-hot impolitenesses of the well-bred Briton may be strictly called "swearing." On this occasion he relieved his feelings by uplifting his voice, and intoning the first and only verse he knew of the *Ave Maris Stella*, in that terrific bass which had often made the vicarress remind him that the church in which he ministered was some sizes smaller than St. Paul's.

The crew, and even the sub-acid skipper, joined in right lustily, although it has too long ceased to be usual in Italy to mingle piety with business. There was a little good-humored laughter on the next boat, but the Italian frame of mind toward "the mad English" is a very benign one.

They took up the next verse, and were joined by comrades on board the vessels next to leeward. Soon the whole flotilla was chanting the prayer to Our Lady, Star of the Sea. The men were all Catholics, and, with scarce an exception, extremely good ones; yet it was a man who hardly ventured to look upon himself as so much as a catechumen who called the tune. A lump came in Jack's throat as the words of the hymn reached his ears from near and far, with curious, staccato distinctness. He was very glad when the last shimmering netful of fish was drawn in, and the padrone cried that their freight for the night was loaded.

Going to the prow, whence he had witnessed at sunset the blessing that now seemed to have borne its fruit, he took from his pocket a small night-glass—not much bigger than the “telescopes” children use as toys, but very powerful—and looked toward the beacon. The whole tumult that Luther raised and the German princes fostered seemed pitiful in its smallness, and diabolical in its intent, as the lens revealed him the faces of Mother and Child. It was past midnight. The stars were now obscured by driving clouds, and the sole, sure light seemed the one that led the seamen home.

Jack could not but recall the parallel instance, off the coast of Sicily, when the steady glow of such another simple lamp of wick and oil had inspired John Henry Newman with the immortal “Lead, Kindly Light.” He prayed earnestly that he, too, a subaltern officer of the well-meaning but schismatic army the great Cardinal had once commanded, might be drawn by the material beams before him into the full light they symbolized. Scarce did he note the swift freshening of the breeze, the whimpering note of the night-winds through the cordage, as if fright had seized them. He saw by the seamen's faces that there was some danger.

Alone, the padrone seemed unconcerned. His fears were for hours of safety alone. Peril left him unperturbed. And such

peril is ever toward in Italian seas, where the government is too absorbed in controversial fal-lals to suspend cones at its minor harbors by which fishermen may be warned. Remember, too, that the poor fellows can not afford barometers. As Jack stood, or rather leaned, in prayer at the bows, there came one blinding flash of lightning, and in an instant one of the short but evil Mediterranean storms was on them in full fury.

The padrone was splendid. Springing to the helm, he gave his wise orders in a voice that dominated the gale. His effort, and that of the other craft (to judge by the swinging of lights) was to stand out to sea, and call to Æolus: “Blow till thou crack thy wind, if room enough!”

As the simple but saving manœuvre was made, Jack turned from hauling on his rope, and saw with sinking of the heart that *the beacon of the shrine was extinguished*. Sea and sky were black as soot. Scarce could a glimmer be caught, through a rift in the velvet clouds, of one of the myriad stars that so lately had shone “magnificently unperturbed.”

And so for two hours they fought their way, on one tack and the other, back to the open sea, little knowing what progress they were making, and guided almost as much by blind instinct as by the cheap compass on Jack Leathley's watchchain.

(Conclusion next week.)

LET us learn to be content with what we have. Let us get rid of our false estimates, set up all the higher ideals, — a quiet home; vines of our own planting; a few books full of the inspiration of a genius; a few friends worthy of being loved and able to love us in turn; a hundred innocent pleasures that bring no pain or sorrow; a devotion to the right that will never swerve; a simple religion empty of all bigotry, full of trust and hope and love,—and to such a philosophy this world will give up all the empty joy it has.—*David Swing*.

Protestantism in a Nutshell.

THE origin of Protestantism is carefully discussed by a contributor to the *Katholisches Wochenblatt*. The conflict in the Church during the sixteenth century was not a conflict of dogmas. The new dogmas were introduced only after the separation had been effected. The separation consisted in the forcible removal of a portion of the Church from the jurisdiction of the whole Church, and the transfer of the jurisdiction over this separated portion to the civil power.

The name Protestant originated in the Reichstag at Speier in 1529. The majority of the princes in the Reichstag demanded that religious liberty be given to all Catholics as well as non-Catholics. The minority entered a protest, hence the name. They maintained that it was their duty to blot out the Catholic religion, to close the monasteries, to do away with the bishoprics. The name Protestant later became a generic name against the Church, without designating any special religion. Wurm in the "Kirchenlexikon" (vol. x, p. 480), says that at first the name was distinctive of the followers of Luther, but soon included the followers of Zwingli and Calvin.

The men who are commonly designated as the Reformers do not deserve that distinction. They neither reformed the Church, nor did they found a new religion. It was the princes who withdrew themselves and their peoples from the jurisdiction of the Pope, and made themselves the heads of a new religion. This is most palpable in the case of the Reformation in England. The King of England made the separation, declared himself the head of the new church; then only, with the assistance of foreign Protestants and a servile parliament, the work of fabricating new doctrine was begun. A new church was needed to sanction divorce, to ratify the King's second marriage. "We are under the King's lash," wrote Fisher, "and stand

in need of the King's good favor and clemency; yet this argues not that we should therefore do that which will render us both ridiculous and contemptible to all the Christian world, and hissed out from the society of God's Holy Catholic Church; for what good will that be to us, to keep the possession of our houses, cloisters and convents, and to lose the society of the Christian world; to preserve our goods, and lose our consciences?"

In Germany, too, the separation was no less the work of the princes. Eylert, the court preacher in Berlin, quotes these words of Frederic William III.: "Luther brought the church under the dominion of the rulers and the civil power. The Evangelical princes alone signed and sanctioned the articles of faith of the new church; the signature of either Luther or Melancthon does not appear on the document. Princely power ushered the new church into existence, and under the protecting ægis of that same power the congregations gathered and united. The liturgical right,—i. e., the right to regulate the divine service—was handed over to the regents."

Frederic William III. tried to unite the Lutheran and the Reformed churches by giving them a new name: he called them the Evangelical Church. The attempt at unification was abortive, and instead of two Protestant churches there were now three; or, as the *Edinburgh Review* twenty-five years ago described the situation: "A church without a *Credo*, and a people without faith."

The *Katholisches Wochenblatt* writer concludes: "The Catholic Church alone has the Faith; outside her pale there is nothing but opinion, doubt, and freedom of investigation."

To express the respective part of God and man in apostolic work, Bernardine de Feltre used to say: "I am like a little fly sitting on the horn of the ox that does the ploughing."

Notes and Remarks.

One of the most remarkable of recent contributions to Christian apologetic is "The Gospel and Human Needs," a volume of lectures by Dr. John Neville Figgis. He endeavors to strike out a new line of defence, which has in it a distinct note of defiance. At the present day, he asserts, we have to emphasize, not the likeness, but the unlikeness, of Christianity to its rivals. Hence he is rather declaratory than controversial, being more concerned with the needs of life than with the difficulties of thought. Philosophic objections are not ignored, but his method is generally to meet them not so much with argument as with a flat assertion of the contradictory or a bold denial of their force. He claims that the Christian system meets more needs and contains more facts than any other. Let us quote from the last lecture a single passage the truth of which will appeal to every intelligent reader:

Controversy may sometimes reassure Christians assailed by many perplexities. It may help to determine men on the brink of faith to take the final plunge. It may now and then cause fair-minded unbelievers to look at facts they had left out of account. Or it may insinuate here and there a seed which after experience may render fruitful. But it is vain and even silly to expect to convince men of the need of a Saviour who are as yet untroubled by conscience.

In a sermon on the "Need of Authority in the Church" added to the lectures, Dr. Figgis has so much to say about "Romanism" that he never really declares what, in his opinion, the authority of the Church is. Possibly he has not as yet made up his mind. A careful study of the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles ought to be enough to convince one of his intelligence that the Supremacy of St. Peter "fits the facts."

An instalment of the diary of Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy (1861-69), published in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, affords an explanation

which will be satisfactory to many minds of the defeat of the Northern Army under General Hooker at Chancellorsville,—though to the Secretary himself that disaster always remained a mystery. Twice does he refer to it as something that seemed inexplicable. "No explanation has ever been made of the sudden paralysis which befell the army at that time." It had crossed the Rappahannock and reached Centreville, and was in the very midst of a successful career. The troops were in the best of spirits, everything seemed favorable, and Hooker was so confident of a great victory over Lee that he impiously declared, according to Senator Charles Sumner, "the enemy are in my power, and God"—but the rest need not be quoted. In the light of what happened, so soon and so unexpectedly, that blasphemous boast would seem to have been signally punished. At Chancellorsville, lying just within the eastern border of the Wilderness, where more than sixty thousand men were killed and wounded, Hooker met a crushing defeat, and his laurels were permanently blasted. "He had no sooner breathed the air of the Wilderness," writes General Morris Schaff, "than he lost all his vigor, became dazed, and at Chancellorsville met his fate."

While the ordinary Christian may not at first blush recognize any particular lesson applicable to himself in the career of the warrior Maid of France recently beatified, neither will he discover anything especially strained or far-fetched in the following application made by Father Bernard Vaughan, as reported in the *London Catholic Times*:

The preacher said that the one simple lesson that he drew from his sermon about her was loyalty and whole-heartedness to our mission in life, no matter what it might be. He could not help reminding them that most of the miseries and disappointments in life were of one's own making. "If your vocation," exclaimed the preacher, "be only to keep a street crossing, for Heaven's sake put enthusiasm into your work and let it be the best swept

passage in the whole of London. Without heart in your work it can never be *consummation*,—finished work." The lesson taught them by the Maid of Orleans on the present Sunday was one not a little difficult to learn. He had pointed out how her progress from victory to victory and from triumph to triumph had in no sense spoiled her beautiful simplicity and strength of character. Neither success nor failure had power to mar the character of any individual who was earnestly trying to carry out the mission set him by God. The preacher contended that people nowadays made too much of what they were pleased to call their successes. It was humiliating to see the devastating effects of success upon man and woman in almost every walk of life. People seemed to lose their heads very easily, and then all sense of proportion soon vanished. "They forgot," as was said of servants, "their place"; they did not remember when life went well with them that even then they were only the servants of the Great Master. The charm and beauty of the Maid of Orleans were to be found not so much in what she did, but in the way she did it. All events, fair and foul, brought out the lofty and ho y traits of her superb character.

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies," says the poet. "As the Lord hath distributed to every one, as God hath called every one, so let him walk," advises St. Paul. Not the particular work we do, but the spirit in which we do it, with the purpose for which 'tis done, is what really counts with God, and even with the judicious among our fellows.

We are no prophet if the proposed revision of the Church of England Prayer Book does not have the contrary effect of what the innovators intend. Not a few good churchmen like Lord Halifax and Lord Douglas see in the revision, not an escape from ambiguity, as the innovators contend, but "an escape from plain obligations." The last paragraph but one of the present directions concerning the "Service of the Church" reads thus: "And all priests and deacons are to say daily the morning and evening prayer, either privately or openly, not being let by sickness, or some other urgent cause." It has been proposed to substitute "reasonable" for "urgent." The reason for this change was candidly

stated in Convocation a while ago by the Archdeacon of Leicester: "The relief it would afford was," he considered, "even more needed now, when the duties of the parish priest were so complicated and exacting." This is characterized by Lord Douglas as "an amazing method of excuse from primary duty. Mothers' Meetings, Bands of Hope, Finance and Sports Committees, *et hoc genus omne* are more important for a priest than Bible Reading and Prayer! We should have thought that the dignitaries who inspire rubrical change would have been mindful of the Priests' Ordination vow, 'to be diligent in prayers, and in reading of the Holy Scriptures.'"

But the suggested changes in the Prayer Book involve questions of doctrine as well as of practice, and the discussion of these changes is sure to lead to strife if not rupture in the Church of England. The would-be revisers should go slowly. Confusion already reigns in the Establishment, and it might easily become worse confounded.

The average American thinks of Spain as one of the most backward members of the family of nations,—as a country still steeped in superstition, priest-ridden, or overrun with anarchists, its King a despised potentate, indifferent to the welfare of his subjects, as incompetent to deal with important matters as he is incapable of applying remedies to the many evils with which Spain is supposed to be afflicted. The contrary of all this is the truth. No sooner had the country recovered from the shock of the American War than it set itself toward industrial improvement, and its prosperity has been steadily increasing year by year. The Spaniards are now among the most contented and best-conditioned people in the world, and it would be hard to name a ruler more respected and beloved than King Alfonso. As for national legislation, its aim would seem to be to promote progress and to confer real benefits on the people. For example, it was announced the other day

that the Spanish Cortes had passed a bill reorganizing the post-office service so as to give cheaper postage rates and money order facilities, and in addition so as to give the people the advantage of a parcels post and a postal savings-bank. As yet this advantage is not enjoyed in the United States.

A secular journal recently published an interesting account of "a follower of Christ and St. Francis," in the person of Mr. E. H. Stokes, a Protestant Episcopalian missionary in India. In the course of the article appeared this paragraph:

Stokes, who is a devoted young churchman, had gone to India at his own charge to enter upon missionary work. After a time he became impressed with the fact that, although there are innumerable varieties of missionaries and mission work in India, there is no one who is undertaking to live forth the life of the Nazarene in the way that St. Francis undertook to live it.

The Anglo-Catholic *Lamp*, which quotes the entire account, appends to the foregoing this footnote:

We do not wish in the least to detract from the sublimity of Mr. Stokes's self-sacrifice, but it is a mistake of the reporter that "there is no one" other than he, "who is undertaking to live forth the life of the Nazarene in the way that St. Francis undertook to live it." Those who are familiar with the annals of Roman Catholic missions in India, China and Japan know that Franciscan friars (great numbers of them) have been doing the very things Mr. Stokes is now doing for hundreds of years. And this in a measure explains why Roman Catholic converts in Asia are so much more numerous than Anglican or Protestant converts.

Which is not only perfectly true in itself, but entirely honorable on the part of the *Lamp*.

In Neuss, the natal town of Theodor Schwann (1810-82), there was recently unveiled a statue of that distinguished German physiologist and histologist. In the course of the panegyric on the occasion, Dr. Waldeyer, of the University of Berlin, declared that "few men, if any, have been so unaffectedly modest as Theodor Schwann, who became famous when still a young

man, and was looked up to by the world of science at an age when others have scarcely begun their career. Gazing into Schwann's kind, friendly, loving eyes, one could not help saying, 'These eyes mirror a pure soul, which does not ascribe to itself what it has done in the service of Humanity, but looks upon it as a gift which it was permitted to hand on to others.' We generally speak of Schwann as the founder of the cellular theory, and forget that before the completion of his work on cells he had already made discoveries which would alone have sufficed to render his name immortal, not only as a scientist, but also as a benefactor to humanity in its physical pains and miseries."

Schwann, the centenary of whose birth will be celebrated next year, is another concrete refutation of the obsolete calumny that Faith and Science are antagonistic and irreconcilable. A scientist of world-wide renown, he was a practical Catholic who lived obediently to the Church's laws and died fortified by her consolatory last rites.

In the *Missionary* for July, with its account of the recent Missionary Congress held in Washington, are to be found many items of exceptional interest. Here is one of them, the Father Callaghan mentioned being a Sulpician Father of Montreal, who in his forty years of priestly life is said to have converted almost five thousand non-Catholics:

Probably no one in America has had more results from efforts among the Chinese than Father Callaghan. He has baptized 260. The work started with an aged Chinaman in Villa Marie, who came to Father Callaghan and pleaded for his countrymen. He complained that they are ignored and abandoned. "We wish," said he, "to know your religion. Nobody will tell us anything. Teach and baptize us. Many, many Chinamen will become Catholics." Father Callaghan gave his instructions through interpreters and imported for them catechisms, prayer-books, and hymnals in their own language. The condition of the Montreal Chinese has notably altered. They are less socially ostracized,

mingle in Catholic worship, lift their hats to the priest, and greet him with smiles. They boldly profess their faith. "If questioned as to his religion," said Father Callaghan, "a convert Chinaman will answer: 'I am not a Chinaman, I am an Irishman.'"

The interchangeableness, in the vocabulary of many others than the Chinese, of the terms Irish and Catholic is not the least glorious tribute paid to the children of St. Patrick, the people whom Leo XIII. once declared to be the most Catholic in the world.

On the occasion of the jubilee of the American College, Rome, Cardinal Merry del Val suggested an explanation of the progress of the Church in this country and of the loyalty of American Catholics to the Holy See. Premising that he knew full well that the spread of the Church is due above all things to divine grace, that God can overcome every obstacle, and, if necessary, from the very stones raise up children to Abraham; that he knew, too, how much is to be attributed to the labors and enlightened zeal of the pastors of the flock in the United States, to the energy and apostolic spirit of the clergy, to the initiative and devotion of many noble members of the laity,—still, considering the matter in a very different way,—he wondered if another explanation of this progress is not to be found in one of the prominent features of the American character:

It strikes me that the true American always looks for the best in every direction. He wants what is thorough, what is true, what is real; and just as he seeks the best in every path of life, in commerce and industry and practical affairs, so when he comes to consider the interests of his immortal soul and his eternal salvation, he wants what is genuine and true, he wants the best again. He seeks for a faith that really comes from Heaven and somebody who can unerringly communicate that faith to him. He is not satisfied with mere opinions and clever theories, no matter how respectable those opinions and theories may be. The true American wants the certainty of divine faith and the security of a teaching that is really supernatural and a safe means of reaching his eternal destiny. And this he finds in the

authoritative and infallible teaching which comes from the See of Peter, from the Vicar of Christ on earth. He seeks for virtue, not in its outward appearances, but real and solid virtue with a supernatural principle and a supernatural object. And here again Rome, with centuries at her back, shows him that virtue and the way to practise it. The American requires discipline and an authority which is not tyranny but compatible with legitimate freedom, whilst able when necessary to curb and quell disorder. This, too, he finds in the Church. Hence it is that all Americans worthy of the name, when once they know the Church as she really is, and not as she is so often represented to be, are naturally inclined to love the Apostolic See and to hold themselves faithful and loyal to it.

Of all which we may remark that if it isn't true, we heartily wish it were.

Of the Australian mission of New Norcia the editor of the *Southern Cross* (Adelaide) writes:

The aboriginal mission of New Norcia, which was founded over sixty years ago by Spanish Benedictine monks in Western Australia, is famous throughout the world. We think we are correct in saying that it is the only institution in the Commonwealth which has been a success, on a substantial scale and in a permanent way in civilizing and christianizing the aboriginals of Australia. The treatment of the natives of this continent has, on the whole, been harsh and cruel, and reflects little credit on the white settlers of whatever nationality. There have, of course, been honorable exceptions, and nearly all State governments, at a late period, when the race was almost extinct, have made philanthropic efforts to relieve the lot of the original lords of the soil, who were deprived of their means of livelihood by the intrusion of the white races into their hunting grounds and the consequent extinction of most of the animals on which their existence depended. Nevertheless, there has been no really successful attempt to ameliorate the lot of the natives save at New Norcia. It is the one bright spot in a very dark picture.

The treatment of the natives of all lands that have been conquered by the whites seems to have been practically identical and uniformly unpardonable. Only when Catholic missionaries, like the Benedictines in Australia, have been the earliest settlers, have the aborigines been dealt with fairly and charitably.



The Grumbler.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

WHILE you are counting the rain-drops,
Frowning up at the sky,
The sunshine is struggling to greet you,—
The clouds are rolling by.

While you are counting the blossoms
The rain has made to fall,
The laughing breeze full merrily
Away has swept them all.

While you are counting the moments,
Your task could be half-done,—
Work-time half behind you,
And play-time half begun.

Schoolgirls Abroad.

BY S. MARR.

III.

WHEN the sun went down into the sea on Tuesday evening, we were within sight of Ischia and of Italy; and when, two hours later, we entered the Bay of Naples, the starlight touching the ripples with points of silver, the city against the dark heights starred with lights, we forgot that the *Helvetia* had taken unto herself sundry altogether superfluous barnacles, thus delaying our arrival several hours; we simply gazed spellbound at the fairy-land and fairy-sea. Almost before we were anchored, and before the post and dispatch bags were brought on board, the steamer was surrounded by small boats, bearing Neapolitan young men and girls, who sang to the accompaniment of guitars, while hats were held up for coins. The tender was drawn into place, the rope stairway let down; but there

was another delay, for the health officers had first to board the vessel and make out a "Bill of Health."

While we waited, the music and the rippling and plashing of water, as the oars of the little boats around us dipped rhythmically, the murmur of voices, the gleaming lights from the city,—all cast a spell of silence over us. Toward the stern of our liner we noticed a long, flat boat, and as we looked a form was let down, and swiftly the rowers moved to the landing. An Italian who had been ill all the voyage, and who had hoped to renew his health in his beloved land, had passed away down in the steerage just before the lights of Naples gleamed out before us, and his body had been quietly sent ashore. An American priest who had been called to attend the sick man whispered this to Aunt Margaret, just as the signal was given to board the lighter. The poor Neapolitan was home at last.

In a few moments we were at the pier, and by some magic our party was not delayed at the dogana (the custom-house), but allowed to pass with our hand-baggage to the plaza, where carriages were in waiting. But before we were well out of the station, we recalled all that we had heard of the lazzaroni; for a small army besieged us,—men, women and children in piteous tones begged for coins, even a centime. Cripples, blind men, deformed children, pleaded in soft Italian; some pointed silently to an empty sleeve or to a wooden leg. Mary was the first to open her purse; but Aunt Margaret reminded us of the arrangement she had made,—namely, that she was to be treasurer and general disburser, at least in Italy. By this time, Catherine had reached a delightfully romantic-looking driver, into whose carriage she

stepped; and we, only too glad to get away from the motley crowd, followed, notwithstanding her whispered "Isn't he splendid looking? I just know he is a brigand!"

It was nearly midnight, when, comfortably settled in a lovely suite of rooms at the Victoria Hotel, we knelt at the low, open windows and said our Rosary and night prayers, looking up at the starry Italian sky that smiled down over the Bay of Naples. Wednesday morning we were out bright and early to find a church, which, as there are three hundred in Naples, we knew would not be difficult. Walking along the Largo della Vittoria, we encountered several flocks of goats. In some parts of the city, these milk furnishers are driven into the houses and even up to the top floors of apartment buildings.

On our return to the hotel we found that the party, to the edge of which we belonged, had arranged a visit to Pompeii for the day; so a hasty breakfast of rolls, butter made from goats' milk, and coffee, was in order. We went by carriage, which gave us a good view of the old part of the city, which is, of course, the most attractive to tourists, and we certainly saw sights. The houses present a rather forbidding appearance, as there are no porches and the small windows are high up; but as one passes through the narrow streets, one catches glimpses through arched doorways of beautiful courts, where flowers and fountains are to be seen. As Mary expressed it, the fronts of the houses are in the back. At the entrances, small traders and specimens of the *lazzaroni* congregate; everywhere are fruit-stands and dispensers of cool drinks,—lemon and orange syrups cooled in tubs of snow. Donkeys, laden from neck to tail, thread their way through the lanes and streets; and at every step one is besieged by venders of post-cards, really beautiful ones, and souvenirs of Naples in the way of cameos and mosaics, ornaments of coral and tortoise shell,

and articles fashioned of lava. We passed through Portici, Torre del Greco and Torre dell' Annunziata,—towns between Naples and Pompeii; but they are so close together that the impression was of one long, very hot street. The Neapolitans certainly live out of doors. Family groups sat at the doorways eating; small children, scantily clothed, were everywhere, running in and out the lines of macaroni drying in the sun. We saw Italians manipulating this, their favorite food; and we saw also where a modern Murillo might get models for pictures, such as the Spanish painter's famous beggar-boys.

On street corners, over doorways, in the shops and in the homes, little shrines were to be seen, decked in gay colors and tiny lamps or tapers. We were soon reminded that it was the vigil of the feast of St. Anne, for whom the Neapolitans must have a warm affection. Great preparations were in progress for the celebration: arches of bright-colored fabrics, studded with receptacles for little lamps, were being erected, and placards bearing invocations to good St. Anne were tacked to houses and posts.

It was lunch time when we reached Pompeii, and a half hour at the Hotel Suisse was profitably and pleasurably employed. Here we had our first glimpse of the sort of American travellers who bring discredit on all Americans. The courteous Italians present smiled as one would at a rude child, and we agreed with Aunt Margaret when she said that nowhere in the United States would foreigners comport themselves in such a manner in a public place.

Immediately after lunch our guide took us to the wonderful city of the dead. Catherine supplemented the guide's comments, for she carried the Baedeker. A weird feeling comes over one in going through an unoccupied house; and the same emotion, intensified, is felt in passing along the lava-paved narrow streets, where deep wagon-ruts, showed that once upon a time there was no lack of life. The stone sidewalks, two feet above the road-

way, and not more, than three feet wide, gave back the sound of our footfalls; but, otherwise it was a city of silence. The houses were most interesting, and to pass through one with its vestibule, atrium, or court, music-room, dining-room, marble baths, bedrooms, kitchen, wine cellar and garden, was to learn much of the people, of their mode of living and of their love for the beautiful. Mosaics, carvings and frescoes were an object-lesson in art. Over it all, and back of it all, was Vesuvius,—Vesuvius, the destroyer, now peaceful as the bay in front of it, a thin wreath of smoke, a pipe of peace, marking the crater.

The house of Glaucus, of course, brought to our minds blind Nydia; and the ruins of a temple that we passed marked the place, we felt sure, where the wicked Arbaces met his death. To think that this city had been shaken to its foundations, and with its 30,000 inhabitants buried under ten to twenty feet of lava! Surely it was a great tomb. In the museum at Pompeii, and in that of Naples, we saw skeletons, whose very attitude showed the suddenness of their summons; and in splendid preservation were relics of those days of pagan life and luxury: jewelry, combs, curling irons, mirrors of metal, perfume jars, statues, bronzes, surgical instruments, cooking utensils; pickle and olive jars, retaining fruits seemingly in good condition: dried nuts, dates, figs, and loaves of bread. To see these evidences of the sharp, unexpected end of things for the old Pompeian lovers of life, made one realize the dreadful import of those words of the Scriptures which picture the last coming of the Son of God: "The Day of the Lord shall come as a thief, in which the heavens shall pass away with great violence; and the elements shall be dissolved with heat, and the earth and the works that are in it shall be burned up."

The drive back to Naples was a quiet one. We were tired, and we were thinking of all we had seen. Mary Johns looked so

solemn, as she sat watching for glimpses of the bay which flashed out on our left, here and there, between villas and groups of houses, that Catherine whispered: "A lira for your thoughts." And the strain of weariness and of emotion was broken for us all when Mary replied seriously: "I was thinking how much worse it would be if I had as many feet as a centipede." And in this sentiment we all shared; for the heat and the stone pavements and the hours of standing and walking had made us uncomfortably conscious of our feet.

However, we forgot all fatigue when our party stopped in the Piazza San Gennaro, and the cathedral, with its precious relic of St. Januarius rose before us. Here Catherine, with her Baedeker, and, better still, Aunt Margaret, with her knowledge and experience, explained everything of interest. The great church, begun in 1272, rebuilt in 1456, and partially altered and restored in the eighteenth century, is most impressive, with its Gothic vaulting, wonderful ceiling paintings, and frescoed lateral walls. Of course there were no pews; rush-bottomed chairs and light prie-dieus were grouped here and there, which is the custom in all the churches of Italy. There are always attendants, ready at a sign to place a kneeling bench and chair for one, for which service a small offering is expected.

The special attraction for all was the chapel of St. Januarius, entered through magnificent large brazen doors. The chapel, a small church in itself, in the form of a Greek cross, is a glory of gold and marble, and contains forty-two columns of brocatello, eight altars and numerous paintings, most of them illustrating the life of St. Januarius. In the tabernacle of the high altar are preserved two vessels containing the blood of the martyr, who suffered under Diocletian, and it is this blood which liquifies three times annually, as is attested by all Naples. We went down to the crypt or *confessio*, where we knelt at the tomb of the saint. In one of the

chapels we had the privilege of kissing a relic of St. Anne, exposed for the pious veneration of the faithful. Among the tombs, we noted those of St. Asprenas, Charles I. of Anjou, Charles Martel, Pope Innocent IV., Andreas, King of Hungary, Pope Innocent XII., and several cardinals and archbishops. Conspicuous among the treasures of the cathedral are forty-five busts of silver, representing the patron saints of the city. An "Assumption," by Perugino, and an "Adoration of the Angels" by Domenichino were recorded first in our list of great paintings seen.

The church of San Domenico Maggiore was next visited, and it is wonderfully imposing with its twenty-seven chapels, rich altars and stately columns. It was to the chapel of the Crucifixion that we went first. On the lower part of the altar is pictured in relief that miracle recorded in the life of St. Thomas of Aquin, which tells that Our Lord spoke to him from the cross, saying, "Thou hast written well of Me, Thomas. What wouldst thou have?" to which the saint replied: "Nothing other than Thee, Lord." This chapel contains the tombs of several of the family of St. Thomas Aquinas; it is also the last resting-place of many of the princes of the house of Aragon. The Marchese di Pescara, the husband of Vittoria Colonna, is also buried here. In the adjacent monastery, the cell and lecture room of St. Thomas may still be seen, but they are used as municipal offices. Our day's sight-seeing closed with a glimpse of the church of Saint Severino, and more interesting to us than the wealth of monuments it contains was the adjoining monastery, with its splendid cloisters, in the centre of which is a plane-tree said to have been planted by St. Benedict.

It seemed good to get to our rooms, where we rested a while before dinner, comparing notes and trying to reduce our impressions to order. Catherine quoted Shelley, who, after a day in Naples, said his brain was like a portfolio of an architect,

or a print shop; Mary declared she left like a Browning poem. I added as my quota that I had seen only a part of Naples, and yet was ready to die; and dear Aunt Margaret, always our point of rest, led the way to dinner, promising us that we'd all feel better after that. We did feel rested, and had a delightful evening looking out over the bay, watching the Neapolitans walking or driving along the Via Partenope.

Naples is a noisy city at night. Every one seems to be out of doors until late. Those who drive, crack their whips and race their horses recklessly, till one longs for an officer of the Humane Society to appear on the scene; but we were told later that the noisy whips do not touch the horses, and that the animals are not badly treated at all. Our Rosary and night prayers over, we went to bed thinking that Naples was very beautiful, but very far from the best land on earth.

The next day we assisted at Mass at the church of St. Francesco di Paola, which is truly beautiful, with a dome supported by thirty-two Corinthian columns of marble and a high altar inlaid with jasper and lapis lazuli. Immediately after, we had breakfast and then started in rowboats to meet the small steamer which was to take us to Capri. This larger boat was in deep water, and while we waited for passengers, men and boys swam around in the sapphire waters begging for coins, for which, when they were thrown into the bay, they dived. We passed Sorrento, where the home of Marion Crawford was pointed out. Before landing on the Island of Capri, we entered the Blue Grotto. For this we had to take rowboats, and three in a boat, stoop low while we passed in to the wonderful cavern, one hundred feet long by one hundred and seventy-five feet wide and forty feet high; it is like a bit of blue sky hardened into stone. The water is a metallic blue, and the hand trailed in it looks ghastly, while the drops from the oars are like sapphires and diamonds:

Having returned to the steamer, we landed at Capri and had luncheon on the veranda of a hotel on the heights overlooking the bay. It was all very romantic. Oysters, such as Lucullus enjoyed at his banquets, fruits from the orchards which supplied the board of Cæsar Augustus, wine the flavor of which Virgil sang, olives from trees beneath which Tasso walked,—and yet, we would have exchanged them all for a glass of cold, clear water! It was another case of “Water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink,” unless one intended to establish an interior aquarium. We encountered the usual number of venders of corals, shells, etc., and so eager were the women to dispose of their goods that Mary offered a nominal price for a black-eyed Caprian baby, which the mother immediately agreed upon. But we finally made her realize that Mary was not really anxious for a souvenir of so valuable a nature, and we saw to it that the prospective purchaser walked ahead of us till we reached the steamer for our return to Naples.

Friday, we were to leave for Rome at noon, so but half a day remained for sight-seeing and of course we had to visit the National Museum. Here we saw the famous Farnese collection from Rome and Parma, and the invaluable treasures of Herculaneum, Pompeii, Statræ and Cumæ. We had not yet learned how to get the best out of such collections, so we left the museum with rather a confused impression of ancient frescoes, terra-cottas, pottery, bronzes, marbles, mosaics, antique paintings, rare inscriptions, engravings and world-known pictures, among them masterpieces by Correggio, Bellini, Andrea del Sarto, Titian, Michael Angelo, Botticelli, Raphael, and others of the great painters.

We had seen Naples, the picturesque; we were going to Rome, and Hope, for the time, took possession of us. But Memory is patient and is willing to wait: she knows that always she will come into her own.

(To be continued.)

The Story of Dickie.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XII.

Prostrate and helpless in his little white bed in one of the wards of the Sisters' hospital, Dickie had lain for nearly three months. Both legs had been broken,—the right in two places; his collar-bone had been dislocated, and his whole body battered and bruised under the feet of the elephant. But the light had not gone from Dickie's eye, nor the smile from his lips, nor the cheerfulness from his voice, nor the courage from his heart.

Now that the pain and suffering were nearly past, and he might look forward hopefully to the time when he could be on his feet again, though the hours of convalescence sometimes dragged, life in general was pleasant, and certainly very comfortable. Providence had been good to Dickie; he knew it, and was grateful.

The morning after the accident, as he lay white and anguished, with closed eyes, trying to conceal the tears that filled them, he heard a voice beside him saying:

“Is this the boy, Sister? I have met him before.”

Dickie looked up; it was the priest to whom he had spoken on the previous evening.

“Father,” he said, trying to smile, “you didn't think you'd see me so soon again, did you?”

“No,” replied the priest, drawing a chair to the bedside. “But I hope to see you quite frequently now. I come here twice a week,—sometimes oftener. I was sorry last night that I had not asked you your name. And I remembered you in my Mass this morning, although I knew nothing of the accident at that time. You had a narrow escape.”

“It was all over in a moment, Father,” said Dickie. “I was getting my valise to be ready for the train; when I came to my senses I was in the hospital. My

grandfather was killed in the same way only last fall. They say I'll have to stay here a long time. But I couldn't be in a better place; could I, Father?"

"No, you could not. The Sisters are very kind. They tell me you have been wonderfully brave; continue to keep up your courage, and you will be well sooner. Have you a medal of the Blessed Virgin?"

"Yes, Father,—two or three of them."

"Are you wearing one?"

"Yes, Father."

"Have you a rosary?"

"Yes, Father; it was in my pocket. The Sister put it under my pillow."

"Do you say it every day?"

"No, Father; I hardly ever say it. My grandmother did; but I seldom say more than a decade at a time."

"Every day?"

"No, Father; generally on Sundays."

"Oh, well! you will have plenty of time to pray here. You must not talk now. I will come in again on Tuesday."

Dickie grew fond of all the Sisters, as they did of him; but he waited expectantly the visits of the kind young priest, who never failed to pass half an hour with him whenever he came to the hospital. Very soon he had heard the boy's story from the beginning, and had resolved, on his recovery, to place him, if possible, on a better way of earning his living than that in which he had made his acquaintance.

When Dickie began to get better he resumed his Catechism lessons; he was to make his First Communion as soon as he was able to get on his feet.

One warm morning in August it was announced that Dickie had permission to sit in the garden, in a wheeled chair.

"It looks like getting well, doesn't it?" asked Sister Teresa, who had been his nurse. "It's a good thing for you, Dickie; but how we are going to get on without you, we don't know. Mother has really been wondering whether we could not find a place for you here. Would you like it?"

"Yes, indeed, Sister, if I could go to school part of the day."

"I'm afraid that would not be possible," said Sister Teresa. "Still, something might be done. But of one thing you may be sure, Dickie: we are not going to let you go until we have found a good home for you."

When the boy was placed in the chair and wheeled to the elevator, several of the Sisters and nurses had assembled to greet him. Peter, the general factotum of the hospital, was waiting on the ground-floor to wheel him into the garden. Sister Teresa followed with a book, and having seen him comfortably settled under a large tree, she left him. In a few moments she returned, accompanied by an old man whose face seemed strangely familiar to the boy.

"Dickie," said Sister Teresa, "this is Mr. Featherston, an old gentleman who has often inquired about you on account of your name. Now that you are downstairs, he wishes to make your acquaintance. I will leave you together."

The old man took a seat on a bench near by.

"You surely have the Featherston features, my boy," he said. "Can you tell me anything about your family? I believe you are an orphan."

"Yes, sir, I am," said the boy. "But my name is not really Featherston. It is Richard Jarvis Featherston Dane. My grandmother's name was Featherston; and, somehow, she got to calling me that, after my father and mother died. My mother was her daughter."

"My boy," said the old man laying his hand on Dickie's arm, "*my* name is Jarvis Featherston. Can you tell me—or *will* you tell me—why your grandmother called you so? Was there anything disreputable about your father or his name?"

"Oh, no, sir!" rejoined Dickie. "I don't mind telling you at all. My father was a circus acrobat; he was a good man. He belonged to a family that are well known among the shows. My grandfather was a circus man too, and he was good. But my grandmother didn't belong to that kind of people. She came

from the South; when she was a very young girl she married my grandfather, and her own people never forgave her. She said to me once that if I would keep the name of Featherston, it might lead to finding some of my relations after she was dead. She said there weren't many of the name."

"She was right; there are very few that I have ever heard of. What was her first name, my boy?"

"Sylvia."

"I thought so,—in fact, I was sure of it. Did she speak of a brother?"

"Yes, sir; and of a little sister. She didn't seem to think her brother cared anything about her."

"Poor thing!" said the old man, reflectively. "My name is Jarvis Featherston. Dickie, I am your grandmother's brother."

"My uncle!" cried Dickie. "My *own* uncle?"

"Your own uncle,—your uncle, who is all alone in the world, pretty near the end of his race, and who is better pleased at finding you than if he had found your weight in gold, which would amount to a considerable sum, even though just at present you are rather thin."

"I can't believe it!" cried Dickie, transported with joy. "My own uncle!"

"Most people would say great-uncle," said Mr. Featherston; "but that makes it too far away. I never had a niece or a nephew, and the 'great' isn't going to put us an inch apart. I have enough to keep me comfortable while I live, and a little for you after I'm gone. I came to pass my declining years in this Home, because it had been highly recommended to me. I have been here only a few weeks. The train on which I travelled was wrecked; and afterward, while waiting for another, talking to a man—Williams, I think he called himself—I told him of my destination. He mentioned you as having been left here because of an accident."

"Oh, yes! I know Mr. Williams very well," said Dickie.

"That is how I first heard your name. And ever since I've been wanting to see you; never dreaming, however, that I should find in you poor Sylvia's grandson. But how is it that you're a Catholic, Dickie."

"Grandmother was one," replied the boy. "The accident that killed my father and mother injured her. She went to a Sisters' hospital and was converted there."

"Father, mother and grandfather all killed! What a sad life you and she must have had! Was she a very melancholy person?"

"Not at all," answered Dickie. "She always tried to be bright and cheerful. My grandfather loved her very much; he was as kind to her as he could be."

"I was several years older than Sylvia," said the old man. "She was such a wild little thing that I don't wonder she thought me harsh. I was really, half the time, trying to stand between her and my father. There was a younger sister, who died when she was about twelve. My father would never allow poor Sylvia's name to be mentioned in the household."

"Do you like living here?" asked Dickie, after a pause.

"Very much," replied Mr. Featherston. "I wish you would call me Uncle Jarvis, Dickie."

"I'll be glad to," said the boy.

"I would like you to stay here also," said the old man.

"I don't think I can," answered Dickie.

"Why not?"

"I want to be earning some money, and going to school at the same time, if I can; I want to get a good education. Grandmother used to say that was everything."

"I guess we can manage the education now, Dickie. But here come Sister Teresa and Father Wilson. Introduce me, Dickie."

"Is an introduction necessary, Mr. Featherston?" said the priest. "We chat whenever we meet."

"In my new capacity it is," replied the old man.

Dickie, always quick to see the point, said proudly:

"Sister Teresa and Father Wilson, this is my Uncle Jarvis Featherston."

Both uttered an exclamation.

"Yes," said the old man. "The relationship has been fully established. Richard Jarvis Featherston Dane is the grandnephew of Jarvis Featherston, who is myself. He has told me the history of his grandmother, and it coincides with that of my only sister."

A few minutes later, after Sister Teresa called Peter to wheel Dickie's chair back to the house, Father Wilson and Mr. Featherston became engaged in an earnest conversation. The priest told the old man of all that happened to Dickie since the death of his grandmother, and of the fine qualities of the boy, which had endeared him to everyone in the hospital.

"And now, Father," observed Dickie's uncle, "I shall want your advice about sending him to school. If there's a good Catholic college in this town where he may board, let him go there. He could come here to see me, and I go to visit him often. I want to have as much of him as I can get. I hope God may spare my life to see Dickie a grown man, well set up in the world. I said *Catholic* college, because I know enough of Catholics to be certain he wouldn't care to attend any other."

"We have an excellent school here," said the priest, "kept by the Vincentian Fathers. They receive boarding and day-scholars and have a preparatory as well as high school course."

"Very well, Father; as soon as the boy is able to undertake it, he shall begin that education of his. He seems quite intelligent."

"He is exceptionally so," said the priest. "Fond of study and reading, and very quick to learn. You can not believe how the events of this morning have pleased me Mr. Featherston. Dickie's future has been one of my problems for some time. And now, that it is stretching

out fair and full of promise, I feel greatly rejoiced."

"I have equal reason to feel so," replied the old man. "I have something to live for now. I only wish I might have known and helped my poor sister. But since she went away, none of us ever knew whether she were living or dead."

After this, through the period of Dickie's convalescence, the uncle and nephew were constantly together. The boy had always been accustomed to the companionship of persons older than himself, and there was a strong strain of family affection in both. All Dickie's trials were forgotten: he blessed the strokes of adversity and suffering that had found him an amiable relative and loving guardian. And the old gentleman seemed years younger than when he entered the Home. For the first time in a long and useful life he had a human interest that was his very own. It really seemed as though his bowed shoulders grew less rounded, and his step more full of life. And so the days passed until October, when Dickie was sufficiently well to think about study and school. With all his ambition renewed, he entered the preparatory department of the college.

(Conclusion next week.)

Jack Robinson.

"As quick as you could say 'Jack Robinson,'" has always been a favorite expression to indicate rapidity of speech or action; but few persons know that Mr. Robinson was a real person and a great favorite of George III., of England. Once during his political career he was bitterly attacked by Sheridan, who publicly denounced those who took bribes. "I mean one in particular," thundered the great Sheridan. "Name him, — name him!" called a member of Parliament. "I could name him if I wished," retorted Sheridan, "just as soon as I could say 'Jack Robinson.'" And thus originated the saying in use at the present day.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—We are pleased to see in pamphlet form an important article on "The New Philosophy in France," contributed to the *Catholic University Bulletin* by the Rev. George M. Sauvage, C. S. C.

—"Missa pro Defunctis," by P. J. J. Vrankeu, Vatican Edition, with *imprimatur* of the Most Rev. Archbishop Farley, is among the late publications of J. Fischer & Bro. It is in convenient form and includes the *Libera* and responses, the *Miserere* and *Subvenite*,—all given in modern notation. We commend this edition to those in charge of choirs.

—Part II., Second Series, of "Letters on Christian Doctrine," by the Rev. F. M. De Zulueta, S. J., deals with the Sacraments of Extreme Unction, Holy Orders, and Matrimony. The bulk of the book's 275 pages is taken up with Matrimony and cognate topics; and in lucidity, practicality, and timeliness the work is all that can be desired. R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

—"In the Crucible," by Isabel Cecilia Williams (P. J. Kenedy & Sons), is made up of fourteen stories from real life. The minor chord is sounded in nearly all the narratives, notably in "Tatters," "Granny," and "What Doth it Profit?" But it is the sadness of life that is portrayed. The Catholic spirit which permeates the book prevents anything like morbid depression, and a gleam of sunshine and hope shines through the stories of want and suffering.

—"King Ironheart," "Princess Melody," "Soap Bubble Fairies,"—are not these names alluring? To find out all about these delightful people of fancy, young persons have only to read "Princess Melody," by Clara Mulholland. It is a fairy story to delight and to teach lessons that are not to be found in text-books. The illustrations by the well-known English illustrator, L. D. Symington, have a power all their own, though they form a part of the story. Benziger Brothers are the agents for "Princess Melody" in this country.

—The gifted author of "Laborers in God's Vineyard" (Benziger Brothers) has a comprehensive, and at the same time practical, knowledge of the needs of our age and of the part woman is called upon to perform in the social as well as in the home life. The book is made up of eight lectures by Madame Cecilia, addressed to the Catholic Women's League of England, and includes common-sense counsels on the dignity of labor, on home duties, on the attitude Catholic

women should take with regard to social and Church movements, etc. The tone throughout is optimistic and encouraging. The illustrations of this work are from fifteenth-century MSS. in the British Museum.

—The city toiler, weary and nerve-worn after his winter's work and confinement, should find rest and refreshment at this season in Longfellow's familiar lines:

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

Equally good, and also seasonable are Eliot Paul Ryder's verses, contributed to THE AVE MARIA many years ago, after a visit to Père Rouquette's nook at Bayou Lacombe:

Into the solitude deeper and deeper,
Wilder and wilder the wild wood grows!
Here is the region of sleep, and the sleeper
Never hears voices that break his repose.
Yet voices there are in piteous number—
Voices more sweet than the music of bells,—
And sweeter the dreams are, and sounder the slumber,
The louder their harmony rises and swells.

The wind through the tree-tops is sweeping and sighing,
Over silvery sands the rivulet runs;
The bird to his mate in the nest is replying,
And high above all shines the brightest of suns.
The tropical heat sets the air in a quiver;
Wild bees and crickets make merry with speech,
While low in the distance we hear the great river
Rippling and rolling across the wide beach.

Here dwells the Great Master! His spirit is near us;
And as, in the bush, in the days of the past
He talked unto Moses, so now He will cheer us,
Sustaining our spirits with grace to the last.
So into the solitude deeper and deeper
Let us keep on, and enjoy its repose!
Here is the region of peace, and our Keeper
Anoints us with balm and soothes all our woes.

—"The Master Motive," by Laure Conan, translated from the French by Theresa A. Gethin (B. Herder), is a story of the seventeenth century. The scenes are laid in France and in Canada; the *dramatis personæ* are Monsieur and Madame Garnier, their son Charles, and Gisella, a distant relative. For complication, we have the intention of the Garniers' that Charles and Gisella are to marry,—an arrangement, which the maiden, fresh from the quiet life of Port Royal, obediently accepts; but which Charles opposes, as he feels the desire to consecrate his life to God as a missionary. This desire is intensified when the great explorer Champlain is introduced, and again when Father Brébeuf comes upon the scene. Gisella

is first to see that Charles is right to follow his vocation, and she is of assistance in persuading his parents to give their consent to his becoming a priest. His life among the Indians reads like a romance; it has all the interest of Parkman with an added element that comes from the "master motive" which animates his every word and action. Truly were those days of heroes,—heroes whose blood was the seed of the Church. We have found "The Master Motive" a deeply interesting and deeply edifying book.

—"Culled from the Cloister" is the Silver Jubilee volume of the House of the Good Shepherd, Troy, N. Y. Its foreword tells us that "ecclesiastic and layman, irrespective of creed, have herein penned their tribute to the work of those angel guardians of penitent Magdalens, the Sisters of the Good Shepherd." And the tributes make instructive and edifying as well as charmingly interesting reading. It is pleasant to learn that to the Sisters "the doctors of the city have given of their time and their skill—and have asked nought in return. The lawyers have given their advice and their help—and have tendered no bill. The merchants have given their wares of all kinds—and have smiled in the giving." We should like to learn, later on, that very many of our readers have given an order for this book to the convent in Troy, and we assure them that it will repay the 75 cents which the book will cost them.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The Master Motive." Laure Conan. \$1.
- "The Book of the Lily, and Other Verses." A Sister of the Holy Cross. \$1, net.
- "An Impeached Nation; Being a Study of Irish Outrages." Henry W. Cleary, D. D. 4s. 6d.
- "Report of the Nineteenth Eucharistic Congress. Held at Westminster." \$1.75.
- "Catholic Churchmen in Science." (Second Series.) James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$1.08.

- "The Path which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church." Peter H. Burnett. \$1.50, net.
- "Choice Morsels of the Bread of Life." Rev. C. Coppens, S. J. 60 cts.
- "Father Jim." J. G. R. 10 cts.
- "Graduale Romanum." Dr. F. X. Mathias. \$1.50.
- "The Great Problem." Rev. J. J. Burke. \$1.
- "The Decree on Daily Communion." Father Juan Ferreres, S. J. 75 cts.
- "Rules of Life for the Pastor of Souls." Rev. T. Slater, S. J. \$1.25.
- "The Preachers' Protests." Very Rev. D. I. McDermott. 25 cts.
- "Henry Charles Lea's Historical Writings." Mgr. Baumgarten. 90 cts.
- "The Divine Story." Rev. C. J. Holland, S. T. L. \$1, net.
- "The Catechism in Examples." Vols. IV., V. \$3.
- "The Lady of the Tower, and Other Stories." \$1.25.
- "The Art of Melodeon or Harmonium Playing." J. Singenberger. \$1.50.
- "The Cardinal Democrat. (Henry Edward Manning.)" I. A. Taylor. \$1.25.
- "A Friar Observant." Frances M. Brookfield. \$1.50.
- "The Little Book of Humility and Patience." Archbishop Ullathorne. 60 cts.
- "The Life of St. Melania." Cardinal Rampolla. \$1.50.
- "History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." Rev. E. A. d'Alton, M. R. I. A. \$3.60 per Vol.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. W. Baeten, of the archdiocese of Westminster; Rev. Michael Ronan, archdiocese of Boston; Rev. James O'Connor, diocese of Rochester; Rev. Norbert Callahan, M. S. C.; and Dom Aidan Howlett, O. S. B.

Mother M. Stanislaus, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister Euphrasia, Sisterhood of the Humility of Mary; Sister M. St. John Baptist, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. Aquina, O. S. B.

Mr. Francis X. Muth, Mr. Henry J. Berens, Mr. Augustin Meehan, Mrs. Charles Miller, Miss Margaret Feeley, Mr. Charles Mentzer, Mr. Henry W. Leblane, Mr. William J. Smith, Mr. Adam Knox, Mrs. Daniel Creedon, and Mrs. Ambrose Lee.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 4

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Magdalen.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

"AND who art thou who comes to kneel with me,
And share my vigil here on Calvary?
Oh, who art thou whose heart of grief and pain
Breaks fragrantly with tears like summer rain?"

"Oh, I am one hath known all mad desire,
Whom men hath stoned and hell hath burned
with fire!

Yet once the dead Lord turned on me kind eyes;
Let me draw near the Cross whereon He lies."

"Dost know I bore Him, gave Him His warm
breath
Who hangs for all mankind so maimed in death?
Hadst ever sorrow like to me, O thou
Sad one who comes to weep for pity now?"

"Nay, I am she whose sinning tenebrous
Hath torn thy Flower and darkened heaven thus.
Yet let me weep with thee, O Mother sweet,
For once with tears I washed thy dead Son's feet!"

The Tercentenary of the Discovery of Lake Champlain.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.



HE past days have been given up to a series of memorial celebrations, in which participated the two States of New York and Vermont, under the auspices of a joint commission, the occasion being the discovery of Lake Champlain, three hundred years ago, by the illustrious navigator, explorer and governor

from whom it takes its name. These celebrations were of the most impressive character; militia men from the two States with regulars stationed in the neighborhood, and two of the finest Canadian corps, making the military parade a remarkable one. There were allegorical cars, and water pageants and dramatic representations. In one of the most notable of these, "Hiawatha" was portrayed upon a floating island, and participated in by some one hundred and fifty of the descendants of the aborigines, Algonquins and Hurons chiefly, who fought with the soldier-governor of Quebec in his famous battle against the Iroquois. There was also a counterfeit presentment of Champlain himself in uniform; wearing his plumed hat and having on his arm that weapon which so terrified the savages. There were fireworks and races, and the playing of many bands and the discharge of many cannon.

Needless to say that tens of thousands of people, from every part of the United States and Canada, were assembled there on those tranquil shores, beside the mighty sweep of that expanse of water, to assist at that splendid demonstration. Many of the celebrations had their starting point at Plattsburg, thence to Crown Point, to Burlington and to Isle La Motte. At each historic spot were delivered many and notable discourses, which, it is to be hoped, may be gathered together into some sort of commemorative volume. For though, as one of the speakers observed, the earth is first of all for the living and not for the dead, great lessons

may be learned from those illustrious ones, who in leaving their footprints upon the sands of time, likewise left indelible imprints on the minds and hearts of those who followed in their wake.

Since every feature of the demonstration was carried out with admirable order, dignity and impressiveness, it would be invidious, even if possible in these limits, to single out one from another. One can only, in fact, give a hurried glance at some of the most notable; beginning with that one, which, opening the proceedings, was of unsurpassed interest, at least to Catholics.

On the first Sunday of July, which, by a happy coincidence was the national holiday, an immense multitude assembled at Cliff Haven, Plattsburg, where the Summer School was in session, to assist at the Pontifical Mass celebrated in the open air, with Bishop Hickey of Rochester, as celebrant, and Cardinal Gibbons, as preacher of the occasion. The altar of white birch was simply and beautifully decorated with daisies; flags were draped everywhere about; the gold vestments of the clergy, the purple of the bishops who participated in the ceremony, and the scarlet of the Cardinal, made up an imposing whole. That vast multitude kneeling at the moment of the Elevation or during the more solemn parts of the Mass, was truly a splendid spectacle. It was as if the materialistic spirit of progress had fled for the time being, and other standards and other ideals were once more in the ascendant, while it emphasized the part which the undying Church had taken in the foundation of this continent and would continue to take in its progress to the end.

The sermon of his Eminence as is usual with his discourses, was clear, luminous, abounding in thought; but it was characterized by an unwonted emotion, perhaps because of the theme and of the occasion. Its subject was the Church, carrying down throughout the ages the torch of civilization, but the

speaker necessarily made allusion to the hero of the day.

"Champlain," he said, "was a grand character. Not only was he a great explorer, but, like the Apostles themselves, he was endowed with their true spirit. His great aim in all his campaigns was to convert to the true Faith the aborigines whom he encountered."

The orator likewise touched upon the services which France—Catholic France, France of the past—has rendered to America entire. "There were heroes in those days," he declared; "and we of the present are indebted to France for the heroes that she sent to the new land."

And while praising those men of genius for their works, those intrepid explorers, who were actuated by desire for the glory of France and the glory of God, he said: "There should be no drones in the hive. To-day each one of you should register two vows: to dedicate yourselves to your country and to your God. No American citizen should be an indifferent spectator of the social, moral, religious, economic and even political problems that are agitated around us. As we are all supported in life and property by the arm of, a strong and enlightened government, so should we all co-operate in sustaining the hands that hold the reins of that government."

At the conclusion of the Mass, the caravelle, *Don de Dieu*, replica of the vessel in which Champlain made his voyages, was towed away to Crown Point. The music on that notable occasion was furnished by the choir of St. Patrick's Church, the mother church of the Irish and English-speaking Catholics of Montreal, now under the pastorate of Father Gerald McShane, of the Sulpician Order. These choristers were publicly thanked by Mgr. McMahon of the Summer School, who had himself taken so large a share in the success of that great day. In the afternoon, the same musicians, with their able supporters, the children of the local schools, gave a

concert in the open air, of which the most notable feature was the singing of "Canada."

At Isle La Motte, or, more properly speaking, at the point of land to the northward thereof, occurred another and exceedingly touching celebration. Every step there was historic ground; for there long ago, on that memorable 5th of July, Champlain arrived with his small contingent of white men and red; and there came the Sieur de La Motte to build a fort, since this was one of the important strategic points upon the great water-way of the North, and this fort was named St. Anne. There too, still later, hastened from Montreal, making the journey upon snowshoes, the famous Sulpician and author, Dollier de Casson, to minister to the soldiers of De Tracy, afflicted with a dread disease. Thither also proceeded the great Laval, in the course of his pastoral visit, being received with every expression of joy.

On that ground, of the most historic interest, probably, in Vermont, took place a splendid celebration. A Pontifical Mass was likewise offered up in the open air by the Coadjutor Bishop of Quebec, Mgr. Roy; and a sermon preached by the eminent pulpit orator, Abbé Lecoq, the superior of St. Sulpice, Montreal. In the afternoon Benediction was given, and a masterly discourse was delivered by Father Loiseau, S. J. It may be mentioned that, as regarded the French portion of the celebrations, a very prominent part was taken by the St. Jean Baptiste Society of the United States, with its various branches, and its indefatigable ex-chaplain, Abbé Chagnon; whereas in all that related to the English-speaking part of the programme the Knights of Columbus and other Catholic associations were well represented.

Nothing was more thrilling than the day at Carillon. Tuesday was given up to the celebration of those historic scenes and illustrious personages, who came back from the dim past to consecrate

by their presence the borders of that historic Lake. While never for an instant the noble figure of Champlain, so impressive in its simplicity, was lost sight of by orator or preacher, other names were introduced, especially in the admirable historical summary of Governor Hughes: Wolfe and Amherst and Holmes, Seth Warner and Montgomery. For there, on that very spot, was fought and won many a battle, the last being by sturdy Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys, who, "in the Name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," took from General Amherst, the fortress, then Crown Point, thenceforward remaining in the hands of the Americans, and bearing the name of Ticonderaga; there the British General, Amherst, carried the place by assault from the French Commander Bourlamarque; and there, which is the memory that, at least for Canadians, clings most closely about the place, the Marquis de Montcalm defeated an overwhelming force under the English General, Abercrombie. That last victory has, somehow, given its principal significance to Carillon, to which the impassioned strophes of a French Canadian poet, constituting perhaps the finest of Canadian ballads, has given an imperishable glamour.

But higher and deeper than any victory obtained there or elsewhere, is the character of Montcalm himself, who, later, gained a mournful celebrity on the Plains of Abraham, where he died in the moment of defeat. Without question, he is perhaps the most gallant figure that appeared upon the ever-changing arena of the New World, and a worthy opponent of the brave, simple, and heroic Wolfe.

On the 7th of July the commemoration organized by the Historical Society set out from the Church of St. Peter. It was an impressive procession, with its allegorical cars and its historical figures; as it passed through streets that were gorgeously decorated. The celebration took place on the actual field of battle, to which the concourse of people were

welcomed by Mr. W. Jeffers, in the enforced absence of the President of the Society, Dr. Cummings, who had been conspicuously active in organizing the demonstration. Rev. Father Chagnon, chaplain emeritus of the St. Jean Baptiste Society, blessed the memorial cross, a replica of that placed upon the same spot by the great Montcalm.

Then, in the soft dusk of that summer evening, the Abbé Rianville intoned the first verse of the Song of Carillon, in the refrain of which thousands of voices joined:

O Carillon, je te revois encore!

The effect was magical; for every heart thrilled, every eye was moist. A panegyric was delivered by M. Jusseraud, ambassador of France at Washington. He gave an excellent epitome of the life and character of the hero of Carillon, who resembled rather some paladin of old than an ordinary commander, and in whom his bitterest foes have discovered scarcely a fault. The discourse did full justice to the subject, though there was, possibly, an air of constraint when the representative of France of to-day strove to portray the soldier of the past, whose ideals were far other than those which animate her public men of the present.

The Canadian residents of Plattsburg, as afterward at Burlington, organized amongst themselves an imposing demonstration, which at the former place began with a Low Mass in the morning, offered at St. Peter's Church by the Coadjutor of Montreal, at which an appropriate and extremely eloquent sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Dezeis, O. M. I. This was followed by a parade, embracing many historical features, in which joined the St. Jean Baptiste and other French Canadian societies and their compatriots of the city.

Wednesday was President's Day at Plattsburg, which he opened by an address at the Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven. The most striking event in that mid-week demonstration was the military parade, in which an unprecedented number

of regiments took place and which was most inspiring. Banquets, reunions, and literary exercises in the evening filled that day, together with the speeches of the President, Senator Elihu Root, and of Mr. Lemieux and the governors. Each day these hard-worked gentlemen had to speak somewhere, and it was wonderful with what tact, what avoidance of wearisome reiteration, these orations were made to fit each separate circumstance. The President's tribute to the soldier governor, explorer and colonizer, was remarkably sympathetic in tone, and glowed with a spontaneous cordiality that showed that the genial chief magistrate of the Republic had gained considerable insight into the characteristics and mode of thought of the Catholic French Canadians during his sixteen summers at Murray Bay. He had, of course, to reserve himself for Burlington, where President's Day occurred again, and where he made the same happy impression. Mr. Taft paid a warm, discriminating tribute to the model man, soldier, legislator and author, who, by his courage and initiative, had laid the foundation of an empire on the soil of the New World.

All the speakers made a strong plea for peace. Mr. Bryce was perhaps the most emphatic, expressing the hope that armed contests were a thing of the past, only to be remembered for the great lessons they had taught, and to do honor to the heroic men who played therein their appointed part. And the panegyrics, each in turn, did homage to the truly Christian character of the great navigator whose life, as President Taft declared, was open to inspection and beyond reproach in every page. Many a glowing allusion was likewise made to the apostles and martyrs, who ennobled by their sufferings, or crimsoned with their blood that soil which Champlain and the other explorers, and Montcalm and the other soldiers, defended at the cost of their lives and at the price of personal endurance carried to its highest limits.

An impressive moment occurred at sun-

set, on that memorable day at Plattsburg when all the bands there assembled, with the various regiments, after the playing of "Assembly," burst into the "Star-Spangled Banner," while every head was bared and Old Glory was lowered on the flagstaff. At that instant surged up in the minds of all present a reverence for that flag, symbol of freedom, which now floats over a vast area, including so much of that territory for which the two grandest nations of Europe, England and France, contended; and each American at least was conscious of a warmer glow of patriotism.

At Burlington, an immense concourse of people assembled to do honor to the occasion, their number being computed at fifty thousand; and the various orators who had been so often heard upon those festival days, and in particular the two governors, together with the Rt. Rev. Arthur Hall, Episcopal Bishop of Vermont, again paid their tribute to the discoverer of the Lake, and acknowledged, as it was aptly put by the Ambassador of France, that his country had left indelible imprints upon American soil, and that its influence was perceptible in the very name of that rarely beautiful State, wherein they were all assembled.

In view of all these demonstrations, recorded in detail in the daily journals, and of the constant allusions to his life, it may seem almost superfluous to give a few details as to the character and exploits of the man who supplied the motive for these rejoicings,—the "father of New France, the founder of its capital city and first colony."

Born at Brouage, near Saintonge, he was the son of a sea captain and he very soon embraced a seafaring life, for which, he tells us, he felt from his earliest years a strong attraction. He accompanied his uncle, a stout old tar, chief pilot to the King of Spain, to that country on board the *St. Julien*—a hardy little craft,—which had the honor, for its seafaring qualities, of being included in the fleet

which just then proceeded from Spain to South America. Of that expedition, the future governor has left a full account in the first volume of his "Voyages."

It was in July 1608, that the explorer landed upon the narrow stretch of territory beneath the high cliffs of Quebec. Upon these frowning rocks he presently began his settlement, so gaining a foothold, which was maintained by that hardy little band of Frenchmen, in the face of incredible perils and hardships, and in the midst of barbarous nomads, who constituted a perpetual menace. As legislator and as governor, Champlain displayed those same qualities which had made him conspicuous as a navigator. He had the art of governing, and he maintained the most exact discipline in the city, which was as "a well-regulated seminary"—he himself leading almost the life of a monk—in its prayerfulness and its regularity. Indifferent to personal comfort, Champlain pursued his explorations, led in great part by apostolic zeal, into the very heart of heathendom. Once he spent a whole winter with the savages on the shores of Lake Simcoe, where was shortly to be established the most important and most fruitful in results of the missions, that of the Hurons.

He strove in every possible way to develop the resources of the country, mineral, piscatorial, or agricultural, and his dream was to unite the aborigines with the whites, in bonds of perfect amity. Despite the constant and harassing cares of his government of Quebec, he pushed his explorations far. He followed the Ottawa to its source, and discovered Lake Nipissing, which has become a central point in the great silver camp of the present day. He likewise built a fort at the site of the future Montreal, and marked it out as a spot for later colonization. In fact, there was nothing which he left undone to advance the temporal interests of the country over which he ruled.

But the greatest benefit which he con-

ferred thereupon was the bringing thither of the missionaries; first, the Recollets, one of whom, the veteran Father Do!beau, said the first Mass on the heights of Quebec. At a later period the Governor brought with him from France the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, who contributed some of the most glorious pages to the history of New France, and who likewise extended their journeyings into the very regions of the memorial celebrations, carrying thither the light of the Gospel and the arts of civilization.

Little wonder that when, on that Christmas Day of 1635, Samuel de Champlain, stricken by paralysis, breathed his last at the historic Fort of St. Louis, which he had built, a wail of sorrow went up from one end of the colony to the other, and that his memory has remained in benediction through the length and breadth of the vast empire he founded. During the tercentenary of Quebec last year, and during the festivities of this summer, his name has been on every lip, and his praises sung by men of every race and of every creed. He possessed indeed the solid and enduring qualities that make for immortality, founded upon that faith which went before him into the wilderness, as the pillar of fire before the chosen people. In small limits there is no possibility of doing justice to his character, as it presents itself to the mind in its antique simplicity and grandeur, its heroism, its passion for truth, its fiery, indomitable energy. It has remained, and must remain forever, an exemplar to the generations that shall follow.

WHEN we are dominated by irritability, we are safe to give utterance to remarks which, in themselves or in the manner of our making them, are rude and uncivil; and it is well to remember that, as Dr. Johnson puts it, "a man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down."

Beppo and the Beacon Shrine.

BY JOHN KEVIN MAGNER.

IV.

IT was blowing great guns in the black mirk all around them. The unseen wind was so strong that Jack thought he realized the Egyptian darkness that could be felt. His Italian now stood him in stead. With strained ears he obeyed swiftly every crisp, curt order of the undismayed padrone. At length there came a lull in what other climes would call a hurricane. The sails no longer beat like steel cuirasses against Jack's brows and breast when he climbed to furl them ever so little. Further out at sea, where swifter and less heavily-laden barks now were, the gale had spent most of its fury. Were the beacon shrine burning, they could have reversed their course, and felt their way gently home. But Madonna's lamp gave no heart of grace. The padrone, now that the great strain was over, allowed himself to relax into congenial despondency.

"We shall stay here till the dawn," he said. "And we shall lose our market. I knew well that there was not enough oil in the beacon."

As he spoke, there came a last great gust,—the final big "capful" of the gale, and with it a keen cry from boats that had ridden out the storm in more distant waters. *The beacon was blazing anew!*

Whose hands had rekindled it, whether human or perchance angelic, in response to the countless prayers that had been blown to the shrine, as it were, in the angry night-watches, they had no time to consider. The strong light and the definite outlines showed them how dangerously near the shore they were, despite all their efforts, against a head-wind. And the oblique beams indicated a worse but mercifully now avoidable peril. They were to northward of a rock-bound promontory, from which it would take

them hours, in British phrase, to "claw off." As it was, there was something of the miraculous in the fact that the less seaworthy craft had not been dashed asunder on the rocks that led far seaward from the base of the cliff.

Mercifully, all was now safe. It was just a question of time and labor and much patience. Jack Leathley, as he worked incessantly on the square, unwieldy mainsail, either heard, or thought he heard, from the direction of Trebbia harbor-gate, what sounded like a shrill woman's voice. It sang, with truer melody than he had yet heard from the tired lips of Italian womenkind, the verse of the *Ave Maris Stella* that runs:

Vitam præsta puram,
Iter para tutum,
Ut videntes Jesum,
Semper collætémur.

The voice died in wailing, and he could see no one on the stonework of the shrine, that now flamed nearer, nor had he time nor means to use his night-glass.

At length, in the grey gloaming of the early, overcast dawn, the boats stood in to the harbor-gate, with nol ives lost, no vessel shattered, no cargo jettisoned.

And there, at the feet of the figure of Mother and Child, lay the bruised form of Beppo Davia, lifeless, to all seeming. One hand held a torch of twisted newspaper, steeped in petroleum. The other rested heavily on the hideous, red-painted can with which he had replenished the failing flare. Sodden, extinguished wooden matches lay strewn about, and the old tub of a wherry in which the child had rowed out to save his friends—and his friend—at sea, now bumped idly on the morning tide, against the sides of the homing boats.

"Ah!" said the sad padrone, following Jack's eyes. "The child Beppo has saved us. Having no father of his own, he has rescued us, who are the fathers of many children, and have great taxes to pay. He has given his life for the fishermen of Trebbia. That is right, that is good! Signore, it is noble, and we shall make

him a small marble tablet on the shrine, like an ex-voto, with some Latin words written by the Signor Curato. I knew there was not oil enough, and so did Beppo Davia—afterward."

But Jack Leathley had leaped fiercely over the side, and luckily landed by a flying jump into the creaking old boat that had borne his friend Beppo to his death. Using powerfully the one short oar that still stuck idly in the thwarts, he rowed a strong zigzag course to where the sunlit waves now plashed gently on the wave-worn steps of the shrine. Mounting these, two in a stride, he swathed the boy's cold figure in his pea-jacket, and pressed him against his body, though he retained but little of animal warmth after the night's long adventure. Catching sight of that mild-mannered anti-clerical, Dr. Buongiovanni, on the beach, Jack entered the boat again, and rowed, one-handed, to shore before the padrone could believe his eyes, or utter the invariable remark that all these English are mad.

Dr. Giovanni made a short examination, shook his head very sadly, and gave his opinion that life was extinct. But Jack bore his burden to a dry patch of sunny sand, (the first level beams having now pierced the clouds) and began the rhythmical movements for the restoration of life to those apparently drowned which he had learned when teaching his slum-boys how to swim. He commanded, rather than asked, the older man to chafe the extremities while he worked. The grandparents of Beppo came toward them as the work went forward, whimpering but not very solicitous. Jack called to them to bring the Curato at once, and, having brought him, to stop away from the scene, and make others do the like.

Half an hour went by, while Jack toiled away to induce the "windy suspiration of forced breath" in the brave and battered little body. "I think we may cease now," said the Doctor. "There is no sign of life, Signore. I fear me the child was dead before you came into port."

"I bow to your knowledge, Dr. Buongiovanni," said Jack, "but only if you think you can certify that death is due to injury. Yet no bones are broken, so I shall go on for a full hour. You know better than I from your reading that cases are on record where the English method has restored animation after two hours."

"You are a noble fellow, Signor Leathley," said the old Doctor, his skilled palms working swiftly over the cold little feet and legs. His spectacles dimmed a little as he added: "And this was a noble child. What can be nobler than to lay down one's life for others—and without encouragement? He must have come from his bed by stealth to watch the flare. We are sound sleepers in Trebbia. And his grandfather and grandmother—they are rather stupid people."

No sign of life had as yet appeared. The beach began to be peopled. The men from the boats and the women from the village formed a wide, irregular circle around the strange trio—the ex-parson, the anti-clerical, and the Catholic child,—if the little form in their hands could still be called a child.

"One man has approached near to us," said the Doctor softly to Jack. "Ah! it is the padrone of your boat. He is always timorous when there is no need, and yet self-possessed when there is call for action. I will send him swiftly to my house to bring you a little brandy, Signor Leathley. Believe me, as your adviser, that you need it. Also it will be useful if your hopes for this little one be true."

The padrone came with doffed cap, and departed at a running pace on the errand his imagination (so often both the cause and the compensation of the nervous temperament) had quite anticipated.

"I am glad he is gone," said the Doctor, humbly chafing away, while Jack tirelessly raised and depressed the little elbows. "I wished to say this to you out of hearing, Signor Leathley. You are what the good

Curato would call a misbeliever. Me he would rightly term—at least till this child died—an unbeliever. But now—"

There was a silence, during which the old physician wept a little, without relaxing his endeavors to restore life. Then he mastered himself.

"But now, Signore, all this that we are doing has set me thinking of my First Communion."

Without ceasing the pumplike action on the dimpled arms, Jack looked the Doctor gravely in the face.

"Doctor," he said, "it has set me thinking of mine. 'Tis the old, old story Doctor: 'A little child shall lead them.' But before I make my First Communion, I must be baptized,—at least conditionally, into the faith of that Catholic Church we have both of us been years estranged from. And you must be my sponsor at the font, Dr. Buongiovanni."

"Come and see me go to the altar-rails next Sunday," said the Doctor, huskily.

"And now to work," said Jack. "Lift an eyelid, Doctor. There! Is not that brighter?"

The padrone approached with the brandy, of which Jack took a small sip that invigorated him wondrously, as is always the case when strictly temperate men use a needed stimulant. The Doctor poured some into the palms of his hands, and rubbed away for dear life.

Presently Beppo opened his eyes, and gave a faint cry that ended in a little gasp. It was now for the Doctor to take command of the patient, and for Jack to stand by, aching in every limb, and to pray while the good padrone brought heated blankets and restoratives from the surgery a few hundred paces distant.

The boy was not yet conscious, but Jack had high hopes. Just as the padrone, at the Doctor's request, had brought a grass hammock to transfer the child to bed at his grandparents' house, the Curato appeared on the scene. His recollected air showed the three men, who slipped instinctively to their knees in the soft,

warm sand, that he bore a sacred Burden.

Beppo's lips began to move. The Doctor shuffled quickly on his knees and bowed over him.

"I thought—I—would—wake—again—in Paradise," said Beppo.

"Be brave," said the Doctor. "What I am about to do will give you *ever* so little pain, if any."

Beppo did not flinch an eyelid as the point of the hypodermic needle went into his arm, and a trace of strychnine gave help to the sorely-tried heart.

The Curato approached, and spread his sick-call case on the flat stretch of sand beside them. Dr. Buongiovanni swiftly lit the two tiny tapers. There was now scarce a breeze to disturb their pale lustre. The Curato regarded him gravely.

"I was about to ask you Doctor," said the priest, "if this child be in immediate danger of death. I confess I was about to put this question to you solely as a physician. But now—" the white fingers indicated his wonderment, as the Curato pointed to where the Doctor's wax match lay smoking in the sand.

"But now you ask it of me as a believer in Christ Jesus Our Lord, and in the Church of His espousals; and you have reason," said the Doctor swiftly. "More of this when I come to your tribunal of penance, Signor Curato. Meanwhile, this dear child can not live for more than an hour. The Signor Leathley has worked nobly, but the spine is fatally injured. Mercifully, there will be little or no pain."

Jack Leathley went grey beneath his sunburn and his mouth twitched.

"Let me stay till the end, Father," he said. "I am a catechumen now,—a Catholic in desire."

"Certainly," said the priest. "But withdraw for a few moments while I hear for the first time the confession of such little faults as the child may have on his soul—or may think that he has."

The three men (for the padrone was still at hand, ready to do all that was

asked of him) retired about forty paces, to where the grandparents of the dying boy were kneeling. To either hand were the weeping women of Trebbia; while the men and boys and children were assembled in reverent groups so as to form the rough circle that has been described. Only here and there could one note the standing form of some man whose unbelief overcame his sense of reverence. Yet even these had uncapped, and their eyes showed that the kneeling posture of the Mayor, their anti-clerical leader, had rendered them vaguely uneasy.

The brief confession over, the three men and the grandparents advanced and knelt about Beppo as he received his First and Last Communion. It was a beautiful sight, and John Leathley wept as if his heart would break. Beppo turned as the Curato, on a word from the Doctor, proceeded with reverent haste to the Last Anointing.

"Dear Sior Giovanni!" he said softly. "You weep now, but all the sadness has left your face. Before, even when you smiled, your eyes were sad."

The last Blessing was given, and the prayers in commendation of a departing soul were begun. The responses sprang to Dr. Buongiovanni's lips, out of some sacred recess of memory, and he made them in distinct tones that were his act of faith to the few misguided men who stood erect among the kneeling throng.

All had not taken half an hour, and the Curato left them before Beppo's bright soul had fled. He told our friends afterward that he was bearing Holy Communion, not as Viaticum, to a devout, bedridden parishioner when Providence made him choose the path by the sea, and that he could hardly account for the valuable absence of mind that made him pocket the case with the oil-stocks as he left the sacristy.

The groups closed a little round Beppo as the Curato's spare form disappeared at the turn of the upward track that led to the church.

"Sior Lisli," said Beppo faintly. "Stoop down and listen to me."

Jack Leathley bowed his head, and Beppo continued:

"The waves have washed well the baked honey of the comet-cakes from me now, dear friend." The dark eyes twinkled beneath the film that began to gather over them like the inner lid on the eyes of a bird. "So you must kiss me farewell. I know that you wished me to be a priest. It was not to be. But *you*—yes, *you* will be the priest. And you will say Mass for me, and I shall pray for you. You will see that I am right. Did I not say that I would die for you? And gladly? *Addio!* I have never loved anybody in the world so well as you,—no, not anybody."

Jack kissed the child's brow and cheeks, and then motioned to the grandparents to approach, for the end was now very near. They were a strangely stolid pair, and when Beppo most humbly begged their forgiveness for whatsoever disobedience or other wrong he had done them in his short life, Jack was thankful for a whisper from Buongiovanni that this was customary at all good Catholic deathbeds.

A light delirium supervened, and Beppo raved meekly of the storm, and of the danger to the poor men out at sea, and of his friend Lisli, and of the power of the dear Madonna. Then, with a loud cry of "*Dei Mater alma!*" as if in sequence to the call Jack had heard at sea, he sank dead into the strong arms that held him, his lips parted and even smiling upon their last of earthly refrains. Doctor Buongiovanni, who had been praying fervently, lost professional command for a moment in the sheer agony of gratitude for the grace of conversion. But when the grandparents were for unconcernedly picking up the little body, he mastered his emotion and bade them wait till the first simple offices were done, by his own hands. When he had bound the baby face, the woman approached to place copper coins on the eyelids. The Doctor

spun these aside, almost angrily, and wrenched from his watch-chain a couple of gold medallions. They bore Masonic emblems, but it was the significance of the precious metal only that the Doctor sought as he reverently placed them in position. The act, instinctive as it was, had a twofold symbolism—of reverence to the Church and of farewell to unbelief. There was almsgiving in it too, for the sale of the golden discs more than paid for the simple funeral whose cost Jack Leathley would so gladly himself have defrayed.

Dr. Buongiovanni had been approaching the altar-rails for not more than four Sundays after these events when he was called upon to stand sponsor at the font for his strapping godchild, John Leathley, whose previous recitation of the Creed of Pius IV. was made with such manifest gusto as to amuse the kind Curato, if it touched the emotional Doctor. The deputy for Trebbia was scared by the defection of so seemingly safe a man, and communicated his fears to the Government, with the result that a fine lighthouse has been erected to shield Trebbia port. But the beacon shrine yet remains, adorned with a marble tablet bearing Beppo Davia's name, and saying—not in Latin but in simple workaday Italian—that none hath greater love than he who layeth down his life for his friend.

It is Father John Leathley who has told me all this that I have written. He was ordained priest last Easter, and is as happy as the day is long. Father John's day is particularly long, by the way; for he belongs to a society of missionaries who devote themselves in our seaports to the spiritual care of emigrant Italians. At his confirmation, he took the name of Joseph. This is assuredly most beautiful in itself, and on the highest grounds. But it is also the English form of "*Giuseppe*," of which the affectionate Southern diminutive is "*Beppo*."

Life's Panacea.

(A Rondolet.)

BY A. B. O'N.

AVE MARIA!

Sweetest of greetings e'er heard through the
ages,—

Ave Maria!

Sweetest of prayers, too, my life's panacea;
Prayer that the heat of all passions assuages,
Pledge of true peace, though the world-tempest
rages,—

Ave Maria!

Sir Stephen de Vere.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

III.—THE BLACK BOOKS.

THE next good act of his that I remember," says an old man who was almost contemporary with Sir Stephen, "was when one Mornane from Mitchelstown, County Cork, was being tried in Limerick for murder; Mr. Stephen was one of the jurors. There were eleven for finding Mornane guilty; Mr. Stephen was the twelfth, and he could not find him guilty. All the jurors were locked in for the night. Next morning the foreman came before the judge and said there was no chance of agreeing. So the judge let the jurors off, also Mornane. Mr. Stephen was put off the jury for seven years." "Never summoned," added Mr. Michael McMahon of Curragh Chase, with a solemn shake of his head,—“never summoned as juror for seven years.”

And this Sir Stephen was a Deputy Lieutenant of the County of Limerick for scores of years afterward,—the man who was not considered fit by the government of that day to be a juror! Which was it that had changed—the man or the executive or the laws? Not the man; it was the executive and the laws.

The Clare Election, with its great historic and religious victory for Catholics, had in the private history of each peasant

home a lamentable foreboding. The land, political power, and social supremacy lay absolutely in the hands of that portion of the nation known as the upper class; the poor class dwelt on the land, worked it, and served the upper class in various ways besides paying rent. This Clare Election was an object-lesson of hope to the lower half, but of sound and threatening danger to the upper half. The latter feared that if the former got any further political power, the day of doom for their own class had dawned. But they could prevent it thus: hold the tenants in such a way that if they did not act in a satisfactory manner, they could throw them out of the land; when the evicted would have to emigrate,—to “go with a vengeance.”

The life of Sir Stephen during those years between his coming of age in 1833 and his becoming a public man in 1846, a dozen years afterward, is but a reflex of the history of those times in Ireland. There was never a period in which the country was so honeycombed with secret societies, so startled by sudden and fearful murders, and so terrorized with hanging assizes and gibbeted victims. Oh, have pity on the multitude, when unprotected by government or by laws! They are forced to unite midnight meetings and secret societies when, finding no redress in appeals to justice or humanity, they have recourse to the secret oath of blood and the awful justice of revenge.

“I consider tenant-right,” said the English official, Mr. Fandcock, before the Devon Commission in 1843, “essential to the community, because it establishes security in the possession of the land; . . . and if systematic efforts were made by the landlords of Ulster to invade the tenant-right [existing there], I do not think there is force at the disposal of the Horse Guards [of England] sufficient to keep the peace of the province.”

Mr. Fandcock, in the year 1860, almost twenty years afterward, writes of this evidence thus: “My evidence in 1844

was prepared under the advice of Lord Lurgan who, as a resident landlord, devoted twenty-five years in the development of his estates. . . . I now confirm the same evidence by twenty-five years more experience, which is giving the history of nearly fifty years of an estate in Ulster, managed to the satisfaction of both landlord and tenant, and on which tenant-right, peace, prosperity and progress prevailed, and on which the police force numbers less than half the average throughout the country."

It gave two advantages to the landlords to hold the tenants thus: first, power to raise rents, and thus increase their incomes; and secondly, it gave absolute and unrestricted power to turn tenants out on the roadside without compensation and without redress. If ever the history of a class needed an apologist, it is indeed the landlord class of Ireland in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Unfortunately, it is necessary to write thus, if one would dream of speaking properly of the state of Ireland from 1830 to 1840. The only work I know of that might be counted as an apology for the landlord class during this period is Trench's "Realities of Irish Life." But as soon as the autobiographical portion of that work is extracted (and that is no small portion, by the way), the remainder is a veiled arraignment of the government of the powers that be, rather than the caricature and condemnation of the unfortunate tenantry of the barony of Farney (near Carrickmacross), for which the author had intended it.

"In writing the history of a people," says Lecky, "it is neither just nor reasonable to omit the record of its prevalent crime; but it is one thing to relate this; it is quite another thing to select the criminals of a nation as specially representative of its ideas. It is peculiarly necessary that the history of such a nation as the Irish should be written if not with some generosity, at least with some candor; that a serious effort should be made to

present in their true proportions both the lights and the shades of the picture; to trace the effects to their causes, and to make a due allowance for circumstances and for antecedents. If that is not done, or at least attempted, the history may easily sink to the level of the worst type of party pamphleteering."

What can any reasoning man expect, when laws or government will not protect bodies of men, but that these bodies will turn to combination? And what again, if open and avowed combination be not permitted but is repressed,—what, but that these bodies of men will step back and withdraw upon their next line of defence—secret conspiracy and unlawful methods? In the North of Ireland were the "Steel Boys." In Louth, Meath, and the midland counties were the Ribbon Men. In southeast Leinster were the Whitefeet.

The Whiteboy Association may be considered as a vast trades-union for the protection of Irish peasantry; the object being, not to regulate the rate of wages or the hours of work; but to keep the actual occupier in the possession of his land, and in general to regulate the relation of landlord and tenant for the benefit of the latter. "The main object," says Lord Russell, "was to keep the actual tenant in undisturbed possession of his holding, and cause it to be transferred at his death to his family, by preventing and punishing ejectments, and the taking of land over another's head which is land-grabbing."

As in all cases of a like kind, there were blessed exceptions; and to which of these two classes shall the young De Vere, now grown to man's estate, belong? Shall he be of the humane exceptions, or shall he oppress the tenants, and "all their tyrants join in hate?"

An educated people can see the power of moral force; an uneducated people can see nothing but the force of physical power. The crushed and embittered peasants can see the crows that ravage their crops shot down; they can see the

fox that plunders their poultry yard at night shot down. That is power, unerring, swift, and sure. In their minds, it is only one step farther to level the piece at their oppressor. And were it not for conscience and religion, Ireland had been during those times a charnel house.

"Rev. Daniel Brown, Presbyterian clergyman of Armagh, examined on one occasion was asked:

"Do you think these outrages are the result of the Ribbon Society?"

"I can not say what may have been the agency employed. I am not cognizant of that; but I feel satisfied, in my own judgment, that they arose from the unfortunate relations between landlords and tenants. I do not impute them to religion or politics; and I further say when the State has not provided a suitable remedy the principles of human nature will lead men to seek a remedy elsewhere; and the bad men, taking advantage of that, will then commit crimes. Coercion without remedial measures will only aggravate the disorders of the community, and justice is the only firm basis for order. The oppression of rack-rents and extra police taxation (which is punishing the innocent for the guilty) exasperates the community, and drives multitudes of them to a land where labor finds its reward."*

There were two religions in Ireland. The Protestant took the landlord class, with its petty clientele of agents and bailiffs, under its protection. It need not be said that that religion could possibly have no influence on the Catholic peasant: it was the religion of his oppressor.

Mr. Lucius O'Brien [whose family was very closely connected with Sir Stephen de Vere's] made a remarkably bold and telling speech in Parliament, wherein he lamented the deplorable condition of the inhabitants of the county in which he lived, "arising from the total neglect of those who had nominally the care of their souls and the tithe of their property (the Protestant clergy). He went on to say

there were seventy-six parishes and no more than fourteen churches, so that sixty-two parishes were sinecures.... Who can suppose that men will patiently suffer the extortion of a tithe monger, where no duty for which the tithe is paid has been performed in the memory of man?"*

The Catholic religion was therefore the only one to bind up the peasant's wounds, and to pour in oil and wine; if religion at all were to do it.

A boatful of "Whitefeet" was to pass along the canal one day through the County Kildare. The famous Dr. Doyle ("J. K. L."), accompanied by three or four priests, repaired to the water's edge, and there awaited the arrival of the boat, which was crammed,—its deck was black with heads. At the Bishop's word of command the horses drew up, and the people, awestricken, listened attentively to his admonitions. "Dr. Doyle's majesty of appearance," observes an eyewitness, "never appeared to greater advantage. His great depth of figure was drawn up grandly; the flashing glance of his dark eye pierced every heart, and read every thought; while the severity of his lofty countenance and the sepulchral intonation of his voice were well qualified to add impressiveness. He addressed the people for an hour, pausing at every point, as was his wont, to increase the effect the more. Many persons got out of the boat and turned homeward; but others sullenly persisted in their dark intention, regardless of the Bishop's ban."

Some time after the Bishop was in Stradbally church on visitation; in his address to the congregation, among other things he said: "I know the miseries of the poor, and accordingly—often deterred by the anticipation of some such objections as the following,—even I have sometimes forborne to remonstrate with you, as I might justly have done. Show to us, it might be said, by and among some of you, that if we be patient and submissive, we shall not be banished from our

* Lord Russell.

* Lenihan.

homes; that we shall not be reduced till even roots and water fail our children; that in disease and hunger we shall not be left, as heretofore, to perish; in fine, show to us that all our sufferings will not be aggravated,—show us that all those things will not happen, and we will freely and cheerfully acquiesce in your advice. You speak to us of the punishment which awaits us. What punishment can be greater than to die of hunger? You remind us of the afflictions we bring upon our families. What affliction can surpass that of the mother and children driven, in a state of utter destitution, from the fireside and threshold of their homes to wander, friendless and hopeless, through a world that rejects them, till hunger and disease strike them to the earth, and death comes to absolve them from their sufferings?" The audience now variously expressed their sympathies; some of the old men and women gave vent to their feelings in deep-drawn sighs and groans; many of the multitude ejaculated prayers.

"The widow and the orphan may have perished; and the honest cottier, torn from the land to which nature attracted him, may have withered and died; but you, reprobates, are seldom the children of that widow or the sons of that peasant. But even if you be, let me at once remind any such among you that revenge is forbidden. The Lord saith 'Revenge is mine, and I will repay.' God alone, or those who hold power from Him, can ever execute justice. Revenge is totally forbidden to man; it is reserved exclusively to God. Let this truth sink deep into your souls then; let it never depart from you; tell it morn and night to your children in your poor huts and cabins; and if turned forth on the world to starve and die, repeat it; amid the darkness of night, and when the storm and rain pelt you and your little ones, as you shiver in your hunger and your raggedness, still, ever, ever repeat it—'Revenge is God's alone.'"

(To be continued.)

The Testing of Juan Andres.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HUGHES.

JUAN ANDRES was praised by the new agent, Dewey, as the "whitest Indian" he had ever known. But Juan Andres, while he lived, had one proud boast; and that was, "I am a full-blood Indian." To tell the truth, Dewey had known few Indians, and never understood any; else he would never have degraded Juan Andres from the office of reservation police. Instead, he would have tested his word of honor again. Dewey had reason, however, to fear the short-sighted criticism of higher government officials: that if he retained Juan Andres in office he would be bribing the Indian to keep him sober.

That this criticism was untrue, Juan Andres proved by his heroic life and death. For years before his betrothal to Dolores of the neighboring Cahuilla tribe, he had been the scandal of the Soboba reservation. He was almost always drunk, and, when drunk, was quarrelsome and dangerous. But Dolores believed in him, that he could be as manly as he was handsome. Tall, straight, muscular, when sober he rode with ease a horse that few cowboys or Indians could conquer. But as to men, so to horses: he was cruel when drinking and kind when abstaining.

"If I can keep him from whisky, I can keep him kind," said Dolores to her mother. The daughter did not then know how prophetic her name would yet prove. Dolores,—sorrows.

"Dolores, my darling," said the mother, "if he will not be sober when he is betrothed, neither will he be when married to you. Test him for one year."

Juan Andres accepted the test. To the delight of Dolores and the wonder of the small Indian and white world in which he lived, he stood it not for one only, but for a second and even a third year.

At the end of the first year of their

happy married life, Juanito was born, and the father's Indian nature asserted itself in all its nobility in the love and care of the child. But when Juanito was only two years old, Juan Andres' mother, whom Juan loved with an Indian son's love, died. He grieved as only an Indian grieves—deeply, silently. At this critical moment, some low whites offered him whisky, "to drown his sorrow," they said. But it was only to hear him rant and quarrel as he used to do years before. This was the first fall of Juan Andres since the test placed upon him by Dolores.

The failure of the test broke the Indian wife's heart. She mourned both the mother she had lost by death and the husband she was losing by drink. The Indian drank harder. He abused her in word; he even struck her. The blow, though physically not heavy, sank deeper than the flesh. Her illness finally sobered Juan Andres,—but too late. Dolores called him to her side, to where she lay upon the floor before the fireplace in their hut, and said:

"Juan dear, you stood the test so nobly and so long; and how happy we were then! Will you not promise me again? I shall believe you. I know you lie not. But I must go. Those Above have called me. To you and them I leave the care of our Juanito: live for him; leave whisky alone. I will watch and pray and wait up there where Padre Bernardo promised me to-day I should go—up among the stars. While Juanito lives, then, you will not drink?"

"So I swear by Those Above," replied Juan Andres simply, solemnly.

"I believe. You lie not," she said.

He raised her hand in his and kissed it. He laid it down and she was dead. Padre Bernardo buried her from the poor little whitewashed chapel where she had been so happily married, where she had prayed so earnestly to the Blessed Virgin for Juan Andres to persevere, and where with such rare piety she had dedicated Juanito in a special manner to God. They laid her in

the Campo Santo of Soboba, among the people whom, in life and death, she had come to call her own.

Sad but brave, Juan Andres took up his duties once more. From Don Manuel, Santa Cruz, a Spaniard of the old California line, who loved the Indians as had his forefathers of the blessed mission days, Juan Andres borrowed seed to plant a garden for himself and child. The garden was such an earnest of his reformation that Heintz, the agent, chose him to be the reservation policeman,—or, rather, the Indians elected and the agent accepted him.

"The office will pay you each month twenty dollars in cash and ten in rations," said Heintz. "I will trust you to keep sober. Do you promise me on your honor?"

"I swear by Those Above while Juanito lives I will not drink," said Juan Andres.

The year passed uneventfully save that never was there better order among the Indians, never such absence of drunkenness. Then Agent Heintz was promoted to a better post. And one of those unsympathetic, inefficient creatures who are gradually being weeded out of the Indian service took his place.

During Dewey's agency, Juanito was taken seriously ill. The Indians recognized it as the variola! What a soft name the Spanish give the cruel smallpox! Juan Andres enlisted the aid of Catalina, an old Indian nurse. She had watched through three epidemics which were only less destructive than *aguardiente*,—fire-water. Faithfully, almost without ever closing his eyes in sleep, Juan Andres watched,—watched till he overheard the white doctor tell the nurse that the child could not live. The father did not hear Catalina say to herself in her native tongue: "The white medicine-man lies." But Juan Andres went out and took his horse. It was a beautiful animal, beneath whose beauty lurked a broncho nature which had claimed as a victim a Mexican cowboy who had tried to break it. Upon this horse Juan Andres rode forth, and came back—drunk. Rather the horse came in riderless.

They found the rider in the *arroyo seco*, or dry river-bed. There the horse had resented ill-treatment by rearing, falling and breaking the drunken rider's leg. The agent took from him his police office and ordered him into quarantine. Catalina now watched over the father as well as the son. And the dread reaper was kinder than the agent. He left Juan Andres unscathed and Juanito cured of smallpox.

Juan Andres came out of quarantine degraded from office, but happy in the possession of his child. With Juanito's life Juan Andres' determination was saved. When able, the physician's work having been well done and his splendid strength assisting, he went forth to work. He was employed by Don Manuel, to whom he was still in debt for last season's seed, as well as for help in his illness, if the Don would let him reckon it. But the first month's wages at two dollars per day and board, would both settle his indebtedness and leave him as much for the care of Juanito as did the police office. "Juan Andres has always been worth as much as the best white workman on the ranch." So said Don Manuel himself, who thought Juan Andres nearly the equal of his own strapping son, Tomas. But now the Indian worked so hard that he added, half in joke—Don Manuel's jokes were always half in earnest: "Don't work so hard Juan, or I shall be compelled to pay you two men's wages."

But Juan Andres worked on as before; till one day, down by the railroad track, where the hay had been half cut and lay in piles, a spark from a passing locomotive fell on the thick fox-tail grass. At once the twenty workmen realized the danger that threatened from the strong wind which was blowing in the direction of the hay-field. They hastened with wet grain-sacks to extinguish the flames. But too late: already the stubble had caught. The cut hay was catching,—the fire must soon reach the standing grain. How it crackled! How it roared and ran! None worked harder than Juan

Andres. Alone he fought and nearly conquered a long line of burning grass; meantime the others had gone to start a backfire in order to cut a wide swath which the main fire could not leap.

While he was left alone, the Indian heard the sharp crack of a rifle. It was the gun that Tomas had left on a pile of hay to shoot the rabbits started by the reapers. Juan Andres now remembered that Carlos—little four-year-old Carlos,—the youngest son of Don Manuel, must still be sleeping near by, where he had laid him, when, weary from following the horses round and round, the child had lain down almost in his own tracks. How tenderly he had handled him! As if he were his own Juanito, as no man but a widowed father can. And over the child's head, to shield him from the hot rays of the sun, he had put his own coat hung upon a pitchfork. Fire now surrounded the child on all sides; should he waken in fear, into the flames he must plunge.

"*Jesus! Maria!*" exclaimed the Indian, dashing into the fiery vortex. He grabbed up the child, who was now fully awakened, and standing bewildered by the noise and the heat and the light. Toward the circle of flame the Indian carried him; the smoke was stifling, blinding. On he went. When, hark! A loud report was heard by the firefighters. Looking, they saw Juan Andres stagger through the flame and fall.

They lifted him up quickly but tenderly. Carlos was safe, but the Indian was mortally wounded. Both barrels of a shotgun had been exploded by the heat and the charge had struck the brave Indian in the back. Into the shade of the old adobe barn they carried him; there, on the new-mown hay, they laid him.

At once Padre Bernardo came. He had come up from the desert that very day to say Mass in the chapel on the ranch. While the priest ministered to him, the men retired, instinctively doffing their hats regardless of their belief. Meantime Tomas had taken Juan Andres'

horse to ride for a doctor. How he rode those five miles to San Jacinto! The horse seemed to understand when Tomas cried: "Faster, for Juan's sake!" but to no avail. Don Manuel went to the chapel for the holy oils with which Padre Bernardo would anoint Juan. Juan Andres' confession was brief: time was short and he had received Holy Communion when Dolores died. Now the Indian committed to the priest a secret which he had guarded many days—a legacy from Dolores. The doctor came.

"What do you think, doctor?" asked Juan, who, turning at once to the priest, answered his own question: "Father, I am going very soon to my wife. But who will care for my boy Juanito?"

"I will," said the priest unhesitatingly.

"No: *I!*" pleaded Don Manuel.

Juan Andres smiled and answered feebly: "You both, Father dear and dear friend,—one for the body, the other for the soul. And whispering: "Juanito, *adios!* Dolores, I—am—coming!" he seemed to sigh—but the Indian never sighs,—and he was dead.

They laid his body to rest beside that of Dolores in Soboba. And for his soul even rough ranchers dropped a tear and a prayer. Juanito found a home where he is companion and brother to Carlos. Years have passed since it was so, and Padre Bernardo is happy and hopeful. He dreams of Juanito as his successor among the Indians with whom he has labored forty long years. But the priest guards the secret still, even though Juanito, of his own accord, has told it to him, too. He watches and prays as did Dolores from the time when in Soboba chapel she dedicated her baby boy, and on her deathbed she committed the secret as a sacred legacy to Juan Andres. Her prayer, which seems about to be fulfilled, was that the boy's soul might be kept pure; his body uncursed by whisky, and his life given to God as the first native priest among his people, the mountain Indians of California.

Real History at Last.

IT is only now, after forty odd years, from the writings of such men as Generals Schaff and Curtis, and such documents as the diary of Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy (1861-69), that we are able to understand the conduct of our great Civil War, especially the spirit which animated the people and the armies of the North and South in its closing years. The following extracts from a remarkably interesting and beautifully written article contributed to the June number of the *Atlantic Monthly* by General Schaff will bear only slight abbreviation. Never before, in our opinion, has the state of affairs, North and South, been so faithfully set forth, or the political and spiritual change that had taken place been so vividly described as in these memorable words:

It is true that a great majority of those steadfast, loyal people of the North had felt that slavery was wrong and altogether out of harmony with civilization and the spirit of a free government. Yet in the beginning of the War they had no desire or intent to interfere with it in the States; so dear were the memories of the Revolution, and so deep their reverence for Washington and his fellow slaveholding compatriots who had joined Puritan New England in establishing the independence of the colonies. . . . But with the progress of the War, and under the severe defeats of one army after another, as the South, out of the depths of her resolution struck again and again, the belief took root that God would not bless their arms while slavery had a recognized legal existence. Inasmuch as it became obvious that its death would be at the same hour as that of the Confederacy, the influence of long-accepted legal defence and the golden ties of friendship melted before the warmth of moral and patriotic emotion. As a result, Lincoln, sensitive in a marvellous degree to what was going on deep in the hearts of the people, carved emancipation across the sky of those solemn days; while the army that had left home without pronounced feeling against slavery said, "Amen!" And "Amen!" said all the civilized world.

There was also, coincident with this change, which in a sense was political, another in the army, which was spiritual. Gradually, for in

the divine ordering of progress consecrating spirits reveal themselves slowly, the consciousness broke at last on the minds of officers and men that the dearest hopes of mankind were appealing to them individually in the name of duty and honor and all that was sacred, not to despair or to yield, come weal, come woe, till the country's supremacy was unchallenged, and the way cleared for her future. Of nothing am I surer than of this visitation and the consequent serious, deep, and exalted mood; and I am fain to believe that every drop of blood that strained through a heart that listened to these spiritual heralds and welcomed the vow, was permanently heightened in its color. . . .

While these bitter experiences and disappointments were following one another year after year with their deepening gloom, a profound seriousness, which is reflected, I think, in the prayers, sermons, and diaries of the time, spread over the entire South. As a result, the War's passions and the grounds of its justification underwent a progressive metamorphosis in the minds and hearts of the Southern people, and especially of its armies, not unlike that which was going on simultaneously in the North. . . .

This temperamental change of the South in regard to the War and its issues embodied itself finally, as in the North, in a spirit of consecration. And to what? Her ports closed, her resources nearly exhausted, her dwindling armies suffering for food and clothing, a wide zone of desolation along her northern border, and unfriended by one of all the nations of the world, the South in her chagrin, humiliation, and despair turned for comfort to mind and heart, as we all do at last, invoking the guidance and help of her naturally religious better nature. In that solemn hour, banishing from her presence the hitherto baneful companions Arrogance and Disdain, who had caused her to drink of the full stream of trouble, she summoned back that master workman, Judgment, to whom in her delirium she had not listened; and behold, there came with him an immortal youth whose name is The Future. The former, facing the cold realities, pronounced slavery dead, whether the Confederacy lived days or years; and Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, not the decree of one man, but the *fact* of the civilized world.

While Judgment's verdict grew weightier and more certain as clearer and clearer became the writing on the wall, the immortal youth slowly drew back one of his curtains, revealing slavery becoming more and more abhorrent as mankind rose in intelligence and gentleness. Honor and Manliness, those two high-minded brothers in the Southerner's character, shrank back at the sight, and declared their unwilling-

ness to leave as the ultimate verdict of history that the Southland, the home of Washington and Jefferson, had fought for the preservation of an institution so repellent. Then up spoke that mighty, but not over-scrupulous advocate called Reason, and on this occasion he spoke with sincerity unfeigned, saying, "If there are wrongs, there are also rights. Mankind knows that we of to-day are not responsible for slavery. It descended to us from our fathers, and through generations it has knit itself into our homes, our social and our political life. We can not separate ourselves from it at once, if we would, without chaos and possibly universal massacre. But if our slaves are entitled to freedom, then we are entitled to govern ourselves; for that is the first of the heaven-born rights in the hands of freemen. In other words, we are asking only for our natural rights incorporated in the rights of our States, which underlie the foundations of the Union,"—and in majesty before the Southern mind the original sovereignty of the old colonies, with Washington and Adams at the head, passed in review.

"No, whatever may have been our delirium at the beginning of the War, we are not fighting for the defence of property in human beings, but for the ineradicable and unconquerable instinct of self-government as States; and for our homes." And lo! at this point of the argument the light of their burning homes flashed across the scene; for hardly a day or night passed that somewhere the Southern sky was not lit by them. Whereupon, leader and officer and man in the ranks rose as one, and facing the immortal Youth, in whose eyes lay the question of justification, exclaimed resolutely, "On the ground of the right of self-government we will stand; and committing our souls to God and our memories to those who follow us, let history record what it may as to our justification in the years and days to come." And thus having answered the question in the eyes of The Future, resolutely but calmly, they fell on their knees and asked God to bless them. There, reader, we have the spring of their fortitude, and there we touch the tender chords which keep the memory of the Confederacy dear.

These spiritual changes were the result of the deep disappointments of the North and the South over the outcome of three years of bloodshed; and Gen. Schaff is unquestionably right in declaring that a history of our Civil War can not be full, just, or truly enlightening, that does not try to give us as close and real a view as it can of the metamorphosis.

Notes and Remarks.

The wonder is, considering how many non-Catholics have come to regard marriage as a purely civil contract, not that divorces are very numerous but that they are not even more so. That the evil is likely to increase rather than to diminish is evident from the fact that an increasing number of leading citizens of the United States, like ex-Justice Brown of the Supreme Court, are open defenders of the separation laws. Fifty years ago public sentiment would have discountenanced such advocacy. But times have changed, and the people have changed with them. The Protestant clergy of all denominations have lost influence with their flocks, legislation on matrimony has become more and more loose, and as a natural result divorces have multiplied. The action of the Presbyterian Church in calling upon the States to enact laws to check divorce is a pitiable admission of powerlessness on its part to cope with an evil that has assumed such monstrous proportions. And it is folly besides. Unsupported by public sentiment, legislation of any sort is sure to prove ineffective.

Our separated brethren forget that divorce originated with the so-called reformers of the sixteenth century. The evil will continue and increase until the teachings of Christ as upheld by His Church are recognized as the very foundation of our family and social life. On this stone only is our civilization secure. Viewed as a purely civil contract, marriage should be called by another name. As the *Western Watchman* said in a recent article on divorce legislation, "the trouble is with the Protestant doctrine of wedlock. It is a matter of choice to marry, and it is a matter of choice to stay married. Why should the State compel people to live together in constant discord, when there is no law of God or man requiring the sacrifice? It would be the most galling tyranny for Church or State to compel people to

live together who are free to separate or to continue conjugal relations when more agreeable partners are to be had. We can never get rid of divorce until we get rid of the Protestant idea of marriage."

Writing in the *Nineteenth Century and After* on "The Future of the Public-House," Mr. Edwyn Barclay has this to say concerning the control of that centuries British institution:

I am very confident that it would be far wiser and would do more for temperance if we aimed to make our public-houses more respectable and useful, and so foster a strong public opinion against drunkenness, rather than to decry them and do all that is possible to make them disreputable and mere drinking-shops, as is at present only too much the case. And here I would venture on a suggestion to the clergy. As long as public-houses remain in any form, the publican must be always a man of local influence. If drunkenness is the thing he most dreads, as that which may easily cause his ruin, then you and he have really the same interest with regard to drunkards. If you enlist his help, you will find him often only too ready to respond; that is, when you have overcome the prejudice which years of vilification by many clergy have naturally raised in his mind. I have known more than one clergyman who has conducted his temperance work on these lines, to the very great advantage of all concerned.

While the wave of local prohibition sentiment that is still sweeping over a considerable portion of this country bids fair to eliminate the saloon—the American "public-house"—from the domain of practical politics, at least in a number of States, there will always probably remain, here as well as in England, abundant scope for the exercise of sound judgment in dealing with men's appetite for strong drink and the safest way of supplying it—or denying it.

The lamented death of the Marquis of Ripon once Grand Master of the Freemasons, and, later, Catholic Viceroy of India, removes from a field of beneficent activity one of the foremost laymen in the ranks of the universal Church. His conversion, in 1874, notable as that of

"a typical hard-headed Englishman of a class little represented among converts," was the occasion throughout England of unprecedented excitement. Gladstone signalized the event by a patently unjust impeachment of Catholic loyalty, — an error which he subsequently condoned with adequate fulness by appointing Lord Ripon himself to the Viceroyalty of India. General Gordon declared that in the appointment "God has blessed India and England," — a statement the truth of which was freely admitted subsequently by the inhabitants of both the home country and the colony. The new Viceroy's policy was based on his belief that "the first condition of the permanence of our possession is that we should constantly labor to help forward along the path of civilization and progress the people over whom we have been called to rule." In later years, as President of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, Vice-President of the Catholic Union, and Associate of the St. Joseph's Missionary Society, the deceased nobleman gave ample proof of being a thoroughly practical Catholic. An eminent citizen and a devoted son of Mother Church, he won during a long career that esteem and love which now find expression in a multitude of prayers for his eternal repose. *R. I. P.*

Apropos of the recent celebration of the Silver Jubilee of Catholic government in Belgium, Mr. Godfrey Kurth, president of the Belgian Historical Institute in Rome, declares in the *XXe. Siècle*:

History will tell how the last twenty-five years have been the most brilliant our country has ever known. In the happy phrase of a French newspaper, Belgium is to-day "a great nation in a small territory." It has revised its constitution, given universal suffrage, established proportional representation, developed a rich social legislation, accomplished the annexation of the Congo, created the port of Bruges, enlarged that of Antwerp, taken its place among the five great economical powers of the world, and won an enviable place in the domain of science, literature and art. In contrast with the period between 1878 and 1884, none of our

liberties has been violated, no Belgian citizen has had to lament that he has been injured in any of his rights. . . . "We shall astonish the world with our moderation," declared Bienerth, and our very adversaries must admit that this noble promise has been kept. We have been generous to the Liberal party. By giving it proportional representation, we have reopened for it the doors of the Chamber; and by the law of the four votes, we have left it to its municipalities.

Students of contemporary history will agree that the foregoing statement is not exaggerated; and few of them will be inclined to question Mr. Kurth's opinion that Catholics will continue in power in Belgium for many years to come.

If any one of the many bright young Chinamen now receiving an education in this country is ever induced, on returning home, to write a book recounting his experiences among the "outer barbarians" of the United States, it will doubtless prove exceptionally interesting if not altogether flattering. They are keen observers, these representatives of the Flowery Kingdom; their eyes and ears are wide open; and if they do not have much to say it is because they realize that silence is the better part of prudence, and because many things are made plain to them without their having to ask any questions. That they know how to express themselves when moved to do so is plain from the following paragraph of a letter lately addressed to the editor of the *New York Sun* by Mr. Po Heng Lum of Columbia University:

What are the things that strike a Chinese the most and the first on his arrival in this country? I have had that experience, and I want to say that the various reports of murders, blackmail, lynching, and mobs, which appear in the press from time to time are the first things that make him feel he is indeed in a new and strange land. No less does the newly arrived Chinese marvel at the laxity of observances tolerated between persons of opposite sex in this civilized Western land. I do not pretend to say that China is a country free of crimes, but those who have been in China will bear witness that what often happens here is a very rare occurrence there, and

those who have never been in our land must admit that in spite of our large population it is very rarely indeed that stories of Chinese murder furnish breakfast-table reading-matter. Does not that speak for itself? Unrestrained freedom between the sexes, which is often a source of trouble, has never been tolerated in China; and whatever may be said of the position of Chinese women, the relationship between men and women there is always upright and faithful.

Seeing ourselves as Celestials see us is a novel experience as yet, but in the near future it is likely to become common enough. The number of Chinamen who in recent years have exiled themselves among us and acquired a mastery of our language is as one hundred to one American that has resided for any length of time in China and acquired a mastery of Chinese.

It is gratifying to learn that Men's Retreats, the religious exercises which have been productive of so much good in Belgium and other European countries, and the introduction of which into this country has more than once been strongly advocated in these columns, are no longer unknown in either the United States or Canada. We note with genuine pleasure that a beginning has been made at New York, St. Mary's (Kansas), and Montreal; and we entertain no doubt that the practice of holding such retreats will grow with commendable rapidity. A few days spent in a house of prayer, and given up to serious reflection, quiet meditation undisturbed by business cares or social exigencies, can not but prove beneficial to any Christian.

Father Arsenius Mullin, a Franciscan, who used to live in Montreal, but now resides at Wuchang, China, gives to the *Franciscan Review* of the former city the following interesting personal details:

I find the Chinese very kind-hearted. I myself am now transformed into one. . . . As for my dress, I wear a long brocaded, purple silk gown, padded with wool and lined with blue silk; then a red-colored silk vest, and a wide jacket of the same material; my cap is of black

silk with a red tassel; the shoes I wear are of black velvet. My head is shaved in the front, and all the way round about two inches above the ears. This makes me as much a Chinese as I can be. . . . The seminarists and the servant boys in the house seem to like me and I like them. While I say Mass in the morning there are always about one hundred and fifty Chinese in the church, who say their prayers together at the top of their voices. This is the way they pray. The photograph I send was taken by one of our orphans. They come often to my room, and stand before my table waiting till I raise my eyes and then they look into them and laugh. It is a great sight for them to see blue eyes; and they are also quite bewildered, because mine are large and round. As you know, the Chinese have almond-shaped eyes.

Were it not for those same large, round eyes of his, Father Mullin, as his portrait appears in the *Franciscan Review*, with his thin mustache, his tasselled cap, and gorgeous Oriental gown, might well pass for a Celestial of the Celestials.

The sixth annual convention of the Catholic Educational Association of the United States, held last week in Boston, is spoken of as the most successful of all, both in regard to the work actually done and the impetus given to new and old educational movements. The enthusiasm of the delegates, if somewhat less demonstrative than on some former occasions, was not less intense; and there was evidence at every meeting of a thorough understanding of needs and deficiencies and of a general disposition to spare no efforts to secure better results in all lines of educational work. The papers read and the discussion of them that followed are proof of the high importance of the Association and of the many benefits accruing from its annual conventions. The keynote of the one of this year was struck by the Archbishop of Boston, who said in concluding his address of welcome:

The children, the young men, and the young women, who to-day fill our schools, academies, colleges and universities, are delivered into our hands for one special and distinctive purpose, that their souls and hearts and minds be instructed, trained and formed upon the mold

of Catholic faith and Catholic principles. No school or college can shift this responsibility.

The children of to-day will be the Catholic men of to-morrow. They will have to face a world cold in indifference and even frigid in infidelity. The devotions of their childhood will do much to keep them untainted, but in the fierce battle, which the natural and merely human and humanitarian is now waging against everything supernatural and divine, nothing but profound and intimate knowledge of the foundations upon which their faith rests, the divine authority of the Church and the main and salient points in their Church's history can save them from the ubiquitous perils which, more than anyone else, the professional man and the man in public life must inevitably face.

More and not less instruction in religion is the demand of the hour. And it will be your glory if in this congress of your association something is done to insure, especially in the colleges, a more serious, more interesting and more solid course of instruction, framed for the college curriculum. Even as a matter of mere intellectual training, nothing could commend itself more, but over and above and beyond that, I repeat, it is the very reason of your existence.

Writing from Constantinople, a correspondent of the *London Catholic Times* narrates an occurrence the account of which may well bring the blush of shame to the members of England's Protestant Alliance. Premising that in the Mussulman capital there is a little group of 20,000 Latin Catholics among a population of 1,000,000 Turks, Greeks, Schismatics, Protestants, and all the other offshoots of heresy or schism, the correspondent states that on the Octave of Corpus Christi, he and a party of friends were surprised to see indications pointing to the public celebration of a religious festival:

"We are going to have a public procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament at 4.30 this evening," quietly observed a French Catholic. "The procession will file through the principal streets for the space of nearly an hour."

If a thunderbolt had fallen in our midst the party could not have been more astonished, and somebody asked if the procession would not be liable to molestation on the part of the Turkish soldiers or Moslems.

"During the procession," went on the Frenchman, "the trams and cabs will stop; order will

be maintained by the Turkish police and soldiers; that is, they will stand in the streets and give the military salute as the Sacred Host is borne past. The Moslems and others will stand by respectfully, and everything will pass off as if there were question of the most Catholic city in the world."

There was a Turkish acquaintance listening, and he asked why we seemed so surprised at the Frenchman's announcement.

"Because," replied one of the party, "in London, with all its braggadoccio about liberty, equality, and fraternity, Catholics were prohibited last year from carrying the Sacred Host through the streets. And in Rome itself the Italian Government will not allow public processions of the Blessed Sacrament."

The Mussulman then did two things that expressed his mind only too clearly. Holding up his thumb and two forefingers, he made a gesture signifying bigotry and stupid prejudice. This done, he spat with a gesture of contempt.

The picture descriptive of the order and respect that attended the procession was not overdrawn; never have I seen greater respect paid in public to the Sacred Host.

Which goes to show that religious tolerance is ordered better in Constantinople than in Christian London.

Adolphe Retté, the former anarchical writer and speaker, whose recent conversion and pedestrian pilgrimage to Lourdes created a sensation in French literary circles, has just written the following letter to a friend:

You will not see me again at Lourdes, for I have at last yielded to my ever-growing longing to give myself to the monastic life. I have just made a retreat here [a Benedictine monastery], and the Father Abbot has decided that my vocation is genuine. I enter the novitiate to-morrow, and am profoundly happy in consequence. It has been suggested to me that knowledge of this step on my part may do good to certain souls who have been touched by those books in which I have done my best to serve God and the Blessed Virgin. Impart it therefore, to whom-ever you like. . . .

M. Retté's oldtime associates will probably take the latest action of their former friend as presumptive evidence of his insanity, but their biassed judgments will hardly disturb the cheerful serenity of a Benedictine novice.



The Story of Dickie.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XIII.

It was a great day at St. Mary's. Olivia Middleford, who had been baptized at Christmas, was to receive her First Holy Communion that morning, the first of May; and the day being a holiday, was especially so on this occasion; for Olivia was a universal favorite, and her teachers and companions were anxious to make the feast a memorable one.

Olivia had been at St. Mary's almost two years. The business which had taken her father to Europe had led to his engaging in the pursuit of a certain scientific study he had long desired to undertake; and, having sent in his resignation to the trustees of his college, he resolved to remain abroad for some time. He had no misgivings about doing this as far as his daughter was concerned, being fully satisfied that her sojourn in the convent would be beneficial to her in every way. He had always deplored for her the lack of a mother's care which he could not supply, and was convinced that a residence with the Sisters would mould and soften her somewhat unusual character without destroying its independence. At the same time he allowed her to choose the course of studies she preferred; and Olivia became what is known as a "parlor boarder," having pursuits of her own without being obliged to join all the classes.

This is what she most enjoyed. She had a special aptitude for the languages, and also for drawing and painting. She had a room to herself, and considerable time to follow a course of reading mapped out for her by her favorite Sister. She

took her meals with the other pupils, however, and shared in their recreations.

She had not been at St. Mary's long before she requested permission to attend the Catechism classes which were held every day, as well as the weekly instruction on Christian Doctrine by one of the Fathers of the college. She spent the long vacation at the convent, as their house at Old Preston had been leased for two years, Nora and her helper included. During that time she read a great deal on Catholic subjects, and, having obtained her father's consent, was baptized during the Christmas holidays.

And now, on this beautiful May morning, after breakfast, as she stood, still in her white dress, in the garden, close to Mary's shrine, surrounded by her companions, her joy was complete. A little later she stole off by herself to the chapel for another thanksgiving, where Sister Mary Aurelia found her. She waited in the corridor till Olivia came out, when she said:

"I have a letter for you, my dear."

"From father?" asked the girl. "That will be the crowning delight of this blessed day."

"Yes, it has the Paris postmark," rejoined Sister Mary Aurelia, handing her the letter. Some time after this Olivia appeared at the door of the library where Sister Mary Aurelia was writing.

"Are you busy, Sister?" she inquired.

"No, my dear," was the reply. "What is it?"

"I want you to read this letter: it is so beautiful. I shan't rest now, night or day, until my father is a Catholic. He is so good; it would make him so happy!"

After Sister Mary Aurelia had read the letter, Olivia said:

"You notice what he writes about the professor he has met named Featherston?"

"Yes," replied Sister Mary Aurelia. "But he says he is an Englishman. I wonder what has become of that boy?"

"Oh, you don't know how often I think of him!" said Olivia. "I fancy he must have died. Father kept that advertisement in the paper for some time, and Father Shea would have found him, I am sure, if he hadn't been sent South on account of his health. I shall never be quite happy, Sister Aurelia, if we don't hear of Dickie. I can't bear to think of how terribly wronged he must have felt that day. And, Sister, I pray for Dickie very often, asking God to protect him if he is alive. Somehow, I can't rid myself of the idea that he was especially committed to my care, and that I failed in my trust."

"Do not worry about that, Olivia," said Sister Mary Aurelia. "You have nothing with which to reproach yourself regarding Dickie."

"I don't know," answered Olivia, with a sigh. "It was really through Dickie and his grandmother that I became acquainted with the Sisters and Father Shea. If it hadn't been for them, I might never have been a Catholic."

"I have been looking for you, Olivia," said the voice of Sister Superior in the doorway. "Father Hall has invited some of the Sisters to visit the college this afternoon, for the dedication of the new altar to Our Lady, and I thought it would be a very nice thing if you would accompany us, should you like to do so. Sister Mary Aurelia, Sister Euphrasia and I will go."

"Oh, I should like it very much, Mother," said the girl. "It will be a delightful close to the happiest day of my life."

"A dear child!" said Mother Monica, looking after her as she passed quickly down the corridor to join her companions. "I have no fear but that she will keep the faith, and spread it also, as long as she lives."

The Sisters, with Olivia, arrived at

the college a short time before the hour fixed for the dedication. They were taken to the chapel, where the beauties of the magnificent onyx altar, the gift of the parents of one of the pupils, were pointed out to them. The sanctuary was a bower of roses. They were given seats in the front row, and soon the chapel began to fill with invited guests.

One side of the chapel had been reserved for the professors and pupils, and presently they were heard tramping in, as is the manner of boys and men. And then the acolytes and priests began to issue from the sacristy,—the little boys first, followed by the larger ones in rank. As they genuflected before the Blessed Sacrament and ranged themselves in the sanctuary, Olivia's gaze suddenly became fixed on one of them,—a tall, rosy-cheeked young fellow, with coal-black hair that curled all over his head."

"How like Dickie!" she whispered to Sister Mary Aurelia, beside whom she knelt. The Sister bent her head. In a moment Olivia grasped the Sister's arm.

"It is Dickie!" she said. "O Sister!"

Again the Sister bent her head, this time with a warning glance at the girl, who endeavored to compose herself to the necessary reverence. But she had many distractions during the ceremony, which seemed to be a hazy sort of thing, none of which she could remember afterward except that through it all, after moments of gazing at the boy, and many speculations as to how he came there, she would try to formulate the prayer of content and gratitude that welled up in her heart.

After the ceremony was over, the Sisters were invited to a small room close to the sacristy for refreshments. Away from the crowd at last, Olivia turned to Sister Mary Aurelia.

"It's Dickie!" she said again. "Surely we can see him."

"Yes, it certainly is Dickie," rejoined the Sister. "How well he looks, and how tall he has grown!"

The president of the college now entered; Olivia was presented to him. After the usual exchange of salutations which politeness required, Olivia said:

"Father, that was Dickie Featherston in the sanctuary, wasn't it?"

"Yes, one of our finest boys. Do you know him?" And then, before she could answer, he continued: "Yes, yes, I remember. I know all about it. The name is the same. You are from Old Preston, are you not? You must be Miss Middleford, whom Dickie knew."

"Oh, no, Father, you can not know *all* about it!" cried Olivia, impetuously; "for Dickie himself does not. We've been wanting to find him for such a long time,—*such* a long time! And we could never learn what had become of him. Oh, will you bring him here, and let me talk to him?"

"Yes, immediately," replied the priest, looking at her with a quiet smile. "From your manner, Miss Middleford, I suppose everything is all right regarding the boy. I am glad to know it."

"Oh, yes!" rejoined Olivia. "And I want him to know it. This morning, when I made my First Communion, Father, I asked as a special favor that some day Dickie might be found. And here he is!"

"Come with me," said the president. Olivia looked at the Sister.

"Go with Father," said Mother. "It will be better that you should see him alone first. Afterward we will join you."

Opening a door at the end of the corridor, the priest bade Olivia wait till his return. She found herself in a small study, simply furnished, and judged it to be the president's private room. It was really a very few minutes, but it seemed a long time to Olivia, till she heard steps in the hall, and the door opened once more. There stood the priest, and beside him, Dickie, taller than Olivia, but otherwise scarcely altered. The blue, honest eyes, now strangely shy, the broad, open brow, the pleasant smile. Yes, it was Dickie!

Olivia held out both hands,—the boy placed his within them.

"O Dickie!" she cried. "How we have tried to find you! How sorry,—how *very* sorry we were that you should have gone away like that when you were not—not—guilty!"

The boy caught his breath. "Not guilty; no indeed," he said. "But how did you find that out? I know it wasn't the right thing to do; but I was so hurt and so angry,—though I see now it was the same thing as acknowledging that I'd taken the things. Who did steal them?"

"It was Tim," answered Olivia.

"Tim! I lost him a few days after I left you, and never saw him again. Did he go back? How was that?"

"He was brought back by a tramp. I was cutting roses one day, and I saw the man and the dog going down the road. I knew it was Tim at once. He recognized me too, and the man told me how he had gotten him from a thief that had been put in jail. The thief had lost him, and the dog had suddenly turned up one day."

"I know now," said the boy; and related to Olivia his experience with the peddler and his friends.

Olivia listened eagerly and then told him of what they had learned from the tramp and from Tim's actions; "and then we *knew*, Dickie, what an injustice had been done you. You can't think,—*you can't think* how unhappy it has made me."

"I don't know what to say, Miss Middleford," rejoined the boy. "When I lost Tim I felt very lonely; but if I hadn't lost him, you would never have known the truth."

"The tramp would have left Tim with us, but we didn't want him. He took him away, but he must have escaped; for the next day he appeared at the convent and at Father Shea's. They thought that you were on your way back. He disappeared finally, and no one knew what became of him. But, Dickie, how long

have you been here and how did you get here?"

"Sit down, both of you," said the priest. "Tell your story to Miss Middleford, Dickie, while I fetch the Sisters."

Then, with many interruptions from Olivia, who wished to know every detail of his journeyings, Dickie told his story, which, when she had heard, Olivia pronounced nothing short of marvellous.

"And I really did see you that night at the circus, didn't I?" she said. "If it hadn't been for the elephant, we should have found you out then. But it was a fortunate accident for you, after all; wasn't it? I hope you'll come to see me at the convent, Dickie, and bring your uncle. I want to make his acquaintance."

"Yes, we'll be glad to go," replied the boy. "But I'm surprised to hear that you're attending school there."

"My father has been in Europe two years," said Olivia. "Our house is rented. We shall not go back there until next fall. But you don't know the best part of it. I've been a Catholic since Christmas, and made my First Communion only this very morning."

"A Catholic!" said Dickie. "That's a fine surprise."

"You may thank yourself for some of it," said Olivia. "After you had gone, you can't believe how dreadfully I felt, sometimes, when I remembered how fervently you were preparing for your First Communion, and how well you understood everything. It seemed an awful thing to have been the means of striking you down in the midst of it."

"Well, it's past now, Miss Middleford," said Dickie. "And I'm very glad that we've met again."

"We must meet often in future," said Olivia. "You'll have to come and visit us next vacation."

"You haven't changed a bit," said Dickie. "I don't believe you ever could change, Miss Olivia, you were always so good to me! Yes, I'll come, if Uncle Jarvis says I may."

"And Dickie, I'd almost forgotten to tell you," said Olivia, "Sister Mary Aurelia is at the convent, and she's here this moment, in this very house. I think they're coming now. Yes, here they are."

Dickie sprang to his feet and opened the door. The next moment his hand was clasped by that of his former teacher and loyal champion, Sister Mary Aurelia, who, with the smiling girl beside him, had never for a moment wavered in the belief that the friendless orphan, with the head so like that of St. John, had never forfeited his claim to the affection with which they had regarded him.

As Olivia walked back to the convent with the Sisters that evening she said:

"All that I long for now in this world is that papa could be with me. I can hardly wait to write him about the blessedness of it all. And the finding of Dickie has made a perfect day."

(The End.)

Schoolgirls Abroad.

BY S. MARR.

IV.

Our first railway experience in Italy was not altogether pleasant. We did not travel in a train *de luxe*; the train dispatcher, (without much dispatch, however,) rang a bell that sounded like a school-bell, whereupon the engine pulled itself off with almost audible groans. There were frequent and long stops, and it took us between six and seven hours to reach Rome. The weather was torrid, and water not to be had. Mary declared that "See Naples and die" had a new meaning to her, for she felt that she'd never live to see Rome. But she did, and so did the rest of us. Despite the heat, we had to admire the lovely country through which we were passing, where every prominent crag held a monastery or a castle, and every inch of ground was cultivated. Grape-vines, olive-trees and

small farms and gardens were close to the railway route; while picturesque, rocky hills rose as a background, with, here and there, the gleam of a lake like a bit of blue sky. Catherine's trouble was that she couldn't see both sides at once. Aunt Margaret told us all about Monte Cassino, as we passed the little town at the foot of the mountain which is crowned with the great monastery founded by St. Benedict, and Mary quoted Longfellow's lines written at Monte Cassino:

And there, uplifted, like a passing cloud

That pauses on a mountain summit high,
Monte Cassino's convent rears its proud
And venerable walls against the sky.

Well I remember how on foot I climbed

The stony pathway leading to its gate;
Above, the convent bells for Vespers chimed,
Below, the darkening town grew desolate.

Well I remember the low arch and dark,

The courtyard with its well, the terrace wide,
From which, far down, the valley like a park,
Veiled in the evening mists, was dim descried.

The day was dying, and with feeble hands

Caressed the mountain-tops; the vales between
Darkened; the river in the meadow-lands
Sheathed itself as a sword, and was not seen.

The silence of the place was like a sleep,

So full of rest it seemed; each passing tread
Was a reverberation from the deep
Recesses of the ages that are dead.

For, more than thirteen centuries ago,

Benedict fleeing from the gates of Rome,
A youth disgusted with its vice and woe,
Sought in these mountain solitudes a home.

He founded here his convent and his Rule

Of prayer and work, and counted work as
prayer;

The pen became a clarion, and his school

Flamed like a beacon in the midnight air.

At 9.30 we reached Rome, and as we passed through the brilliantly lighted station to our carriage, it was all like a dream and not a-bit like what we had pictured to ourselves. We were very silent as we drove to our hotel in the Via Frattini. I do not know what the others

were thinking, but I kept saying to myself "Rome, Rome, Rome!"

We needed no one to call us next morning, and bright and early we were out looking for a church. With more than three hundred and sixty-five in the city, we did not have to look far, and in a few minutes we found ourselves in the church of Sant' Andrea delle Fratte. We assisted at Mass, which was being offered at the Blessed Virgin's altar. A tablet beside the altar told us that it was here Ratisbon was converted. The absence of pews in the churches and the going around to the various altars at will gives a certain homey feeling,—a certain familiarity, that soon won us over, but at first it seemed rather disorderly. Whenever we visited a church, we first sought out the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, and, having paid our loving respects to the Master of the house, we then examined the treasures at leisure, or at as much leisure as we could spare.

Our first formal sight-seeing began with St. Peter's, of course,—and continued and ended with it, I might say, for we went there every day of our stay in Rome, and saw it last of all as we drove to the station, when we said good-bye to the City of the Soul, which, read backward or forward, to the Catholic always spells *amor*,—love. St. Peter's! It has been described a thousand times, and yet who can explain its magic charm? Aunt Margaret had secured as guide Benezio, "a beautiful Italian with a grand opera air," as Catherine put it; and when we stood in the Piazza di San Pietro, and he began to name the points of interest, we begged him to be silent and let us look and think and feel.

Before us was the great Piazza with its enclosing colonnades, four series of columns, three of passages, the middle one large enough for two carriages abreast; above them a balustrade with statues of a hundred and sixty-two saints. In the centre of the piazza rose the obelisk, with its associations—Caligula, and the Vatican circus, Sixtus V., and the changing panorama that has marked the great court of

St. Peter's since the obelisk was placed there in 1586. As we passed on without consulting our Baedeker, Benezio could not restrain himself. So Mary had in her notebook that evening a story that we had not; for she lingered near one of the fountains while the guide told her that the monument weighs 320 tons, and that, when it was being set up, eight hundred workmen were needed to hold the ropes that we used in raising it. Perfect silence had been ordered under penalty of death. Suddenly the ropes began to give, when one of the men, Bresca, a sailor, called out "Pour water on the ropes!" This was done and the obelisk was drawn into position. As a reward for this act, the sailor's family has ever since had the privilege of providing the palm branches used on Palm Sunday at St. Peter's.

The great cathedral, the centre of Christianity, is the embodiment of centuries. Thirty years after the martyrdom of St. Peter, Anacletus, ordained by the Prince of the Apostles, built an oratory to mark the site of St. Peter's grave. Over this oratory Constantine built a church, though the bones of the first Bishop of Rome had been taken for safe keeping to the catacombs; but in the days of Honorius the body was brought back to the spot where it still lies. It was to that old St. Peter's that Charlemagne came to be crowned. In the fifteenth century the plans for a new St. Peter's were begun, and no one visits the great basilica to-day without thinking of Bramante and Michael Angelo, who had most to do with designing this wonderful house of Christian worship.

Slowly and with full hearts, we mounted the steps and entered the portico, which is adorned with stucco ornamentation and enriched with mosaics. To our right was the Porta Santa, opened only in Jubilee years. Raising the heavy leathern curtain (most of the churches have these leather hangings at the doors, thus keeping heat, dust and noise out), we passed in, and we were in a different world.

Standing on the slab of porphyry on which emperors formerly were crowned, we looked around with awe and as if in a dream. The nave stretches between massive pillars, bearing the arching coffered and gilded ceiling. Everything is vast, colossal. Moving toward the centre altar, under the dome and over the crypt of St. Peter, we turned to our right and stopped to kiss the foot of the statue of the Apostle, which act symbolizes submission to the commands of the Church, as well as veneration of the saint; and then we knelt at the *confessio*, or railing around the entrance to the crypt where reposes the body of St. Peter. Over the high altar, at which the Pope alone says Mass, is a wonderfully beautiful bronze canopy, supported by spiral columns, made of metal taken from the Pantheon. Ninety-five lamps are kept burning around the *confessio*, the descent to which is by a flight of marble steps. To the right of the dome is a transept, larger than most churches, where the Œcumenical Council of 1870 held its meetings. In the left transept are confessionals for ten different languages.

It would take months to see and understand all that St. Peter's presents, with its chapels, relics, tombs, statues, mosaics and inscriptions. We counted twenty-nine altars. There is no stained glass in St. Peter's and the light filters down from above. Instead of paintings on canvas, there are great copies in mosaic of the world's masterpieces of religious art. Everything in and about St. Peter's symbolizes that which is enduring. There are no stations in the churches in Rome, a visit to the basilicas serving instead. In St. Peter's, as in the other places of worship, there are no pews, and at every hour there are crowds moving around in the vast structure. One hears no definite sound, but, listening intently, there is a surge—half feeling, half sound—as of the waves of time breaking against the Rock that is Peter. It rises and falls, till one's heart catches the rhythm, and one is very

proud and very humble to be a child of the Church. We heard Mass in the Choir Chapel one day, in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament another, and at St. Peter's tomb in the Crypt, a third. If St. Peter's is the heart of the Christian world, it surely is the soul of Rome.

Every day of our stay in the Eternal City was a day of pilgrimage. We visited many churches, and every one had a spiritual charm for us. The chapel of the Children of Mary in the church of St. Agnes appealed to us all; adjoining it was the small church of Santa Costanza, dating back to the time of Constantine. We knelt in Santa Maria Maggiore, the Church of Our Lady of the Snows, and felt very proud as Benezio pointed to the gilded ceiling which was enriched with the first gold brought from America; in the *confessio* are preserved the relics of St. Matthew; and here, too are treasured several pieces of the true Manger of Our Lord. When we reached San Pietro in Vincoli we found that the privilege awaited us of kissing the chains of St. Peter, exposed for veneration on August 1st. In the transept to our right gleamed Michael Angelo's great statue of Moses, to which we paid admiring tribute before leaving the church.

But who could enumerate the treasures of Rome? We visited Sant' Agostino, with its tomb of St. Monica; Santa Croce, with its precious relics of the Passion; Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, that beautiful monument of Christian triumph over paganism, with its relics of St. Catherine of Siena; St. John Lateran, really the cathedral of Rome, a wonderful temple as rich in traditions as in art and religious treasures, and containing the tomb in which the ashes of Leo XIII. will some day rest; the church of Santa Prassede, with its sacred relics; and that of St. Lorenzo, where repose the mortal remains of the saintly Pius IX. On the feast of St. Ignatius we heard Mass in the church of the Gesù, and received Holy Communion at the altar over the tomb of St. Aloysius.

After Mass, we were conducted through the rooms once occupied by the great founder of the Society of Jesus. We found our way to Santa Maria in Ara Cœli, which is on the site of the Capitoline temple of Juno; it is reached by a long flight of steps, and the ascent on a warm day gives a special significance to the name of the church. St. Helena's tomb is in the left transept, and is known as Cappella Santa. Our visit to the church of Santa Maria della Concezione, or dei Cappuccini, was as good as a retreat; for, after viewing the various chapels, in one of which was Guido Reni's "St. Michael," and, after jotting in our note-books the inscription on the tomb of the founder of the church, Cardinal Barberini, *Hic jacet pulvis cinis et nihil*, we were taken to the burial vaults beneath the church. Here, walls, ceiling and pillars are decorated with the bones of thousands of departed Capuchins. It surely is a place for meditation, though one would hardly care for solitude during the exercise.

The first Sunday in Rome we went up the Scala di Spagna, past the house where Keats died, and assisted at Benediction in the church of Trinita de' Monti on the Pincian Hill. The Madames of the Sacred Heart conduct a school in the convent adjoining, which we visited, and where we had the privilege of walking in the garden where Madame Barat often took her recreation, and where Gregory XVI. called on her. We also knelt before the famous miraculous picture which is kept in a little oratory of its own. The religious who showed us around was a charming English lady who had spent some time in one of the Sacred Heart convents near Detroit; so we felt quite at home with her.

The Pantheon, Santa Maria Rotonda, somehow made us think of France and of what we had read of the Pantheon in Paris; for in this temple, founded in the time of Augustus and a Christian church since the seventh century, are the tombs of Victor Emmanuel and King Humbert, and at stated times the Holy Sacrifice is

offered here. Our Blessed Mother's royal painter, Raphael, also is laid to rest in this church.

This does not begin to complete the list of churches that claimed our interest and our devotion; but one would have to write a volume to convey the impressions of even ten days in this city of shrines. And, we might add, one would need an extra trunk to carry away the souvenirs, pious and otherwise, that tempt one in Rome.

We usually started our day of sight-seeing early. Between places of special interest we took in the sights by the way,—the shops, for example, which we found rather small. All the goods seemed to be in the windows; in most cases there was little depth to the stores. The streets, piazzas and monuments were full of interest; and we found lessons in the very inscriptions on the buildings, most of which commemorate the generosity of one or other of the Sovereign Pontiffs. The Castle Sant' Angelo and the bridge over the Tiber leading to it; the Fountain of Trevi, into which each of us threw a coin with the fond hope of again seeing Rome; the Protestant cemetery, where we stood by the graves of Keats and Shelley; the Capitol, the Forum, the Colosseum,—all, all had the fascination of history and romance for us; and we were poets, if very tired ones, as we limped to our rooms in the hotel each evening, our hearts throbbing with emotion.

Once there, we usually found something to relieve the tension, either in a packet of home letters or in post-cards to get ready to send. The stewardess of our floor furnished us no little amusement, and no doubt we did as much for her. The first few days we were at the hotel she would invariably present herself before us, as we emerged from the bath-room, holding out to us a bill; but, finally, we made her understand that we would settle all before we left the hotel. The bath was a luxury, for the tubs were of solid marble,—old tombs, Catherine declared; over them was a covering of white linen, and the

water was crystal clear. Mary's spirits suffered a decided check in Rome; and her restlessness was explained, when, one evening, after an unusually quiet spell of writing, she gravely handed to Aunt Margaret the following:

How doth the busy little flea
Improve each shining minute,
And hop about so blithe and free
And bite for all that's in it!

Our evenings, "the quiet, colored end of day," were delightful; we rested, compared notes, talked over the affairs of the day, and then slipped through the darkness to a near-by little church, San Silvestre, where there was Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. Old men and women were there, and priests and students. Little children were in and out; they slipped in among the worshippers and sat with loving familiarity on the altar steps looking up at the shining tapers; and there we, feeling like little children too, perhaps a little bit lonely for the home altars, at the close of each day, said our good-night to the Master.

(To be continued.)

Told of the Gentian.

A charming tale is told of the familiar gentian. One day a tired fairy, being very thirsty, asked a drink of water of a kind little gentian. The flower gladly and promptly gave her the drops of dew that she was saving for her own refreshment. The fairy, being grateful, presented her in return with the beautiful fringe which now adorns her. A sister gentian, being jealous at seeing the other so favored, said:

"I will remain closed and keep my own dewdrops to myself."

"Very well," said the fairy; "but if you choose to be a selfish gentian, you shall never open your petals again."

And this is why one gentian has a lovely violet fringe and the other is known as the closed gentian.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The library of a bishop of the Church of England, formerly professor of chemistry at Cambridge, sold last week in London, included a perfect copy of the famous Complutensian (Polyglot) Bible, printed in 1514-17; also a copy of the first edition of the Septuagint, Venice, 1518.

—From the office of the Propagation of the Faith, Boston, comes "The Bible of the Sick," from the French of Frederic Ozanam. Accompanying the book is a note to the effect that "the translator has given his work to us, so that whatever profits are realized may go to the missionaries." As we stated in our notice of the book on its first appearance, some eight years ago, it is an excellent volume to have at hand when illness lays its oppressive hand on one's self or one's friends.

—"Religious and the Sacred Heart: Blessed Margaret Mary's Message," is a translation from the French of Father Alfred Yenneux, O. M. I., by another Oblate of Mary Immaculate. It is compiled from "Le Regne du Sacré-Cœur,"—a work in five volumes, purporting to give the complete doctrine of Blessed Margaret Mary on Devotion to the Sacred Heart. The present book, a neat little volume of 235 pages, deals, as its title indicates, with those portions of the larger work that specifically concern religious, who will find in its perusal much of interest and edification. R. and T. Washbourne.

—An excellent booklet of some sixty pages is "Holy Water and Its Significance for Catholics," translated from the German of Father Henry Theiller, S. O. Cist., by the Rev. J. F. Lang (F. Pustet & Co.). Some of the topics discussed therein are, the significance of water generally in the realms of nature and of grace, the relation of Holy Water as a sacramental to the sacraments proper, the effects of this sacramental, and its application by the Church and by the faithful. A useful and interesting little book to which the publishers have given a neat and attractive outward form.

—Yet another work on frequent and daily Communion from the indefatigable pen of Father de Zulueta, S. J., a translation, this time, of "The Eucharistic Triduum," by Father Lintello, S. J. The specific purpose of the author in writing the original of this volume was to aid priests in preaching frequent and daily Communion; and the declaration by Cardinal Vannutelli, at the Eucharistic Congress of Metz, in 1907, that Father Lintello was the

most faithful interpreter of the Holy Father's mind and wishes in the matter, is an excellent guarantee of the sanity and orthodoxy of the views developed.

—The question, often asked, Who wrote the poem beginning

In the hour of death, after this life's whim?

is answered at last by a correspondent of the London *Athenæum*, who is in possession of the original MS., signed "R. D. B. [R. D. Blackmore] in memoriam M. F. G." Following is an exact copy of the poem:

DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA.

I.

In the hour of death, after this life's whim
When the heart beats low, and the eyes grow dim,
And pain has exhausted every limb—
The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.

II.

When the will has forgotten the lifelong aim,
And the mind can only disgrace its fame,
And a man is uncertain of his own name,
The power of the Lord shall fill this frame.

III.

When the last sigh is heaved and the last tear shed,
And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,
And the widow and child forsake the dead
The angel of the Lord shall lift this head.

IV.

For even the purest delight may pall
The power must fail, and the pride must fall,
And the love of the dearest friends grow small
But the glory of the Lord is all in all.

—Students of Dante will be interested in this summing up of a paper contributed to the *Catholic World* by Edmund G. Gardner:—

The primal poetical source of the "Divina Commedia" is undoubtedly Latin rather than Celtic; the fountain-head must be sought in the poem of Virgil rather than in the Vision of Fursa or the Vision of Tundal. Nevertheless, for some of the external features, the stream absorbed and is in parts still colored by Irish elements, as it flows down into the great ocean of mysticism. But, when we pass to the deeper, more permanent signification of the sacred poem, where it is no longer a debatable question of indebtedness in minor details and particulars, we find writers of Celtic race in the front rank of Dante's precursors; and, through Joannes Scotus Erigena and Richard of St. Victor, it may fairly be claimed for Ireland that she provided the spiritual cosmography and the mystical psychology of the crowning portion of the greatest poem of the modern world.

—Mr. Charles F. Lummis, author, editor, and literary critic suggests the adoption of "poison labels" for library books that are injurious or untrustworthy. "Every drug store," he says, "has to keep poisons but is obliged by law to safeguard their going out. It is a general law that a death-head and crossbones must adorn the label of violent drugs. Every large library is obliged to possess thousands of books which should be under similar restrictions. Many of

these are active poisons, as every critic knows. They must be kept on tap; but they should not go out to minors without the poison label." It is gratifying to hear that this excellent suggestion has met with hearty approval from many quarters.

—The London Catholic Truth Society's scheme to supply the lack of an English Catholic manual dealing with Comparative Religion by issuing a series of lectures on the History of Religions is progressing most favorably. Sixteen of the proposed thirty-two pamphlets have already been issued, and they are uniformly excellent. We have noticed some of them in our previous numbers, and the praise awarded to them is equally deserved by the following, just received: "The Religion of China," by Rev. L. Wieger; "The Religion of the Athenian Philosophers," by Rev. Henry Browne, S. J.; "Aquinas," by the Very Rev. V. McNabb, O. P.; "The Modern Papacy," edited by Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.; "The Religion of the Koran," by Rev. E. Power, S. J.; and "The Religion of Unitarianism," by G. S. Hitchcock, B. A. It would be difficult to discover in the whole vast field of cheap literature better bargains than are these penny pamphlet lectures on the History of Religions.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Holy Water and Its Significance for Catholics." Father Theiller, S. O. Cist. 50 cts.
- "The Master Motive." Laure Conan. \$1.
- "The Book of the Lily, and Other Verses," A Sister of the Holy Cross. \$1, net.
- "An Impeached Nation; Being a Study of Irish Outrages." Henry W. Cleary, D. D. 4s. 6d.
- "Report of the Nineteenth Eucharistic Congress." Held at Westminster." \$1.75.
- "Catholic Churchmen in Science." (Second Series.) James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$1.08.
- "Choice Morsels of the Bread of Life." Rev. C. Coppens, S. J. 60 cts.

- "The Path which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church." Peter H. Burnett. \$1.50, net.
- "Father Jim." J. G. R. 10 cts.
- "Graduale Romanum." Dr. F. X. Mathias. \$1.50.
- "The Great Problem." Rev. J. J. Burke. \$1.
- "The Decree on Daily Communion." Father Juan Ferreres, S. J. 75 cts.
- "Rules of Life for the Pastor of Souls." Rev. T. Slater, S. J. \$1.25.
- "The Preachers' Protests." Very Rev. D. I. McDermott. 25 cts.
- "Henry Charles Lea's Historical Writings." Mgr. Baumgarten. 90 cts.
- "The Divine Story." Rev. C. J. Holland, S. T. L. \$1, net.
- "The Catechism in Examples." Vols. IV., V. \$3.
- "The Lady of the Tower, and Other Stories." \$1.25.
- "The Art of Melodeon or Harmonium Playing." J. Singenberger. \$1.50.
- "The Cardinal Democrat. (Henry Edward Manning.)" I. A. Taylor. \$1.25.
- "A Friar Observant." Frances M. Brookfield. \$1.50.
- "The Little Book of Humility and Patience." Archbishop Ullathorne. 60 cts.
- "The Life of St. Melania." Cardinal Rampolla. \$1.50.
- "History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." Rev. E. A. d'Alton, M. R. I. A. \$3.60 per Vol.
- "The Sunday-School Director's Guide to Success." Rev. Patrick Sloan. \$1, net.
- "Handbook of Canon Law." D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B. \$1.25, net.
- "Round the World." Vol. VI. \$1.
- "True Manhood." Cardinal Gibbons. 50 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Thomas Dowling, of the diocese of Richmond; and Rev. James J. Conway, S. J. Mother Mary Peter, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and Sister Stephen, Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. M. A. Curtis, Mr. John Seymour, Mr. Michael Carr, Mr. James Hunt, Miss Annie McHugh, Mr. John Holland, Mrs. Julia Stinson, Mr. Michael O'Meara, Mr. Thomas Dillon, Mrs. Catherine Milton, and Mr. Frank Summers
Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 31, 1909.

NO. 5

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The Chant of the Desert.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

FROM the feet of the deathless mountains to
the far-flung fringe of green,
The vastness of my empire lies, with miles and
miles between.
I am old with age past counting; I am wise with
the wisdom of God;
For His face is ever over me, and His feet my
breast have trod.

I see the great sun rise each day, and feel his
fiery heat,
And hot the air-waves shimmer where my mighty
pulses beat.
Then when the twilight steals abroad, and violet
grows the West.
A low sigh stirs above my heart, and I prepare
to rest.

The great, encircling dome of night cups over
all the world,
And from the mountains' jagged peaks dim
streamers are unfurled.
And then I watch the angels come and taper
every star,
And slowly o'er the world's far edge creeps up
the moon's pale car.

And here, where men are not, is peace: here
broods eternal calm;
And ever to my God on high I sing my voiceless
psalm.
And in the night's still watches, from out His
holy place,
He, in compassion, lifts the veil, and I behold
His face.

The Lessons of the English Church Pageant.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY, LITT. D.

"BY accident rather than design," writes Mr. Mulvy Ouseley in the *London Catholic Weekly*, "the show has proved a very strong case for the Catholic Church." This, he claims, "is the only honest and straightforward construction that can be put upon it." Indeed, he calls it plainly, the "Papal" Pageant; "a departure from Protestantism, and from all the tenets of Protestantism."

This is one, and a perfectly legitimate view of the pageant. That it is, apparently, and at first sight, an argument in favor of "Continuity," may also be readily admitted. It is always well to concede as much as possible to one's opponent before proceeding to demolish his case.

That case has been stated by the *London Evening Standard*, and by the *Church Times*. According to the first of these, the promoters of the pageant "are hoping to impress upon the minds of those who are privileged to behold it a deepened sense of the continuity of English Church life." According to the latter, "nothing is more remarkable than the eager acceptance by churchmen of all schools alike, of the assumption" (a rather unfortunate word, by the way) "of the Church of England's continuity through thirteen centuries."

"Continuity," therefore, the identification of the "Church of England" with the

pre-Reformation "Church of the English People," is, or was, intended to be the keynote, so to speak, the leading motive (*leit-motif*) of this "living history." It will be interesting to see how it was worked out, and how the result tells for or against "the assumption of the Church of England's continuity."

All the events represented, prior to the sixteenth century, are, of course, evidently and unmistakably Catholic, with, perhaps, a slight emphasis on "English,"—that is, on Celtic and Saxon, rather than "Roman" saints, in deference to a certain "church-defence" theory of the "independence" of the national church, very much in favor with certain Anglican historians, though St. Augustine, with his companions of the first "Italian Mission," has, of course, his due place.

St. Dunstan, "the first of England's long line of ecclesiastical statesmen, striving to moderate the extreme reforming zeal of his episcopal brethren"—so *The Sphere*, a secular paper—has, also, his place in the pageant. The estimate given of him must be taken as evidence of a very distinct change from the older Protestant one to be found, for instance, in Dickens' "Child's History of England." It is the first time I must confess, that I have seen St. Dunstan praised—by a non-Catholic writer, and in a secular paper—for his "moderation" in reform. If the pageant has done nothing else, it has helped to present England's saints to the English people in a truer light than they have stood in for over three hundred years.

For the Middle Age, the Pageant shows us "the sacring,"—i. e., the anointing, of William the Conqueror; "the return and death of Thomas Becket"—*The Sphere* writer has lapsed, in this case, into evil ways,—and other matters, to be mentioned presently. For the moment, let us see what support the martyrdom of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Henry Tudor's "traitor Thomas Becket," has been made to give to the "assumption of continuity,"—"I thank thee, Jew, for giving me that

word." The parallel drawn is a sufficiently obvious one,—Becket and Laud; the eleventh century and the seventeenth; two martyrs "for the rights and liberties of the Church." The same Church, naturally; that, evidently, is the inference the audience is intended to draw. As it stands, it is a shrewd argument, admirably presented. So much we willingly concede to the "other side"; our "opponents" we hardly like to call them.

The martyrdom of St. Thomas, "by impious swords before God's altar slain," the greatest, one may almost say, certainly among the first, of England's saints,* whose shrine was not surpassed for splendor or for pilgrimages by any in Christendom, is followed, in the Pageant, by the granting of the Great Charter—the foundation of all England's liberties. Here, again, the Church has her foremost place, in the person of Stephen Langton. Next come a miracle play, and a pilgrimage scene, both well worth recalling to present-day Englishmen. The next figure, "Wycliffe at St. Paul's," strikes a distinctly "Anglican" note, as distinctly out of harmony—to Catholic ears. Wycliffe, however, is "a forerunner of the glorious Reformation," according to many; something had, moreover, to be conceded to the "school of churchmen" who so regard him, if only to pacify them, and make them endure, patiently, an otherwise distinctly "ritualistic" show.

"The modern period," I quote again from *The Sphere*, "opens with a scene representing the dissolution of the monasteries." Continuity, one may say, has become so commonly accepted, that, apparently, this "building the tombs of the prophets" did not strike the spectators as in any way incongruous or inconsistent. If, indeed, the Anglican can persuade himself, and others,—the first is easier of accomplishment than the second—

* His feast, December 29, ranks as a double of the first class with an octave, in all English [Catholic] churches; and his translation, July 7, as a greater double.

that he has neither part nor lot "with them that slew the prophets," with "the unredeemed villains of the miscalled reformation," then this scene will do much to "impress upon the minds of those who are privileged to behold it, a deepened sense of the continuity of English church life." The naïve simplicity—to be charitable—which could present such a scene in support of "continuity," is only matched by that which, lately, announced that Glastonbury Abbey had been "restored to the Church."

But if "Wycliffe at St. Paul's" struck a distinctly Anglican note, what shall we say of "the consecration of Matthew Parker," Elizabeth's nominee, "as Archbishop of Canterbury," as bearing on "the Church of England's continuity"? Not having seen any illustration of this tableau, I am unable to say how the performers "dressed the part." According to the Act of Uniformity and the Ornaments Rubric, they were at liberty to appear "in the ancient vestments of the English Church," or in those plainer ones associated, in the public mind, with the "purer gospel" of the post-Reformation period. But the scene, however stayed, is of interest, chiefly, as an argument for or against "continuity." According to *The Sphere*, it was "typical of the claim of the English Church to its liberty to decree its own rites and ceremonies." That is Anglican "church defence" at its best—or worst; or "continuity," as you please to take it. The "Church of the English people," prior to 1552, made no such claim; as the first Prayer Book of 1549, and, still more, the Order of Communion, of 1548, plainly shows. As a matter of fact, the Ornaments Rubric—so far as words go—confirmed by Matthew Parker, himself, is "dead against" any such interpretation of the new ceremonies observed at his quasi-consecration. The tableau, we are forced to conclude, is distinctly unfavorable to continuity. Even the old vestments, if used, which I doubt, can not save the situation. Possibly—if

one may suggest it—this accounts for the absence of any tableau representing the consecration of a pre-Reformation, Catholic English bishop. There may, indeed, be other and no less obvious reasons for its omission. There are limits to the forbearance of certain "schools of churchmen"; also, to the courage—to put it mildly—of the present "successors of St. Augustine and St. Mellitus."

"Lastly,"—I refer once again to *The Sphere*—"in the acquittal of the [seven] bishops," under James II., "we see actually represented the stirring scenes so wonderfully described by Macaulay." What bearing, however, such an episode can have, even the remotest, on continuity, or that of the bishops "presenting the revised Bible to James I.," it is difficult, or rather impossible, to imagine. The scenes are, of course, intensely national, and, therefore, sure to appeal to a popular audience; but they are no less intensely Anglican, and absolutely out of touch with the pre-Reformation tableaux, so far, at least, as their professed object is concerned. There is, possibly, a very imaginary parallel, if it can be called one, between Langton's resistance of John, and Sancroft's resistance of James; there was equal courage, let us say, in either case, but there all similarity ends. There may also be a parallel—in the popular mind—between Wycliffe and the compilers of the "King James" version of the Scriptures; it is the only one that presents itself—on the continuity theory. The first mentioned scene, then—the acquittal of the bishops,—would, accordingly, stand for a post-Reformation assertion of "the Church's" attitude toward royal aggression, to offset Langton's; the second, as a glorification of that "Open Bible" which Wycliffe is supposed—again in the popular mind—to have been the first to give to the English people. It is an attitude with which, apart from continuity—and it is very much apart,—no Catholic can justly quarrel. The English Bible, whencesoever derived, is a literary

heritage of which Englishmen have every right to be proud.

These two scenes, therefore, must be counted as merely popular; as concessions to national traditions, and, doubtless, to "churchmen of all schools" other than the extreme "Anglo-Catholics." But, if so, the last of those recorded by *The Sphere* must be taken as still further concessions, along this line, and still more hopelessly remote from any bearing on the professed object of the Pageant.

"Then the scene closes," we read, "with a procession illustrating the eighteenth century"; whether the days "when gracious Anne became our Queen"—

The Church of England's glory,—

or

When William was our King declared
To ease the nation's grievance,

the extract from which I have quoted (in the *Literary Digest* of July 3) does not say. It may even have reference to the days

When George in pudding time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, sir.*

At all events, the choice of the worst age of Anglicanism, one might almost say of Christianity generally, can be explained only by its connection with "the Methodist revival"—a strange argument for continuity!—and "the evangelical movement," which, with "the crusade against slavery," marked the end of the Pageant.

Going back, in conclusion, to the first quotation made, from the *Catholic Weekly*, we admit, readily, that the writer's contention that "the show has proved a very strong case for the Catholic Church," has been amply and abundantly proved. Not only do the pre-Reformation tableaux, as was quite natural—Wycliffe alone excepted—bear this out, but even the post-Reformation "parallels," as they were doubtless designed to be, tend,

* The quotations, as perhaps I need hardly explain, are from "The Vicar of Bray," the cleverest satire on ecclesiastical time-serving—typically Anglican, I regret to say—ever penned. The original vicar, a real person, is referred to in Fuller's "Worthies."

"by accident rather than design," in the same direction. Unconsciously as well as unintentionally, the promoters of the Fulham Pageant, in their desire to emphasize the "Catholicity" of their own communion, have drawn the sharpest of all possible contrasts between it and the ancient Church of the English people. The very vestments tell against their claim to continuity, rather than in favor of it. Laud's death and Becket's martyrdom, their most striking parallel, can only, and must only, lead an intelligent spectator into an inquiry as to its extent, into its vital differences, as well as into its external resemblances—where, once more, the very dresses mark the first, not the second. The significant omission—I write under correction, but I do not think the point would have escaped mention and emphasis had it occurred—of any pre-Reformation Episcopal consecration speaks more loudly against continuity than all the scenes intended to show its existence.

There remain the distinctly "Anglican" notes referred to, spoiling, as they do, the intended harmony and motive of the Pageant, but necessary, not to say, unavoidable, under the circumstances. The lessons, therefore, of this living history are sufficiently plain. England was Catholic and Papal, prior to the dissolution of the monasteries, certainly prior to 1547; her church was, of course, equally so, and laid claim neither to independence nor to "liberty to decree its own rites and ceremonies." England, since 1547—with the brief interval of Mary's reign—has been Protestant and anti-Papal, her "church" no less so. It is these points which the Pageant has presented to the spectators who flocked to it; to the people of England generally. The "Papalism"—if one may use the term—of the first period was, naturally, not made unduly prominent, for obvious reasons, but its spirit pervaded every tableau. Ninian, David, Patrick, Germanus, Columba, Aidan, Briton, Irishman, Gaul, and Saxon,

brought, in those early days, the same message, professed the same faith. What of to-day? Gregory, in the sixth century, sent "Roman" monks to convert England; wherein did it differ from the "Italian Mission," sent—so our Anglican friends maintain—by Pius IX. in the nineteenth?

But it is the post-Reformation scenes, as already pointed out, that tell, most strongly, against "the assumption of the Church of England's continuity through thirteen centuries," by their very inevitability. Yet, with all this, we, as Catholics, can not but be grateful to the promoters of the Pageant. If it has failed of its professed object, as we hold, it has, at all events, taught the two lessons indicated,—lessons which, we hope and believe, will be more fully and more widely, as well as more logically grasped, as time goes on. It remains true, moreover, if not quite in the sense intended that, as the *Church Times* says, "education toward a truer conception of the Church of Christ, as a visible, organic fellowship, has made gratifying progress."

If so, we can only pray that its progress may continue until to those present at the Fulham Pageant, and to English churchmen generally, it becomes clear as noon-day, as clear as it is to us, that "the Church of Christ" was, and is, in England, and throughout the world, the Church of Ninian, David, Patrick, Aidan and St. Augustine; of Gregory and Leo, of Langton and Wiseman, of Thomas of Canterbury and of Thomas More, not the communion of Parker, Laud, and Sancroft; still less, of the Methodist revival, and of the Evangelical movement. And, in so far as the Church Pageant shall have helped toward this end, it will deserve the thanks and gratitude of all true lovers of Christ and of His Church.

How well it would be if all we Catholics could feel toward Protestants as Our Lord did when He said, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!"

—*Coventry Patmore.*

Mrs. Tansey's Vindication.

EVEN Mrs. Devine held her breath when the priest began to speak in a positive manner on the sad apostasy of her old friend. Father McCabe stood at the altar in his vestments of silken green, a perfect picture of heavenly glory. A hundred people sat before him on rude benches,—some of them villagers, others the boarders of the shanty in which the Holy Mass had just been said. Through the long, narrow windows came the odors of the greenwood and the murmur of the rushing Quinabaug, which at this point turned back on itself so completely as to make the place almost an island. The beauty of the spot had often been sanctified by the offering of the Mass; for Mrs. Devine's shanty, on account of its size and neatness, had been chosen as the temporary chapel in Jewettville. On this occasion the priest had made up his mind about the behavior of Mrs. Tansey, and so had Mrs. Devine. It was unfortunate that their opinions did not agree; for if Father McCabe was positive in maintaining his views, Mrs. Devine was superlative and fluent, and always on the ground.

"As soon as ever I heard of the illness of Mrs. Tansey," said the priest to the people, "I went straight to the poorhouse to administer to her the last consolations of our holy religion. What strength and sweetness do they not confer upon us in the hour of sickness and death! How few are the Catholics, no matter how sinful and neglectful their lives, that do not call loudly for them in their last distress! How was I received at the poorhouse? The matron, Mrs. Judson, threw open the house to me, but she appeared very much embarrassed; for she had to inform me that Mrs. Tansey not only declined my ministrations, but refused most positively to see me. Mrs. Judson left it to myself to decide whether I would force my presence on her. I sent the unfortunate woman a special message,

announcing my presence and my readiness to give her the last Sacraments. She returned the vicious reply that she would have neither me nor the sacraments, and that if I entered the room where she lay in her last illness she would do violence to herself and to me. Mrs. Judson was much distressed, and gave it as her opinion that the poor old woman had become demented; and she made up for the distress of the occasion by showing me great hospitality, and by introducing me to a few members of my flock, whose faith consoled me for the apostasy of Mrs. Tansey. The secret of her distressing perversion is not far to seek. But I shall not discuss the matter. She died without the faith in which she had been brought up, and her judgment has already been rendered. Her body now lies in the potter's field, without respect; and her memory alas! suggests only horror."

Amid intense silence, he drew the moral of Mrs. Tansey's fate. After all was over, the people gathered in little groups outside and discussed the denunciation. The children scattered along the river, floating sticks in its swift current, hunting for frogs in the marshy spots, and, with stick and thread and pin, angling for sunfish. The larger boys went higher up to the stream for a swim. Father McCabe ate his breakfast at the head of the large table, with Mrs. Devine waiting on him. She could hardly conceal her vexation at his refusal of all her delicacies except oatmeal and coffee. She was still more vexed at his denunciation of Mrs. Tansey, whom she now revered as a martyr; but it was not her place to instruct the priest in his duties, or to present him with her opinions. Mr. Cornelius Sullivan, however, had no such timidity; and when he had finished the steak prepared for the priest, he opened the subject as soon as politeness permitted.

"I hope you are well this morning, Mrs. Devine," said Father McCabe; "but you look quite the opposite,—as if you were distressed in some way."

"Thank yer Reverence, I never was stronger and heartier in my life," she replied; "but it's wondering I am how yer Reverence will get along at all in this world, and the work you have to do, and the poor aiting to support it."

"Oh, that's an old story with her!" Mr. Sullivan broke in. "What's of more importance is that she don't agree with yer Reverence about Mrs. Tansey."

"Poor unfortunate woman!" said Father McCabe, in the tone that warned all disputants off the premises. "It was bad enough to be forced by overwhelming poverty into the poorhouse, but to die an apostate and to lie in the potter's field! God save us all from such a fate!"

Even Mr. Sullivan did not dare to utter a word after this solemn and infallible pronouncement, which removed the question of Mrs. Tansey's apostasy from the domain of argument; but Mrs. Devine began to weep so copiously that the priest rose up hastily and joined the people outside. He was a severe man, dear to his people, intimate in one way, yet too remote to permit of protest against his decisions. Nevertheless, he heard his hostess talking in subdued voice to Mr. Sullivan within.

"Don't you think I know Mrs. Judson? Was there ever a minute that the black heart in her wasn't planning murder against us? She threw open the doors to the priest, did she? Well, she closed the doors on that poor dying woman; she lied about her, just to have the satisfaction of refusing a Catholic her 'supersishuns.' Didn't I hear her talking about them? Didn't I have the joy of telling her to her face what I thought of her? And, please God, I'll have the joy of seeing her exposed yet, and thrown out of her job. I'll pray for it, anny way. Deacon Woodberry's not the man I think he is if he lets it go with her."

Mrs. Devine's feelings had to find expression in a certain amount of language, and the neighbors humored her. The priest drove off, after a while, to his home some

miles away; the people followed him by degrees. Mr. Sullivan's family also retired in good order; but Mr. Sullivan remained to chat with the boarders, and to take supper with them and their mistress. They discussed the Tansey affair all day, without a doubt of the apostasy, yet deeply impressed with Mrs. Devine's faith in her friend, and with her blistering condemnation of the matron of the poor-house. They tried to compose her mind by showing her how impossible it was for even Satan himself to deceive the priest, let alone a weak woman creature like Mrs. Judson; and they were shocked at the heretical opinions expressed in reply, with liberal quotations from the Scriptures referring to the treason of Peter and the blunder of doubting Thomas. But it was all very pleasant,—the long discussion in the glade, to the music of the river, with interruptions from the lively boarders, the telling of ghost stories, the frequent lighting of pipes, and the serving of an excellent supper. After twilight came a full moon and a cool night, through which fell the glittering dew until everything began to sparkle.

At nine o'clock Mr. Cornelius Sullivan set out for home, saturated with enjoyment. He remembered it forever after, not merely because it was the last night in which he enjoyed anything, but because its joy seemed so complete and varied. He had heard Mass, received Communion, settled local church matters with his Reverence, eaten breakfast with him, composed the doubts of Mrs. Devine somewhat, sported with the boys, and eaten three fine meals in the prettiest spot on earth. Now he walked home in the moonlight, along the railroad, as light of foot and heart as a fairy. The iron track led him to a stile which indicated a short cut to his own home. The path led through a great meadow, bare of everything except a solitary stump and the fresh-cut grass, now sparkling with dew. And on the stump he saw a woman sitting in an attitude of depression. She looked like

an old woman, and he understood the case at once. Walking along the track like himself, she had seen the lights of his own house on the side of the hill, had tried to reach it to ask for charity, and had failed to get farther than the stump. Yet it was a rare thing in the village to see a woman out at that hour and in such a place. He went over and spoke to her kindly, with the commanding air proper to the chief adviser of the parish priest.

"My good woman," said he, "what are you doing in such a place at this hour of the night? Can I be of any service to you, ma'am?"

"We all have our reasons for being anywhere, Con Sullivan," she replied, in a husky, impatient voice. "I'm here because I won't stay where they put me,—where they had no right to put me; and, besides, my feet are very cold."

The flesh of Mr. Sullivan began to creep, he could not tell why. The woman seemed very old and shrunken; there was something familiar in the sound of her voice and something odd in her expression; she did not look up at him, but seemed to be gazing at her withered, pallid hands, which showed up strongly in the moonlight. Her face was concealed by a deep sunbonnet.

"Well, come with me for the night and make yourself comfortable in my house, good woman," he said, in a bantering tone; but his knees were trembling. "My wife has a welcome for all such—travellers."

He was afraid to ask her any further questions, as to where she had been put, and why her feet were cold. She now began to laugh, and his flesh began to creep still more.

"Oh, it's not very welcome. I'd be anywhere, Con Sullivan! And it's not to your house, or any house, I'll be going this night, except to my own. But if you'll do me a favor, I'll be satisfied."

"Twenty of them," he answered.

"Buy me a pair of shoes; for my feet are cold, I tell you. And have me put where I belong, with my own

people; for I won't stay where I am now."

"I'll buy the shoes and I'll put you where you belong, with your own people," said Mr. Sullivan, desperately; for his courage was waning. "But in the name of God, woman, tell me who you are and where you are, that I may be able to help you!"

"Didn't you know me, Con Sullivan?" she said, chuckling; and turned to him a pale old face, on which the moon seemed to find a moisture, but in whose eyes no light reflected. "I'm Mary Tansey, of course; and I put it on you and the priest to take me out of the potter's field."

And, with that phrase sounding in his ears, Mr. Sullivan found himself gazing distracted at the old stump on which sat nothing, on the empty field in which walked nothing, and all around the horizon where he was the only visible human being. His body had turned to ice, his flesh was creeping, the roots of his hair fairly ached. He walked mechanically the rest of the way to his house, pounded on the door because he could not take time to find his key; and when his wife angrily opened it, staggered in like one drunk and fell a senseless heap on the floor.

A doctor worked over the patient till midnight, before the shocked nerves permitted the return of Mr. Sullivan to consciousness. In the meantime Father McCabe and Mrs. Devine had been summoned,—the latter to explain to the physician the quality of the sick man's potations that afternoon; but on this point Mrs. Devine had an unblemished record, as the whole country knew, and she could take oath that Mr. Sullivan left her shanty "without so much as the smell of it on his breath." At sight of the faces around him, Mr. Sullivan groaned. He was instantly reminded of the old woman in the field.

"What happened to you, Con?" said the doctor.

"Just a foolish fright," he answered, and refused to speak more.

"That explains the syncope," said the medical man to the priest. "Shock and it must have been severe to leave him unconscious two hours. He's all right now. A little rest and quiet will bring him back to his normal condition."

Mrs. Devine knew by instinct what had happened to her neighbor, and felt that the incident had some bearing on the charge against Mrs. Tansey. So when the doctor had gone, she said with meaning:

"Con Sullivan, you must tell what happened to you."

"Indeed and I must, for it was put on me to tell Father McCabe," said Mr. Sullivan, not without a sense of importance, which increased as his fright diminished. "More than that, it was put on me and his Reverence to take Mrs. Tansey out of the potter's field and place her with her own people."

Mrs. Devine made the Sign of the Cross, but Father McCabe simply sat in dignified silence, leaving the situation to solve itself. With much detail, the story was told. Father McCabe had a fine common-sense which dealt unerringly with matters of this kind. He knew that this story would be in every mouth before another midnight, with a rooted conclusion in favor of Mrs. Tansey's orthodoxy. He had also begun to fear that Mrs. Judson had tricked him, for the cruel satisfaction of denying her poor old ward a comfortable exit into eternity. It would not be the first time a helpless creature was thus wronged, because of resisting all efforts at perversion. And if the wild boys boarding at Mrs. Devine's were once convinced of the matron's perfidy, they were quite capable of ducking her in the Quinabaug after the ancient Blue Law fashion, or of setting fire to the poorhouse.

"It looks as if Mrs. Tansey had been badly treated," he said at the close of the tale; "and I think the matter should be investigated. But the question is, how to go about it? Who can tell us

anything of the last hours of the poor woman, and the precise behavior of the matron?"

"One man has done it already, your Reverence," Mrs. Devine said promptly, taking the bit in her teeth, as it were, and galloping wildly on. "I didn't speak of it, because the wit of the creature is none of the best, and it's not for the likes of me to be contradicting the word of the priest. But Israel Sibley, that works at the poorhouse—the half-witted old man that's been there for years—told me as a secret that Mrs. Judson tried her best to make Mrs. Tansey a Protestant. When she failed, she had her revenge by keeping out the priest from her. And Israel says he'll never forget the poor old woman crying night and day, till the breath failed her, for your Reverence."

"God forgive her!" said Father McCabe, with fervor; "but I did not think any living woman could be guilty of such cruelty and hypocrisy."

"She's never been anything more or less than a hypocrite, Father; but I wouldn't leave the cruelty at her door, little as I think of her."

"And why, Mrs. Devine, did you not inform your pastor and priest of this phase of the difficulty?"

"Sure, yer Reverence, I only heard it a few days ago, and it's not me that would put the story of a witless old man against the mind of the priest. I felt certain all the Judsons in America could not change the faith of Mrs. Tansey, one of the finest women I *ever* knew. The word of Israel Sibley would not be taken in a court of law, but he satisfied me that he told just what he saw. He told other things besides. They buried the poor creature, he says, in the one coffin they have for every funeral. The bottom is a few boards, not nailed to the coffin over them. They lay the body in the grave, then whip off the coffin, to be used another time. Just the same, they charge the town for a new coffin at every burying.

I suppose they took the shoes off Mrs. Tansey, which is why her feet were cold."

"You behaved admirably," replied the priest, ignoring the new accusations. "While the testimony of this half-witted man would not hold in a court of law, it is valid for us. I shall ask him to tell his story over again to myself and some magistrate. How would Mr. Woodberry do?"

"The very man for yer Reverence, if I may make so bold as to advise your Reverence," Mrs. Devine answered, with triumph in her voice. "Once the Deacon hears Israel's story, he'll look into it, and settle Mrs. Judson forever and ever. Amen; and my blessing go along with her."

"Tut, tut, tut!" said Father McCabe. "I reprobate such uncharitable desires. There must be no vengefulness. If Mrs. Tansey suffered as you think, Mrs. Devine, she was a blessed martyr for the faith, and her glory must not be marred by harsh feelings against her persecutor. I now enjoin both you and Mr. Sullivan to keep all these details profoundly secret until I feel sure of my ground, and have seen that most upright and honorable friend of ours, Mr. Woodberry. If we have wronged Mrs. Tansey—and I now feel sure that we have,—our atonement must be as public as our blunder. Have I your word that nothing more will be said until I give you permission?"

The two concerned made a solemn promise, and the priest withdrew to his own room in the Sullivan home. He did not relish his position. Feeling ran high just then between his people and the sects in the village; for the Know-Nothing wave was just at its height, and the prudent leaders were anxious lest untoward events like this should stir the more passionate partisans. The apparition of Mrs. Tansey and the story of Israel Sibley would make a tremendous blaze if they went forth in company. He had no doubt whatever of Mrs. Judson's cruelty and treachery; for half-wits like Israel Sibley do not invent so aptly. The body of Mrs. Tansey must

be transferred to consecrated ground, and her panegyric uttered where the people had heard her solemn denunciation from his own lips. But how to accomplish so much without exciting the just rage of the people? This was the problem which he presented the next morning to the local magistrate, Mr. Woodberry, the leading man of the village of Jewettville, and the protector of the Catholic minority against the attempted injustices of the Know-Nothing partisans.

"Curious and interesting story," he commented. "And Con Sullivan is a reliable man. I have no doubt he had some strange experience to affect him so. I have no doubt either about old Israel's story. Strange what poor human creatures will do, once they get started on the down road. Mrs. Judson was a fine woman; but when she and her husband took to cheating the dead out of their coffins and the town out of its money, why, cheating Mrs. Tansey out of her religious ceremonies and lying about her afterward might look rather virtuous."

Both men smiled at the conceit.

"The settlement of the affair can be managed without causing an outbreak," Mr. Woodberry continued. "You go on your way in blissful ignorance, Father McCabe, and do what comes to you to do without further thought. You keep your hotheads cool, and I'll see that on our side there will be nothing done and nothing said. Leave everything to me."

The villagers heard, but did not take much interest in the first event of a series which began that very day. Mrs. Devine made application for the body of her friend, Mrs. Tansey; and, on a supervisor's order, opened the grave in the potter's field. Magistrate Woodberry observed the ceremony without comment, and stayed by until the decent funeral cortège formed at the gate and drove away to the Catholic cemetery some miles to the south. Then he called the Judsons to an explanation, which continued, before

different officials, for some days, and ended in their dismissal from a position which they had abused somewhat grossly. But no one connected their disgrace with the affair of Mrs. Tansey. The adventure of Mr. Sullivan did not leak out for long afterward. The people heard incidentally, after the departure of the Judsons, that Father McCabe had reconsidered his opinion of the matron, and had transferred the remains of her victim to the consecrated ground with much respect. Mrs. Devine described the honorable funeral, at the expense of the priest, with proper emphasis on the shoes provided by Mr. Sullivan in fulfilment of his promise to the dead. At the next station held in the shanty, Father McCabe paid his tribute to Mrs. Tansey and charitably construed the bigotry of her persecutor.

"But for this blind bigotry, my dear brethren, this unfortunate woman would not have been led into unwomanly cruelty toward a poor, old, helpless, dying daughter of the faith. It is bitter to die; it is more bitter to die deprived of the spiritual strengths provided for poor human nature by the goodness of Our Lord. Mrs. Tansey suffered a double death in this deprivation. And to these sufferings was added the fearful calumny, before and after her death, that she had deserted the faith and died an apostate. What an accumulation of misfortunes! The loss of her children and relatives, deep poverty, an inmate of the poorhouse, a feeble old age, sickness and death without the Sacraments, the persecution of a cruel woman placed there by the State to protect and succor the unfortunate, her name covered with calumnies, and an outcast's grave! What more could a martyr endure for the faith? And this feeble and aged woman was truly a martyr. She suffered all this rather than surrender her faith. She was beset on every side by temptations, allurements, arguments, threats, insults, and hardships. She triumphed over them all. And I am sure that the dear Lord Himself comforted her

last moments, and made up to her for what we in our weakness deprived her of. Her persecutor has fled from the scene in disgrace; but let us not rejoice in that fall, because it was the bigotry of the Judsons that gave to Mrs. Tansey the crown of a martyr. Let us rejoice that our little parish, poor and small as it is, has given forth such an illustration of profound faith. May the honored name of Mary Tansey be an inspiration to us all forever!"

That day was long remembered by the people. The children forgot to sail sticks in the river, and the boys forgot the luxurious swim, in the desire to hear the gossip retailed by the elders. Each had his own version. Mrs. Devine went over the details of her friend's life and her beautiful burial twenty times at least. The expulsion of the Judsons was dwelt on, and the name of Israel Sibley ornamented with lavish praise. Mr. Cornelius Sullivan held forth cautiously all the afternoon as usual, but at sundown he went home; and never again in a long life, no matter what inducement there might be, was he caught out alone after dark. This fact became the permanent feature of the story in later years. Unless accompanied by two friends, he never once ventured forth after nightfall. It was considered a great tribute to the apparition of the Widow Tansey.

As Angels See.

BY THE REV. E. F. GARESCHÉ, S. J.

I.

A LITTLE deed, a little prayer,
 So slight we scarcely heed the while;
 A moment's love,—and what is there
 To make an angel smile?

II.

A little guile, a little sin,
 So brief our hearts no memory keep;
 A moment's hate,—ah, what is there
 To make an angel weep!

Sir Stephen de Vere.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

III.—THE BLACK BOOKS.

(CONTINUED.)

THIS horrid land war lasted in Ireland for centuries; leaving after it, year by year, a revolting crop of crime. Let us describe one of those years in the early part of the last century; the place is the County of Limerick.

At Newcastle West, the son of the agent on the Courtney estate, shot. At Rathkeale, on the Commons, Major Going, J. P., shot. At Pallaskenry, Christopher Sparling, a palatine, was attacked in his house by night. He was assisted from within by Samuel Cross, who was killed some time after. Sparling himself was shot while riding to Rooska, near Newcastle West, where he had taken possession of a farm from which the tenant had been evicted. Three men were hanged for this murder.

"June 15-24.—Special sessions held in Rathkeale and Limerick; a number of men transported. August 3.—William Walsh, Edward Doherty, Lawrence Walsh and William Martin were executed at the county jail for the murder of Thomas Hoskins, the agent's son, at Newcastle West. At this (August) assize upward of forty persons were convicted of capital offences, and awaited the execution of the law. August 5.—Five men executed in front of the new county jail, for the murder and robbery of Henry Sheahan, a postboy carrying the mail between Rathkeale and Shanagolden; they wanted to get at writs. August 10.—Jeremiah Rourke, executed at the county jail for firing at Mr. Travers, a magistrate of the county. August 17.—Two men executed in front of the new jail, for housebreaking and taking arms. August 31.—Patrick Hyslane sentenced at Rathkeale to seven years' transportation. September 4.—Assizes resumed. There were several convictions, Thomas Halpin, John Dogan,

Patrick and Edmund Hennessy, convicted of the murder of a crown witness named Buckley, were executed in front of the county jail on the 9th of September. Same assizes: seventeen convicts, under sentence of death, transported. September 27.—Twenty convicts, under sentence of death, sent into transportation."

Oh, the vicious circle in which the whole thing ran! The swearing was fiendish, the prosecution was fiendish, and the muttered vengeance on the part of the prisoners' friends was fiendish. The passions of human nature, the hatred and the spite and the oppression and the cruelty, that played such relenting parts in these life-and-death dramas, can hardly be conceived. The landlord party had the prisoner in their grasp while the assizes were going on, and they did not spare him. But when the assizes concluded, and the individuals of the landlord party rode home in the dark from their hunt or their ball or their business, then, alas! the murderous peasant bands were in power, the landlord was, as it were, in the dark, and the Whiteboys knew no mercy. "In revenge there may be, as we have been told, wild justice; but it remains revenge for all that, and no amount of palliation can invest these murderous outbursts with the sanction that belongs to the calm judgments of lawful authority. At the same time there is a point at which actions, if still unjustifiable in themselves, come to bear a perfectly explicable character. That point is reached when the established order of the State no longer gives expression to the legitimate feelings of society. Carry repression beyond a certain stage, deny the wishes of the people the slightest means of outlet, and you can not be surprised if resentment shows itself in violent ways." So spoke the *London Times*, Feb. 18, 1905; but it was speaking of Russia, not of Ireland.

Unlimited power brought oppression; oppression brought revenge; revenge brought arrest, perjury, execution; and these in their turn brought on a new crop

of murders. An old generation that lived through these scenes is just dead. That old generation, I, a peasant child born among them, mingled with. One strange cry of that generation has burned into my heart. It is not the starving cry of "the bad times," the famine years of '46, '47, and '48; it is not even the ruthless oppression practised in not a few, but, truth to tell, in numberless cases, on an unprotected and undefended tenantry; it is not the fierce, vengeful wail or cry of the departing emigrant.

I know I shall fail to impart to you the impression made on my childish mind as I watched the wild look of mysterious dread that came over the faces of our women when, on a late March afternoon (March was the customary time of holding assizes), the heavens would grow depressingly dark, and from the north and west or biting east a cold and piercing wind would blow. I have seen our female population then "cross themselves" in fear; and, as if remembering the awful swearing of those dreadful assizes they had lived through, and the still more awful punishments and transportations and executions that followed, they would cry: "God of mercy the black books are opened!"

Between the oppressor and the oppressed, however, a third class, or party, was forming. There were men, in the county and city, who were shocked by the savage murders, or attempts at murder, on the part of the Whiteboys; I mean such savage attempts as, for instance, when a country-man was held on the ground, the assassins laying their feet on one foot of the victim, and, catching the other foot in their hands, endeavored to tear him in two;* and there were men on the one hand, who, though shocked by this

* In this case, the victim would actually have been torn in two, as many of the assassins had come from a distance, and had been brutalized by drink, were it not that some of the Whiteboys from the neighborhood interfered, and prevented the revolting savagery.

and similar brutalities, felt that innocent men were being hanged and transported by the score. These men, being instinctively repelled from either wing, were unconsciously forming a third party, holding a middle place between the two. In the country the culture and kindness of the De Vere family set them as natural leaders of this party. Their first aim was to get in touch with that element of vengeance among the peasantry which to less earnest minds seemed both abhorrent and untamable—namely, the Whiteboy party. They sought and succeeded.

"Sir Stephen was trusted by the Whiteboys," says one who was acquainted with those times. "He knew every one of them, and sent some of them out of the country that they might not be arrested. Three Bourkes—Stephen, John, and Ned—were tried for murder, on a charge for killing a man on the road between Adare and Curragh. Sir Stephen interested himself on their behalf. When their case was being tried, he was sitting beside the counsel for the Crown. When the prosecutor was entering their case as murder, Sir Stephen made him change the case from murder to manslaughter. He afterward brought them free, all but a small share of punishment.

"Another man named Jemmy Bourke, who was also charged in the same case, was sentenced to be transported. A petition was sent to the government for his reprieve, but in vain. Sir Stephen himself afterward wrote to the government for his reprieve, but it was refused. Then he went in person to the government, and brought the man home."

This beautiful kindness was in the blood of the family. Mr. Aubrey de Vere writes:

"A young man was tried for murder, having killed a member of a rival faction in a faction fight. The judge, reluctant to sentence him to death on account of his youth, turned to him and said: 'Is there any one in court who could speak as to your character?' The youth looked round the court, and then said sadly:

'There is no man here, my lord, that I know.' At that moment my grandfather chanced to walk into the grand-jury gallery. He saw at once how matters stood. He called out: 'You are a queer boy that doesn't know a friend when you see him!' The boy was quick-witted; he answered: 'Oh, then, 'tis myself that's proud to see your honor here this day!'"* The boy was acquitted on Mr. de Vere's declaring that, *while he knew him*, he was as innocent as a child.

It was not an infrequent thing in those days for the condemned man to be executed at or near the place of murder, or near where he lived, for the purpose of instilling terror; but the old man from whom we have quoted 'does not remember any executions ever to have taken place in Curragh Chase district.' On the one hand, then, Sir Stephen enjoyed the confidence of those wild spirits who had been brutalized by ignorance, oppression and drink. From these he learned of crimes that were about to be committed, and many an evil deed remained undone because of his kindly interference. On the other hand, he used his influence with the government, as represented by the judges and prosecuting counsel at assize, and by sheriff and police force at eviction or execution.

Sir Stephen used his influence also with those of his own class, in every available way, in order to bend them to mercy and forbearance; though, with his inborn shyness he was more chary in speaking to them than to the executive or to the poor. Thus he wrought an amount of good which, if we bear in mind that the outward sufferings of the poor were as nothing compared to their inner griefs, and that the execution or transportation of one man meant the sorrow and shame of many, was simply incalculable.

At this time there was coming to Curragh Chase a lawyer of great influence from the city of Limerick. This man's name was Thomas Spring Rice, afterward

* "Recollections."

first Lord Monteagle. His sister was Sir Stephen's mother. He was the leader of the "Independent," — that is, of the united Catholics and liberal Protestants in the city. The action of the ultra-Protestant party in the Limerick corporation had been so shamefully corrupt that, as early as 1823, an act was passed by the British Parliament for reforming it. "It had," says Lenihan, the venerable historian of Limerick, "become rank in the nostrils of all classes." And again: "Its annals were nothing but malversation of the public funds, corruption of the very worst character, and the manufacture of [Orange] freemen. The Tory party was led by the family of Vereker. The battle of independence continued to wage in the city of Limerick. At every meeting Mr. Rice continued to take a prominent part. He aided all who stood forth against the irresponsible iniquity of the corporation."

The historian here describes a scene of great enthusiasm that followed a contested election. Mr. Tuthill, a popular landed gentleman residing at Faha, near Patrickswell, a few miles from Limerick, had contested the city representative with Major Vereker, and was defeated; but a public "chairing" took place in his honor, the procession numbering fully 30,000 people. On the chair were four labels in letters of gold. The first was, "God save the King"; the second, "The Man of the People"; the third, "The Champion of our Rights"; and the fourth, "Tuthill and Independence." He was presented with favors from the several trades, and with a beautiful sash from the clothiers. What heightened the scene and excited the greatest enthusiasm was the presenting him with a branch of laurel the leaves of which were edged with gold. This was done amidst loud huzzas and waving of handkerchiefs and hats.

"The procession then moved on in the following order. First, the different tradesmen, amounting to some thousands, with cockades and favors, their respective banners in front. Next came a square car,

with high railing, interwoven with shrubs and flowers. Then came the chair, preceded by gentlemen bearing banners. And now our longing eyes beheld Mr. Tuthill surrounded with nearly all the wealth, talent, and respectability of Limerick. On the platform were Mr. William Roche the banker, Mr. Matthew Barrington, and other respectable gentlemen; and the chair was followed by about 800 leading citizens, all bearing wands to which branches of laurel were bound. The procession was closed by an innumerable concourse of people, and proceeded through every quarter of the city, even to 'The Liberties'; but in going through George's Street, Major Vereker stepped out on the balcony of the club house, respectfully bowed to Mr. Tuthill, and remained uncovered till the procession passed by."

(To be continued.)

Mary Agnes Tincker.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

WRITERS succeed one another in popular favor with such rapidity nowadays that one may be forgiven for failure to remember nineteen out of twenty. How speedily William Black faded from view, and Rider Haggard, and even Blackmore! Who remembers Mrs. Anna S. Stephens, the pride of *Peterson's Magazine* forty years ago? Mrs. Southworth still lives among the publishers of what may be called "dry-goods literature." Let it be said that her powers of narration, description, and plot-making are far ahead of many of the popular novelists of the present hour, whose characteristic seems to be inanity. They do not grip their readers, as a good story-teller and a good story are bound to do. Mrs. Southworth could interest the most indifferent. For this reason she will be remembered when others with a finer art will be forgotten.

In her day Mary Agnes Tincker enjoyed popularity, which might have continued

as long as Mrs. Humphry Ward's, had publishers been acquainted with the method of promoting the "six best sellers,"—a method now so profitably studied and practised that it has developed a style of novel all its own. For examples, see the publications of the Blow, Blare & Blast Co., so widely advertised in full pages of the magazines and dailies. Miss Tincker's popularity sprang from the favorable reviews of her stories of Italian life, and grew with every work from her pen. Somewhere in the heyday of her success she grew tired of writing and withdrew from literary life altogether. When she died, her memory had faded from all but those who still felt the grip of her stories. Catholic readers of this generation know her chiefly as the author of "The House of Yorke," which was her first book and contained many personal experiences.

She was born of a notable family, at Ellsworth, Maine, on July 18, 1831, became a convert to the Catholic Faith in her twentieth year, lived most of her life in Boston, with the exception of a few years spent in Europe, and died in November of 1907, at the ripe age of seventy-six. She was a tall, stately, handsome woman, of perfect manners, reticent but gifted with biting speech, full of quiet humor, and most intense in her sympathies. Her career provides an interesting study for writers of the present generation, and for the Catholic leaders of the hour in particular. There is no longer any excuse for the conditions which shifted and shaped the career of Mary Agnes Tincker, as they shaped the career of Marion Crawford. The Catholic body is now of sufficient intelligence and power to appreciate its own press, to employ, encourage and reward its own writers, to avoid the indifference of the past in regard to these writers. That indifference, excusable thirty years ago, is not so to-day.

Miss Tincker began her literary career with a novel of Catholic life in Maine—"The House of Yorke,"—which appeared

as a serial in the pages of the *Catholic World*. After almost forty years of service, it is still a popular book in our libraries; although its readers are unaware of the fame and success achieved by its author in other fields. Her second book was "Grapes and Thorns"; her third, a transcript of her pleasant stay in Rome, entitled "Six Sunny Months"; and her fourth, a volume of short stories called "A Winged Word." One and all, they have the quality of distinction. The triviality so common nowadays in the popular novel is utterly absent from their pages. She worked not in sad but in joyful sincerity; and worked as an artist, earning a foremost place among the novelists of the English tongue.

A clear view of her character is given in "Six Sunny Months," from which may be quoted enough to illustrate the quality of her opinions and her style. In this book the leading character is Signora Ottart'-Otto, who voices the feelings and opinions of the author of the book. Replying to a slur on the dogma of Infallibility, the Signora says:

"I have always thought it wrong to ridicule even a false religion. When I think that on the poor crumbling mythologies of the world the souls of men have tried to climb to such a heaven as they had glimpses of, or were capable of imagining, their mistakes become to me sad or terrible,—anything but laughable. One doesn't laugh at sight of a rotten plank that broke in the hands of a drowning man. And if falsehood, when human prayers have been breathed on it, and human tears shed on it, and human hearts have clung to it, believing it to be truth, is something no longer to be ridiculed, how much more should we treat the truth seriously! The dogma of Infallibility was the anchor the Church dropped when she saw the storm coming, and it is probable that before we have peace again we may hang for a time on that one rope. Nothing in revelation is more serious to me."

Good sense and sweet faith well mingled!

Here is a sentiment on Italy, quite different from the common kind:

"Beneath the wall that stopped their feet, a grassy angle of the villa beyond was red with poppies growing on their tall stems in the shade. So everywhere in Italy the faithful soil commemorates the blood of the martyrs that has been sprinkled over it,—a scarlet blossom for every precious drop, flowering century after century; to flower in centuries to come, till at last the scattered dust and dew shall draw together again into the new body, like scattered musical notes gathering into a song, and the glorified spirit shall catch and weld them into one forever."

She loved Italy and Rome, the Italians and the Romans; but she had her opinions about them and their doings:

"... the worse sort of Roman life, in which idle people, collected from every part of the world, gradually sink into a round of eating, visiting, gossip, and intrigue, which make the society of the grandest city of the world a strange spectacle of shining saintliness and disgusting meanness and corruption moving side by side. There is indeed no city that tries the character like Rome; for it holds a prize for every ambition except that of business enterprise. The Christian finds here primitive saintliness flowering in its native soil; and can walk barefoot, though he have purple blood in his veins, and not be wondered at; the artist, whether he use chisel, brush, or pen, finds himself in the midst of a lavish beauty which the study of a life could not exhaust; the lover of nature sees around him the fragments of an only half-ruined paradise; the tuft-hunter finds a confusion of ranks where he may approach the great more nearly than anywhere else, and perhaps chat at ease with a princess who in her own country would pass him without a nod of recognition; the idle and luxurious can live here like sybarites on an income that in their own country would scarcely

give them the comforts of life; the lover of solitude can separate himself from his kind in the midst of a crowd, and yet fill his hours with delight in the contemplation of that ever-visible Past, which here lies in the midst of the Present like an embalmed and beautiful corpse resting uncorrupted in the midst of flowers. But one must have an earnest pursuit, active or intellectual; for the *dolce far niente* of Italy is like one of the soulless masks of women formed by Circe, which transformed their lovers into beasts."

The experienced at once recognize the accuracy of this description. In a novel entitled "By the Tiber," Miss Tincker portrayed very cleverly the colony of purposeless people settled in Rome. The following selection has not lost vivacity or point after thirty years:

"All the world was out that evening, and even the most insensible promenader spared a glance for the sky.... The old Papal picture, with its cardinals' coaches and its prelates' costumes, was effaced, and there was nothing in the human part of the scene more striking than the last Paris fashions,—as if some tyro with his coarse brush should paint over a Titian. If one should seek for royalty in that crowd, he would not find the angelic old king, clothed in white, as if already among the blest, beaming on all the faces turned toward him, and giving benediction right and left as he went. In place of that might be seen to pass a brutal face, with the color of one half-strangled, with upturned nose and curled-up mustache, and with eyes whose glances no respectable woman would encounter. The Roman people used to say, 'When the Pope comes out, the sun comes out,' but no such shining prospect was suggested by this dark and forbidding face."

Here is a specimen of her humor, in a story on a sonnet and a donkey:

"The Academy was holding an *adunanza* at Palazzo Altemps; and, as the day was quite warm and the audience large, the windows into the back court were

opened. . . . A fine-looking Monsignore rose to favor us with a sonnet. He writes and recites enthusiastically, and we prepared to listen with pleasure. He began, and after the first line the donkey in the court struck in with the loudest bray I ever heard. Monsignore continued, perfectly inaudible; and the donkey continued, obstreperously audible. A faint ripple of a smile touched the faces least able to control themselves. Monsignore went on with admirable perseverance, but with a somewhat heightened color. A sonnet has but fourteen lines, and the bray had thirteen. They closed simultaneously. Monsignore sat down, — I don't know what the donkey did. One only had been visible, as the other only had been audible. The audience applauded with great warmth and politeness. 'Who are they applauding?' asked my companion of me, — 'the one they have heard or the one they have not heard?' If it had been my sonnet, I should instantly have gone out, bought that donkey, and hired somebody to throw him into the Tiber."

Here are some views of her own life:

"I think I ought to work a little harder for the future. Life is short, and I have perhaps sometimes played with my talents. They were given me for serious use. When you shall have left me alone, instead of sitting weakly down and thinking that it is rather lonely, I shall begin to carve a new book out of the next year. Do you know, that year to come looks to me as the block of marble looked to Michael Angelo when he said, "I will make an angel out of it"?"

"What a pity it is that you will have to be alone now!" said Annunciata.

"'Alone!' the Signora's eyes flashed out through the tears. 'I am not alone. I never was alone in my life.' She smiled as she shut herself into her room. 'Alone! How little they know!' What indeed knew they — who can not live a day without their gossip, without trying to fill their emptiness with the husks which make up by far the greater part of the

world's talk—of the life of one whose mind was as a fountain forever overflowing, who had eyes in her finger-tips, and who had listened with every pore of her body? What knew the readers of daily newspapers of the hoarded treasures of literature, ever ready with eloquent voices? What knew the Christians of one Communion in the year, and one Mass when there was obligation, of long, delicious hours in churches when there was no function to stare at, no music to talk through? The world has no such society as the cultivated mind can fill its house with; and there are no receptions so splendid as those given by the imagination. Bores never come, tattlers and enemies never are admitted, late hours never weary, and the wine never inebriates. And, better yet, those who are invited are always present and ready to stay. How the possessors of such a society laugh at the 'societies' of the outer world, and how truly they can exclaim: 'Alone! I never was alone in my life.'"

These excerpts, brief as they are, really give a fair portrait of Miss Tincker's mind and life. She lived quietly by choice to the end. If she had a passion, it was for Italy, of which she spoke always with rapture. The people of Italy she liked in a humorous way, their failings were so incorrigible, so opposed to Puritan failings, so defiant of common-sense, in her way of thinking. Being a novelist above all else, it was impossible for her to escape a novel on Italian life; and, as soon as her studies permitted, she sent forth "Signor Monaldini's Niece," the most original and striking story on the Italians which appeared in the nineteenth century. She anticipated Marion Crawford by a decade, and remained easily his superior in her delineation of modern Italian life. In this first book she took up the problems which faced the new social order after the occupation of Rome: the invasion of the nobility by the bourgeois, the new status of woman, the stowing away of ancient

social lumber, and the new attitude toward life and religion. The manner in which she welded these matters into a fascinating story, the wit and humor and conviction of the author, the clever characterization, should have given Miss Tincker a higher place in the esteem of the critics. The international novel, however, had not yet found its publisher, and American authors had not yet discovered London. Miss Tincker's book, published in a No Name series by a Boston publisher, received wide attention and praise from critics and readers at home, and established her at once as a popular favorite. From that time she had no trouble in securing a publisher, since she had already secured a public. In the next fifteen years she sent out five entertaining and powerful novels on modern Italian life under the new régime.

Writing for the general public, she had to avoid any but the most furtive expression of the Catholic spirit and faith. The Catholic body numbered at that date about eight millions, and their interest in the printed word was slight. In the thirty years which have elapsed since Miss Tincker's day, their interest has not increased, in my opinion. Although we have many more publications, they do not offer any larger field to writers than their predecessors of 1875; which means that they offer no field at all. Therefore, our novelists, poets and essayists have gone over to the secular field. And, whereas the Catholic body in 1875 had noble representatives among the literary guild, in the year 1909 the number has diminished, because the Catholic writers have turned from their own people, who neither paid them nor honored them, to the secular world, which has honors and gold, appreciation and applause, for such workers. Miss Tincker had all a convert's enthusiasm, which deepened finely during her stay in Rome. Its temper may be seen and appreciated in her Catholic novels, from which I have already quoted. What a grief it must have been to her,

the suppression of her religious emotions and thoughts in the novels which were written for the general public, and which brought her fame and income! Her faith could find only vague expression in them. She utilized the greater freedom of the secular field, however, to satirize the English-speaking colony in Rome, — in particular its American section, with which she had intimate acquaintance. One does not need a key to "By the Tiber" to appreciate its satirical humor and its fine-etched portraits. The press has given us in the last ten years a fair idea of the people whom she satirized.

Being a New-England woman to the core, she always kept the Puritan point of view. Marion Crawford in his Italian stories—in fact, in all his stories—seemed to be of the nationality which he described; he wrote consciously for his cosmopolitan audience, whose entertainment was his chief thought in writing. Miss Tincker was a moralist of the old school, not in severity or preciseness, but in impartiality. She sat as a judge in her own court. The only exception to this attitude was in the two novels, "Aurora" and "The Jewel in the Lotos," where she yielded to her love of Italians and Italian life, and for a moment unwillingly took the Italian point of view. But, as if in penitence for this momentary surrender, she wrote "Two Coronets," a curious but powerful tale, in which the life of New England is deliberately contrasted with Italian life in its better phases. There are two sets of characters and two scenes running side by side, the author's natural prejudice favoring her native land, while her literary power and artistic sympathy support the Italian theme. The contrast is at least startling, and the power with which it is carried out easily ranks the author with the best novelists of the time. The Italian theme, with Beatrice Giorgini for its heroine, is simply splendid, and may be read again and again with delight in the development of that one character and its scheme of justice and revenge. I do

not know of any present novelist of the English tongue who could present with like power the theme of "Two Coronets."

There was no one to tell her of her fine literary qualities. Current criticism runs like a brook, babbling commonplaces prettily, never rising to strength, never stopping long enough to run a useful mill. It is doubtful whether Miss Tincker ever knew her own strength, and she never spoke of her almost forgotten books. All at once she ceased to write. We thought she had died in Italy, until some one remembered having met her in Boston, where she lived quietly, among her sisters and brothers,—charming people of a past generation, dignified, refined, and noble-hearted. I sought her out, and made a protest against the disuse of her splendid powers, which had lost nothing of their vigor, as was seen later in a novel called "San Salvador." Miss Tincker was then in her sixty-third year, and did not look more than fifty, but for various reasons she had lost interest in her work. Nor could she revive that dead interest. "San Salvador" proved that her powers had not waned. Fascinating description, biting characterization, bitter-sweet epithet, dignity of style, power of plot, charm of contrast, and atmosphere rare and indescribable, were all there; but the enchantment of former days had vanished. Her short stories were issued, under the title of "Autumn Leaves," in 1900. Her literary career extended over a period of thirty years—from 1870 to 1900,—and produced, besides many minor things, two volumes of short stories, three Catholic novels, and six secular novels. Her life and work are of sufficient value and importance to merit a careful biography and criticism.

Her last days were spent in peaceful preparation for death. She was surrounded with every care by her affectionate relatives, and her confessor was edified by her sweet patience and honored by the privilege of attending her. She spoke often of the many kindnesses lavished on her by friends of all conditions; in particular

by Archbishop Williams, of Boston, who offered to provide a home for her in some convent, where, freed from the cares of life, she might write for the Faith which she had chosen. Her passing was very much like the death of the chief character in "By the Tiber," the high-spirited but unfortunate Valeria Ellsworth. It is worth quoting as the conclusion of this too brief sketch:

"Steps entered the room, but she did not hear them. There were low voices and a sound of prayer; they did not touch her. She was wandering along a road in New England, where she had often walked in childhood, through her father's woods. They stretched eastward from the town in hundreds of acres that no man's memory and no history of man had ever seen other than now,—a stately growth of primeval forests. A thread of a brook ran along beside the path. She watched it as she walked, and stooped now and then for the little gold-colored violets that grew beside it. And there was pennyroyal, too. She must gather some of that to take home to mother. The prayers for the dying were being recited for her in Rome, but she knew nothing of them. She was in New England, and she was a child. Love, protection, utter safety, all that make the home of childhood, gathered themselves about her. They were close by, beyond the trees.

"I like to walk in this road," she said aloud.

"A voice disturbed her, though it was low and gentle,—a voice used to speaking on the shore of life, where the waves of eternity come up and fill the ears of the dying as with the murmur of seashells.

"Are you willing to take this solemn journey?" said the priest.

"She roused herself a little.

"A journey? Does it cost much? I haven't money enough for a journey."

"It costs only love and penitence," the priest said, with impressive slowness.

"She sighed with relief, and let the momentary care slip; and, turning her cheek

to the pillow, her head drooped a little.

"'I have love enough,' she said. There was a pause. She sighed again, and more faintly. 'I have penitence enough,' she whispered.

"The priest bent suddenly forward, and called out in a clear, penetrating voice: '*Jesu! Maria!*'

"The Heavenly Ones stood by her as their names were called out with all the passion of a consecrated soul who in that instant performed his most solemn function. Yet they did not come to her in Rome, but to the silent woods of New England. And as they found her, so they led her away,—a child, with her hands full of violets and pennyroyal."

False Views of the Religious Vocation.

TO the current *Ecclesiastical Review*, the Rev. G. Lee, C. S. Sp., contributes a paper entitled "Sisters and Teachers," which merits attentive reading both from pastors or spiritual directors concerned in the promotion and deciding of religious vocations, and from religious superiors to whom is entrusted the obligation of moulding the vocations thus decided. What the author of the article aims at is "the signalizing of certain false views of vocation,—views recently diffused with otherwise most commendable zeal, and yet, of course, with no fruitful result." Premising that a false view is always the more detestable the more sacred the subject into which it is intruded, Father Lee goes on to say:

Now, it must be a false view of religious vocations that bases them first on our convenience, and only after on God's loving choice. Does there not seem a huge impertinence in our saying that such or such persons ought to enter religion because we want their work,—ought, that is, to be consecrated body and soul to their Maker because we happen to need their school service? Yet this is what, in substance, must be meant when the bald cry is raised to recruit the teaching Orders, to foster vocations to the teaching Orders. If the true religious call is

heard and followed, good work will be forthcoming. Who, indeed, ever knew thorough religious that did not accomplish more than could *naturally* be expected of them? Yet they are more than their work, in God's sight and in themselves. . . . It is as Sisters that these devoted ladies have been doing the golden teaching: better, even for the teaching's sake, allow them to remain Sisters. What has been incisively styled "the tendency to make our religious teaching institutes mere pedagogical factories" is not of good omen. It is a tendency to be resisted, firmly, if genially. Offhand proposals about rational recruitment, normal-school novitiates, class-difficulty retreats, academic chapters, might to a religious appear amusing—if only they were sure to prove innocuous.

With the "large educational invitation" to Catholic girls to become Sisters for the ampler maintenance of our teaching staffs, the *Review* writer is not particularly impressed. To quote again:

They will become religious, as they always did, for two reasons—the two on which a harvester of vocations like St. Alphonsus Liguori would lay supreme stress: because Christ, the Magnet of Souls, claims them as spouses; and because "many women are lost in the world, few in religious life." And when they are religious, they will spend themselves and be spent for any work as dear to their Lord as is the training of His little ones. But for the life's decision and the great irrevocable step they need their personal, fundamentally divine, motives. Ambition to be teachers will not suffice, nor will the prospect of being credited with a "career nobly devoted to the furtherance of education."

Not much better founded or more promising is the proposal to raise vocations for what is now called *Social Service*. That even one soul entirely given to God is a blessed treasure in any society, may go without saying; but that the secret, blushing recognition of the Divine Lover's call includes a consciousness of social aims, is not Religion's experience. Neither does the Church hint, in her clothings and professions, at any such characteristic service. There all is death to the world, in order to the life in Christ.

There are in Father Lee's paper sundry other paragraphs lending themselves to quotation; but we have already overstepped our prescribed boundaries, and can only repeat our statement that the whole article may be most profitably perused by all those concerned in its subject-matter.

Notes and Remarks.

Every graduate of a Catholic school and college should begin at once to read a Catholic paper. The reading of a good Catholic paper is a post-graduate course he can not afford to miss.

The Brooklyn *Tablet* has some remarks on this item (from the *Sacred Heart Review*) which we are glad to quote. It says:

We hope our worthy contemporary does not wish to intimate that not until after graduation from school or college should the reading of a Catholic paper "begin." If our Catholic youth is not trained to relish Catholic literature and to read Catholic periodicals during the formation period of school and college days, the chances are not great that the "post-graduate course" of Catholic reading will attract very powerfully later on in life. Perhaps a suggestion of the causes of the indifferent support which the Catholic press receives may be found in a not too zealous interest in this matter on the part of Catholic schools and colleges.

The heads of Catholic schools and colleges should take this suggestion to heart. It is wise and practical. Secular newspapers, magazines, and reviews are often referred to by Catholics who seem ignorant of the existence of such excellent publications as the *Catholic Standard and Times*, the *Month*, and the *Dublin Review*,—to mention only one Catholic publication of each class. Our Philadelphia contemporary is an ideal Catholic newspaper; the *Month* is one of the best magazines in the language; and the historic *Dublin* ranks among the foremost reviews of the world. It is a reproach to Catholic readers that all such periodicals are not more generously patronized by them.

We have been requested to "take notice" that at the recent convention of the American Catholic Educational Association of the United States, at the Hub of the Universe, the so-called Roman or Restored pronunciation of Latin was almost unanimously adopted,—by a vote of 59 to 8. This is a triumph, we admit. The motto of the Latin section of the

Association, we suppose, will henceforth be, "Weni, widi, wiki" (so pronounced). In the language of the immortal Kikero (Cicero), we are "crushed to earth." Let our last expiring groans be questions. Is it not a little improbable that the Latins had two letters, *c* and *k*, with absolutely identical values, though one of these letters was seldom used? What conclusive proof has been produced that the Latins always pronounced *v* as *w*? The argument from scansion is not convincing. How can you be sure, O learned Latinists, that there was no difference between written and spoken Latin verse? Is it certain that "in the brave days of old" youthful readers pronounced verses exactly as they were made? Is English verse to be pronounced precisely as composed? To restore the pronunciation of Latin may be a simple matter at educational conventions, but elsewhere it might be attended with some little difficulties.

A somewhat unusual compliment has been paid by the Holy See to Colonel Keller, president of the General Society of Education and Instruction in France. It took the form of a special letter from Cardinal Merry del Val, thanking Colonel Keller, on behalf of the Holy Father, for a report of the annual meeting of his Society, and stating that Pius X. "could not read without deep emotion the remarkable speech you delivered on that occasion." The gist of the speech in question is in the following extract, quoted by *Rome*:

For too long we have seen our troops disbanded, our soldiers without arms and without direction, ignorant of the very ground on which they were to fight; detachments solid and valorous in themselves but disunited, knocking against each other, offending one another, wounding one another; a confusion of good will and valor, but doomed to disaster of all kinds; and, in fact, we have known disaster so often that it would be irreparable, were it not that it has still left us, together with the rude experience of our faults, the consciousness of our duties, and the unconquerable ambition to have our legitimate rights. It is high time

we understood that in the fight we can accomplish nothing useful except with forces that are organized, compact, disciplined, led by their chiefs under one standard, with one command, on a ground on which they can concentrate all their efforts with the same enthusiasm and with one accord. This ground is the Catholic ground, — ground distinctly and exclusively Catholic and religious. . . .

What a wide field for agreement, surpassing all the enclosed gardens of politics! What a solid ground for action and combat, on which all flags may dip proudly, without abdication, before the standard of the Cross, and unite for the service of Christ! Yes, *all* flags; for we need all men of good-will; we have need of all men. Bear this in mind,—all men without exception who belong to Christ. My father, in his last address to this assembly two years ago, said to you: "Would that I could cry loud enough to awaken all those who are sleeping, and to unite all those who are to be crushed to-morrow if they do not unite!" His appeal has not been listened to, and to-day we are as divided as we were yesterday; while the blows continue to rain on us, whether we are Republicans or Monarchists, Liberals or even Democrats.

If this union of all parties of Catholic Frenchmen can be brought about, it is difficult to see why, within a decade or less, the present anti-religious government should not be swept from power with a thoroughness altogether unmistakable.

Apropos of the magnificent Temperance demonstration at Armagh on a recent Sunday, the Dublin *Freeman* has this temperate word to say:

Now, when writing about this question on previous occasions we have entered our protest against the idea, sometimes most wantonly and maliciously circulated about our race, that the Irish are a drunken people, that drunkenness is their national vice; that many, if not all, their miseries are due to their excessive use of intoxicating drinks. That is a lie. The Irish people are not a drunken people. They do not drink more than their neighbors. They stand in no disgraceful isolation in regard to intemperance in drink. On the contrary, if the *pros* and *cons* of the matter are to be argued out to demonstration, it can be proved that their record in regard to Temperance has been, and is, comparatively creditable. But while we protest vigorously against this slander, we can not shut out of sight the fact that there is

a great deal too much of intoxicating drinking done in Ireland. It is all very well for us, too, to say that the Englishman and the Scotchman consume more intoxicants than the Irishman. They can better afford to spend their money in this way. It may, indeed, be said with truth that they drink out of their abundance, while the Irishman drinks out of his poverty.

Sober or drunken, as compared with other nations, it seems certain that the Irish drink far too much for their own good; and the renewed impetus given to the cause of Temperance among them is accordingly a hopeful sign of better times.

While the Catholic press of England—at least that portion of it which habitually comes under our observation—has generously acknowledged the services rendered by the Irish Party in Parliament to the cause of Catholic education in England, there have not been wanting correspondents of some of our English exchanges who affected to minimize those services. It was probably with such persons in mind that the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Browne, Vicar-General of Southwark, declared recently at the annual Maynooth Union:

As a stranger and guest among you, I have to pay, the first time I have had an opportunity of doing so on Irish soil, the most public and earnest tribute I can to the way in which we in England, fighting in the cause of elementary and secondary education, have been supported and strengthened, and even made victorious so far, by the vigor of the defence of our rights by the Irish Parliamentary Party. I was warned by a paper this afternoon, read by a very able writer, of the dangers of irresponsible utterances in public. Well, this is not a public assembly; and, in spite of the warning of this afternoon, I will certainly say—what I would say anywhere, what I have said before in England—that, without the bulwark of the Irish Parliamentary Party against the opposing forces of Catholic education, even Christian education in England, we should have been swept away by the torrents of these opposing forces, which would have passed over us like a mighty flood, and left no signs of our being as Catholic schools afterward. I do not hesitate to say that you in Ireland do not perhaps realize how great the danger has been, how close we have been to almost annihilation by a new Act of Parlia-

ment; and perhaps you do not realize to the full at what great cost, at what a great struggle, at what a painful strain to the friendship of those who are their common allies, the Irish Party have stood as bold, fearless, and unfailing champions of Catholic education in England, in Wales, and in Scotland.

Generous words, more than offsetting the petty fault-finding of the narrow-minded correspondents to whom we have referred.

Commenting on the sad spectacle of a Protestant clergyman arraigned with the offscourings of the slums in a New York police court—he had been taken out of a drunken brawl and lodged in jail to protect him from robbery,—the *Chicago Inter Ocean* thus delivers itself:

He was a spectacle to pass by in pitying silence, had he not seen fit to talk about himself as “the victim of circumstances,”—to plead that not himself but “malicious gossip” was to blame for his troubles and his disgrace. His was the oldest and the falsest tale that men tell in their struggles for excuse and exculpation. . . . He is mentioned only as an illustration of the commonest falsehood with which men deceive themselves and vainly attempt to deceive their fellowmen.

There is no “malicious gossip” that has the power to ruin an upright man. It is always the truth our neighbors speak of us, and not the falsehood, that really drags us down. The lie hurts but does not kill. The clergyman is often said to be particularly the victim of “malicious gossip.” The fact is that the clergyman, because of his sacred office, is treated more leniently than other men, so long as he keeps within the bounds of propriety. He is treated more severely only when he passes those bounds. Because of his sacred office, what may be a small scandal in a layman’s conduct becomes a great scandal in his conduct.

The minister of the Gospel is assumed to stand, above all else, for cleanness in personal conduct. Therefore, when he experiments in handling pitch he must expect to seem and to be more defiled than the layman. Not the malice of the observer, but the shock of the contrast between his profession and his practice, is what makes the unsavory tale of his doings a blight to his life.

The rounder-out of all the virtues is that of discretion. The saying “Be thou pure as ice, chaste as snow, thou shalt not ‘scape calumny,” is true only when lack of discretion

is implied. No man need fear “malicious gossip,” if truly resolved to conform rigidly to the standards of decency about him, and so give censorious tongues no real occasion for wagging.

What high moral grounds the secular newspaper can take when occasion demands! How excellently journalists can preach when the spirit moves them! The clergy of all denominations are known to be devourers of newspapers; and, of course, it is only right that now and then the editors should publish something of special interest to them.

That Cardinal Andrieu has able and equally outspoken colleagues who repudiate with him the attempt of the French government to exercise the right of censorship over the pastoral letters of the French episcopate, is abundantly plain from the following clear-cut address of Mgr. Gieure, Bishop of Bayonne, to the government officials:

What is the offence laid to our charge? It is that in our pastoral letters the authorities have seen “an indirect provocation to resist the essence of the law.” Yes, it is true, I have condemned, I have blamed certain laws. I have said that there are laws which it is a duty to disobey. And I have said that to lay it down as a principle that the law is to be blindly obeyed in all that it commands or prohibits is absurd and monstrous. It would mean the glorification of servitude and tyranny. When a law is in opposition with the divine law, or when it violates the rights of conscience, it is no longer a law. The Republic threatens us with pains and fines; it will go further—possibly to imprisonment. But our determination shall not for that be broken. Eighty French bishops, fifty thousand priests, will all give the same answer: *Non possumus*. You will either abandon this colossal undertaking, or you will go through with it to the end; and if you do, your ultimate defeat will be inevitable. The persecutors of the Church will be vanquished as they have been for twenty centuries. You have not profited by the lesson of history. Adolf Thiers confessed at the end of his career that he had lost precious time in failing to recognize such facts. “The cults must be taken as they are,” he exclaimed, “without touching their organizations in any way. To touch a religious question is the greatest error

that a government can commit." In me you have not a revolutionary before you. The bishops are the most respectful of citizens toward all just laws; but they are also the defenders of the rights of consciences, and in certain cases they have a mission to protect the weak by resisting the strong.

We wonder whether it occasionally occurs to the average French anti-clerical that the rupture of the Concordat was possibly a mistake. In any case, the government is clearly "riding to a fall,"—and may it come speedily!

Preaching at the anniversary Mass for the late Bishop Curtis, Father Mickel, a friend, of thirty years' standing, of the deceased prelate, said of him:

It was always: "Follow me." I remember on one occasion, when I was rooming with him in some out-of-the-way little place, awaking in the morning to find he was up before me and quietly blacking my shoes. He was my bishop at the time. "You shall not do that."—"Why not?" said he. "I may as well do it, as I have finished my own." The only undignified thing for a man is sin, he would say; and menial occupation lowers no man. Who could help learning a little in such a school as that and with such a teacher? His introspective power was strong, and, as his ideal was perfection, he would ever see in what he differed from it. "Let each of us reform himself, and that will be the best way to reform and convert the country." Such was the method he proposed to use, and himself ever followed.

And how successful the method proved in leading its follower to a notable degree of Christian perfection is becoming better and better known as the months go by.

The radical defect of Protestantism, from a disciplinary point of view—the lack of a recognized court of last resort,—is patent to all but Protestants themselves. Says the Chicago *Israelite* on the ludicrous muddle precipitated by Prof. Foster, of the Chicago University:

Foster has a perfect right to call himself a Christian, just as Servetus had; and his orthodox opponents in various Protestant denominations have also a perfect right to declare that he is no Christian; and, finally,

the Roman Catholic Church has the right to the claim that unless there is the absolute authority of the Pope, which defines what is Christian doctrine, such controversies are bound to occur.

It should be noted, incidentally, that neither Prof. Foster nor any one else who denies the divinity of Christ—that is, denies that our Blessed Saviour was not only the Son of God, but God Himself—has any right, perfect or imperfect, to call himself a Christian. A Mohammedan is no Christian, although he believes in Christ as a great philosopher and a good man,—which apparently is about all that Prof. Foster and his like are willing to admit of "the Nazarene."

The news of the sudden and wholly unexpected death last week of the Rt. Rev. John Shanley, Bishop of Fargo, North Dakota, has been received with deep regret by all who knew him. A man of many estimable and amiable qualities, a devoted and exemplary priest, an apostolic bishop, pious and self-sacrificing, like the pioneer prelates of our country whom he so much venerated, he had hosts of friends and admirers all over the United States. His death is a great loss to the Church, and all the more deplorable on account of his comparative youth and admirable capabilities. But in the organization and development of the diocese of Fargo, at the cost of heroic sacrifices and at the expenditure of extraordinary energy, he accomplished a work the magnitude of which can be appreciated only by those who know of the poverty and sad spiritual condition of the large vineyard to which he was assigned in 1889. It was a providential appointment. No monument will be needed to perpetuate the memory of Bishop Shanley in Dakota. The devotedness which he inspired in his priests, and the grateful affection entertained for him by the laity of his diocese, representing many different nationalities, are his best eulogy. *R. I. P.*



A Fairy.

BY E. BECK.

THERE'S a certain little fairy, brisk and busy,
bright yet wary,
Who, in weather fair and stormy, wanders all
the wide world o'er.
Freely she gives aid to mortals, knocking oft at
lordly portals,—
Knocking often and more loudly at the poor
man's lowly door.
Help she offers free and gaily to the proud and
humble daily,
To the modest and the boastful, to the haughty
and the meek,
To the author and the preacher, to the artist
and the teacher,
To the scholar toiling over Latin words and
roots in Greek.
Aid she gives the smith and nailer, and the
soldier and the sailor,
To the mason, to the shoeblack, to the tinker
at his trade.
Wily statesmen planning, scheming, poets of the
Muses dreaming,
Cobblers, sages, sculptors, singers, likewise
have her mighty aid;
So have toilers in the ditches, and the tailors at
their stitches;
So have monarchs and the subjects over whom
they rule and reign.
For this patient little fairy, brisk and busy,
bright yet wary,
Proffers all her help and service; and her name
is Try Again.

Lion-Hearted.

RICHARD I. of England was so called
on account of the prodigies of personal
valor which he performed in the Holy
Land (1157, 1189, 1199).

A Story of Joseph Haydn.

I.

IN this year of 1909 lovers of music
are celebrating the centenary of
the great musician, Joseph Haydn,
who died in 1809, when the armies of
France were threatening the destruction
of his beloved country. That country
had glorified his old age and still glorifies
his memory.

There is a pretty story told of Haydn's
youth, which seems appropriate to the
present celebration,—recalling his humble
origin and causing us to reflect on the
truth of the adage that "Genius is a
flower that is found in hovels as well as
in palaces."

Though Joseph Haydn was not born
in a hovel, his father was a poor wagon-
maker, who lived in a little Austrian
village about fifteen miles from Vienna.
In spite of the fact that Matthias Haydn
was obliged to work hard for his daily
bread, he had a cheerful and contented
disposition. From one year's end to the
other he was occupied in mending and
making carts and wagons for neighbors
as poor as himself. On this account he
was obliged to take the greater part of
his pay "in trade"; that is to say, unable
to pay him in money, his customers—the
butcher, the baker and the farmer—would
furnish him, according to their special
avocations, with the commodities of life.

Once a year, however, he was likely to
receive a piece of gold; that was when
the Count of Harrach, lord of the village,
about to set out for his winter campaign,
ordered his carriage to be put in order.
On these occasions there was great
rejoicing in the house of Haydn, which
rejoicing was shared by the whole village.

"Come, friends! We are rich; we must have a grand concert!" Matthias would say to his neighbors. For, besides being the wagon-maker of the village, Matthias was sacristan of the church, and also a musician; and it was no unusual thing for him on Sundays to assemble his friends around him playing for them all the music he knew.

One day, while practising on the harpsichord, he was surprised to see his little son Joseph, aged three years, standing gravely beside him, with two pieces of wood which he had fashioned into the shape of a rude violin, and which he manipulated in perfect time to his father's music. From that moment the musical talent of the boy was encouraged and cultivated, his progress being unusually rapid. His cousin had given him a violin, and, without any instruction, he had mastered the mechanism of the instrument, upon which he played all sorts of airs, often improvising a quartette, in which he would join his own voice to those of his father and mother.

II.

One Sunday morning a post-chaise arrived in the village and a stranger descended; he asked for a cartwright to mend his carriage. They directed him to the dwelling of Matthias Haydn, but he was not at home; little Joseph was there alone. He asked the stranger to sit down and await the coming of his father, who would not be long; and the two entered into conversation.

"Whose harpsichord is this?" asked the stranger.

"It belongs to my father," said the boy.

"And what does he do with it?"

"Wait a moment, please, and I will show you," said the child.

He picked up his own little instrument, which the guest had not perceived, and went through his whole *répertoire*. When he had finished he said:

"I can also play on the harpsichord, but I will wait for papa to show you that. Do you like it—what I have done?"

"Like it!" cried the stranger. "It is splendid. And can you read music, my little fellow?"

With these words he drew a roll of paper from his pocket.

"Oh, it is the music of a Mass!" answered the boy. "What part would you like me to sing?"

"Whichever you prefer, — or rather, perhaps, that which is easiest."

"Oh, one is just as easy as the other! I will play it on my violin, if you like."

The stranger nodded. He was charmed with the little boy, whose innocent eyes, sparkling with delight, betrayed the ardor of his soul.

Taking up his bow, Joseph executed the first part without making a mistake. When he laid down his violin, the stranger drew him between his knees.

"Now tell me," he said, "who has taught you to do all this?"

"My papa."

"Your father is a musician? I thought he was a wagon-maker."

"So he is," replied the child. "I am going to be only a musician."

"Will you come with me to Vienna then?" said the stranger, charmed with the ingenuousness and vivacity of the child.

"No, sir," he rejoined. "I could not have any more lessons then."

"On the contrary, I will take you to a place where you may play music all day long. And on Sundays you shall wear a beautiful red cassock and lace surplice and sing in St. Stephen's Church."

"Oh, I shall be glad to go! When can we start?"

"Not so fast," said the stranger. "We must first consult your parents."

"What!" cried Joseph. "Are you not going to take papa and mamma?"

"I should be glad to do it, if it were at all possible," said the stranger.

At this the child burst into tears, from which the reader may judge how simple he really was. He was filled with the desire of going to Vienna, but could not bear the thought of leaving his father and

mother. But the stranger gradually reassured him, drawing so enchanting a picture, a future so full of music, that his tears ceased to flow. With the innocent abandon that made him so attractive, he threw his arms around the visitor's neck; and it was thus his surprised parents found him when they opened the door.

"Papa! papa!" he cried, as soon as he saw them. "Please let me go to Vienna! This gentleman will take me with him."

The father stood in amazement; but the stranger rose.

"Monsieur," he said, "my name is Ruetter. I am capellmeister at the church of St. Stephen, in Vienna. My carriage broke down just outside the village, and I was directed here to you as one who would be able to mend it. In this way, while waiting for you to return, I have become acquainted with the wonderful talent of your son. If you consent, I will take him with me to Vienna, where he will receive a good education, and I assure you that I will keep him under my care."

Such a proposition could not but be agreeable to Matthias Haydn, who had contemplated with regret the moment when he would be obliged to apprentice his son to his own or some other trade, instead of having him instructed in the art he loved, and for which the boy had such wonderful aptitude.

"Thank you, sir!" he said, after a slight pause, in which he was recovering from his surprise at the offer. "I shall be very glad to accept your proposition for my little Joseph."

Hardly had he ceased speaking, when he heard a sob behind him; and, looking around, saw his wife weeping, with her face concealed in her hands.

"Ah, Marie!" he exclaimed, gently drawing them away, "try not to lament what is only for the good of our boy. What will become of him if he remains here? What will he be? Only a poor wagon-maker."

"I know," said the mother. "But how can I live without my little Joseph?"

At these sorrowful words the child threw himself in her arms, saying:

"Mamma, I will come to see you sometimes; and when I am a man, perhaps I shall make so much money with my music that you and papa will not have to work any more."

The poor woman, who was a very sensible mother, finally consented; and, having persuaded the stranger to remain until the following day, they began to make preparations for the departure of the little musician. At six o'clock next morning the pair left the village, and long after the carriage had disappeared in the distance Matthias might be heard going from house to garden and from garden to house, singing snatches of difficult airs in order to conceal the sorrow that filled his heart. But the poor mother knelt alone in a dark corner of her bedroom, invoking the benedictions of Heaven upon the little traveller.

Meanwhile, his childish tears already dried, the boy sat beside his benefactor, gazing, now from one window, now from another, at the new and varied scenery through which they were passing. Suddenly, putting his hand in his pocket, he felt something hard. He took it out and found that it was a small package, on the outside of which his mother had written: "*For my darling Joseph.*" It contained six florins, — her savings for many months, and represented rigid economies on the part of the devoted woman.

Kissing the beloved handwriting, the boy allowed the sad thoughts that now overwhelmed him to have their sway. "But it was not very long," said Haydn, relating the incident after many years, — "it was not for long. It was only after years had passed over my head that I realized the depth and tenderness of the love that little roll of money represented. Alas!" added the great musician, "why is it that children can never understand the strength of the affection their parents feel for them until they are with them no longer—until it is too late?"

Schoolgirls Abroad.

BY S. MARR.

V.

Beautiful as were the churches, wonderful as was the Colosseum with its memories of martyrs, insistent as was the charm of the City of the Cæsars and the City of Saints, there was something that appealed even more strongly to us: it was—think of it!—an audience with the Holy Father. It was a day never to be forgotten. Aunt Margaret wore a black dress and a black lace mantilla on her head; we were all in white, and at the appointed time stood at the entrance to the Vatican Palace, laden with rosaries, etc., to be blessed, and feeling somewhat nervous.

As soon as our party had gathered, we were escorted up marble staircases and through vast corridors to the Sala Clementina. At every landing and doorway stood Papal soldiers in uniforms of black and red and yellow, designed by Michael Angelo. So still are these Swiss guards that one might easily mistake them for statues. Arrived in the Clementine Hall, we stood in a half circle and waited breathlessly. Soon there was a stir; from the door leading to the Pope's apartments came two Swiss Guards, then two gold-embroidered soldiers, followed by a major domo in black and gold, and wearing a black hat with a long, white plume; after him walked two more immediate attendants, all in red silk; then the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Kennedy, rector of the American College, and the Maestro di Camera, Mgr. Bisletti; and, last of all, robed in white, the dear Holy Father himself.

All sank to their knees as his Holiness approached. Mgr. Kennedy said a few words, to which the Holy Father made response; and all the time he was talking I kept my eyes fixed on that sad but kindly face. I was afraid if I looked away for an instant that the scene would

vanish. Once I caught a glimpse of Mary's rapt face, and tears were streaming from her eyes; while Catherine, convulsively clasping enough rosaries to stock Ben-ziger's, was, like myself, in an ecstasy. But this was not all. His Holiness made the circuit, presenting his ring to be kissed; and each one's confession later on told that at least four of those in the Holy Father's audience kissed, not only the Fisherman's Ring, but the dear hand itself. And the thrill—it was like getting first honors, a crown *par excellence* and a gold medal all at once, with the feeling afterward of Benediction when the chapel is dark and the singing is soft and low!

After he had said a word to each, Pope Pius X. turned to us all once more, gave us a general blessing, while we held out the articles we had brought with us; then, as if by magic, the procession of guards and dignitaries re-formed, and he passed majestically through the doorway; and we—well, everyone gazed and gazed in the direction he had taken. And when the spell was broken, everyone was silent, everyone was deeply moved; and as we left the great palace of the Popes we felt that we had seen a greater than any earthly king or emperor.

This visit was over by noon, but it more than filled the day; and not until the next morning did we continue our sight-seeing, this time going to the Vatican galleries. Here again words serve but to repeat what the guide-books tell the tourist. The beauty of it all, the wonder of it all, must be seen, not once but often, to be appreciated. From the first step of the Scala Regia to the last room of the Etruscan Museum, one is in a dream. There is the great Sistine Chapel, with its beautifully decorated marble screens, its impressive frescoes, its renowned "Last Judgment" by Michael Angelo. Think of one chapel—and not a very large one at that—containing paintings by Perugino, Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, Raphael and Michael Angelo! Farther on, we came to the famous Stanze and Logge

which immortalize Raphael. Chief of these is, of course, the Stanza della Segnatura, with its ceiling paintings, under which are the Disputa, Parnassus, and the School of Athens.

The picture gallery of the Vatican, lately enlarged and improved by his Holiness Pius X., is a monument to the Papacy, and shows that the Church has ever been the patron, the conservator of art. To understand, even partially, the paintings, one must remember history, mythology, and the lives and legends of the saints. One could hardly expect fully to grasp the symbolism of some of them; for local traditions and quaint bits of folklore have been embodied in many of the pictures by the artists who painted not for posterity, but for their own times and their own people.

St. Sebastian is a favorite subject among Italian painters; and standing near a group of tourists in the Vatican Gallery, before a picture of the martyr, Catherine became interested in a young woman, who, looking in vain for the name of the picture, turned to a companion and asked if it represented Prometheus or William Tell's son. The older lady told her that it was St. Sebastian's Martyrdom, whereupon she remarked admiringly: "Dear! I wish I knew the Bible as well as you do!" This incident was duly chronicled in Catherine's note-book, followed by the philosophic remark: "One can't know everything, but one should know enough not to let others know how little one knows. So there!" To return to the Vatican treasures. We spent hours looking at the great Raphael tapestries, the priceless collections of antiquities, mosaics, sculpture and bronzes; and at each step the conviction was more and more forced on us that a lifetime would be too short in which to see and come to know the art wealth of this great palace of the Popes.

A morning devoted to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, and an afternoon to the Church of St. Paul's-without-the-Walls,

made a day to be remembered. At the Catacombs we applied for entrance and a guide; and each of us was supplied with a tiny taper for use in the long, narrow, dark underground passages, where, in tombs, inscriptions and paintings, is recorded a wonderful chapter in the history of the Church. The darkness, accentuated by the flickering tapers, the stillness, the sense of mystery which one feels as one gropes through the narrow streets in this city of the dead, the chill that comes over one after a short stay underground,—all were part of a memorable experience.

We had not shaken off the impression of the Catacombs when we visited St. Paul's, but here there was beauty and brightness. Everything is modern in the great basilica. The vastness of the interior is imposing, and one is impressed at once by the wealth of marble, alabaster and malachite. But the cloisters! Framing a quaint old garden, the roof is supported by rows of beautiful marble columns, exquisitely carved, some fluted, others spirals; all melting into shadowy arches, and all speaking of centuries of silence in the sunshine and in the shadows. We were like the little boy of our first-reader days who wanted each season as it came to be the only one. While we were under the spell of the cloisters, we thought we had never seen anything more impressively beautiful.

In Rome one is receiving impressions from all sides and at all times, so the effect is, perhaps, kaleidoscopic; but even the fragments of pictures one carries away are worth while. One does not soon forget the piazzas, most of them bearing names reminiscent of Rome's better days; the religious statues in public places, the quaint little shrines, some only a metal bracket, holding a statue or picture, before which a tiny lamp flickers; the cosmopolitan street crowds, among them priests in soutanes and monks wearing their religious habits; the names of the parts of the city, one recalling

the Apostle Peter, a second the maiden Tarpeia, another Pancratius, still another Rienzi. The very streets are alive with memories. Along some of the old winding, narrow ways, every thought is of the long ago; and one feels that to-day will never dispossess the yesterday that owns the dark stone buildings, with their fortress-like fronts, small windows set high above the streets, and metal-bound doors that look as if made to resist even the attacks of Time.

One doesn't get very far from the Tiber in Rome; and while as a river it was distinctly disappointing to us, as a stream out of the history and romance of the past, it was full of charm. Leaning over its yellow waters one afternoon, Mary, in mild Macaulay fashion, recalled our elocution days by reciting:

Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
 With all the speed ye may;
 I, with two more to help me,
 Will hold the foe in play.
 In yon straight path, a thousand
 May well be stopped by three:
 Now who will stand on either hand,
 And keep the bridge with me?

And never to us had the old ballad seemed so stirring as there on the bridge, while automobiles and carriages were passing in unbroken procession. We did not see them: we thought only of—

How well Horatius kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

There is a charm about even the beggars and street-venders in Rome. We found it necessary to provide ourselves with an amount of small change before venturing out each day; the demands are many, and one is alarmed to see how soon a handful of coins are spent. But five big centimes mean only one penny; so one's caution soon wears off, and one's stock of souvenirs, cameos, mosaics, and post-cards, etc., increases.

Speaking of post-cards, we had an amusing scene the day before we left Rome. We were going to drive to the

Colosseum in order to see it by moonlight, and we stopped at the desk to stamp some post-cards. It was a busy moment, and one of the clerks hurriedly took up a box from behind the desk, opened it, put the cover on hastily and was about to return it to its recess, when Catherine, who had caught a glimpse of her own unmistakable writing, took the box and exposed its contents—at least *sixty* post-cards which we had handed in for mailing at different times, and for the stamps of which we had paid! There followed a dramatic scene in English and Italian; and, before it closed, bell-boys, porters, guides and the proprietor were on the stage, when, to the sound of apologies and explanations, the Americans withdrew in triumph. It was a funny scene, and we enjoyed it to the full as we drove to the Colosseum; but there were only grave thoughts and feelings of awe when we stepped into the shadows of the archways and on into the arena flooded with silver light.

There was a witchery about the play of lights and shadows. High up to the east towered the walls, and against the tiers and ruins of the arcades the moon shone white. Standing there in the stillness of the summer night, it was easy to conjure up a scene from the long ago. We could see emperors, senators, vestal virgins and the multitude round about; and there, on the sand, the Christian martyrs waiting the signal which would open one of the great doorways from which Death was ready to spring upon them.

An early Mass at S. Andrea the next morning, a last prayer at the *Confessio* in St. Peter's, and we turned toward the station. Somehow, it was not with "sadness of farewell" that we left Rome; for part of its charm is the hope that it wakens in the hearts of its lovers to come back once more to this Niobe of Nations, this City of the Soul. But should we never again walk its streets in reality, Rome is ours forever, as all best things are, in the memory of the heart.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—It seems probable that the course of lectures recently delivered by Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., on the life of the Blessed Joan of Arc, will soon appear in book form. It is safe to predict that the volume will have a large circulation.

—Two pamphlets that will prove particularly interesting to cursory students of Socialism have reached us from the Catholic Truth Society, London. They are: "My Catholic Socialist," by the Rev. P. Garrold, S. J.; and "Three Socialist Fallacies," by the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.

—"The Prison-Ships, and Other Poems," by Thomas Walsh, will be published in September by Sherman, French & Co. This, we believe, is the author's first collection of poems. Another welcome announcement is that of a new edition of Mr. Denis MacCarthy's first book, "A Round of Rimes," which will be issued by Little, Brown & Co.

—A new text-book which should have a special interest for boys is "Colloquia Latina," adapted from Erasmus, with vocabulary. There are questions and answers on such subjects as "The Half-Holiday" and "The Young Sportsmen." The work is edited, with introduction and notes, by Mr. G. M. Edwards, and published by the University Press, Cambridge, England.

—One of the first fruits of the education of Filipino students in this country is the publication at Cebú, by Mr. José Maria Cuenco, of a translation into English and the Visayan-Cebúan dialect of "Practical Exercises in Spanish Grammar," a standard text-book in the Philippines. The importance of this translation may be judged from the fact that the Visayan-Cebúan dialect is one of those in most general use, and English the language destined eventually to replace it. Mr. Cuenco is a graduate of Georgetown University. His father, the editor of a Catholic Journal published at Cebú, is the learned author of the work now revised and translated into English.

—Dr. Reinhold Willman, of St. Joseph, Mo., is the author of "The Errors of Mind Healing." The *raison d'être* of the book is the author's conviction that the wave of errors promulgated by the various so-called healers and healing cults, the Eddyites, Zionites, Spiritualists, Emmanuelites, and others, has assumed such proportions that it becomes the duty not only of the humanitarian and Christian, but also of all medical men, to unite in staying its onward

sweep. We have read Dr. Willman's book with interest,—an interest awakened by the statement in the preface that "the miraculous cures of Jesus are undisputed historical facts," and sustained throughout by the general excellence of the argument against the evil combated. The Advocate Publishing Company, St. Joseph, Mo.

—"Where the Fishers Go: The Story of Labrador," by the Rev. P. W. Browne (Cochrane Publishing Co.), is a profusely illustrated volume of almost four hundred pages. This "little literary fabric woven from facts and experiences," as its author modestly styles it, merits commendation as a useful contribution to history, as well as a timely description of a country comparatively little known. It, moreover, appeals to the lover of hardy adventures and stirring tales of sea life in dangerous waters near rock-bound coasts. Father Browne knows both whereof he writes and wherein his readers will be particularly interested, and the result is a thoroughly enjoyable as well as an informative volume. Labrador is becoming known to the American tourist as a desirable locality for a summer's outing, and the intending visitor to its seas and shores can not do better than provide himself with a copy of "Where the Fishers Go."

—"The Making of Molly," by Geneviève Irons (Catholic Truth Society, London), is a short novel, or a long short story—it contains some thirty-three or thirty-four thousand words,—that is to be unreservedly commended to readers young and old. To one who has, as a matter of work or of intended recreation, been reading current specimens of contemporary fiction, the perusal of this pleasant tale is like inhaling the fresh breeze of mountain or sea or the delicious air of the country, after having had his lungs oppressed by the smoke-laden, germ-impregnated atmosphere of the city, or the pestilential odors of an unsanitary factory town. It is an excellent, interesting Catholic story, equally removed from the extremes of goody-goody affectation and the minimizing or eliminating of Catholic theory and practice. The publishers are doing splendid work for Catholic literature; and, as the majority of readers are still devoted to fiction, the London C. T. S. can not bring out too many books like "The Making of Molly."

—An article on George Meredith, in the *Fortnightly Review*, explains why the Dean of

Westminster refused to allow the late poet and novelist to be buried in the Abbey. Mr. Meredith is quoted as having said: "When I was quite a boy I had a spasm of religion which lasted about six weeks, during which I made myself a nuisance by asking everybody whether he was saved. But never since have I swallowed the Christian fable." It was a spasm of sectarian religiosity, not Christianity; and no doubt the youthful zealot *was* a nuisance for the time being. However, as the *Academy* observes: "It is very painful to read this kind of cheap foolishness, and to think that such words were really uttered by Meredith. Mr. Meredith's conception of religion as a 'spasm' which prompts people to make themselves a nuisance by asking people whether they were saved is distressing in its shallow ignorance and feeble attempt at humor. A man who could talk like that can not have been a really great man. It is quite true that there have been great men who did not believe in Christianity, but we never recollect reading anything so fatuous ascribed to them. Certainly it is quite evident that the Dean of Westminster was abundantly justified in refusing to Meredith the honor of a resting-place in the Abbey. To have admitted him would, under the circumstances, have been a grave scandal."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"Holy Water and Its Significance for Catholics." Father Theiller, S. O. Cist. 50 cts.

"The Master Motive." Laure Conan. \$1.

"The Book of the Lily, and Other Verses," A Sister of the Holy Cross. \$1, net.

"An Impeached Nation; Being a Study of Irish Outrages." Henry W. Cleary, D. D. 4s. 6d.

"Report of the Nineteenth Eucharistic Congress. Held at Westminster." \$1.75.

"Catholic Churchmen in Science." (Second Series.) James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$1.08.

"Choice Morsels of the Bread of Life." Rev. C. Coppens, S. J. 60 cts.

"The Path which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church." Peter H. Burnett. \$1.50, net.

"Father Jim." J. G. R. 10 cts.

"Graduale Romanum." Dr. F. X. Mathias. \$1.50.

"The Great Problem." Rev. J. J. Burke. \$1.

"The Decree on Daily Communion." Father Juan Ferreres, S. J. 75 cts.

"Rules of Life for the Pastor of Souls." Rev. T. Slater, S. J. \$1.25.

"The Preachers' Protests." Very Rev. D. I. McDermott. 25 cts.

"Henry Charles Lea's Historical Writings." Mgr. Baumgarten. 90 cts.

"The Divine Story." Rev. C. J. Holland, S. T. L. \$1, net.

"The Catechism in Examples." Vols. IV., V. \$3.

"The Lady of the Tower, and Other Stories." \$1.25.

"The Art of Melodeon or Harmonium Playing." J. Singenberger. \$3.00.

"The Cardinal Democrat. (Henry Edward Manning.)" I. A. Taylor. \$1.25.

"A Friar Observant." Frances M. Brookfield. \$1.50.

"The Little Book of Humility and Patience." Archbishop Ullathorne. 60 cts.

"The Life of St. Melania." Cardinal Rampolla. \$1.50.

"History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." Rev. E. A. d'Alton, M. R. I. A. \$3.60 per Vol.

"The Sunday-School Director's Guide to Success." Rev. Patrick Sloan. \$1, net.

"Handbook of Canon Law." D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B. \$1.25, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Joseph Kempa, of the archdiocese of Milwaukee.

Brother Adrian, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Sister Mary Aloysius, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. George H. Sanford, Mr. John Smith, Mr. Joseph La Croix, Mr. J. P. Clark, Mrs. E. Schmitt, Miss Rose McFadden, Mr. John W. Bier, Mr. Joseph Henrich, Mr. John Curran, Mrs. Mary Richmond, and Mr. Joseph Klopatski.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Queen of My Heart.

BY M. E. M.

QUEEN of my heart and Lady of my love,
Shield of my thoughts, my Peace, my Staff,
my Joy;

Flower of my choice, all other flowers above,
Whose fragrant blossoms never fade nor cloy;
O may the fruits of my soul's planting be
Worthy of thee!

Strength of my weakness, wrap me round about
With thy sweet tenderness upon the way;
Ne'er let me step thy sheltering care without,
Save me from snare and pitfall night and day.
Whate'er the cost, O Mother may I be
Faithful to thee!

Queen of my soul and Mistress of my heart,
Rose of all roses in Christ's garden fair,
When life is done, when soul and body part,
Open thy arms, receive my spirit there,
That I may dwell for all eternity
With Him and thee!

The Eucharistic Congress at Cologne.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

PROTESTANT Germany,"—how often one has heard the words, or read them in some newspaper discussion on the comparative progress and prosperity of Protestant and Catholic countries! It is a favorite journalistic assumption that progressive, prosperous Germany is Protestant. But official statistics tell another story. "Germany" is a word of more than one meaning. If we

take it in the sense of Arndt's patriotic poem, and assert that the German's fatherland extends as far as the German tongue is spoken, the Catholic Austrian lands of the south come into the reckoning. But if we take the word in its more usual sense, as signifying the lands of the German Empire, we find that when that Empire was founded in 1871, and the first census was taken, the Catholics formed just one-third of its population; and their increase has gone on at a more rapid rate than the general increase of the population, so that now the proportion is nearer two-fifths than one-third.

Nor is this all. The non-Catholic millions are not of one belief: they include freethinkers, Jews, and the various sects and varieties of Protestants. The Catholics are thus the largest solidly organized religious body in the German Empire. Their strength in the electorate and in the Reichstag has often made them the arbiters of its policy.

Moreover, there are whole provinces and countries of the Empire—and these not the least prosperous—which are Catholic throughout, the non-Catholics forming an insignificant minority. This is eminently true of the most typically German part of the Empire, the beautiful country that most people first think of when Germany is mentioned—the historic Rhineland. Its world-famed cathedrals are Catholic; the crucifix is erected in its vineyards; and Cologne, the capital of the Rhineland, is a Catholic city,—*Heilige Cöln* (Holy Cologne), so called from its many churches and shrines, with

our Blessed Lady's statue erected on a tall column in one of its squares, as the monument of the definition of her Immaculate Conception.

In the first week of August, this great centre of German Catholicity will be a city of rejoicing, the scene of an international act of faith and worship; for this year the Eucharistic Congress will be held there. It will be the twentieth annual gathering of the kind, and is likely to be one of the most striking events of the year.

In his pastoral letter, issued last Easter, the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne told how the congresses had begun on a small scale, and at first were almost entirely French. It was only gradually that they assumed an international character, as they grew in numbers and importance. This feature of the presence of representatives of the episcopate, the clergy and the laity of many nations, was very marked at the London Congress last year, and it will be witnessed again at Cologne.

One of the most striking incidents of the London Eucharistic Congress occurred at the last meeting of the French section. One of the Canons of the Cologne cathedral chapter mounted the platform and, after a quite unnecessary apology for his "imperfect" knowledge of French, addressed the meeting fluently and eloquently in that language. He said the Archbishop of Cologne was too ill to cross the Channel, and had sent him as his representative, with a special message to the French members of the Eucharistic Congress. In the coming year the Congress would be held on German ground, and the Archbishop wanted to see as many Frenchmen as possible the guests of the Catholics of Cologne. "Come all of you," he said, "and bring many more; and let us show the world that, when it is a question of uniting to honor Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, nothing can divide us,—that there is no longer a thought of frontiers or political rivalries or race or language. Come all of you; and to you Frenchmen,

above all, we German Catholics promise a hearty German welcome."

The answer was a burst of enthusiastic cheering. The invitation has been repeated in the Archbishop's pastoral. In every diocese in France, committees are at work arranging for a large representation at Cologne; and there is no doubt that there will be something like a peaceful French invasion of the Rhineland.

The attendance of Catholics from all parts of the Empire will be on a vast scale; for the Catholics of Germany are more thoroughly organized, and more experienced in the practical work of bringing together and carrying through large congresses, than those of any other European country. Every year they hold a representative congress to discuss Catholic interests. Last year, when they met at Düsseldorf, there was no hall in the town spacious enough for the meetings, and a temporary hall was erected at a cost of about \$35,000. At Cologne, two of the churches and the great hall of the Gürzenich will be used for the meetings; the churches being made available to this purpose, because such a gathering has an essentially religious character and purpose.

In the Archbishop's pastoral, a very special invitation is addressed to the Catholics of Belgium. The Belgians are reminded that at one time Liège was one of the suffragan Sees of the ecclesiastical province of Cologne; and it was during this period that the feast of Corpus Christi was instituted and celebrated for the first time at Liège, whence it spread to the Christian world.

England and Ireland will also send a large contingent, thanks to the interest excited in the Congress movement by the great gathering in London last September. Many American Catholics who are visiting Europe this summer will no doubt arrange to be at Cologne during the first week of August.

The proceedings will begin on Tuesday, August 3, with the arrival of the Papal

Legate; and end on the following Sunday, August 8, with the procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the streets of Cologne. The Legate will be Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, who presided last year at the London Congress. He is the younger of two brothers, who are both members of the Sacred College. He is very tall, and, notwithstanding his more than seventy years, has an erect, almost military bearing, and walks briskly. When he spoke in Westminster cathedral, every word he said could be heard by his audience of ten thousand. All who met his Eminence were charmed with his kindly manner. He makes friends wherever he goes.

His reception at Cologne on August 3 has been so arranged that the day's proceedings will be a triumphant progress for the Legate through the Catholic Rhineland, and a great public demonstration of loyalty to the Holy See. His journey by railway will end at Mayence (Mainz), about a hundred miles higher up the Rhine than Cologne. At Mayence he will embark early on the Tuesday morning, with his suite, on board of an express steamer. During the forenoon the ship will steam down the Rhine through some of the most splendid river scenery in Europe. The Rhine here cuts its way through a hilly country. Vineyards cover the mountain slopes; picturesque Old-World towns and villages nestle at their bases by the shore. Every bold spur and promontory is crowned by a castle. Some of these Rhine castles are picturesque ruins; others have been converted into stately mansions. At every town and village, priests and people of this Catholic German land will assemble by the riverside to greet the Legate as he passes by, and peals of bells will ring from every steeple and church tower.

Coblenz will be reached at one o'clock. There another steamer, coming up the river from Cologne and conveying a deputation of its clergy and people, will meet

the Legate's vessel; and the two steamers will continue the voyage down stream in company, greeted, as in the morning, by the people of every place they pass. At three there will be a short stop at the village of Königswinter, at the foot of the Seven Mountains. At five the steamers will at last reach Cologne.

There, at the landing-place, the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne, with the assembled bishops of Germany, and the prelates and cardinals from abroad, and the clergy and laity, will welcome the Legate and conduct him in procession to the historic cathedral, the great sanctuary of Germany, where the opening service of the Congress will be held. The Legate will then go to the Archbishop's palace, where next morning he will hold a reception. During the next three days there will be the meetings of the Congress, and solemn services in the cathedral and the parish churches.

On Sunday there will be the general Communion. In the morning there will be Pontifical High Mass at the cathedral; in the afternoon, the procession. For this the streets of the great city will be decked out in the brightest of holiday attire; triumphal arches will span them; flags will be flying; draperies of bright colors and garlands of flowers will cover the house fronts; green leaves will strew the roadway. In squares and open places, altars of repose, adorned with flowers and lights, will be erected. Issuing from the cathedral, the procession, some tens of thousands strong, will pass along the thoroughfares, lined not with sight-seers but with adorers. For the procession with which the Eucharistic Congresses are closed is no mere pageantry: it is arranged to allow of worship being offered to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament by a concourse so great that it could not be gathered together even in the largest buildings in the world. After Benediction has been given at each of the altars of repose, the procession will return to the cathedral, where the *Te Deum* will be sung and Benediction given once more.

Cologne has a long tradition of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and to the Holy See. In Luther's days, its Prince-Archbishop was one of the faithless pastors of Germany. He was the sovereign as well as the Archbishop of the city; but when he declared for the Reformers, the people rose in armed rebellion and drove him out, and welcomed Canisius when he came to them as the Envoy of the Holy See. In the days of the Bismarckian persecution, Cardinal Melchers, Archbishop of Cologne, went to prison in defence of the rights of the Church. The German Kaiser of to-day, Protestant though he is, respects the rights and values the loyalty of his millions of Catholic subjects. No doubt he will send a message of welcome to the Legate of Pius X.

Times have changed in Germany since the days of the Kulturkampf; but it was from the fidelity of the German Catholics in those dark times that has sprung their strength of to-day. For the Catholics from France, who will be their guests in these August days, the sight of the triumphant prosperity of the Church in Germany will be an earnest of the brighter days that will surely come also for France as the fruit of patient endurance of present trials.

REPUTATION is what the world thinks a man is; character is what he really is. Any one can play shuttlecock with a man's reputation; his character is his alone. No one can injure his character but he himself. Character is the sword; reputation is the scabbard. Many men acquire insomnia in standing guard over their reputation, while their character gives them no concern. Often they make new dents in their character in their attempt to cut a deep, deceptive filigree on the scabbard of their reputation. Reputation is the shell a man discards when he leaves life for immortality; his character he takes with him.

—W. G. Jordan.

Monica's Victory.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

I.

THE sunset radiance at the close of a summer's day filled with golden glory the single street of a small village in the Austrian Tyrol, situated on the borders of the forest of Bregenz, and deepened the shadows of the rugged mountains, which were for the most part clothed with pines. There was nothing to disturb the tranquillity, the perfect repose of the scene; the only sound that broke the stillness was the murmur of the river Aach, and the music of church bells wafted from a distant and larger village on the evening breeze; for it was Saturday, and at the time of which we write it was customary—as it still is in many parts of Germany—thus to herald the approach of the Lord's Day.

All seemed at rest in the village. The cattle had already been for some weeks away on the mountain pastures; the sheep and goats were still browsing on the plain. The stables and cattle sheds of the farm-houses stood open; behind them could be seen the fertile meadows, broken only by groups of trees or fruit-laden orchards. In the lush grass, a few children were straying in quest of flowers; and before the outbuildings some dogs lay idly outstretched, apparently asleep; though from time to time one or other of them raised its head and pricked up its ears, snuffing the air suspiciously, as if instinct warned them that danger was near.

On the greensward before one of the homesteads—the residence of the chief official personage of the village, the *landammann*, magistrate, or mayor—a girl was playing with a pet fawn, that frisked and frolicked about her. She wore the picturesque local costume: a high bodice of shining black material edged

with gold braid, fitting closely to her comely figure, and a dark woollen skirt striped with different colors. Her fine, well-cut features were of the type peculiar to that region, and were set off by thick plaits of fair hair. She was tall and well-proportioned; her movements were easy and supple; yet there was about her something stately, almost refined, which showed that she was not born of peasant parents. Her name was Monica; she was the only child of Ignatius Stein, the *landammann*.

Leaning carelessly on the fence that separated the garden from the meadow was an individual of a very different appearance. It was Laurence Ladurn, who filled a post somewhat like that of public notary and secretary to the magistrate. He was short and thickset; his countenance, though expressive of intelligence and determination, was anything but pleasing. It was covered with freckles; and there was a sly, calculating look in the sharp grey eyes, as he watched every movement of the merry, high-spirited girl. Moreover, his hair was red, and he could no longer be called young. He was dressed in short leather breeches and blue stockings, a jacket of dark cloth adorned with silver buttons, and a broad-brimmed felt hat with a wide ribbon round the crown.

As Monica passed him by on her way to the house, followed closely by the fawn, the man leaned over and offered a handful of freshly plucked grass to the graceful little animal. It started aside timidly, and would not eat out of his hand.

"Do not trouble yourself, Mr. Ladurn," Monica said. "Nanny is of the same mind as myself: we do not wish to take anything from you."

Ladurn tried to conceal his annoyance at this speech; he laughed, and treated it as if made in jest.

"Feminine caprice!" he murmured. "She wants to play the coy maiden. Wait a while! She will soon come round."

In fact, when the man held out the grass afresh, the little creature began to nibble at it.

"See, I was right!" cried Ladurn. "I consider this a good augury."

The girl smiled scornfully.

"That is only the way of an unreasoning brute. Do not flatter yourself that it gives you ground for hope."

But Ladurn would not take the rebuff.

"You speak like a child, Monica. I am no penniless beggar. Any of the village girls would be glad to have me for a husband."

"They are very welcome to you, so far as I am concerned," the girl answered contemptuously.

"But I do not want any one but you," the man added, lowering his voice to an impassioned whisper.

Monica shrugged her shoulders.

"Because my father is a wealthy man. You think of nothing but getting money."

The notary changed color, and made no direct rejoinder.

"Your father is well aware of my ability. He would have no objection to your marrying me."

"My father," she retorted sharply, "would never compel me to give my hand to a man to whom I could not give my heart. You are not a good Catholic, and where there is little faith there is generally little integrity."

"What do you mean by that?" he asked angrily.

"What I hear people say, and what I know for myself. You have no true love of God or of our country. At heart you hold with the Swedes."

The notary stamped his foot on the ground.

"That is a shameful slander!"

"Did you not associate with the enemies of Holy Church on terms of good comradeship, in Bregenz? Did you not drink with them and play at dice with them—"

"Because I could not help doing so," the man interrupted vehemently. "My duty obliged me to do so; your father himself sent me to treat with them concerning the supplies they demanded."

The girl again shrugged her shoulders.

"My father did not tell you to do as you did. Any one else would have acted very differently."

At this juncture the fawn came up to be caressed. Monica threw her arms round its neck and laid her fair cheek on its brown head.

"We will always be friends; won't we, Nanny dear? We don't care for people who pretend to be what they are not."

The contempt in the girl's voice stung Ladurn. He bit his lips and said bitterly:

"That is a falsehood. You love some one else, and that is why you despise me."

Monica drew herself up. Her usually gentle, placid countenance was flushed with anger.

"Take care what you say, Mr. Ladurn! Nobody ever yet dared to tell me I lied."

Ladurn smiled complacently.

"I know what I know. And what I have heard myself no one can gainsay."

"What have you heard?"

"Some one under your window last night. (I slept badly.) Footsteps and loud whispering were distinctly audible in my room."

Monica turned white to the lips. For a moment she hesitated; then she said resolutely:

"That is a wicked calumny. But you shall no longer suspect me of disgraceful conduct, so I will tell you the whole truth."

And when she saw her interlocutor make an incredulous gesture, she went on, her voice quivering with indignation:

"What you heard was not beneath my window, and had nothing at all to do with me. It was some men who came from Bregenz."

"Oh, fie, young lady! Such subterfuges will not hold water."

Monica's breast heaved with suppressed agitation. That this man should doubt her word wounded her pride. Without considering what the consequences might be, she went on quickly:

"I tell you the men did come, and nobody was to know anything about it except my father and myself. They

brought heavy chests full of gold and very valuable plate belonging to Count Hohenem. He tried in vain to convey the property by the lake to Constance. And since he considered that it was by no means safe from the depredations of the Swedes in Bregenz, he had it brought up here to the mountains. It is to remain concealed until the enemy is driven out of the country and peace is restored."

The notary appeared suddenly convinced of the truth of her statement. A sinister light gleamed in his eyes as he answered:

"So that was it, was it? Gold, you say, and several chests! Count Hohenem is immensely wealthy. It is well that you have told the secret to no one but me. In troublous times like these, it is dangerous to have other people's gold in one's keeping."

The girl herself felt rather alarmed at the indiscretion of which she now saw she had, in her eager self-vindication, been guilty; but the next moment she set her mind at rest, remembering that Ladurn was one of her father's underlings, and there was no fear that he would turn traitor. Moreover, her thoughts were diverted by the approach of the old shepherd who was driving his timid flock to the fold. She was struck by the flustered appearance of the man, who was rather childish and extremely superstitious.

"What are you muttering to yourself, Michael?" she inquired, going up to the hedge.

"Hush!" the old man said mysteriously. "I am saying the wolf's blessing." And he continued in a monotonous drone:

"Our Lord and St. Peter went out one day;
Our Blessed Lady they met on the way.
Quoth she: 'O dear Lord, tell me I pray
Whither our footsteps this morn shall stray?'
'Over hill and dale I needs must go;
God keep my lambs from the deadly foe.'
The wild wolf's jaws St. Peter shall lock,
That he may not devour one of my flock."

"That is silly rubbish," Monica said reprovingly. "It is not even Christian,

It sounds quite like heathen superstition. His Reverence would be angry if he heard you."

"His Reverence does not yet know what I know," said the old man, standing still. "The blessing is needed for the flock. The Swedes are coming to our mountains; they carry off whatever comes in their way, like the wolves."

"What is that you say?" Monica cried, astonished and aghast. "The Swedes may perhaps be in Bregenz, but what could they want up on the heights?"

"That is what the people are asking in Lindau," the shepherd replied. "The foreign wolves will soon show them what they want."

"Holy Virgin! Are the Swedes in Lindau, then?" the girl inquired anxiously.

"They have been encamped on the square before the church since midday."

"Is that true,—is that really true?" the notary asked quickly. He had listened attentively to every word the shepherd said.

"Go and see for yourself, if you want to know. They are a rough, wild lot; they gamble and drink and swear, and no girl can go by but they insult her. There are two companies of cavalry at Lindau, sent up from Bregenz to burn the whole country. The miscreants have gone over the Sulzburg, thieving and murdering; they have set fire to St. Leonard's chapel."

"God will punish their evil deeds!" Monica exclaimed, her face flushing with just anger. "And if they dare to come here, we shall know how to receive them."

The important news he had just heard seemed to have put all other thoughts out of Ladurn's mind. He took up his stick, which was resting against the fence, and went his way, with a somewhat curt greeting. When he got to the corner of the house, he looked round and cast an ugly, revengeful look at the girl, while he muttered to himself: "You wait a while! I am not the man to be made a fool of with impunity. I know what I am about."

The shepherd, too, passed on; and Monica turned to go back to the house, to

see if her father had returned and had already heard the bad news. But before she reached the door, she heard a voice calling to her from the road; and a beautiful face, with smiling eyes and brown curly hair, looked over the fence.

It was Angela, Monica's dearest friend, unlike as the two girls were, both in appearance and in character. Angela, who scarcely reached to Monica's shoulder, was a true child of the Tyrol, having been born in the highest, most secluded hamlet among the mountains; although, while she was still a little child, her parents had removed to Alsdorf, the village where her friend's father held sway. She had inherited her mother's skill in embroidery,—an art in which, about two and a half centuries ago, very few girls, unless they belonged to the upper classes, were wont to excel. Angela went by the name of "the pretty embroideress," and she well deserved the appellation. Like most maidens of the mountainous districts, she was not tall, but her figure was slight and graceful, and was set off to the best advantage by the becoming costume of the locality. When she laughed a world of mirth and happiness played about her small rosy mouth. In truth, though she was not exactly beautiful, there was a charm about her personality that everyone felt; and the nature of her employment tended to give her a certain refinement. Her white and shapely hands were in themselves sufficient evidence that she had never done the work of a peasant, either in cultivating the fields or tending the cattle on the mountains.

Her unfailing good temper, her frank, unembarrassed manner, the simplicity and modesty that distinguished her, rendered Angela very attractive, and many a young man in the village would fain have called the fair maiden his bride. But her hand was no longer free: she had bestowed her affections on a young wood-carver of Sulzburg, who had already attained considerable proficiency in his art, and had executed several statues and

altar-pieces for churches in the neighborhood. The engagement was highly approved of by her parents and by the priest of Alsdorf, with whom she was a great favorite.

"Listen, Monica," Angela said, when her friend hastened to greet her. "I could not help stopping to speak to you, for I feel rather anxious."

It was something new to hear Angela speak of being anxious; but Monica thought she divined the cause of her solicitude.

"About the Swedes? Then you have heard?"

"Of course I have. Old Michael has told it everywhere. But what are the Swedes to us? Almighty God and His Blessed Mother will protect us. No: what I was going to say is quite different. It concerns you. You must have done something to make the notary very angry."

Monica tossed her head with a gesture of profound contempt.

"What can he do to me? He was so bold and insolent, I told him there could never be a question of anything between us. But what makes you think he is very angry?"

"Why, I met him just now," Angela went on, "as he was coming away, and you should have seen the evil look he cast at you. It positively frightened me. He has no good intentions toward you."

"Very likely not. But he owes everything to my father, and he would hardly dare to do anything to injure me."

Angela was silent for a few moments; then she began again:

"If he is really so fond of you as he professes to be, don't you think you might care for him? He is not such a bad man. He is clever and well educated, and will probably obtain a good position later on."

"I never could tolerate him," Monica rejoined emphatically.

"Perhaps you have taken a fancy to some one else. You may just as well tell me, your greatest friend. For why are we sent into the world if not to brighten

some man's life? I have been so happy since I came to know Godfrey. But for the bad times and the disturbed state of the country, we should have been married before now. However, I am content to wait. There may be hard trials in store for us. Life is not all sunshine."

Monica looked affectionately at her friend.

"You well deserve to be happy," she said. "I, too, give thanks to God for all His benefits, especially that of having been brought up in the true Faith, now that there is so much impiety and wickedness in the world. But I do not think I could ever be so attached to a man as you are to your betrothed. It is not in me."

Angela laughed.

"Many a girl has talked like that and been married before a year was past. Believe me, the right person will come for you too; and I should be glad, so long as it is not Ladurn. I always detested him. For my part, I should almost rather marry a Swede."

"A hateful Swede!" Then, checking herself, Monica added quickly: "I ought not to hate them, for they also are God's creatures, made to His image; only they are led astray by lying teachers of heresy. However much we dread their coming, let it not deter us from hoping for their salvation, and praying for them that they may be led into the way of truth."

She folded her hands, Angela did the same; and, in accordance with Our Lord's example, they piously said a prayer for their enemies.

"That is my idea of love,—charity to all mankind, the desire to help those who walk in darkness and in the shadow of death," Monica said, looking at her friend with youthful enthusiasm in her eyes.

"I understand you," Angela replied, her usually joyous expression giving place to grave seriousness. "That is no doubt the better part, but it is not for all; and we are not wrong in wishing for earthly happiness, provided we do not neglect our spiritual interests. I love Godfrey so dearly that I should count no exertion

too great, no sacrifice too costly, to promote his happiness; and I would gladly give my life to save his."

Monica answered thoughtfully:

"I think I could feel as you do if Heaven granted me the joy of saving a soul from perdition,—if when I appear before God I could say, 'I have brought this wanderer back to Thee.'"

Little did Angela suspect, as she looked admiringly at her friend, that those words were almost prophetic,—that the privilege she desired would be vouchsafed to her.

"You are much better than I am, dear Monica," she said; "but each must go her own way, and I hope both you and I may be happy here and hereafter too."

She nodded good-bye and hastened away; for she saw her parents returning home, and she wanted to reach their cottage, which was at the other end of the village, before they arrived there.

(To be continued.)

Sir Stephen de Vere.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

IV.—THORNBERRY COTTAGE.

SIR STEPHEN spent some time reading law, but his heart was not in it. At this period of his life it was hard to say where his heart really was. Literature was the bent of the whole family; their relations were, therefore, rather with English than with Irish friends. There was something repellent to them in the idea of a society which spent the four seasons of the year, and the days and nights of each passing month, in amusements that were frivolous or debasing. The old Races of Limerick occupied six days of the week without a break. The nights were spent in balls, carousing, or card-playing. In this latter it was usual with the landlord class, when money failed, to lay down on the gambling table whole townlands of their estates, and to play for them; and a body of tenantry

that belonged to one landlord when the sun set in the evening, belonged to his successful rival at cards when the sun rose next morning. I once heard an aged nobleman—Lord Emly, now dead—tell that at a card-game between two gentlemen, which began immediately after dinner, one of them suspected the other of hiding a card under his hand; so he took the carving-fork, which still lay on the table, and with one lounge transfixed the offending hand to the table. The fork was withdrawn, and the card was found hidden under the hand.

In regard to habits of drink, the same venerable man related that one of the gentry of those days fell grievously ill. "The vengeance on the flesh of the ungodly is fire and worms."* He consulted an eminent doctor, who thought that moderation in drink was necessary for him. "You must restrict yourself somewhat in the matter of drink," said the physician.—"How much might I take?" asked the patient.—"Well, I think you ought not to pass a bottle of port any day."—"A bottle of port a day!" cried the visitor in disdain. "I'd rather be a teetotaller altogether than stint myself to that."—"And, true enough, out of sheer contempt he became a teetotaller, and regained his health," said the narrator.

Speaking of the manners of those times, an eye-witness described to me the following scene: "It was midday, and the place was the head of William Street in Limerick city. A tumultuous crowd of men entered it. Being a market-day, the shouting of this crowd gathered venders and buyers alike from the market-place; while the lanes and side streets gave forth their idlers to swell the rout. Two gentlemen rode in front. One was horsewhipping the other. Blood was flowing freely from the faces of both. 'Give it to him, Misther Bob!'—'That's right, Misther Bob!'—'Three cheers for Misther Bob!'—'Bravo, Misther Bob!'—'Lain on him, Misther Bob!' Down the street the savage spec-

* Ecclus., vii, 19.



tacle moved 'in face of the regal sun,' an object-lesson of riotous barbarism and fury, of bloodshed and hate. And these were the gentlemen that ransacked at night the houses of the poor, dragged victims from their homes, haled them up before them at 'petty sessions' next day, aided the chairman of 'quarter sessions' in sending them forward for trial, found 'true bills' against the unfortunate wretches at Assize, and thanked God they were not like the rest of the world, especially 'them low set,' gone to the scaffold or to Van Diemen's Land."

There was a something in the De Vere blood that would "not communicate" with these. Such ideas were utterly repellent to them. There was some excuse for the tenantry, who were kept in crass ignorance by law, and ground with oppression by "their betters"; but for the oppressors, a mind like Sir Stephen's could have neither sympathy nor patience. He might have cried with his own ideal poet, Horace: *Odi profanum vulgus*.* His distaste for them and their modes of thought kept him from their society and even from their Sunday service at church. "Sir Stephen seldom or never went to church," says one who remembers his youth.

For two reasons—which will be apparent later on—it is necessary to give here a quotation from Sir George Cornwallis Lewis' book, "the best, the most reliable, and the most philosophical inquiry into Irish crime. It is the work of a man eminently fitted for the task he undertakes,—a scholar, a statesman, and a man of a singularly fair and judicial mind."† Sir Cornwallis Lewis, speaking of the two religions and the two religious classes in Ireland, says:

"The secret of this system, which has, with a greater or lesser extent, been kept up nearly to the present day, was that every Irish Catholic was presumed to be destined to a state of slavery. The entire government of the country was

carried on by the Protestants and for the benefit of the Protestants. The Protestants were considered as the only link between England and Ireland. The English thought that Ireland should belong to them; and it was thought that the support of Irish Protestants, oppressing the Irish Catholics, alone kept the latter from throwing themselves into the arms of France. At the same time the line was drawn between the two religions; the one was that of the privileged class, the other that of the inferior class. The whole of Ireland was treated as a province or colony whose interests were to be sacrificed to those of the mother country."

Sir Cornwallis Lewis points out the impassable chasm which the fact and profession of these two religions caused between Dives and Lazarus in Ireland. "In these ways," says Lord Russell, "the friendly connection between the landlords and the tenants of the soil was broken. Either the landlord was living at a distance, and was represented by an oppressive, grasping middleman, or, if he stopped at home, he was a member of the dominating or privileged class, and was as much bound by his official duty as he was prompted by the influence of his order, or love of power, to oppress, degrade, and trample on his Catholic tenants; and hence it was impossible that the different classes of society could be shaped into one. The degradation of the peasantry through ignorance, through poverty, through recklessness, through turbulence, was a necessary consequence of the system pursued in Ireland."

As to Sir Stephen, "there was not a thought of pride in his heart," says an old man of the peasantry who knew him well. And the old man rejoices in telling "how pleasant it used to be when Sir Stephen spent an evening at the house of one of the tenants, and all the neighbors gathered in." Later on, when Sir Stephen grew old, he usually "slept at the cottage of one of the tenant's rather than at the 'great house,' when from:

* "I hate the ignoble crowd."

† Lord Russell, of Killowen.

time to time he paid a visit to Curragh."

It was, then, a double abyss that Sir Stephen had to cross when, besides holding kindly and social relations with his tenantry, he had to lay aside the religion of the dominant class, which hitherto he had professed—nominally, at any rate,—and take up the despised faith of the poor. This faith was detested and hated by the upper classes; and this faith of the poor deserved, without question, to be hated and detested and despised by them, if it were what it was commonly represented to these classes to be. It was in honest good faith that the large bulk of the Protestants of Ireland in those days despised and detested the evil caricature represented to them as the religion of the poor.

The impelling motive, therefore, to leave the religion of the gentry, of the educated, travelled, and cultured class, and enter the faith of those who held the plough or the reaping-hook, who weeded the garden or pounded the lumps, who milked the cows or washed the vessels, who carded the wool and spun it, or "bittled" the clothes at the running stream; of those who wore corduroy and frieze, who went barefoot on the fields and roads, who may not have had their bath every morning, and who certainly were not dressed "in purple and fine linen"; of those who, far from knowing "The First Six Centuries," and "The Early Fathers," and "Historic Christianity," and the Latin and Greek and Syriac tongues, had the merest smattering of letters from the elementary hedge-school,—the impelling motive must surely have been cogent to force a man of the sensitive and delicate nature of Sir Stephen de Vere, at the age of thirty-four, "to go out from Ur of the Chaldees, and go into the land that God was showing him." The motive was morals.

I do indeed wish it were not necessary to introduce here the morals of the well-to-do of those days. The traditions in the middle of the last century were so shocking

that a delicate pen could do no more than allude to them. "Let it not so much as be named among you." I dare not trust myself to speak on the subject. The brief and cautious words of one of the greatest lawyers Ireland has produced happily relieve me. Lord Russell, in his famous six days' speech before "The Parnell Times Commission," says:

"Sir George Cornwallis Lewis further declares that no person who had attentively studied the state of society in England and Ireland at the opening of the eighteenth century, would hesitate as to the causes of the respective positions of the agricultural population in either country. He refers one to Arthur Young's visit to Ireland at the end of the eighteenth century; and he gives proof of a deeper, darker character than I care to refer to, of the degradation to which the wives and daughters of the Irish tenants were subjected as part of this infamous system. . . . The landlord is a sort of despot, who yields obedience to no law except his own will."

These were "honorable" men, whose proudest boast was that they never stooped to tell a lie; that everything else they might have done except to steal or to lie. A code of honor they had. "God be thanked, they were not sneaks and liars like the vile peasantry!" Everything else they might have been guilty of (St. Paul notwithstanding)—"murder, adultery, drunkenness,"—but their honor was unstained, and their souls unsullied. While these two precepts were inviolate, all the Sinai code might go, as it did, by the board. They made a law for themselves; it suited them, and on its righteousness they tried to satisfy their conscience; and, trusting to it, they went into the house of their eternity. Financially, it was a loss to Ireland when absenteeism became the fashion with Irish landlords; but morally it was a gain.

Sir Stephen made no secret to any one of the impelling motive that drew him to the Church. Years ago, seated in a

railway train, he and I alone, he said: "I saw that the young men of the peasant class were far different from those of my own position,—more delicate in their language, purer in their morals. I asked myself what was the cause. It could not be education; it could not be culture, travel, society, position. There was, then, only one thing that it could be—their religion. And I determined to become a member of that religion which had made them so."

It is not in a day that a man comes to take so serious a step. It may be that this was in his mind when he built himself a pretty cottage in the depths of the Curragh woods. He had evermore, and until his dying day, a fancy for cottage life, and for living alone with two or three domestics. In fact, it was so when he died at Foynes. With his affection for the old Roman poet, Horace, and his ways, one can quite understand this mood. He loved his book, his pipe, and his dog; they were his inseparable companions. But in the opinion of his more celebrated brother, Aubrey, it was a "whim" that was entirely unintelligible; and one which the great poet, with all his love for "Stephen," could never endure, and to which he has not even alluded in "The Recollections."

Whether the change of religion had been stimulated by the solemn event of the death, in 1846, of his father, Sir A. de Vere, must be left to conjecture. One thing alone there is to help us. He was desirous to keep his conversion private. He certainly kept it a secret from his mother, who had just become a widow; and he did not disclose it to her until the following year, when he wrote to her from Canada. This we shall see later on, as also her generous reply. It is most likely that, desirous to spare her pain, and thinking that it would be impossible for him to keep his conversion a secret from her while under the same roof, and continue to observe Catholic practices, he came to the conclusion of retiring to this rather

recluse position of Thornberry Cottage, in the midst of Curragh woods. His customary saying shows how unrequiring was his nature. Three things, he declared to be alone necessary to his happiness: his book, his pipe, and his dog. In the matter of diet, he had no epicurean tastes or desires. A cup of milk with a biscuit was luncheon, he would say, for a king.

The parish priest of Stonehall, in which Thornberry Cottage is situated, was at this time Father Foley, "a man to all the country dear." It was only on solemn occasions that the parishioners called him "Father Foley"; in everyday conversation he was familiarly and affectionately termed "Father Tim." "Sir Stephen was converted in the year 1846. He then lived in Thornberry Cottage, in the parish of Stonehall," writes one of the men whom, in the next year, Sir Stephen selected to take with him on his emigration tour to Canada. Another of the emigration men, still living, says: "It was in Father Foley's parlor that Mr. de Vere was baptized; Stephen McDonough and your most humble servant [Michael McMahon] were the sponsors. There was a Jubilee, or something like it, going on at the time.* When Mr. de Vere and ourselves went to the chapel at night to perform the duties of the Jubilee [this shows how the new convert wished to keep everything most private], we would get the key from 'Father Tim.' It was sometimes near midnight; and the people going along the road, when they saw the lights, used to say that the 'sperrits' were in Stonehall chapel."

To a thoughtful and studious mind, such as Sir Stephen de Vere's, there were at this period, in the political as in the ecclesiastical world, many things to engage its attention seriously. It was the time of the great Repeal agitation. Sir Stephen had no sympathy with O'Connell and his ways. Indeed to the end of

* This was the usual Jubilee consequent on the election of a Pope. Pius IX. had just been elected.

his life Sir Stephen was a determined Unionist. "West Briton" best expresses the position.

With the "Liberator," his agitation, his meetings, his originations, and his rent, Sir Stephen, like the Irish landlords in general, had no sympathy. But a friend and near relative was beginning to take a prominent and bold position in the political movement. William Smith O'Brien, M. P. for Limerick, by his speeches in Parliament and by his letters to the press, showed that he had a strong grasp of the political situation, and that he was determined at all hazards to do one man's part in remedying the grievances of Ireland.* On the passage in Parliament of a bill to take up arms from the Irish peasantry, he moved "That the House be resolved into a committee to consider the cause of the discontent with a view to the redress of grievances."

One would think that this was most reasonable; the historian, however, tells us the issue. "O'Brien, who was afterward to play so conspicuous a part, was not yet a Repealer. He had been for twenty years one of the most industrious members of Parliament, and was attached on most questions to the Whig party. His speech, however, on this motion showed that he regarded it as a last effort to obtain any approach to justice in a British Parliament, and that if they still resolutely adhered to the policy of coercion, and nothing but coercion, he would very shortly be found by O'Connell's side."

He pointed out the facts which justified discontent: "that the Union made Ireland poor and kept her poor; that it encouraged the absenteeism of landlords, and so caused a great rental to be spent in England; that nearly a million sterling of 'surplus revenue' over what was expended in the government of Ireland

was annually remitted from the Irish to the English exchequer; that Irish manufacture had ceased, and the profits on all the manufactured articles consumed in that island came to England; that the tenantry had no permanent tenure or security that they would derive benefit by any improvements they might make; that Ireland had but one hundred and five members of Parliament, whereas her population and revenue together entitled her to one hundred and seventy-five; that the municipal laws of the two countries were not the same. Then the new 'Poor Law' was a failure, and was increasing the wretchedness of the people; and Sir Robert Peel had now declared his ultimatum: that 'conciliation had reached its limits, and that the Irish should have an Arms Bill, and nothing but an Arms Bill.'*

"His facts were not disputed. Nobody in Parliament pretended to say that anything in this long catalogue was overstated; but the House refused the committee of inquiry, would discuss no grievances, and proceeded with their Arms Bill."†

If not for public, Sir Stephen was thus interested for private reasons in the political situation. But, with his own change of religion, there were reasons why he should be profoundly interested in the Oxford Tractarian Movement which was then engaging warmly the minds of scholars and divines all over Europe, and humble and inquiring souls in places more hidden and obscure perhaps even more warmly than those in the high places of the land.

It would be hard to find four such notable converts within such narrow limits, as about this time, in the County Limerick, declared their adhesion to the Catholic Church. Two were brothers-in-law, Richard Wyndham Quinn Earl of Dunraven, and William Monsell, first Lord Emly; and two were brothers, Sir

* William Smith O'Brien was brother of Lord Inchequinn; and Lady Inchequinn was sister of Sir Stephen.

* Speech of July 4, 1843.

† Mitchell.

Stephen and Mr. Aubrey de Vere. These were all neighbors and friends; but it is almost certain that not one of them had any direct influence in the conversion of another. They were of entirely different lines of thought, though scholars and students every one of them; and they approached the Church each from his own standpoint.

(To be continued.)

Worthless Songs.

(To a Poet.)

BY BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

YOU say that your songs are worthless?
That better were they unsung?
Have they eased no heart in all the throng,
Where Woe his darts has flung?
Have they brought no flash of pleasure
To a dull and grief-dimmed eye?
Have they brought no blessed joy to you?
If not, then let them die.

But, oh, they are not worthless
If they have drawn apart
From the jarring world for a brief, bright space
One sad and lonely heart!
And if hope they have brought to the wretched,
To the weary a calm, sweet dream,
More precious are they than the fairest gems
In the crowns of kings that gleam.

No song is ever worthless:
It is part of the Lord's decree.
The songs He gave to the unseen winds,
To the birds, and the mighty sea,
The poet must clothe in language
That his fellowmen may hear,
And know that in every darkened hour
There's a home-light always near.

So sing your songs—not worthless,
But better than gems or gold.
They'll come back, singing, to you some day,
And sweeter a thousandfold.
Sing them; for set in the desert
Of life, like so many springs,
Are kindly deeds and trust and love,
And the songs that the poet sings.

A Noble Convert.

BY HERBERT S. DEAN.

IN the Marquess of Ripon, the Church militant has lost a zealous protagonist, a munificent benefactor, and a most sincere, humble-minded and devout soul. A member both of the great governing caste of England (the son of a Prime Minister, and the holder of high political office for over fifty years), and of the small class of enormously rich territorial magnates, he yet cared nothing either for the show of power or for the ostentation of wealth; sharing in these respects some unlikeness to the rest of his class, with his comrade in religion and opponent in politics, the Duke of Norfolk, as well as with his friend and fellow-convert, the late Marquess of Bute.

All three men—"fanatically Catholic," as a Protestant writer has put it—have been in their time the centres of public sensation; but none of them probably cared a jot one way or the other on that score, and most certainly not Lord Ripon. He pursued his steady course, in a long life of singular consistency; saying little, but working steadily, for the most part in the responsible but humdrum work of high administrative posts; yet going on just the same, and imperturbably unaware of anything unusual, when occasionally forced into the middle of the stage with all the lime-light turned upon him.

In an age of easy convictions, religious or political, this lifelong consistency of Lord Ripon is his distinguishing characteristic. From first to last, his spirit in religion was that of personal work and hidden service. As a young man, in the Forties, he was rather laughed at as a "*jeunesse dorée* Socialist," an aristocrat who liked to play in the slums (the pastime had not yet become fashionable). In fact, he was largely financing and giving much personal service to the schemes of the "Christian Socialist" school of Kingsley

and Maurice, which failed so pitifully at the time, but proved so fruitful in inspiration for the future, because they were so essentially Christian, motivated by love of the poor for Christ's sake, and love of Christ in His poor.

And as an old man, Lord Ripon cared as little what people thought, when at times he was criticised for not taking a more prominent part in public controversies on the Catholic side. His idea of religion remained the same—his daily Mass in the church at Chelsea or at home, his personal work among the poor as a Brother of St. Vincent de Paul; his purse ever open at the call of Catholic fellow-workers, and never more gladly opened than when the work to be supported was a hidden one, unattended by advertisements and subscription lists. He even managed to conceal his larger benefactions: one heard only vaguely of convents in Italy purchased outright to avoid secularization, properties bought at home for charitable institutions, unnamed increments to Catholic resources in this place and the other, and so forth.

Equally consistent, throughout the kaleidoscopic changes of the past half century, was his political record as an upholder of democratic ideals; growing only more radical with old age, while the aristocratic Whig families were ranging themselves under the other banner in ever-increasing numbers. It is known that in the early days of the present government he was ready to sacrifice the ties of a lifetime upon the Education question. But it seemed, to those who had the right to advise him authoritatively, that his moderating influence within the Cabinet would be more useful than his resignation; and to him were due the clauses in the government's first Education bill which might have safeguarded our interests had that bill become law. His attitude in this respect was typical of that practicableness which marked his whole life,—of that English love for a working compromise which enabled this

man of advanced political views to work with moderates in Cabinet after Cabinet; "taking," as he said in one of his last public utterances, "all I could get at the time, and then waiting to get more"; yet always unbending if the matter came to a direct "Aye" or "No" upon a question of principle.

Born in Downing Street in the year 1827, during the few months' premiership of his father, Lord Goderich—Disraeli's "transient embarrassed phantom of the front bench,"—he entered public life at the age of twenty-five, and soon became, in 1859, under-secretary to that man of still beloved memory, Sidney Herbert, husband of the veteran convert, Lady Herbert of Lea. It is remarkable that Lord Ripon's non-Catholic son and Lady Herbert's non-Catholic daughter are husband and wife,—the new Marquess and Marchioness of Ripon. He soon attained Cabinet rank, governing in succession the War, India and Education offices, till a change came in 1871, when he visited the United States with Sir Stafford Northcote, to settle the thorny Alabama claims. English critics who were dissatisfied with the resulting compromise, said it would have been better to send two "'cute attorneys" than these amiable and high-minded gentlemen; but they forgot the moral value of the *entente* which, apart from the actual business in hand, the envoys established with Washington, and which the huckstering spirit of the attorney could never have attained.

Having already succeeded his father as Earl of Ripon, and his uncle as Earl de Grey, Lord Ripon now became Marquess, and the stormiest time of his life was approaching. Mr. Gladstone's bill for University Education in Ireland was defeated in 1873, and, to everybody's surprise, his staunchest lieutenant resigned. This time he could not "wait to get more" or to try again: something greater was at stake. Next summer another sensation came. Lord Ripon had resigned his office of Grand Master of the Freemasons of

England. A few days later the bomb burst. It was announced that Lord Ripon had been received into the Church at the Brompton Oratory. The inner history of those days is not known, for Lord Ripon would never talk about himself. But the public excitement was intense. Popular Protestantism saw yet another proof of the "sweet Romanizing" of Mr. Gladstone, his government, and his Irish policy. It was even confidently asserted that both statesmen were "Jesuits in disguise," and that the senior's famous pamphlets on Vaticanism were a "blind," intended to throw dust into the eyes of the unsuspecting public.

Things quieted down, however; and when Mr. Gladstone returned to power, one of his first acts was to appoint Lord Ripon to the high post of Viceroy of India, thus giving the best of all possible refutations to his own recent aspersions upon the civil loyalty of Catholics. The storm of Protestant abuse against this appointment was as nothing to the cyclone which Lord Ripon weathered when he reached Calcutta. That story belongs to secular politics, and need not be told here,—how the Viceroy's policy toward the natives roused the most furious controversies; how his Excellency was boycotted in his own palace by all "society"; how the aggrieved planters plotted to kidnap him on one of his tours of inspection; how unperturbed he remained, and how steadily he pursued his course.

Nothing rejoiced Lord Ripon's old age more than when, in his last government, he was able to "get more" for two causes so dear to him, in Mr. Birrell's Irish University Act and Lord Morley's recent Indian reforms. From 1886 he made way upon the political platform for younger men, but retained his place as a trusted and veteran counsellor in the successive Cabinets of his party,—a tower of strength particularly to Mr. Gladstone in the latter's last long fight on behalf of Ireland. The disabilities which the English law still lays upon Catholics prevented Lord Ripon

from becoming Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, as they kept Lord Russell of Killowen out of the chancellorship he had earned.

In his old age, Lord Ripon suffered a loss from which he never recovered, in the death of his wife two years ago, after fifty-six years of unclouded fellowship and love. After that, his life was mostly a waiting for the end. As zealous as ever in his work as a Brother of St. Vincent, as ready as ever with his good offices in matters religious and political alike, he was yet a different man, and it was with no surprise that one read the other day that he had passed gently from life in his home at Studley Royal. "Heart failure" was the certified cause of his death; he really died because he was eighty-two years old and had earned his rest. *Requiem æternam dona ei Domine, et lux perpetua luceat ei.*

The Legend of the Roses.

UP one of the winding sheep-tracks which cross the wooded hills of Northern Spain, climbed an old Franciscan friar; his head was bare, his brown cloth habit somewhat the worse for wear, and in his hand he carried a thick ash stick which rendered him good service, the way being long and mountainous. Slung over his right shoulder, the holy man bore a wallet of goodly size and weight, the result of his day's work; for he had been on a begging tour for the monastery hard by.

It was a calm, peaceful evening; and the friar, heedless of all around him, was saying his Rosary, the large brown beads slipping mechanically through his fingers, as, with eyes cast down, he pursued his lonely way. Indeed, so absorbed was he in his devotions that he did not perceive the evil glances cast at him by three men who stood in the shadow of a large boulder.

"It is one of the lay-Brothers from the

monastery," one of them was saying. "See how full his wallet is! And of a surety his purse must be equally full. Let us fall upon him and take possession of both."

"These friars stand under the protection of Our Lady del Pilar," replied one of the others. "I, for one, will have no hand in the business. The money would bring a curse upon us."

"Nay, Pedro, there you are mistaken!" cried the third robber. "Convent money is sacred money, and brings a blessing, not a curse; and as to the friar, should we send him into the other world, he would but reach heaven the sooner, and thank us for rendering him such good service."

The speakers, needless to say, were men of the worst description: ruthless brigands, who then infested the mountains of Northern Spain, and were the curse of the country.

• In the meantime the subject of their dispute had calmly pursued his way, and, having reached a bend in the road, was about to disappear from sight.

"We must hasten or we shall lose our quarry altogether," urged one of the two more desperate villains. "Once out of the wood, it would be dangerous to attack the friar; and, cowl or no cowl, I care nothing, provided the booty be plentiful."

Pedro, the less hardened or more superstitious robber, crossed himself as he heard these reckless words. But his comrades laughed at his fears, and, bidding him await their return, left him standing beside the boulder, and started running down a bypath in order to intercept the friar before he reached the open country.

It was not long before the brigands found a spot suitable for the purpose they had in view; high trees on either hand kept off the already waning light, and through the tree trunks they could watch without being seen the steady approach of their victim. Now he was but a few yards off; now almost abreast of them. Yet the men did not stir, but stood motionless, the blades of their

drawn knives gleaming in the semi-darkness. Wonder at the sight before them held the two spellbound. The path down which the Franciscan was advancing was strewn with roses—roses red and white,—and at each *Ave* that passed through the holy man's fingers fresh blossoms were added to their number.

Hardened villains though they were, the bandits dared not lay hands on one who was so visibly protected from above. In silence they watched the departing figure; and then, with eager curiosity, gathered up the roses lying in the path. A delicious fragrance emanated from the petals,—a fragrance which was not of earth; and it was with a subdued demeanor, very unlike their usual boisterous manner, that the two bandits returned to their companion.

Pedro heard with wonder and awe the marvellous story told him by his comrades. As he in his turn took the roses and inhaled their fragrance, their marvellous sweetness seemed to penetrate his very heart, filling it with loathing for the life he had been leading. From that hour he became a different man; and so great was the change wrought in his soul that he had henceforth but one desire—to expiate the many crimes he had committed. With this end in view, he begged admittance in that very monastery which counted the holy friar among its brethren; and there, the humblest of the humble, he spent the second half of his life in doing penance for the first.

PHYSICAL science, if studied at all, seems too great to be studied as a by-work; wherefore, rather than have it the principal thing in my son's mind, I would gladly have him to think that the sun goes round the earth, and that the stars are so many spangles set in the bright blue firmament. Surely the one thing needful for a Christian to study is Christian moral and political philosophy.

—Dr. Arnold.

The Favorite Saint of Non-Catholics.

OF all the saints in the calendar, one would think that St. Francis of Assisi, for many reasons, would have least attraction for Protestants. In the first place, he was a mediævalist, and our separated brethren rarely get as far back as the thirteenth century. He was a lover of poverty and welcomed it as a blessed condition, holding that the possession of earthly goods is robbery, not of one's neighbor but of one's self. The modern worships gold, and present-day philanthropy strives for the abolition of poverty. Savonarola, Erasmus, and many another celebrity of ante and post Reformation times has been compared with Luther, and proclaimed his precursor or follower; but it has never occurred to any one to liken the Seraph of Assisi to the least unworthy of the so-called Reformers. St. Francis was, above all else, a true son of the Church, ever humbly submissive to ecclesiastical authority; and the Protestant still protests, refusing to see in the Pope the Vicar of Christ and the Father of the Faithful.

And yet Protestants vie with Catholics in honoring the Saint. Interest in Francis can literature is increasing everywhere, and both its producers and patrons are largely outsiders. With many non-Catholics devotion to St. Francis is doubtless a mere fad. From hearing him talked about, or visiting the land of his birth, through frequent reference to him in the writings of men like Ruskin and Lowell and Longfellow, they have become interested in him in an æsthetic way, precisely as they were interested in Oscar Wilde, caring nothing for what the saint believed, taught, or exemplified. But there are other non-Catholics—not a few, we are glad to say—whose admiration is both intelligent and sincere; who see in the Knight of Lady Poverty something more than a relic of an age that has passed away,—not only a true poet, but an

ardent follower of Him who said, "Take no thought for the morrow." Chief among these non-Catholic clients of St. Francis we should place Mr. Samuel Crothers, whose essay "A Saint Recanonized" shows an understanding of the mission of St. Francis and an appreciation of his spirit, altogether remarkable in one outside of the Church. Let us quote a few of the more striking passages:

Francis of Assisi has an especial interest for every student of Christianity and for every student of ethics. For the student of Christianity, he stands as a man who, while neither a theologian nor a reformer, and having no place among the intellectual leaders of mankind, has an undisputed spiritual leadership. His place is that of the little child whom Jesus placed in the midst and of whom He said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

For the student of ethics, St. Francis is of interest because, while he had an invincible ignorance of scientific ethics, yet the real emphasis of his life and teaching was on the finest kind of ethical idealism. . . .

Many a preacher who has confined his preaching to humankind has put less good sense into his sermons and shown less insight into the causes of sin than did Francis in his discourse to the wolf of Gubbio. The inhabitants who had suffered from his depredations hated him for his wolfish iniquities. The saint saw that the cause of the evil was economic rather than moral. He was a right-minded wolf: the trouble was that he was hungry. St. Francis entered into a covenant of peace with him. "Brother Wolf, inasmuch as it pleases you to make and keep this peace, I promise you that so long as you shall live you shall not suffer hunger, forasmuch as I am aware that hunger has caused your every crime. But since I have got for you this grace, I require, Brother Wolf, your promise never again to do harm to any human being, neither to any beast. Do you promise?" And St. Francis stretching forth his hand, the wolf uplifted his right paw and gave him the pledge of faith as best he could. . . .

No wonder that the people loved Brother Francis when he brought religion to them in such a fashion, and that there would gather around him

A crowd of shepherds with as sunburnt looks
As may be read of in Arcadian books.

With all his saintly austerities, St. Francis was always a gentleman. Even the most admiring biographers can not hide his humanness. The Lives of the Saints do not contain many

such incidents as that in the chapter in "The Mirror of Perfection" entitled "How he comforted a Sick Friar by eating Grapes with Him." . . . The friar had been overdoing the mortification of the flesh, and had fallen ill. "Blessed Francis said to himself: 'If that friar would eat ripe grapes in the morning I believe he would be cured.' And as he thought so he did. Rising early in the morning, he called the friar secretly, and took him to a vineyard near the place, and choosing a vine that had good grapes fit for eating, he sat down by the vine with the friar and began to eat grapes, that the friar should not be ashamed of eating alone. . . . And all the days of his life this friar remembered the pity and compassion shown him by the blessed Father, and would relate what had happened to the other friars." . . .

My Lady Poverty has still her worshipers. She has long been honored by the devotion of true artists. The man of science gravely acknowledges her, and confesses without shame that he is too busy to make money. There are statesmen who are the despair of the party managers because when the question comes, "What can we do for you?" they answer: "Nothing." Every now and then there occurs that disconcerting phenomenon which we call genius. It upsets all calculations and refuses to respond to the law of supply and demand. The second best may be bought, but the very best is given away. Now and then, too, out of our conventional gentilities there comes an ideal gentleman.

To parody the words of the poet, "One touch of grace makes the whole world kin." After all, human nature aims at the supernatural. All men fell in Adam; and all desire, though feebly and intermittently for the most part, to regain their purer state. It is therefore with no mere curiosity that serious minds contemplate the figure of the Seraph of Assisi. If his name is now more familiar among Christians than ever before, it must remind all but the most frivolous that there is no good thing but what is good for the soul; that it is Christlike to be humble, sympathetic, thankful; that it is the truest joy to be conscious of God's presence and in touch with the lowliest of His creatures; that the means of this grace are as near to the peasant as to the prince; that wealth can not buy anything that is really precious or procure any pleasure that is not fleeting.

Notes and Remarks.

Replying to a farewell address presented to him on the occasion of his recent departure from Newfoundland, the governorship of which colony he exchanges for that of Queensland, Sir William McGregor, M. D., touched on one subject that is timely in more portions of the New World than "the ancient colony." "I have tested a number of schools," he said, "and I have found the children bright, keen and intelligent. They would, however, learn more if they were allowed to learn less; that is, if they covered less ground and cultivated it more thoroughly. Tasks thoroughly well done at school have much to do with forming character, especially with the part of man's mind that directs, and requires good and honest work in whatever one has to do. Here, as elsewhere, the children should have more consideration; the examinations less. But you are making progress in that direction."

It is to be feared that the compliment paid to the Newfoundlanders in that last sentence can not be truthfully extended to the average school in this country. The tendency would seem to be to have the children learn less by learning more,—to multiply subjects and text-books indefinitely, giving the unfortunate victims of the system a useless smattering of knowledge about many things and a thorough grounding in no one fundamental branch.

The Rev. Father Nugent, a veteran priest of the Congregation of the Mission, contributes to the *Western Watchman* some very interesting memories of the late Bishop Shanley, who in 1889 was consecrated for the frontier diocese of North Dakota, "where a strong hand, a light heart, unlimited courage, and boundless trust in God, were absolutely necessary." Bishop McGolrick and the late Bishop Cotter, who were consecrated with Bishop Shanley, accompanied him on his first visit to Jamestown, to take possession of

his new See. "It was in the middle of winter," relates Father Nugent, "and the cold was intense. The three Bishops arrived in the evening, and were received by the good priest who had charge of the church. His house was a flimsy frame 'shack,' two stories high. The housekeeper had taken sick the day of their arrival, and no supper was to be had. The Bishops had to 'bunk' together in the second story of the house. Although the thermometer was below zero, there was no sign of fire or heat in that desolate second story. Bishop Cotter turned to the new Ordinary of Jamestown (they were lifelong friends) and said: 'John, God help you!'"

The divine assistance was not wanting. When Bishop Shanley went to North Dakota twenty years ago, there was not a decent church or ecclesiastical building in the whole State, and only a handful of priests, widely separated. To-day the clergy of the diocese of Fargo—transferred from Jamestown—number more than one hundred, secular and regular; the diocese has ninety churches with resident pastors, and one hundred and twenty-six missions with churches. During the last year of his life, Bishop Shanley dedicated thirty new churches, some of which are really fine structures. In fact, thanks to the zeal and self-sacrifice of its first Bishop, Fargo is one of the most prosperous dioceses in the great and growing Northwest.

In the second of his papers on "Early Modern Socialists," in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, the Rev. Dr. Hogan discusses Robert Owen, the Chartists, and John Stuart Mill. Speaking of the vogue which Owen acquired by the transformation he effected at New Lanark, Dr. Hogan writes: "But now came the step which was his undoing. At a great meeting which he had got together in London, he wantonly offended the religious sentiment of the country by proclaiming his hostility to Christianity. Some evil fate seems to hang over those apostles of Socialism. They

can not let religion alone. They will not consent to let their economic proposals stand on their own merits and take their chance in the ordinary course of argument and discussion. No. They must by hook or by crook bid defiance to religious belief and religious life. So it has been from the beginning, and so apparently it will be, to all intents and purposes, substantially in the future." This last sentence remains true, notwithstanding the protestations of individual Socialists that Socialism is purely a question of economics. Their accredited spokesmen and writers are on record as advocating principles of conduct anathematized by the Founder of Christianity whom some of them have the hardihood to call "a typical Socialist."

Some of our European exchanges note with interest that, at their recent annual reunion, the eight grand lodges of German Freemasons determined to renew their friendly relations with the Grand Orient of France. These relations, sundered at the time of the Franco-Prussian war in 1870, remained sundered because both German and French Freemasons dared not incur the charge of anti-patriotism. Nowadays, the German lodges are said to be full of admiration for the success of French anti-clericalism, and, if they are not maligned, would not be averse to starting a new Kulturkampf against Catholics. A Roman paper recently warned Italian Catholics of the danger threatening from the alliance of the Italian anti-clerical bloc with the Freemasons of Paris, whose gold was lavishly used on the occasion of the last elections in Italy. International Freemasonry is undoubtedly active.

Concluding a sensible editorial on M. Louis Bleriot's successful attempt to cross the English Channel in a "monoplane," the *Inter Ocean* remarks:

Men have been swimming for uncounted millions of years without developing the unconscious knowledge of the fish—the power that

enables the fish to traverse the waters as men and other land animals traverse the land. However ingenious the mechanical devices of men to aid flight, they must still be operated by men. And to do this with the uniform success of a bird in its flight, men must develop the unconscious knowledge of the bird—the knowledge that enables the bird to do precisely the right thing at the right moment without what we call “thought”—by what we call “instinct.”

A very few men seem to be acquiring a very little of this bird instinct. That any considerable number of men should acquire any large amount of it within any measurable future time is wildly improbable, and probably impossible. Men have not become fish. Neither will they become birds.

According to the French aviator's own statement, his feat is to be attributed to luck more than to skill and daring. He escaped disaster only “by the skin of his teeth,” and he is under convenient promise to his wife never again to repeat the experiment.

In the June issue of the *Nineteenth Century*, the Rev. G. M. Royce, in a paper on “Henry the Eighth and the Religious Houses of London,” attempted the rather arduous task of rehabilitating that unsavory monarch in the estimation of the modern world. A reference in his article to Dr. James Gairdner, C. B., has elicited from the latter a reply which appears in the July issue of the same review, and which effectively punctures several of the offhand assumptions of the much-married Henry's reverend apologist. For instance, apropos of dissolving the monasteries, Dr. Gairdner says:

I deny the popularity of what was done by Henry the Eighth, not only in this matter but in many others. Mr. Royce professes only to discuss the suppression of religious houses in London; and I do not believe his view is fully justified, even with regard to them. But what he says, if true at all, has a much wider scope; for he wants us to believe that the wholesale suppression of religious houses all over the kingdom was justified, and was generally felt to be so. This I have no hesitation in denying, for it is the direct contrary of the truth. Even Wolsey's suppression of twenty-nine small monasteries was unpopular, though its aim was the best that could be, and he had been

at great expense and trouble to obtain both papal and royal authority for what he did.

It is all very well for Mr. Royce to insinuate that the Grey Friars remained safe for a long time in their own virtue, and were so popular that no king, however despotic, could have been strong enough to dissolve or even to molest them. I do not believe they were a bit less popular at the beginning of the sixteenth century than they were in the fourteenth. So far as I can make out, I should say they were rather more so; especially the reformed Grey Friars, or Observants. But Mr. Royce's article is limited to a disquisition on the religious houses of London, and he does not even go as far as Greenwich, where the better Order of Grey Friars had a house. For it was the friars of Greenwich that first warned Henry the Eighth to beware of flatterers who were encouraging him to put away his true wife to gratify a lawless passion; and it was the friars of Greenwich, above all friars and monks, who first provoked his indignation. It was really the most virtuous among all the Orders, whether friars or monks, that were most severely dealt with, just because they were the most steadfast in adhering to their rules. And just as the Observant Friars were suppressed before other friars, so were Carthusian and Bridgettine monks martyred before other monks, and besides the Carthusians who died upon the gibbet many others rotted away in prison for not saying that wrong was right. Yet Mr. Royce actually wishes us to believe that, as to monks and friars in general, Henry the Eighth did no more than popular opinion would have done to them if it had been left free! None of those Orders was wanted, forsooth; and Henry the Eighth did quite right in clearing away what, it may be presumed, were mere dens of idleness and vice. It is extraordinary to find a clergyman maintaining views which, if he had only seen what they involved, would make the Parliament and nation of England the willing instruments of Henry the Eighth's barbarities.

Dr. Gairdner's whole paper furnishes an excellent illustration of the difference between a *connoisseur*, one who knows, and a *dilettante*, one who thinks he knows.

The tide of American emigrants to the great Canadian Northwest does not appear to be decreasing in volume. The value of the stock and cash by which, during the present year, Canada will be enriched from this source is variously estimated

at from seventy to one hundred million dollars. And, if a Canadian correspondent of the *London Daily Mail* is to be believed, the ex-American farmers display no distaste at becoming genuine citizens of the country of their adoption. He writes:

About two-thirds of the heads of families among the American settlers have already become full-fledged British citizens, and the remainder are subscribing to the oath as rapidly as possible under the law. The American invasion, instead of Americanizing Canada, is Canadianizing the American, and adding over half a million to the loyal subjects of the King—good citizens, who take an interest in civic, national, and educational affairs with an intelligence born of the republican freedom enjoyed in their former homes.

It is pertinent to remark that, save for a tie which is largely sentimental, and which, it is freely admitted, Canada could snap at her pleasure, the neighboring Dominion is really as free and independent a nation as our own. If it is not unpatriotic to say so, our emigrating farmers will find in their new home fully as much liberty—and considerably less license—than they leave behind them in their old.

In the course of a suggestive and helpful paper on "Lay Work at Boys' Clubs" contributed to the *Month*, C. C. Martindale has the following paragraph, the truth of which will be vouched for by very many who, in years at least, have got far beyond the enchanting realm of boyhood:

Friendship does not subsist on air, but on common interests and common pursuits; and the chief of these with boys are boxing, gymnastics, indoor and outdoor games. Added to these must be placed the common enjoyment of great occasions, such as the Christmas dinner, an expedition to the country, and, above all, "camp." There are moments in the lives of most of us which tower above everything else, and of which we shall continue to talk till the end,—a walking tour, an Alpine expedition, a summer cruise, an audience with the Pope, Venice, Florence,—anywhere when we have reached the top of life. Such an occasion is provided by "camp." Boys for eleven months in the year dwell with delight upon the joys and escapades, the freedom and the food of three days or a week in the country or by the

sea. "Oh, sir, we didn't 'arf enjoy Whitstable! Oh, you ought to have been there, sir!" Then follows an incoherent but rapturous account of basking in the sun, of incessant football, of food, of bathing, of pillow-fights. Friendship is made of participation in such joys.

And gratitude, let us add, is excited by making such joys possible. Few investments are better worth while than contributions to funds raised to provide innocent and healthful pleasures to the young. One is morally certain to get far more than the worth of one's money.

Our vigilant Argentine contemporary, the *Southern Cross* of Buenos Aires, sees in the secondary educational institutions of that republic certain dangers analogous to those whose presence in American universities is causing so much comment and controversy. Says the *Cross*:

If the professors who occupy the chairs of morality in the secondary schools are appointed in the usual way—namely, through influence and without any regard to preparation or capacity,—we would not give much for the morals they teach. Civic morality sounds well, but it is a poor substitute for the old form of religious instruction through which the students were taught that they had duties to God as well as to their neighbor. To place a freethinker or a Comtist in a chair of morality is like putting a fox in charge of a flock of geese. Positivism is one of the most dangerous, because one of the most plausible, fallacies of the day; and if the minds of young students are to be corrupted by this spurious philosophy, the Argentine Republic will reap the harvest in tears of blood.

Quite so: just as all reflecting Frenchmen are now deploring the lamentable condition of French youth, the legitimate product of the laicized, Godless schools. Utter absence of moral sense, cynical indifference to patriotic considerations, a growing fondness for suicide, and the like abominable characteristics, mark with increasing frequency the rising generation of poor Freemason-ridden France.

The horrors of warfare have seldom been more graphically described than in the following words of the late Field

Marshal Neville Chamberlain, one of the greatest military commanders of our time, whose *Life*, from the pen of his friend, Mr. G. W. Forrest, is among recent books issued by Blackwood & Sons. The passage refers to the destruction of Istaliffe during the Afghan War:

At one place my eyes were shocked at the sight of a poor woman lying dead, and a little infant of three or four months by her side, still alive, but with both little thighs pierced and mangled by a musket ball. The child was conveyed to camp, but death soon put an end to its sufferings. Farther on was another woman in torture from a wound, and she had been exposed to the cold of the night without any covering; she clasped a child in her arms, and her affection appeared only to be increased by the agonies she endured. She was placed in a doolie and sent into our camp, and our doctor attended her. Sitting outside a shop was a little girl of three or four years of age. The soldiers had given her some sheepskins to keep her warm during the night; and there she sat, with fruit piled on each side of her, apparently quite unconscious of what had happened, or what was passing around her; while scattered about the streets lay the bodies of old and young, rich and poor, who had fallen in the defence of their town.

The truth of the saying that the bravest are ever the gentlest is illustrated by a touching letter of Neville Chamberlain to his mother, written in the Hazara mountain. In it he expresses his pious longing to go home and receive her blessing.

A Dr. Wilbur Chapman, American "evangelist," has been conducting religious services in far-away Melbourne, and has had the impertinence to say:

I think that the Roman Catholic Church shows an infinite amount of arrogance to have its own parochial schools, and to conduct them as it wills, and then to come into the schools where my children are being educated and tell them that they can not have the Bible.

The Catholic Church, Dr. Chapman may rest assured, will make not the slightest objection, in either Australia or this country, to the reading of the Bible in schools that are as distinctly and legitimately Protestant as her parochial

schools are distinctly and legitimately Catholic. He falls into the rather common error of confounding "secular," "non-sectarian," "undenominational," and such like terms, with "Protestant." As the *Advocate* remarks:

The question is, Are the State schools secular or Protestant? If they are Protestant, Dr. Chapman ought to have the Bible in them; if they are secular, he ought not. If the schools are Protestant, Catholics ought not to be compelled to support them. They are as obnoxious to Catholics in this State as the Established Church was to the Catholic people of Ireland.

Parochial schools are supported by Catholics; public schools, by both Protestants and Catholics. If our separated brethren wish for distinctively Protestant schools, let them do as we do—pay for the privilege.

The "urbane librarian" with whom the poet Longfellow "sat conversing late into the night" on his first visit to Monte Cassino was the late Arch-Abbot Krug, who, like St. Benedict, 'sought on that mountain summit high a home,' making his solemn vows there in 1864. Of the great patriarch the poet sang:

He founded here his convent and his Rule

Of prayer and work, and counted work as prayer;

The pen became a clarion, and his school

Flamed like a beacon in the midnight air.

Abbot Krug restored the famous tower of St. Benedict and other important works at Monte Cassino; and, better still, became one of the greatest lights of his illustrious Order,—a light which threw its beams to many lands. In Italy, Germany and America, where he had many friends among peasants and princes, the rich and the poor, he is spoken of as an ideal Benedictine, learned, pious and peaceful. He was a linguist, musician, architect, and painter, as well as a profound theologian. His death is mourned wherever he was known, especially among his fellow-religious, by whom he was greatly beloved. It was like the death of St. Benedict himself, "so full of peace it seemed."



The River.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

ONCE I was a brooklet,
Not wider than a line
Of sparkling, trickling silver,—
A ribbon bright and fine.
Anon, o'er rocks and boulders
In foamy haste I went,
Now laughing and now scolding,
Till all my strength was spent.
Once more a gentle streamlet
'Twixt fairy banks I flowed;
Through fragrant, shady woodlands,
A-singing on my road;
Till now, a stately river,
I wander o'er the land,
'Mid valleys green and fertile,
Past castles old and grand;
Still broader and still deeper
Until I reach the sea;
And good ships by the thousand
Will measure it with me.

The Secret of the Mountain Cross.

BY M. WILDERMUTH.

I.

MANY years ago, there stood in the city of Moscow the stately house of the merchant Wolskoi. He dealt in pearls and precious stones; he was a righteous, God-fearing man, as well as a prudent, cautious merchant; and his business greatly prospered. His family lived in comfortable style, and they had always an open hand for the poor.

Maria, his wife, was of a gentle, most amiable disposition, and they had three joyous children. Iwan, the eldest,

was a clever, industrious youth; his teachers praised his diligence, but occasionally had to reprove him for his rather forward, fault-finding disposition. Marchinka, nearly eight years old, was a dear, good child, the image of her amiable mother, and her father's favorite; but the little Fedar was the mother's darling and everybody's pet.

So the home of the Wolskoi might truly be called a happy and blessed one. Maria often said that such uninterrupted prosperity and happiness would have made her tremble lest it should not last, had not the journey her husband must yearly undertake thrown a shadow over the sunshine.

It was necessary that Wolskoi himself should make his purchases every autumn; and travelling at that time, particularly in Russia, was not so easy or agreeable as in our day, when one can take his seat in a diligence or a railway carriage, and be transported without fatigue or danger over half the world.

The beautiful undulating, cultivated plain which now stretches beyond Moscow was, at the time of our story, a dense forest; and the roads which led through it were in many parts so narrow and rugged that travelling could be done only on the back of a strong and trusty steed. The danger from wolves was not so great in summer as in winter, but in all seasons these forests were infested by robbers; and they were especially feared by the merchants, from whom the rarest and richest spoils were to be expected. Only the boldest and most courageous people ventured to undertake a journey so beset with perils, and even they went armed with swords and pistols as if they were going to battle.

Wolskoi was a vigorous man, of unflinching courage, who might better have

been a warrior than a merchant, and was fearless of danger. But, to satisfy his anxious wife, he had formerly joined one of the large companies of merchants who made their journeys under the protection of an escort of soldiers. These large cavalcades, however, were much more easily discovered by the bandits who lay in wait for their prey; and once, when the travellers encountered them, there ensued quite a fierce battle, from which Wolskoi only just escaped with his life. Since then he had preferred making his journey alone and as quietly as possible, and year after year he had returned in safety to his home.

The season for the yearly journey again approached. Frau Maria employed herself stitching industriously, providing a comfortable outfit for the father; she never willingly spoke of the journey, upon which she dwelt with many anxious thoughts, and the word "robber" she would not allow to be spoken. This sadness and reserve of the mother had the effect of magnifying in the minds of the children the dangers which awaited their father. Iwan, who had read many books of travel, related to the younger brother and sister various frightful adventures with wolves and robbers, and formed many wise plans, which he would explain to his father, of how he might protect himself were he attacked. For example, he would take with him a sand-box and shake it into the eyes of any robber about to seize him, and then ride off before he had regained his sight.

"But suppose the robbers shoot him from behind?" asked Marchinka.

To this the wise Iwan would return no answer.

"Do the wicked robbers grow in the forest, just like the wolves and bears?" asked the little Fedar.

"Ah, no!" said Iwan. "Many of them may have been quite respectable in former days; many are bold and defiant men who are not willing to submit to any control from the laws that govern civilized

life; and often, too, they were at first poor men, who had no bread but what they got by begging for it; but, at last, becoming more bold and unscrupulous, they began to take by force what in the beginning of their vagrant life they had only asked as a favor."

Fedar pondered these words in his little head, resolving that, should he ever meet a robber, he would show him some special kindness, and thus perhaps make him repent of his wicked course, and return to virtue.

On the morning of Wolskoi's departure a little procession moved from his house. Peter, the old and trusty servant, led by the bridle the stately and well-appointed steed of his master; Nicholas, a stout young servant, who was to accompany him, rode slowly along on his horse; the merchant preferred walking, attended by his wife and little children as far as the neighboring hill which overlooked the city, there to take leave of them for an indefinite time.

One side of the hill was, at that time, covered with the forest, which stretched, ever growing denser, far into the distance; on the site nearest the city the view was obstructed by only a few trees. On the summit of the hill, just at the edge of the forest, stood a large stone crucifix, at the foot of which pious pilgrims were accustomed to perform their devotions. It had been there for a long time,—longer than the oldest mountaineer could remember.

The merchant slowly ascended the hill, his arm embracing his wife, little Fedar by the hand, Marchinka and Iwan following. Arrived at the summit, they seated themselves on the stone at the foot of the cross, and gazed silently at the beautiful city, its cupolas and spires glittering in the golden morning light.

"How many a fondly remembered time have I stood on this spot," said Wolskoi, "and burst into tears at the sight of the dear city of my forefathers, while I sought among the many gables for the

roof-top of my own loved home! And how has my heart rejoiced at the thought of again seeing my loved ones! In two months, God willing, I shall again stand here and see once more our home, which you will have faithfully kept in the fear of the Lord."

"May God grant it!" sighed the mother, who could not always wholly control her emotions.

"God will grant it," said the father confidently. "You will all pray daily for my safety and speedy return. Trust in God."

At this moment Nicholas and Peter, who had ascended the hill by another path, arrived with the horses.

"It is time to depart," said Wolskoi, embracing his wife and little ones; and, as he fondly kissed the children, he promised to bring them something rare and beautiful from afar; and, commending them once more to God's holy protection, he entered the wood with the trusty Nicholas; the children waved their handkerchiefs as long as they could see him, but the mother could only press hers to her weeping eyes.

When the horsemen had at last entirely disappeared in the thick forest, the poor mother threw herself on her knees, with her children at the foot of the cross, and sent up a fervent prayer to God, that the beloved father might be happily restored to his family. Old Peter knelt devoutly behind them, offering fervent prayers of his own; finally they arose and returned slowly and silently to their home.

It was with a sad heart that the father waved the last adieu to his loved ones; he was a man of deep faith and tender piety, however, and soon experienced consolation in the thought of the prayers that would be faithfully offered by his good wife and innocent children for a safe return. Knowing well of the dangers that threatened them, Nicholas, meantime, was thinking of the trusty weapons with which both were armed.

(To be continued.)

Schoolgirls Abroad.

BY S. MARR.

VI.

So loath were we to leave Rome that we reached the station barely in time to board the train before it started; and our respect for American railways and our admiration for American Pullman cars sensibly increased as we walked along the corridor of the coach, in which we were locked, until we came to a compartment occupied by three passengers—a rotund traveller from the Rhine region and two little Englishwomen. Here we arranged ourselves and our belongings, which included individual lunch baskets of woven straw containing rolls, chicken, a relish, and a small bottle of grape-juice.

The day was intensely warm; and as a turn in the road brought a flood of sun through the window at which our Teutonic friend sat, he drew the sash curtain, shutting off the sun and the glimpses of beautiful Italian scenery that gladdened our eyes every now and then. Most of the afternoon we stood in the corridor, so as not to lose all that the landscape offered,—the olive groves, the vineyards, the wayside shrines, the picturesque peasants. And even when, later in the day, the curtain was drawn back, the large obstruction, apparently unconscious of the fact that he was interfering with any one's pleasure, did not seem to understand Mary's allusions to "total eclipses," or Katherine's suggestive quotation, "Beyond the Alps lies Italy." We survived, however; and when, according to our guide-book, we reached the Stazione Centrale S. Maria Novella, we realized that we were in Florence,—*la bella Firenze*; and doubly realized it when we stood at a window in our hotel on the Lungarno Amerigo Vespucci and looked out upon the Arno.

Rome, the mistress of the world, seems to have part in every page of world-

history; but Florence, somehow, seems a world in itself, with a wonderful history, a wonderful literature, and a wonderful flowering of art. All the history and literature we had ever learned was called to mind as we passed through the streets, visited the churches and galleries, and studied the historic monuments everywhere before us. Here Macchiavelli lived, there Dante sat; in that piazza Savonarola died, from this pulpit St. Antoninus preached; this was the palace of Lorenzo de' Medici, that was the home of Galileo; Giotto planned this tower, Donatello carved that crucifix. It was bewildering; no guide, no guide-book, could keep the impressions distinct. But the composite picture was worth while; and Florence, like a picture in one of its own beautiful frames, is a treasured memory.

In Florence, as in most of the cities in Europe, the cathedral is the heart of activities; naturally, then, our first visit was to Santa Maria del Fiore. The first church on the site of the Duomo was built in 420, and was dedicated under the name of St. Salvatore; later it was known as the church of St. Reparata. The present structure dates to the time of Giotto and his immediate successors. It is composed of marbles of different colors — white, green and red, — and is adorned with statues, bas-reliefs, and mosaics in artistic profusion. Entering through any of the beautiful carved doorways, one feels the awe of the place, and appreciates the sentiment expressed by Pope Pius IX., "In St. Peter's man thinks, in Santa Maria del Fiore man prays."

The art treasures are not to be described. There are frescoes, mosaics, carvings, stained glass, and precious marbles. Donatello, Ghirlandajo, Pisano, Brunelleschi, Luca della Robbia, Ghiberti, and many others are represented here in immortal works. We were much interested in a graduated dial arranged on the floor of one of the transepts of the cathedral by the great mathematician, Toscanelli, to determine the time of the summer solstice.

Giotto's Campanile, "that Lily of Florence blossoming in stone" beside the Duomo, and the Baptistery across the street, that old octagonal church with wonderful doors, "fit to be the gates of Paradise," are beyond a mere tourist-student's words; only an artist in mind and heart and pen could convey an adequate impression of them. Katherine registered a resolution to read Ruskin again, and Mary wrote the name "Eliza Allen Starr" under her notes on the Baptistery.

No one who gives even a passing notice to the subjects beloved of the old painters, sculptors, and workers in bronze, could fail to see how much the Bible, both the Old and the New Testament, was a part of the life of the people. They read the Bible from carved and painted pages that carried the stories with a vividness never to be found in the printed pages. Ruskin's dictum, "The cathedral in Amiens is the Bible in stone," might be said of Italy in general; for, from the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican to the humblest monastery cloister in Padua, the favorite subjects of painters and sculptors were taken from the Scriptures.

We had but three full days in Florence; so we did, not as Florentines do, but as Americans do: we rushed through a programme that should have taken at least three weeks. But when we go again we'll have more time, and shall be better prepared to appreciate all that presents itself in the way of art and piety,—the church of the Annunziata, for example. This beautiful old church, with its various chapels, contains many frescoes that we felt would more than repay study,—some by Andrea del Sarto, in particular. But frescoes and ornaments were hastily glanced at as we made the rounds, stopping longest before the little oratory at the left of the entrance to the church. This is a sumptuously decorated shrine, enriched by the Medicis, containing a beautiful picture of the Annunciation, a fresco of the thirteenth century, in which our Blessed Mother's face is piously believed

to have been painted by angel hands.

With a sense of humility and awe we knelt there, as Aunt Margaret told us that St. Philip Benizi, St. Juliana, St. Aloysius Gonzaga, and St. Charles Borromeo, among others, had knelt just where we were. To this shrine the brides and grooms of Florence come immediately after the wedding ceremonies, and the bride leaves her bridal bouquet at Our Lady's feet. We saw several couples approach while we were in the church; and there was a pretty shyness about the veiled young brides, as well as an awkward attempt at nonchalance on the part of the proud, dark-eyed husbands, which made us realize that human nature is the same the world over.

In the Piazza Santa Croce we stood before the great Dante monument erected in honor of the six hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth. It consists of a white marble statue nineteen feet high, on a pedestal twenty-three feet in height, at the corners of which are four shield-bearing lions, inscribed with the four most important works after the "Divine Comedy"; and below are the arms of the principal cities of Italy. The church of Santa Croce is the Pantheon of Florence; and it was a question, later on, which impressed us more, this sepulchral church (there are two hundred and seventy-six mortuary slabs in the pavement alone) or Westminster; for in Santa Croce are the tombs of Michael Angelo, Alfieri, Rossini, Macchiavelli, Cosimo Medici, and others; also monuments to the memory of Galileo, Dante, Carlotta Bonaparte, Cherubini, and many families whose names are inseparably connected with the history of Florence.

This church possesses the crucifix which Donatello carved, and which he showed to Brunelleschi. Now, this friend was of the right sort; for he expected only the best from Donatello, so he did not praise the figure,—simply shrugged his shoulders and smiled. This irritated the young artist and he said: "If you think it is

so easy to do, why, carve a Crucifixion yourself,"—which Brunelleschi did. And the story goes that Donatello was great enough to recognize that his friend's work was superior to his own. Brunelleschi's piece of art and heart work is in the church of Santa Maria Novella, where we saw also Cimabue's famous Madonna. Its beauty so enraptured the people who looked upon it as it came from the painter's brush, that they bore it in solemn procession, and with such rejoicing that the street where Cimabue lived is still known as Borgo Allegri.

On our way to visit the home of Dante and that of Beatrice Portinari, we caught a glimpse of the black-robed Brothers of the Misericordia bearing a Florentine to his last resting-place. It was a page out of the Middle Ages. We were carried back also by evidences everywhere of the power of the guilds in years gone by. Streets and buildings, monuments and shrines told of the munificence of the guilds of the weavers, of silk-merchants, of cheese-mongers, of stocking-makers, of painters, etc. And one could understand, too, the far-reaching effects of feuds in early days; for with the family name were inherited not only wealth and honors, but debts and grievances. The old names are everywhere, the very streets perpetuating them,—such as Bardi, Capponi, Pazzi, Medici, and Corsini.

Of course we visited the Uffizi and Pitti galleries; and of course we wanted to stay indefinitely in the Tribuna, the treasure-house of the Uffizi, where within four walls we beheld, among pieces of sculpture, the "Wrestlers," the "Medici Venus," the "Grinder," and the "Appolino"; and among paintings, Raphael's "Madonna of the Goldfinch," the "Madonna of the Grand-duke," and his "Virgin of the Well"; a Michelangelo, several Correggios, Van Dycks, Titians, Rubens; besides paintings by Veronese, Perugino, Dürer, and Domenichino. In the same gallery we saw Albertinelli's

beautiful "Visitation," Fra Angelico's truly angelic angels, Da Vinci's "Adoration of the Magi," and others beyond number, to which we had never dreamed of coming closer than by means of photographic reproductions. In the same inadequate way we hastened through the Academy of Fine Arts (Mary declared we went through as if on roller-skates); but even to have seen for an instant the originals of pictures we had learned to love in copies, was something. To review the subjects, even in memory, is to realize that men must have lived Religion in those golden days of art; for they surely gave of their best in her service.

The shops in Florence are enticing,—at least those we visited: art, book and curio stores. Savonarola and Dante are to be had in all sizes and materials, from *papier-maché* to alabaster. Exquisite illuminations and artistic bindings, copies of masterpieces and marvellously beautiful frames, were ours for the asking—and the price. There is this about Florence: if one doesn't get what one wants, one finds out what one really wants; and one will be unsatisfied, without being dissatisfied, till one gets it.

The last evening we had a drive at sunset to San Miniato. The road winds through wonderful gardens, between cypress and olive trees, and past flower-twined dwellings, with glimpses of the Arno here and there, and against the clear sky, circling the city, the soft outlines of the hills. In the centre of the piazza, at the top, is a bronze copy of Michael Angelo's "David."

The last day of our stay dawned; and, as our train left at eleven o'clock, we rose early to make the most of our few remaining hours. To her dismay, Mary found that her right foot refused to accept the room her shoe afforded. In Rome she had done as Romans do—namely, tried to relieve the discomfort of flea bites in the natural way, and a mild infection had set in. There was nothing to do but wear a prunella house-slipper of Aunt Margaret's; and, as Mary rather liked pretty

shoes, we had not a little sport at the expense of her vanity. But she declared that she would exaggerate her limp, and everyone would know she had met with an accident. Finally, we started to Mass at the cathedral, after which we went back to the hotel through out-of-the-way streets, reading the signs, etc. Dentists, we noted, nearly all added "American methods" to their professional "shingles." We were amused to see queer combinations, as, for instance, "Giacomo Spooner" and "Giovanni Murphy."

By the time we had taken breakfast and strapped our suit-cases, it was almost too late to go to San Marco. Katherine and I were for giving it up, urging the necessity of arriving early at the station so as to secure good seats in the train; but Mary held out. So we hailed a carriage, and soon we were in the Via Cavour, which led directly to the church and monastery of St. Mark. How glad we were that Mary had carried her point! We were really respectful to her for at least an hour, and pretended not to see the flat prunella shoe.

The church of San Marco was interesting, but the monastery and cloisters were almost overwhelming in their history and associations. In our hurry, we got only a kaleidoscopic impression of the frescoes and chapels of the church. The bell of San Marco, which gave the alarm to the people the night the monastery was attacked and Savonarola taken prisoner, was, at the suggestion of an official named Tanai de' Nerli, sent to the monastery of San Salvatore at Miniato; and it is recorded that "the first time the bell rang from its new position was for the death of that same Nerli who had sent it from Florence." Later it was restored to the belfry of San Marco.

Walking through the cloisters of the monastery, we forgot trains and hurry, thinking only of those great men who once walked the same pavements we were traversing,—St. Antoninus, Fra Angelico, Fra Bartolommeo, and Savonarola. The frescoes in corridors, chapter room and

refectory represented chiefly scenes from the life of St. Dominic, and were evidently a labor of love. But it was in the cells of the monks that we found the pride of the monastery and of Florence, the famous frescoes by Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolommeo. Here, too, were the cells occupied by Savonarola; his old chair near an imitation of his desk (the original having fallen to pieces), and on it the wooden crucifix which he called his own. In a cabinet were a copy of his book, "Trial by Fire," his hair-shirt, rosary, and a fragment from the pile on which he was burned.

Our rapture was suddenly brought to an end by the driver of our cab, who assured us that we should not reach the station in time for our train if we delayed another moment. So we tore ourselves away and were hurried to the train, where a packet of mail was handed Aunt Margaret, who immediately distributed it among us, while we arranged ourselves and luggage in a comfortable compartment all to ourselves. We read letters and talked Florence all at once, Mary voicing our sentiments as she said, "I'd rather have our old iron hitching-post at home than all the ornamental lanterns in Florence"; whereupon Aunt Margaret explained that a hitching-post was a necessity, but that before many years we should recognize at home that necessity and beauty might both be found in a hitching-post. To which Katherine replied: "By that time we won't need them; for everybody will have an automobile." With this the train started, and we were off for Venice.

(To be continued.)

The Climax.

Climax means a *stair* (Greek), and is applied to the last of a gradation of arguments, each stronger than the preceding. The last of a gradation of words of a similar character is also called a climax,—the point of highest development.

The Dove of Noah.

Sorrowfully did Noah contemplate, from his floating ark, the waters of the deluge. The summits of the mountains were scarcely perceptible, when he called the feathery tribe around him: "Who," said he, "will be the messenger of our deliverance?" The raven with loud clamor pressed forward—he desired his favorite food. The windows were hardy opened when he flew away and returned no more. He forgot his deliverer and his mission.

A second time Noah collected his flock to choose a messenger from among them. The dove flew timidly on his arm, and offered herself to be his messenger. "Daughter of truth," said Noah, "thou wouldst well be a bearer of glad tidings; but how wilt thou perform thy journey, and how fulfil thy purpose? How find rest and shelter when thy wings are tired, and the storm, seizing thee, casts thee in the surging waters? Thy feet also avoideth uncleanness, and thy tongue abhorreth unclean food."—"Who," said the dove, "giveth strength to the weak, power to the feeble? Let me go. I shall assuredly be the bearer of glad tidings."

She flew forth, but found no place whereon to rest her foot, when the green summit of the Mount of Paradise suddenly appeared before her. The waters of the deluge had not approached it, and its shelter was not forbidden to the dove. Joyfully she alighted at the base. A beautiful olive tree bloomed there. She broke a leaf from its branches, returned, and laid it on the breast of the slumbering Noah. He awoke and smelt the perfume of Paradise. The green leaf of peace refreshed him till deliverance came, to confirm the good tidings of the dove. Since that time the dove has been the messenger of peace and love.

Her wings shine like silver, says an old hymn; it is a ray of the glory of that Paradise which refreshed her on her pilgrimage.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new edition of "The Centenary of Catholicity in Kentucky," by the Hon. Benjamin J. Webb, is announced for publication this month by the Charles Rogers Book Co. of Louisville.

—Two new novels by Catholic writers are in press by Messrs. Longmans—"The Blindness of Dr. Grey," by Canon Sheehan; and "Great Possessions," by Mrs. Wilfrid Ward.

—Mr. Andrew Lang's *Life of Joan of Arc* has been translated into French. The standard English *Life of the Maid of Orleans*, it is sure to be welcomed in France as a chivalrous attempt on the part of an Englishman to atone for England's share in the heroine's tragedy.

—"The Secular 'Solution' of the Education Difficulty," by Father McNabb, O. P.—a London Catholic Truth Society pamphlet—is the amplification of a speech made at a meeting of the Leicester Education Committee, some months ago. It constitutes a cogent argument against the so-called "solution."

—"The Anti-Saloon League Year-Book, 1909," is a compact, paper-covered volume of some 250 pages. Its sub-title, "An encyclopedia of facts and figures dealing with the liquor traffic and the temperance reform," is substantially accurate. The professed object of the League is the suppression of the saloon; and its constitution declares that "all churches, temperance societies, and other organizations pledging co-operation shall be entitled to representation in its national conventions." The Year-Book is an interesting compilation,—interesting even to those who are not in sympathy with prohibition or the methods pursued in securing it.

—In the *Weekly Freeman*, of Dublin, we find this expression of a thought common to most lovers of books:

There is one aspect of the new cheap book and free public library to which reference may be made. Have you ever noticed what a difference your reading makes to you when you are reading a book of your own,—a book which you have bought, new or secondhand, and not a book which you have borrowed or got from a free public library? The ownership of the book seems to make all the difference in the world. You are more familiar with it, you seem to digest it better, you take it up when you choose and put it down when you choose; there is no hurry about reading it. The pleasure of the reading seems to increase, and in your reading you take that leisure which the Greeks of old thought absolutely necessary for real education. It is an extraordinary thing, when you come to ponder it, that a workingman can now have a library of two hundred masterpieces, his own property, for a five-pound note. A few years ago such a library was barely within the possibilities of a comparatively rich man. And now, for

the first time in the history of the world, the humble man, the man with slender means, can enjoy this tremendous advantage, this exquisite luxury, of the possession and the ownership of books.

Let us add one more counsel to readers with slim purses: purchase Catholic Truth Society publications. One of them is the best pennyworth of good reading available.

—Mr. W. Gordon-Gorman, of Stonyhurst College, announces a new edition (the fifth) of his "Converts to Rome." New names, with short biographies, are requested, and will be gratefully received by the compiler. The book will be published by Messrs. Sands & Co.

—"The Passion Play at Brixleg," by Charles Warren Stoddard,—the latest issue of our Maroomma Library—is a booklet of 23 pages. Those of our readers—and they must be very many—who have ever fallen captive to the grace and charm of the late Mr. Stoddard's inimitable literary style, will be glad to have this descriptive sketch in a typographical dress congruously neat and attractive.

—In a recent catalogue of books and manuscripts of or relating to the Tudor period, offered for sale by P. M. Barnard, of Tunbridge Wells, England, we find the following interesting item:

Ascham (Roger) *The Scholemaster*. Or plaine and perfitte way of teaching children, to vnderstand, write, and speake, the Latin tong, but specially purposed for the priuate bringing vp of youth in Gentlemen and Noble mens houses, and commodious also for all such as haue forget the Latin tonge, and would, by them selues, without a Scholemaster, in short time, and with small paines, recouer a sufficient habilitie, to vnderstand, write, and speake Latin. Black Letter. (*Colophon*) At London. Printed by Iohn Daye. dwelling ouer Aldersgate. 1573.

Short roads to learning are, therefore, no novelty. The first edition of "The Scholemaster" was printed in 1570.

—An adequate review of a Catholic book in a secular periodical, as the initiated are aware, is altogether exceptional. As a rule, Catholic authors, known to be such, are wholly ignored or studiously slighted by the secular press. Even the literary journals discriminate against Catholic books, though they seldom refuse space to erotic, irreligious or anti-Catholic productions. The *Montreal Daily Star*, the leading newspaper of Canada, is an honorable exception to the rule. Witness its remarkably appreciative review, in a recent issue, of "Dangers of the Day," by Monsignor Vaughan:

This book, though written by an eminent Canon of the Roman Catholic Church, can be read with great interest

and advantage by any human being who understands the English language. With the exception of one passage on p. 136, Canon Vaughan has not meddled controversially with Protestantism; and, as the book was written for the benefit mainly of Catholics, and is introduced to us in weighty words by Monsignor James Canou Moyes, D. D., we have perused every word of its wise teachings with unfeigned pleasure. As the latter mentioned Canon points out, the eight chapters of the book are as so many danger-signals indicating in an outspoken manner the perils that surround us in the life of to-day. We shall act wisely if we profit by their warning, and avoid being misled by that over-confident frame of mind by which we are foolish enough to imagine that we can escape a danger simply by ignoring it. . . .

Readers will probably like to see the titles that Canon Vaughan has chosen for his addresses. They are: (I.) "Our Environment"; (II.) "The Encroachments of the World"; (III.) "Calling Good Evil, and Evil Good"; (IV.) "The Inordinate Love of Money"; (V.) "Indiscriminate Reading"; (VI.) "Knowledge that 'Puffeth Up'"; (VII.) "Intemperance," and lastly, 'Impurity, the Sovereign Seduction.' Of these eight carefully composed essays we prefer the 4th, 5th, 7th and 8th; and we have this remark to make about them—viz., that having previously read much that has been written by wise men on the four subjects mentioned, we remember nothing to surpass the able manner in which Canon Vaughan has handled his selected topics. As an eminent Catholic priest, he is doubtless indebted to the confessional for much of the wide knowledge that he displays of the failings and faults, follies and frailties of human nature, male and female. In these, his keen, observant eye has detected the "Dangers of the Day," and our only regret in laying down the volume is that, in a daily paper, space can not be found for the quotations that an admiring reviewer longs to cite.

An exceptional review and an exceptional reviewer.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Holy Water and Its Significance for Catholics." Father Theiller, S. O. Cist. 50 cts.
- "The Master Motive." Laure Conan. \$1.
- "The Book of the Lily, and Other Verses," A Sister of the Holy Cross. \$1, net.
- "An Impeached Nation; Being a Study of Irish Outrages." Henry W. Cleary, D. D. 4s. 6d.
- "Report of the Nineteenth Eucharistic Congress. Held at Westminster." \$1.75.
- "Father Jim." J. G. R. 10 cts.

- "Catholic Churchmen in Science." (Second Series.) James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$1.08.
- "Choice Morsels of the Bread of Life." Rev. C. Coppens, S. J. 60 cts.
- "The Path which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church." Peter H. Burnett. \$1.50, net.
- "Graduale Romanum." Dr. F. X. Mathias. \$1.50.
- "The Great Problem." Rev. J. J. Burke. \$1.
- "The Decree on Daily Communion." Father Juan Ferreres, S. J. 75 cts.
- "Rules of Life for the Pastor of Souls." Rev. T. Slater, S. J. \$1.25.
- "The Preachers' Protests." Very Rev. D. I. McDermott. 25 cts.
- "Henry Charles Lea's Historical Writings." Mgr. Baumgarten. 90 cts.
- "The Divine Story." Rev. C. J. Holland, S. T. L. \$1, net.
- "The Catechism in Examples." Vols. IV., V. \$3.
- "The Lady of the Tower, and Other Stories." \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. M. Donnellan, of the archdiocese of Tuam; and Rev. Joseph Kellet, S. J.

Sister Mary John, of the Order of the Presentation.

Mr. Joseph Werner, Mr. John P. Heck, Mr. Bernard J. Lyons, Mrs. Alice Hauber, Mr. George Berger, Mrs. Ellen Gannon, Mr. Charles Spain, Mrs. Mary Kelly, Mr. James Sears, Mrs. Bridget Rigney, Mr. Charles Weber, Mr. James H. Dormer, Miss Mary Josephine Dormer, and Mr. Benjamin Smith.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the nuns of Our Lady of the Mission, Buthidaung (Arakan), East India:

Friend (Cal.), \$1; T. D., \$3; N. S., in honor of the B. V. M., \$1.

Two poor missionaries:

B. J. M., \$5.70.

The Mission of Wei-Hai-Wei:

B. J. M., \$3; G. U. B., \$10.41.

St. Antonius Church, Kaiserwalde:

G. U. B., \$10.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Assumption.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

FLOATING in blue above the silver moon,
Or shining where the sun is far below,
Blessing the peaks of mountains clad with
snow,

Artists have limned Her;—where the fitful croon
Of lightly-touched guitars breaks the dull noon
In tropic lands; where chilly torrents flow
To sound of Alpine horns, all men may know
That She is served by music late and soon.

Speak, all you splendors of the painter's art;
Sound, horn and organ, on her joyous day,
When She to all Her glory is new wed.
But weak are you to what the humblest heart,
Ecstatic in its faith, may sing and say:
"We rise with Her to Christ, who is not dead!"

Catholic Education Vindicated.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S. J.



IN a recent number of the *Educational Review* we find an article entitled "The Church and the Public School,"—an article which is nothing more or less than a formal arraignment of Christianity itself. Its object is to demonstrate the utter incapacity of the Church as a factor in education, and to impugn the very sincerity and integrity of her ministers. The word "church" is meant to include every creed and denomination; and so the Catholic Church, with her fifteen millions in these United States,

must feel herself particularly concerned in the common charge. That a *Review* which professes to stand for intellectual progress should make itself responsible for statements such as we are here to consider, is both painful and incomprehensible. It proves to us, as Catholics, that, in spite of the present enlightenment, in spite of the spirit of true democratic tolerance which is growing ever more and more, and which is the very essence of our Constitution, there is still left much of the old darkness and bigotry—the misunderstanding, let us call it, of all that concerns the Church. Most pitiful of all is the fact that misrepresentations are spread precisely in educational circles, where the likelihood of effecting the most incalculable harm is by far the greatest,—misrepresentations that do not stop short of blasphemy itself. We shall, however, forbear to quote those portions of the article under consideration which must be most offensive to the religious sense of all its readers.

Our object in the present rejoinder is not to discuss the feasibility of a league between the Church and the public school, whereof the author treats, nor yet to make ourself sponsor for each and every denominational church in our country. While resenting the aspersions cast on these, we wish here to speak in defence of the Catholic Church alone,—that Church of which, in quite another spirit, Mr. John Foster Carr felt able to write in a recent issue of the *Outlook*: "To-day we see a great Church in our midst,—the greatest of all our churches

for the substance of power already won.... Within a century, twenty-five thousand have become some twelve, perhaps even fifteen millions.... The coming census may well show the number of its members nearly equal to those of all our other religious bodies taken together. Certainly it needs but a slight natural growth, a little further recruiting from new emigrants, and, by the courtesy rights of a majority of the adherents of all religions, the United States may be called a Catholic country."

Fortunately for our purpose, the writer for the *Educational Review* has gathered together all the educational prejudice of the past, and scientifically labelled it, making liberal additions of his own. We shall follow, therefore, the tabulated exposition of the matter as we find it in the article before us.

I. "The Church seems to assume that, through revelation, it has a final settlement of truth,—religious truth, at least. It does not favor experimentation and laboratory methods in its own province. This attitude encourages stagnation, fossilization on a certain plane, and contentment with imperfection. The child has a right to progress, to be better than his fathers spiritually as well as in the mastery of the material universe."

This is an old refrain on which many changes have been rung in the past. To answer it completely would require an entire course in Catholic apologetics, to which it is sufficient here to refer. The divinity of Christ established, the divinity of His doctrine must follow; which, precisely because it is divine, must remain forever beyond all possibility of change, without error or imperfection. "To gild refined gold, to paint the lily," as the poet tells us, "is wasteful and ridiculous excess." We do not look upon the science of mathematics as uneducational because of the ultimate certainty of its solutions. And yet, while there is no change possible in the revealed truths themselves, there is possible unlimited progress in our

knowledge of these truths; there remain forever, within the Catholic Faith, heights unsearched and depths unfathomed. Sublime and Godlike, it holds out to every child born into this world, no matter at what epoch of our human race, a beauty of virtue, an inheritance of truth, a height of perfection, which neither heart nor mind nor soul shall ever be able to compass in all their fulness. There are no words to tell of the possible perfection to which the child may still attain, and the height to which it may lift itself, stopping only at the limits set by the possibilities of human nature itself and the measure of the grace of God. Yes, let the child progress,—let it progress far beyond its fathers, even "unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the age of the fulness of Christ."

II. But "the Church is unpedagogical and unsystematic in its teaching, particularly in the attempt to force mature ideas and habits of conduct on the child."

How completely aside from the true conditions existing in the Catholic school! "I confess to Thee, O Father," Our Lord has said, "because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones." It is the child, in its innocence, whom the Church holds to her breast with more than maternal tenderness; and never did mother undertake to teach the first lisps of the baby lips and guide the first totterings of the infant steps as the Church has made it her sweet mission to nourish, guard and instruct these little ones. Sublime as are the heights of her spiritual teaching, yet her most essential truths are no less simple. Children know of a God who rewards and punishes,—a Father in heaven to whom the little hands are lifted and the little eyes are turned in trustful love, while within the little heart the knowledge of right and wrong is allowed slowly but surely to unfold itself. "Reverence!" says our author. "What has a young child to do with reverence? Superstitious fear he knows, ... but our

idea of God—if it is really of any account from an adult standpoint—he simply can not grasp.” Alas, far better than many of his elders! “So-called irreverence, disobedience, and impudence are but the first crude expressions of a fiery, straightforward, independent nature,—something to thank God for, not to wail over.” We can leave this without comment. The same educational opinion obtained among the aborigines of our continent, as the earliest missionaries of our country have told us. On our part, we desire something better for our children. “The Church,” he continues, “seems not to have learned the value of an historical approach to the science of conduct”; the Church, that has educated the nations from barbarism to the present condition of civilization; the Church that to-day, in a thousand missions, is repeating the same great work which she has made peculiarly her own! Whatever is noblest, highest, truest in the present status of the world, whatever lifts it above the savagery of barbarism and the civilized refinement of pagan vice, we owe to her all-potent and all-blessed influence.

III. And now there is urged against us another and a very serious accusation. We are informed that “the Church bases morality upon that which, from a rationalistic standpoint (the standpoint of the school), is unessential in a moral code.”

If from a rationalistic standpoint the Ten Commandments, upon which mainly the Church bases her morality, are unessential to a moral code, then we can only say: so much the worse for the rationalistic standpoint, so much the worse for the public schools. We must confess, however, that even we think better of them than does the author. Well may their admirers exclaim, “Defend us from our friends!” It is in connection with this that we may refer to the author’s view in regard to the sixth of these Commandments. The Church, he says, is equally guilty with the school in not encouraging purity. “We ought to be ashamed,” he tells us, “of our

shame and blush at our own modesty.” More than this, we learn that “sexual passion and religious fervor are closely associated”; and this in sublime defiance of the historic lives of all God’s saints, as they shine, pure as the stars themselves, in the galaxy of the Church! It was only where fervent Holiness had long departed that weeping Purity went forth upon her way to follow after her. Loss of purity too often preceded defection from the Church, showing that piety had gone before her sister virtue.

IV. “Many of the churches regard man as by nature perverse and evil. Psychology teaches that an idea persistently repeated and emphasized in this way exerts a subtle influence by the power of suggestion and tends to work itself out in conduct. We develop according to our prevailing mental attitude.”

Man, though fallen and degraded by sin, is not changed in his very nature. He has lost, it is true, the great privileges with which that nature was originally endowed; but, by once more regaining the friendship of God, he is lifted to a sublimity of spiritual elevation inconceivably beyond all the heights to which his pure, unaided nature could ever have attained. The child, we are told, believing itself to be a worm and miserable sinner, sinks to the level of its own mental attitude. Why not rather say, ‘Believing itself to be, by grace, a child of God and heir of heaven, it strives daily to realize within itself more fully the sublime perfection of its more than kingly dignity, and to walk worthy of its Godlike destiny?’ The argument will hold as well. Let truth, indeed, reveal to it the dust from which its body came and the high origin of its immortal soul; let humble sorrow start a tear for the vileness of its past offences; let hope point heavenward, and love conform it ever more and more to the image of the One Beloved. Thus will it raise aloft its forehead in the splendor of true gentleness and purity, and be taught to live even as the children of the royal house-

hold, treading underneath its feet all that is low and base and sordid, as unworthy of so high a lineage.

V. But "the churches," our author continues, "seem to underestimate character developed for its own sake, and deny its sufficiency unless properly indoctrinated."

It is not by a dry indoctrination of the virtues that the character of the Catholic child is formed; but rather by the beautiful and glorious ideals of the Infant Christ and the Virgin Mother, ever kept before its youthful mind. Thus, hand in hand with holiness and purity, the little one may enter upon life, taught after the example of its highest model to advance "in wisdom and age and grace with God and men." Thus, with maturing years, the mastery of that one supreme ideal—the toiling, suffering, conquering Saviour of the human race—grows ever more complete within its soul. Thus, in fine, there is infused into its heart a love and reverence for all that is most chaste and holy in a purest womanhood, as we behold it in its crowning glory, the Maiden Mother of Our Lord. With the sacraments to strengthen it, and the voice of duty ever sounding in its ears, the child is taught to acquire by degrees that self-control and truly Christian independence which are the perfection itself of human character. "For I am sure that neither death nor life nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor might nor height, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." * Toward the attainment of results so sublime, the child's own will, it is clear, must co-operate with the efforts of the Church; but on her part at least there is nothing wanting.

VI. Here precisely there arises the last objection which we have still to meet: "The Church, apparently, cultivates the spirit of other-worldliness, preaching the doctrine of escape from present evils, and

pointing from the here to the hereafter for its justification. The school desires more that humanistic spirit which thrills at the rare joy of living here and now, of facing evils and facing them down, of living in one world at a time and living conqueringly."

We have thus far spoken of only the religious side of Catholic education, because it is this which was mainly attacked. It is evident that the intellectual and patriotic training of the Catholic school can in no wise be inferior. If the soul is perfectly attuned, it follows as a natural sequence that body, heart, and mind must likewise be best fitted for the tasks before them. Theoretically speaking, we maintain that Catholic education is unequalled; practically, we have often shown it to be at least the peer of any other. What is more, it is thoroughly American. To speak of it as not encouraging the child to face the present evils, nor heartening it to face them down successfully, is utterly wide of the truth. It is, exactly, to prepare it for the labors and the sacrifices which, above all others, a Catholic life demands that we disguise from it nothing of the great realities of the hereafter and "jump the life to come," as if this were "the be-all and the end-all, here." Nor, for all this, do we deprive our little ones of their portion of earthly joy: rather we increase it to the utmost measure that their little hearts can hold, and this precisely because we do not limit them to things of earth. It is we who are to demand by what right any educator or school of educators can dare to tether to this clod of earth the soul of the child committed to their care, to circumscribe by their restrictions its yearnings heavenward, to stifle its highest, truest aspirations which are the noblest privileges man can have; and all this in order to restrain it, as far as that may be, from thrilling with any higher joy than "the joy of living here and now."

There is no danger that men will ever forget the present realities and the present

* Rom., viii, 38, 39.

pleasures; nor is there the slightest doubt that the more deeply Catholic a man becomes, the more true and honest a citizen will he prove. The assertion that "no other institution so effectively inspires the child with a spirit at once democratic and patriotic as does the public school," is most entirely unwarranted. Theoretically and in cold fact, the Catholic school will stand second to no other in the spirit of true democracy and patriotism. It has a right to resent as both *undemocratic* and *unpatriotic* any slur so utterly gratuitous cast upon the legion of devoted men and women who are carrying on their teaching work at the greatest personal sacrifices,—loyal citizens who could not love their country half so well did they not love their Church and their God so much. The love of country is a sacred thing; the defence of its honor and the promotion of its progress are duties taught to every Catholic child. It is in the name of progress, in the name of all true enlightenment, in the name of common fairness, that we protest against all such assertions.

Our object in these pages has been nothing more than to repel an attack made against all Christian education alike, and therefore likewise against that form which is most conspicuous in our country—Catholic education. The practicability of a league between Church and public school we have not touched upon here. We have our own schools and are satisfied with them. For ourselves, we demand our rights, and no more. We have not the space to challenge the many other fallacies which crowd the brief article referred to, especially the implication that the Christian finds his God nowhere except within the dead walls of his Church. All nature, all science, all true and noble art, are eloquent with God, and forever proclaim Him unto the ear of faith. We do not so much blame the author, who is speaking from erroneous impressions, as the *Review* which makes itself responsible for their circulation. The attempt to indoctrinate

the educational classes of our country with teachings such as these, and others too offensive to faith and all revealed religion to bear repetition here, is neither more nor less than an attempt to undo all the educational progress of centuries, and bring back once more the same conditions—if no worse—which St. Paul beheld at Rome when his heart sickened and his spirit rose in righteous indignation.

But, to leave no bitter savor on the palate of our readers as we conclude, let us place before them another passage from the writer quoted at the beginning of these pages—Mr. John Foster Carr. It shows that our "other-worldliness" is not such as to interfere with the whole-hearted, strenuous life characteristic of "these days of huge Catholic congresses and public honors, when all at once we have realized this strong presence of an established American Catholic Church." May God give it the increase! Its most striking feature, he tells us, is "prospering vigorous work on so great a constructive scale that no such labors have been seen since the great ages of the friars. In Europe the days of building are past. Here, everywhere, are rising cathedrals, churches, schools, seminaries, monasteries, convents, and hospitals,—largely endowed by the pennies of the poor. The American business air pervades community and clerical life,"—a life, let us add, filled with the spirit of loyalty to country and to God. It is this life which we strive to carry into our schools.

Such is the great Catholic Church, the mother of many children and the instructress of the nations, who can never fail, because the Spirit of God is ever guiding her. When our modern educators have exhausted all that their books of pedagogy have to teach, then let them come to her in love and in humility. There at her feet they may learn lessons of the truest wisdom,—lessons she has taught to all the world through ages past—and still shall teach, in her perpetual youth, through all the years to come.

Assunta's Answer.

BY GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.

FAR away, in a little Umbrian village remote from the noise and traffic of the world, there is an ancient shrine of Mary, before which a lamp, tended by loving hands, burns day and night. It has been in existence for over a century, guarded by the amethyst-hued mountains and watched over by the Southern stars; and they say—the *contadini* of the place—that those who pray with faith before it are certain to receive a favorable and speedy answer to their prayers.

One day in August, when the shimmering olive trees were whispering secrets to one another at the hour of sunset, and the green and purple grapes were ripening on the vine-clad slopes beyond the village street, a young girl came to pray at the shrine of the Madonna. There were tears in her brown eyes and a weight of grief upon her soul; and her first thought—as was usual with her when her little world went wrong—was to confide her troubles to her whose human heart beats with such tender compassion for the woes and worries of her children.

Assunta was eighteen, and her parents had just arranged what they considered an eminently suitable marriage for their only daughter. Tonino was the son of Beppo, who owned a thriving *osteria* and a large *podere*; and, besides the youth's future financial advantages, there was nothing to be said against him either from a religious or an æsthetic point of view. Indeed there were many parents in the village and its neighborhood who had hoped to secure this highly eligible match for their own daughters. But Tonino had quite made up his mind on the subject; and, having decided that Assunta was the most *simpatica* girl of his acquaintance, had promptly told his father to arrange matters for a speedy wedding.

But the wedding that Assunta dreamed

of was of a very different nature. Since the days of her early childhood she had vowed herself to God; and her announcement of this fact to her parents coincided with their intimation that she must regard Tonino as her future husband. As for her vocation, they laughed the idea to scorn.

"It is evidently God's will that you should become a wife and mother," remarked her father, with that submission to the decrees of Providence which characterizes us all when these walk hand in hand with our own desires. "This demand of Beppo's shows it very clearly."

Her mother had said the same, adding: "A vocation is all very well when a girl has no chance of marriage; but this is an opportunity too good to be lost, since Tonino might reasonably have looked higher for a wife."

And so, for the time being, at any rate, Assunta had been compelled to give in; but deep in her inner consciousness lurked the conviction that God had destined her for His special service, and that, sooner or later, He Himself would arrange matters accordingly. In the meantime she could pray, and it was with that purpose that she had sought the miraculous shrine that glowing August afternoon.

As she rose from her knees, she saw the parish priest approaching, and stopped to ask his blessing. There were those who had compared Don Filippo, with his white hair and serene expression, to his patron, the Apostle of Rome; and indeed their characters had much in common. He paused when he saw Assunta, and smiled at her,—a smile which changed the gravity of his lips to tenderness and lingered in his deep-set eyes.

"You have been asking the Madonna to bless you, my child? That is well."

He had known her from her infancy, and had his own thoughts as to her future.

"Yes, Father," she faltered, and the color came to her cheeks. "I have been asking her to grant me a favor also."

"Well, well! No doubt she will do so,

if it is for your spiritual good," returned the old priest; and, smiling at her, he passed on his way.

Assunta stood for a moment irresolute, and then followed him.

"Father," she panted as she overtook him, "I—I want to speak to you."

Don Filippo paused and regarded her with a scrutinizing gaze. Like St. Philip Neri, he was specially gifted with that intuition, faculty—call it what you will—which enables certain individuals to read the souls of their fellowmen.

"Come to me in the sacristy after Benediction this evening," he said. "I see you are in trouble, *figlia mia!* But do not worry. All will be well with you."

The words rang consolingly in the girl's ears as he left her, and already her heart felt lighter and more hopeful regarding the fulfilment of her dear desire. During Benediction she prayed more fervently than she had ever done before, unconscious of the fact that Tonino, where he stood amongst the men, was gazing at her with his big brown eyes. He, and the material things of earth, simply did not enter into her calculations; and so absorbed was she in her devotions that it was with a start she recognized the refrain of the closing hymn to Mary, sung as usual with much enthusiasm and in a variety of keys. Then, having waited till the congregation had dispersed, she made her way to the sacristy. It was a soul-searching interview that followed; and Assunta returned home with the restful feeling that she had done what she could, and that the management of her affairs, both spiritual and temporal, had passed into wiser and more responsible hands.

The next day Don Filippo paid a visit to her father and mother, and explained to them very clearly what he considered to be God's designs with regard to their daughter. They were outwardly submissive—outward submission is frequently met with in Italy,—but he was fully aware that they had no intention of

allowing Assunta to become a nun. So he resolved to try what he could do with Tonino himself.

By him and his father, the priest was received with a storm of expostulation. When an Italian is by chance a good Catholic, he is a very good one indeed, and Tonino in that respect left nothing to be desired. But he was also very much in love; and it seemed to him, he said, that the good God would not demand such a sacrifice as the renunciation of Assunta. His father, who was *not* quite so good a Catholic, expressed his views on the subject with much force and some picturesqueness of language, and the interview ended without any satisfactory results on either side.

It was during the dreary time that followed that Assunta implored the Madonna to vouchsafe her a sign that she might really know what was required of her; for the girl was very hard pressed. Filial obedience plays a leading part in an Italian woman's life; but in this case there was also to be considered the obedience which she owed her director; and Don Filippo, whom everyone knew to be inspired by God, had told her that hers was a genuine vocation, and that she would be punished in this world and the next if she turned a deaf ear to the call. In addition, there was her own intense longing to forsake all things and spend her existence in communion with Heaven; and mingled with this was a purely feminine sentiment of compassion for the man who loved her and who wanted her for his wife. So for nine days she visited the miraculous shrine and begged of the Virgin Mother to show her what she should do.

It was very soon after she had begun her novena that she met Tonino one morning, by the fountain in the centre of the piazza. His manner was grave and his eyes were extremely eloquent; and as he stood there in the brilliant August sunshine he looked a very desirable youth, and one eminently calculated to win a

maiden's heart. The thought flashed through Assunta's mind as she greeted him; and she told herself that, had it not been that her aspirations led her higher, the lot of Tonino's wife would be by no means an unenviable one. But quickly as the thought came she repressed it; and, after the exchange of one or two platitudes, she was about to leave him when he broke into an impassioned appeal. The girl listened, her cheeks flushed and her heart beating unsteadily beneath the folds of her pink cotton bodice; but no inward wavering came to her lover's aid.

"I should be committing a sin if I married you," she said; "and you, who are a pious son of the Church, would not wish me to do that. Be reasonable, *Tonino mio*, and let us part friends, as God has decreed that we are never to be more than that."

It was Tonino's opinion, however, that God had decreed nothing of the kind, and he expressed this conviction at some length. And at last Assunta evolved what she considered a really brilliant idea.

"I am asking the Madonna to show me what to do," she told him. "Will you agree that if she sends us a sign you will abide by it and resign yourself to God's will?"

Tonino reflected for a moment. It seemed to him in the highest degree unlikely that Heaven would take any active part in the matter; so he finally promised that, if the Madonna sent a fairly evident sign of some description, he would renounce all claim to Assunta's hand.

The days passed by. The sun rose in the golden east and sank to rest again in his bed of rose-tinted clouds in the western sky; and the August moon shed her radiance on the village, and turned the olive trees to silver. And still Assunta's parents and Tonino's father vowed that the marriage should take place in October; and Tonino fretted and fumed himself into a fever; while Assunta prayed, and Don Filippo waited with a calm con-

fidence for the designs of Heaven to be fulfilled on earth.

The novena ended on the 15th, the feast of the Assumption and Assunta's *fiesta* as well. And Tonino, passing the shrine toward the hour of the *Ave*, saw the girl he had hoped to call his wife on her knees before the picture. Her eyes were closed and her hands clasped in supplication—but, he asked himself with a sudden start of surprise, what was that light encircling her head, and so forcibly recalling to his mind one of the virgin saints in the fresco which adorned a side altar in the church? Then, with a laugh at his own folly, he approached her, trying to convince himself that it was but an effect of sunshine on Assunta's glossy brown hair.

She rose as he came up to her.

"This is the end of the novena," she said gravely, "but"—and her voice faltered—"I have had no sign."

She was standing close beside him; and there, plainly visible to his bewildered eyes, shone the halo of light above her head. And in that instant Tonino knew.

"*Madonna mia!*" he murmured in an awestricken tone. "The sign has come! The Madonna has chosen you. She has crowned you with light, and I must submit. It is the will of God, as you said."

The Southern stars gaze down upon that little Umbrian village and the shrine of Mary in its midst; and the story of Assunta is still cherished in the memory of those who kneel before it, and handed on from one generation to another, as a proof that the Madonna always hears and answers the prayer of faith.

A Lesson.

BY S. M. R.

SUNSHINE, rain, and the dark of the sod,
Hours of waiting the time of God,—
This is the story of flower and tree,
Telling a lesson to you and to me.

Sir Stephen de Vere.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

IV.—THORNBERRY COTTAGE.

(CONTINUED.)

OF only one of these notable converts has a detailed biography been given—Mr. Aubrey de Vere. He was the man that the outer world knew best, because in his public writings he had manifested himself most. In his biography, Mr. Aubrey de Vere is shown to us, by Mr. W. Ward, as he struggled and felt in the stress of his change in that Gethsemane of almost every convert. Not one of the three others, we may rest assured, but prayed the selfsame prayer in the selfsame hour: "Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from me." Not one of them but would have resisted, if the call from on high might lawfully be disregarded. But the words of Our Lord to the man in the sycamore tree come now and again to searching souls: "Zaccheus, make haste, and come down; for this day I must abide in thy house."

Mr. Aubrey de Vere came into the Church on a certain day of a certain year,* and by a certain way. The nearest in time and manner to him was not his brother, Sir Stephen—who had been a Catholic since 1846,—but his neighbor, Lord Emly (William Monsell). Aubrey de Vere was a writer, William Monsell was a politician; and yet they both came somewhat similarly into the current of the Oxford Movement. Mr. de Vere's social life and correspondence lay principally among literary personages or among choice friends in England; Lord Emly's lay among men occupying positions of government in Church and State, no matter who they were. In general conversation and mixed society, Lord Emly was, of the two, far the more striking and impressive personality. In society, indeed, the customs and habits of the men were at

once revealed. The one, accustomed to retirement and study, spoke in a soft, low voice, which would instinctively be still until it got into its proper environment. The other, drilled on platform and in senate, the camps and battlefields of the mind, felt at home in the happy bustle. His voice was ever heard with a joyous ring; and, when engaged in pleasant and social conversation, his face was ever lit with a delightful smile. Both were tall in figure—perhaps six feet two or three,—and the features, as the figures, were striking. Again, they were both singularly unselfish men. Each was Catholic of Catholic. "I would give my life," said St. Catherine of Siena, "for the least rubric of the Church." They did not say so in words, but their every act manifested that the thought lay in some such form in their inmost heart.

Nothing in the Church's devotion was too lowly, no practice too trivial, for the soul of the poet who had charmed the cultivated minds of the English-speaking world; but devotion to the Holy Souls was an absorbing theme with him. The romantic fancy that could revivify the long-dead past, and the mind that could plead so eloquently and convincingly for religion's place in poetry,* might well permit his poetic imagination to vivify that land beyond the grave.

It was no less with the nobleman, who, in his later days, living a good deal in retirement, still surrounded himself with all his old friends and the representatives of his old political friendships, and still "scented the battle from afar." The truest souls in greatness, it might safely be said, are those who are the most humble; and the assertion might be hazarded that the most perfect and holy souls find their truest source of holiness and perfection in the humblest practices of their religion. Thus *thought* others; thus *practised* each of these personally holy men. It was, for instance, a pleasure

* See Essay on "Literature in its Social Aspects."

* This event took place in November, 1851.

and surprise to me to find Lord Emly on one occasion, when somewhat indisposed, sitting in a retired room, meditating on St. Liguori's small and simple but beautiful work, "The Way of Salvation." On the other hand, in the library he laid his fingers one day on two huge calf-bound tomes,* and said to me: "Did you ever read these?" He took them as though affectionately, and opened them. His whole manner, both in speaking of them and in holding them, was one of loving reverence. From that day I have felt that these had much to do with his conversion. William Monsell was received into the Church in 1850, one year before Aubrey de Vere.

There was one subject that, next to their own future happiness, seemed greatly to concern each of them. Oh, how strange it is! Here were two men of the highest mental abilities. Of a surety, it was hard to deceive them. But, granted that they were deceived at their entrance into the Church, can it be maintained that they could still be deceived when within the Church? And does it not pass all human experience that two such men should not alone be deceived within the Church, for the long span of almost half a century, but for all that time should offer it up as their dearest prayer to God that those whom they best loved and who still lingered on the outside should be brought within its pale—as those two men continually did? Every one of their acquaintances knew them for men of the highest honor, the most sensitive rectitude, and the sincerest affection. That was the one thing which, above all others, was dear to their heart—that God would vouchsafe the gift of faith to those they loved best.†

* Renaudot's "Eastern Rites."

† One of the two was speaking on this subject to the present writer alone one day; and while speaking was moved almost to tears. His hearer also was moved to tears by the earnestness of the tall, elderly man's words. The issue of that conversation was the little brochure, "Are Protestants Catholics?" published by THE AVE MARIA press.

The brother of Mr. Aubrey de Vere was as unlike him, in every mood and manner and desire, as brother well could be. Aubrey de Vere was tall and had all the exquisite polish of the cultured gentleman; Stephen de Vere was middle-sized, but (in the words of the old men) "perfectly made." One would at once be arrested by the courtly appearance and bearing of the great poet; one might pass his brother and not know there was a man in that small figure, till some moment of moral or physical danger arose, and then the small figure asserted itself unmistakably. It might be said that their literary tastes, at any rate, were alike. The classical reader need not be told that, though Virgil and Horace were bosom friends, the "Æneid" and the "Satires" are very different. So with Mr. Aubrey de Vere and his brother.

Like Sir Stephen in size but slighter in figure, the Earl of Dunraven, antiquarian and historian, approached the Church from still another standpoint. Friend of all the literary *élite* of his day—Montalembert, Manning, Sir Henry Taylor, Wordsworth, Monckton Milnes,—Richard Wyndham Quinn came, by the way of ancient buildings and the sermons in old monastic ruins, to the portals of the Church.* On his own demesne in "sweet Adare" were ruins that might convert any man, unless ivied ruins could forswear. Once, in the open glade, stood "the convent of Friars Grey," built for the "corded" Franciscans; and the friars, with their long brown habits, sandalled feet, and shaven crowns, paced slowly along this velvet sward, calmly praying at eventide. Nearer to the river Mague stood the Black Abbey, so called because the Augustinians with their black habit served God there. And yet another stood scarcely a bowshot off. It was the sweet habit of the Trinitarians that glided there, telling of a charity sweeter even than their habit.

What singularly devoted men and

* Lord Dunraven became a convert in 1854.

women were those barons and baronesses of the Middle Ages in Ireland! Take as an instance this cluster of religious buildings. In 1279 the Trinitarian Abbey was founded, the first of the three. As the charter of the institute does not exist, the date of its foundation is doubtful; some think that it was 1279, while others declare it existed fifty years earlier,—that is about 1225 or 1226. As Adare belonged at the time to the Kildare branch of the Geraldines, the monastery is generally supposed to have been built by some member of that house.

There is no doubt about the Augustinian or Black Abbey, as its charter is extant. According to Begley, it runs: "Be it known to you that, by an act of our special grace and from motives of charity, we have granted to the Brothers of the Order of St. Augustine of Adare, for the benefit of our own soul and the souls of our predecessors [the following possession], which those Brothers can retain for themselves and their successors, for pure and perpetual charity: one piece of ground of two burgages in the manor of Adare...." It was built by John, Earl of Kildare, in A. D. 1315. Less than forty years separated the founding of those two, the Black Abbey and the Trinitarian (if the latter were founded, as is probable, in 1279).

The Franciscan Abbey was founded in 1464, about one hundred and fifty years after the Black Abbey, and during the time that both Trinitarian and Augustinian convents were existing. The Baron and Baroness of Kildare, Thomas and his wife Joanna, had each an interest in the place. Joanna was daughter of the Earl of Desmond, head of the Munster branch of the Geraldines. The famous and beautiful Glen of Aherlow, the all but royal residence of the Desmonds, was not far off; and the outlying castles of their vast estates—Kilmallock, Rathkeale, Askeaton, etc.,—surrounded and lay within easy reach of Adare. The land of Adare itself belonged to her husband. "This convent," says Begley, "was founded

in the year 1464 by Thomas, Earl of Kildare, and his wife Joanna, daughter of James, Earl of Desmond, who built the church and fourth part of the cloister at their own expense. They also furnished with glass the windows of the church, and presented the bell and two silver chalices."

The bell tower was erected by Cornelius O'Sullivan, who presented also a beautiful gold chalice. Margaret Fitzgibbon, wife of O'Dea, erected the great chapel. There was a small one erected by John, Earl of Desmond; and another, of the same dimensions, was built by Leogh de Tulcostyn, and Margaret, wife of Thomas Fitzmaurice. The other parts of the buildings were completed by the generosity and zeal of pious donors. Donough O'Brien, of Ara, and his wife built the dormitory. Rory O'Dea added a fourth part of the cloister and presented a silver chalice. Mariana O'Hickey erected the refectory and wooden panellings at the north side of the choir; later on she entered the Order and died in this convent. Edmond Thomas, Knight of Glen, and his wife, Hanora Gibbon, erected the infirmary. Johanna O'Loughlin, widow of Fitzgibbon, added ten feet to the sanctuary, under which she directed a burial-place to be formed for herself. The deaths of most of these pious benefactors are recorded, and many of them found a grave within the hallowed precincts of the convent.

All three became ruins in the days of Elizabeth, and remained so for two hundred years. In 1807, after two centuries of idleness and neglect, the Black Abbey was repaired, and divine service was thenceforward held in it for the Protestant population of Adare; while in 1811 the Trinitarian Abbey was prepared for the Catholic inhabitants. Both, it is pleasant to relate, were restored by the generosity of the Protestant owner,* the first Lord Dunraven.

* In 1811 it was but a portion of the ruins (the road wing) that was put in repair, and this was covered with thatch. It was only when

The estates of the Manor of Adare and of Curragh Chase bordered on each other, and the families at the Manor and the Chase were always fast friends; but whether the De Vere friendship had any direct influence on this pious and beautiful act must be left to conjecture. In or about the same time, however, on the other border of the De Vere property, a Catholic church was built, again wholly at the expense of the landlord. The thatched chapel in Old Stonehall was blown down on "the night of the big wind"; and the Protestant landlord, Mr. Waller, built a slated one in New Stonehall, hard by, for his tenantry. The two things tend to make one think that the Catholic neighborhood of the De Veres had some influence in these two cases. No place of religious worship stood upon their own estate. Curragh was not the head of any parish either in the Catholic or Protestant organization. Later on we shall see Sir Stephen personally going through the counties of Limerick, Kerry, and Clare, "begging" for a church. With the proceeds he built a handsome Gothic edifice in the pretty village of Foynes; and by its walls he now enjoys the sleep of the just.

Lord Dunraven, Lord Emly, and Sir Stephen were born the same year—1812. Lord Dunraven died in 1871; Lord Emly, in 1895; Sir Stephen, in 1904. Both Lord Emly and Lord Dunraven were married; Sir Stephen and Mr. Aubrey remained unmarried; and on the death of the brothers, their estates passed to their nephew by the sister, Mr. Aubrey O'Brien, who has taken the name of De Vere.

(To be continued.)

Adare, on the death of the second Earl, fell into possession of the third Earl, that the Trinitarian Abbey was fitted up for divine service. Schools also were built for the Catholic children. The boys were placed under the direction of the Christian Brothers, and the girls were entrusted to the Sisters of Mercy. The schools, with the necessary buildings attached, such as monastery and convent, cost about £6000.

Monica's Victory.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

II.

NEVER before, except on special festivals, had the little church of Alsdorf been so crowded with worshippers as it was on the following morning. Dread of the common enemy, apprehension of impending danger, induced even the most careless and indifferent to join in imploring the all-powerful protection of the Lord of heaven and earth. Long after the service had begun, belated church-goers, who came from distant homesteads, might be seen wending their way, singly or in groups, across flowery meads or down the steep paths of forest-clad heights. For them there was no room left within the sacred edifice: they were fain to kneel in the churchyard, within sight, if possible, of the altar.

The large majority of the assembled faithful consisted of women and young girls, the comparative absence of men being accounted for by the season of the year and by the war. Many of the younger men were serving, under the Austrian flag, against the Swedish and French invaders; while a considerable proportion of lads and married men had gone with their herds to the Alpine pastures, there to remain until the autumn. All others, except the infirm and very aged, had repaired to the church.

One able-bodied man alone was conspicuous by his absence, and that was Laurence Ladurn. He had been seen that morning at an early hour walking in the direction of Lindau; but this had excited little surprise, for he was known to be more conversant with ledger and legal statutes than with Missal and prayer-book. And no doubt curiosity led him to take an opportunity of viewing the enemy's encampment.

Mass was followed by Benediction, as is often the case in village churches in Germany. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and all present were bowed in silent adoration, when a cry sounded in the distance,—a cry of alarm and distress, strangely discordant with the harmony of the scene. It was the cry of a sick man anxious but unable to escape and warn his neighbors of imminent danger. The cry grew louder as it came nearer, taken up and echoed by all who had been obliged to remain at home. Women and children, the bedridden and the paralyzed, the aged crone and the helpless babe,—all joined in that shrill chorus:

"The enemy! The enemy!"

A thrill of terror ran through the congregation. The hands of all within the church were stretched out in fervent supplication, imploring the mercy of Heaven; while the heads of all without were turned in the direction of the high-road, where a whirling cloud of white dust marked the rapid advance of a troop of horsemen in full gallop.

"The Swedish cavalry! The Swedish cavalry!" went from mouth to mouth.

The service was brought to a speedy conclusion. Solitude for the safety of life and property was uppermost in every mind. All rushed out, either to defend their dwellings, protect those dear to them, or conceal their valuables from the plundering hand of the oncoming foe. Only the white-haired priest remained on his knees before the altar, pleading for the souls committed to his charge.

Like a frightened flock of sheep, crowding together and jostling one another, the people pursued their way toward the village, filling the air with lamentations. Through the cloud of dust on the road the glint of swords, the glitter of helmets and cuirasses was now plainly discernible. For a moment the crowd stopped and stood motionless, as if to realize the calamity about to befall them. Then every tongue was loosed: "Look! They are halting!" — "Some of them have dis-

mounted."—"They have come into the village and are going into the farm-yards."—"The greater number are standing before the mayor's house."

"My father!" Monica cried in the greatest alarm. "Look!—he has got down there already, the first of all. He is confronting them fearlessly. But see!—their attitude is threatening. They will maltreat him. I must go and help him. I will stand beside him."

In vain Angela, who had not quitted her friend's side, besought her not to expose herself to such evident danger. The impulsive girl would listen to no persuasions. She hurried down the hill, followed by Angela, who was herself anxious about her own parents. They had gone to Mass in a neighboring village, intending afterward to visit a relative there; and she feared lest, on their way, they might have met the horsemen and been molested by them.

"I knew it! I knew it!" old Michael was heard to murmur gloomily.

The bystanders began to question him.

"What do you mean, Michael? You knew the Swedes would come to our village to-day? What made you sure of that?"

The old shepherd shook his grey head significantly.

"'Whosoever the body shall be, there shall the eagles also be gathered together.' All has gone well with us of late; prosperity has made us careless; now the Lord will chastise us for our sins. The foreign rogues scent booty here—mark my words!—and a traitor has led them to our midst."

"A traitor!" the peasants exclaimed indignantly.

"There must be one," persisted the old man, obstinately. "My eyes and ears did not deceive me. I saw him last night."

"Whom did you see?"

"The black hound."

The men fell back, looking aghast; the women shrieked.

"May God protect us!" they cried.

"I tell you he ran round the village

last night. I could not rest when I heard his hoarse voice baying. I got up and went out into the garden. I saw him coming down from the hill yonder, his fierce, fiery eyes shining, as if he was seeking in Alsdorf some soul whom he could make his prey."

The shepherd's tale made a great impression. According to the popular belief, a certain Colonel Escher, who on Christmas Day, 1646, when General Wrangel had obtained possession of the district by stratagem, treacherously surrendered the strong Castle of Hohenbregenz, with the whole of his regiment, to a mere handful of Swedish soldiers, without striking a single blow, was condemned for this treasonable act to wander incessantly through the country in the form of a black dog.

"He has often been seen in the region about Bregenz," the bystanders affirmed. "Michael is quite right: the black hound dares to show himself only where there is a traitor."

Meanwhile Monica had reached her parents' house, in breathless haste, just as her hapless father, who was unarmed, was being thrust into the courtyard by the rough soldiers. Without a thought for herself, the fearless girl forced her way through the noisy, surging crowd of horsemen, who had dismounted and now filled the space before the house. They were wild-looking men with tanned faces, clad in leather doublets and jack-boots, a pistol in their hand and a broadsword dangling from their belt, as, with menacing gestures, they pressed round the terrified man.

"What do you want with my father?" the girl inquired, placing herself before the unhappy mayor, as if with her weak arm she could defend him.

"What do we want with him?" laughed one. "We want to give him a Swedish drink to loose his tongue."

"He must tell us where he has hidden the treasure," said another.

"We will unearth it, you old fox!" added a third.

"We have searched the house from attic to cellar, but the Count's gold is nowhere to be found," put in still another.

"I have no gold; I know of no treasure," Ignatius Stein continued to affirm.

These words struck Monica with terror. How had the enemy learned the secret which was known to no one except her father and herself, and the Count's trusty servants who had conveyed the chests thither? The notary! She thought of him instantly. If he had not kept his own counsel, it would all be her fault; she had brought this disaster on her father, on the whole village. With an exercise of strength with which one would hardly have credited a young girl, she thrust back the men nearest to her. They had brought a funnel and a bucket full of the filthiest ditch water, which they were going to pour down the throat of the unfortunate mayor, whom they had laid down on his back preparatory to inflicting the torture.

"Leave my father alone!" she cried. "He is innocent. He knows nothing about the gold you speak of."

"Oho, my fine wench!" retorted one of the soldiers. "If you know more about it, be quick and show us where it is hidden."

Monica hesitated a moment whether she should deceive the men and point out some spot in the wood as the hiding-place, so as to gain time till the chests could be more effectually concealed. But it would have cost her truthful nature an effort to tell a lie even for a good end. Besides, would not the soldiers go to even greater lengths when they found out the deception practised on them? So, holding up her head proudly, she said:

"It is the property of another confided to our care. I can not and will not tell you where it is."

This bold reply exasperated the soldiers, who were already irritated by delay.

"If the wench means to defy us, we will give her a taste of the same drink as her father," said one of the fiercest-looking of the crowd.

"Throw her down!"

"Nail her shoes to her feet, if she will not go and show us where the booty is."

Other methods of torture were suggested, and rough hands were already stretched out to execute the brutal threats, when the officer in command of the troop entered the courtyard, and, his eyes flashing with anger, forcibly thrust back the men who pressed round the terror-stricken girl, before they could proceed further.

"Fall back!" he shouted, standing erect before them, his sabre in his hand. "Shame on you! Are we soldiers or hangmen's knaves? We shall get what we want without resorting to such ruffianly measures. The first man of you blood-thirsty scoundrels that dares to lay a finger on this girl or this old man shall make acquaintance with the edge of my sword."

Sullenly and reluctantly the men fell back, grumbling at being defrauded of the barbarous pleasure they had anticipated. Some clinched their fists, and one or two laid their hand menacingly on the hilt of their sword. But the captain, who knew when to exercise his authority, feigned not to see the defiant gesture.

The mayor, half dead with fright, scrambled to his knees and began to thank his rescuer effusively. The officer made a deprecating movement with his hand, as if to intimate that no thanks were due for an ordinary act of humanity; and turned with questioning expectancy to Monica, who was standing irresolute, a prey to contending emotions. Only once she looked up at her deliverer, but that glance sufficed to stamp his image indelibly on her memory. Their eyes met, and in his she read a passionate admiration that caused a crimson blush to suffuse her cheeks.

As he stood there, his tall, lithe, well-proportioned figure bespeaking manly strength and energy, a bright corselet over his leathern jerkin, the long ostrich feathers on his tall hat drooping over his proud, handsome features, to the girl's unaccustomed eyes he seemed the imper-

sonification of a noble, dauntless warrior. His long mustache and pointed beard looked almost blond in contrast with his sunburned complexion; and, though stern resolution was written on his countenance, there was a certain gentleness of expression that redeemed it from harshness. Across his breast he wore a scarf of blue and yellow, the Swedish colors.

With a frown of impatience, Captain Arel Hedberg (such was his name) asked somewhat sharply:

"Have you nothing to say to me, young woman?"

Monica started, as if awaking from a dream. Her color came and went; she appeared unable to articulate a word.

"You are perfectly aware," the Captain went on, "what my men are looking for in this house. I should be sorry if I were obliged, in virtue of the rules of war, to make the whole village suffer because of your persistent silence."

Monica had at last made up her mind. No, the wealthy Count could do without his gold and silver plate better than the poor villagers could do without their little possessions.

"Come," she said. "I will show you what you are seeking."

The cloud lifted from the officer's brow. With a few of his attendants, he followed where she led, never taking his eyes off the figure of his fair guide. Through a narrow passage encumbered with furniture she proceeded onward to where a low doorway, screened by a curtain, opened onto a dark vault which had escaped the notice of the soldiers. At the end of this stood three ponderous oaken chests. With an exultant cry, the troopers fell upon them and forced open the lids. An array of valuables — goblets of silver and gold, rare jewels, richly embroidered garments, besides coin of the realm — met their delighted eyes.

Their leader seemed to take little or no interest in the treasures. While the men were seizing the booty, ready to carry it out into the street, he suddenly laid his

hand on Monica's arm. She turned quickly and looked at him in alarm.

"What more do you want?"

He endeavored to draw her nearer to him, and spoke in a low voice:

"You have greatly enriched the royal exchequer, but neither those fellows nor myself will have any of that plunder. We must find compensation elsewhere, and a fair maiden is more to us than red gold. I must have my share, young woman, and the best too. You shall see me again."

With a cry of terror, the girl fled through the passage like a scared animal, and up the stairs to her own room. What was the meaning of those terrible words she had just heard? Was the mischief she thought to avert, only now beginning in earnest? She threw herself down beside her bed and buried her face in the pillows. Shame and anger filled her mind; the spot where his hand had touched her arm burned like fire. At first sight she thought him a hero, good and brave, who interfered for the protection of those who were unjustly persecuted. How was it possible that even for a fleeting moment she could feel admiration and respect for the Swedish invader! Now she hated and feared the man who was so insolent as to lay his hand on her, to speak as if she were his property.

Presently she rose and crossed the room to where hung a quaint, old wooden crucifix, which in days of yore had stood in the village church, until at a later period it was replaced by a new one. It was then given to her father, whose ancestors had presented it to the church. Monica loved this ancient relic, and kept it in a walnut case, which was provided with a pane of glass,—a rarity in those days, and costly to purchase.

Now as she knelt before it, her hands clasped in fervent prayer, the face of the Redeemer seemed to smile on her, and she fancied she heard a voice whisper: "Fear not. I will not forsake thee." This that appears a calamity to human sight,

shall ultimately, in God's good providence, work for good, and thy eternal salvation." How soothing, how encouraging was the trust inspired by these thoughts!

While the rough, rude soldiers shouted and stormed in the road, Monica remained on her knees, lost in thought, wondering what the outcome of all the trouble and confusion would be; never suspecting what was at that very time happening, at the other end of the village, to her unfortunate friend.

(To be continued.)

The Power of a Word.

BY MAX DUMONT.

"MOTHER, may I stay with No. 18 again to-night?"

The speaker was a sweet-voiced little Irish nun, whose soft brown eyes looked so appealingly that one could scarce refuse their mute appeal.

"But, Sister, you were up all last night, and in the laundry this afternoon. Aren't you undertaking too much?"

"Oh, no, Mother! I think she will die to-night, and I should like to be with her. Miss Morgan says she has refused all nourishment to-day and is very weak."

"Well, you may remain till midnight. Miss Rend will relieve you then."

With a grateful smile, Sister Patricia left the community room, passed through the corridor to the chapel, where for some moments she remained, with the same appealing gaze on the door of the Tabernacle as that which had won her request from the superioress. Then she softly wended her way downstairs to Room No. 18.

A faint light revealed the severe furnishing of the room,—a high, narrow bed, an undraped dresser, two chairs, the narrow window, the polished floor.

On the bed lay a woman still in the prime of life, but whose wasted form and haggard features told all too plainly that she had been earning "the wages of sin."

She languidly opened her eyes as Sister Patricia entered, but made no response to her kindly, sympathetic inquiries. And when, not rebuffed by her coldness, the Sister seated herself near the bed and began to tell her Beads, the patient deliberately turned her back.

Devoutly the good nun prayed that the sufferer be granted the grace to repent. For hadn't she an Irish name? And wasn't that proof positive that the waters of baptism had been poured over her head? And probably the Sacred Host had rested upon those lips which now opened only in complaints or curses.

Decade after decade slipped through the Sister's fingers, but at last she arose and went to the window. The mellow October moonlight shed a soft radiance over the landscape; the leaves, most beautiful in their decay, seemed to whisper "*Nunc dimittis*" as they were swayed by the gentle breeze; and the myriad noises of the city, softened by distance, sounded like the rush of a mighty river.

The sensitive heart of the nun was touched by the contrast between the majestic calm of the night and the unrest of that soul fast nearing eternity.

"O my God," she prayed, "whose mercy is infinite, Thou canst not refuse that poor soul the grace to repent! Thou didst pardon the thief in his dying hour; grant her the same mercy, for Thy holy Name's sake."

Slowly a clock in the distance tolled out the hour of nine, and the Sister turned to give her patient the prescribed draught.

"Here, take it, asthore! It will help you," she said, with her soft Gaelic accent.

The woman started violently, gazed wildly at the nun, and burst into tears. "Take it, asthore!" What a flood of memories the words awakened! She is again a child, tossing in fever on her little bed; her mother stands over her, glass in hand, with that look of tenderest pity which can always be seen on the face of a mother who watches a suffering

child. "Take it, asthore!" she hears, and she feels again the cool liquid on her parched lips. Ah, but bitter memories follow,—her frequent deceptions of that good, indulgent mother; her first sad fall; her mother's death, which she knew her disgrace had hastened; the scorn of the neighbors which had forced her to leave her home in the little village, to make a living in the great, pitiless city, where she had fallen to the lowest depths of vice. All these pictures flash through her mind, and she sobs aloud in self-pity.

Slowly the storm of passion subsides, leaving her weak and exhausted. Scarcely knowing whether she is awake or dreaming, she hears again the once familiar words: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death." Mechanically she repeats the words; and then she feels the soft pressure of a hand upon her own, and a rosary is slipped into her unresisting fingers.

Sister Patricia quietly leaves the room, to return in a few moments with the good old chaplain, who, accustomed to night calls, had not yet retired. Forty years of missionary labor had enfeebled the body of the holy priest, but had not dimmed a brilliant intellect; and his long experience in dealing with sin-stricken souls now enables him to touch a responsive chord in the heart of this poor wreck, who a few days previous had so fiercely declared that she would not see a priest.

Her life-story is soon told; and, by the mystic words of the Lord's anointed, the soul that had been as scarlet is made whiter than snow, and the peace that passeth understanding fills her mind as she glides slowly from a wicked world to the bosom of Eternal Pity.

Reverently Sister Patricia closes the glazed eyes, and twines a rosary about the folded hands; and as she kneels to recite a *De Profundis* for the departed soul she is unconscious of the fact that the sweet Celtic term of endearment had been God's means of bringing one of His children home.

Ideal Catholic Books.

IN an open letter from the Rev. Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B., to priests, parents, the heads of schools, librarians, and Catholic readers generally, attention is thus called to the new St. Nicholas Series of books for old and young, published by Macdonald & Evans, London, and for sale in this country by Messrs. Benziger Brothers:

We constantly hear complaints of the ravages that are being made among the young by bad and immoral literature. We have taught our children to read, and we are sometimes almost tempted to wonder whether this has been a blessing or a curse. . . . It seems to be all the more our duty to provide young readers with attractive and interesting matter, which will fascinate their imaginations without defiling them, and train their hearts to admire and love all that is pure, lovely, and of good report.

Many Catholic writers and Catholic publishers have already done good service in this field. We rejoice in their success, and we desire it to be still greater. But we think that there is room for yet another effort; and that the latest developments in attractive book production, dainty binding, colored illustrations, noble type, and fair paper, may be employed in the service of the Church, and in the instruction of her children to an extent which hitherto has not been possible.

The St. Nicholas Series is edited by Dom Camm, and comprises some fifteen volumes, already published, or about to be published; to which it is hoped that as many as ten or twelve more—several of which are already in preparation—will be added in the course of the present year.

These beautiful books for young and old supply English-speaking Catholics with a library, "in attractive book production, dainty binding, colored illustrations, noble type, and fair paper," varied in interest; written by the best authors, and illustrated by the best artists, at the surprisingly moderate cost of two shillings a volume in England, and eighty cents in the United States. They measure seven by four and a half inches, and are bound

in Holleston cloth; the top edge is gilt, and each volume is provided with a silk marker. The title-pages are in red and black, and every volume contains six colored pictures. Attractive in appearance, light and pleasant to handle, delightful to read, these ideal books combine the latest and best developments in book production; enlisting these advantages in the service of the Church, and easily challenging comparison, both for beauty and cheapness, with any other books that have been produced. They are specially suitable for gifts or prizes, and for this purpose should find favor with all classes of people.

At a private audience accorded to the editor, his Holiness Pius X. bestowed his most cordial blessing on the Series and all the writers connected with it. His Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val, and the archbishops and bishops of England, Scotland, and Ireland, have given it a warm welcome; the press, both Catholic and Protestant, has received it with marked approval; and, as in the United Kingdom, so likewise in the United States, Canada, Australia, and indeed wherever our language is spoken, it has found a most cordial welcome. Already some of the volumes are being translated into foreign languages.

The success of the St. Nicholas books must depend upon the co-operation of the Catholic public. In order to enlarge and increase the Series, a wide circle of readers will be necessary. It is, therefore, confidently hoped that all who are interested in Catholic literature will co-operate in securing support for so important and praiseworthy an undertaking.

At the top or at the bottom of all illusions I set the cheat which still leads us to work and live for appearances, in spite of our conviction, in all sane hours, that it is what we really are that avails with friends, with strangers, and with fate or fortune.—*Emerson*.

Notes and Remarks.

The need of an able and thoroughly reliable daily newspaper under Catholic management continues to be felt everywhere in the United States. Our dependence on the secular press for information of special interest and importance to us may be characterized as slavish. The inefficiency of Catholic weekly papers, most of which reproduce, without a word of intelligent comment, the foreign news found in the "great dailies," is shown on every occasion. Witness the prominence given by some of our weeklies to the news of the defeat of M. Clémenceau and the split in the French *Bloc*. This news was even exploited in certain quarters as indicating a change in the attitude of the French government toward the Church. No well-informed editor would jump at any such conclusion. The fall of the Ministry in France may have no significance; in many cases it is the outcome of personal disputes among the members of the Chamber. The great majority of them are of one mind when the interests of the Church are in question. The *Bloc* will reappear when occasion demands. No doubt the situation in France will improve before very long, but meantime it is likely to become worse. French Catholics do not expect any better treatment from M. Briand than they received from M. Clémenceau.

It is refreshing to turn from the novel inanities put forward as precious jewels of "new thought" and latter-day religion, by sensational preachers and Chicago University professors, to so sane a statement of basic truths as this from the pen of Archbishop Ryan:

One of the most fatal and demoralizing superstitions of this country is the attempted separation of morality from doctrinal teaching. Doctrines are, as the granite foundation to the whole edifice of Christian ethics, and with them that edifice must stand or crumble into ruins. What underlies the value of holy childhood but

the doctrine that the child has an immortal soul? Abolish this—look at the child only in the light of its utility to the State,—and soon infanticide will commence again, and deformed children will be put to death when men shall have lost the tenderness which Christianity has produced and fostered. Most men admire the Church's action in regard to divorce. They believe that her conservatism in this respect is essential to the preservation of the family and the sanctity of human love. But all her action and her sufferings in maintaining this principle are founded on the doctrine that marriage is indissoluble; and because of this doctrine the Pope himself, and all the bishops of the world united with him, can not grant a single divorce.

Look at the great motives of human action. Behold that young man contending with fearful temptation, wrestling with some "midday demon." The pleasure promised is certain and alluring. Religion whispers in his ear: "Fear God; listen to your conscience. You know that to yield is wrong. Remember the punishment which God has threatened. Remember the heaven you renounce if you yield, and the hell whose punishment you will deserve." Now, all this warning is based on doctrines. Only whisper in his ear: "There is no hell. God is indulgent, or takes no cognizance of human action." Strike down the great truth, and you strike down the great motive.

More and more evident as the years go by becomes the necessity of harking back, in season and out of season, to such elementary and fundamental truths as the foregoing. Ignorance or forgetfulness of them affords an explanation of much of the divorce, suicide, child-murder, and cognate crime of the day.

Ex-President Eliot, of Harvard, is perhaps the most prominent victim of the fatal and demoralizing superstition referred to by the Archbishop of Philadelphia. It was sheer folly on the part of the ex-President to prophesy for the twentieth century a new religion, unbound by dogma or creed; and the folly is thus exposed by Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton:

The vice of the modern notion of mental progress is that it is always something concerned with the breaking of bonds, the effacing of boundaries, the casting away of dogmas. But if there be such a thing as mental growth, it must mean the growth into more and more definite convictions, into more and more dogmas.

The human brain is a machine for coming to conclusions; if it can not come to conclusions, it is rusty. When we hear of a man too clever to believe, we are hearing of something having almost the character of a contradiction in terms. It is like hearing of a nail that was too good to hold down a carpet, or a bolt that was too strong to keep a door shut. Man can hardly be defined, after the fashion of Carlyle, as an animal who makes tools. Ants and beavers and many other animals make tools, in the sense that they make an apparatus. Man can be defined as an animal that makes dogmas. As he piles doctrine and conclusion on conclusion in the formation of some tremendous scheme of philosophy and religion, he is, in the only legitimate sense of which the expression is capable, becoming more and more human. When he drops one doctrine after another in a refined scepticism, when he declines to tie himself to a system, when he says that he has outgrown definitions, when he says that he disbelieves in finality, when, in his own imagination, he sits as God, holding no form of creed but contemplating all, then he is by that very process sinking slowly backward into the vagueness of the vagrant animals and the unconsciousness of the grass. Trees have no dogmas. Turnips are singularly broad-minded.

This is very hard on Dr. Eliot and all such "prophets"; but Mr. Chesterton is nothing if not a free lance. He can not help acting upon the motto that the unwise are to be answered according to their unwisdom.

The following excerpts from appeals by the Catholic Church Extension Society for assistance in preserving the Faith in New Mexico and Porto Rico make interesting and suggestive reading. Of New Mexico it is Bishop Pitaval who speaks;

And conditions are favorable for the Protestant schools, since the public schools can not impart an education. The impoverished New Mexican communities can raise, in their school tax, only enough to employ Mexican teachers one month in some districts, two in others, and the limit is three. The children, therefore, will go, and are going, to the Protestant schools. They are Catholic children; and we, who are Catholics, know what the result of this will be. The teachers in these schools are Americans, and the children have the opportunity of learning English. The falsehood is thus urged upon them that, to be Americans—to be progressive and enlightened Americans—they must be

Protestants. Worse still, boarding-schools in the large cities supplement the mission schools in the little places, and the superintendent draws \$10 a month from Protestant mission societies for each pupil he can lure into his care. "For the love of God, Bishop, what can we do?" the parents say. "Why do you not give us schools as the Protestants do?" Unless we found mission schools, the coming generation will be lost to the Faith; and all the heroism, all the sacrifice in blood, life and labor, will be of no avail to the offspring of those for whom these sacrifices have been wrought for the last three centuries and more.

As for Porto Rico, the president of the Extension Society, premising that with American occupation came a respect for our flag, goes on to say:

Then came in men with long coats, instead of the cassocks such as their own padres wore,— "padres" of another and strange kind; and they built little churches and put crosses on them. Inside they erected often a little altar that looked like their own, with lights on it and even a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary. These were Protestant churches; but the missionaries—for such were the black-coated individuals—had no hesitancy about putting up the statues and altars, though at home they thought it idolatrous! They wanted to deceive, and win through deception. They said that this new religion was American; that all Americans belonged to it; that this religion meant progress and all that went with it—clothes, food, instruction, money, and the rest.

The people remembered the hard times under Spanish rule. So, when their minds were cunningly turned to the religious question, and the hard times just as cunningly brought before them, they were ready for the suggestion that Catholicity meant poverty and Protestantism—wealth.

It is a tardy commemoration, that which the Ancient Order of Hibernians is to ensure by the erection of a fine Celtic cross on a hill facing the St. Lawrence River, "to mark the spot where many hundreds of patriotic Irishmen lie buried on Grosse Isle." The purposes to be served by the monument have been thus explained by the Canadian Secretary of State, the Hon. Charles Murphy:

Primarily, the monument will commemorate the heroism of those who left their native land rather than abjure that which they prized more dearly than life itself. In the next place, it

will commemorate the kindness of the French-Canadians who ministered to our unfortunate countrymen and countrywomen; and, when the end had come, not only laid them tenderly in their graves, but adopted their little ones and cared for them as if these Irish orphans were their own children. But the monument will serve another and a more important purpose. . . . As the incoming stranger sails up the noble and historic St. Lawrence, his gaze will rest on that monument; and no sooner will he hear its story than his mind will receive an indelible impression that this is not only a land of freedom, but that it is a land of brotherly love,—a land where the races live in harmony, and where each vies with the other in promoting the great work of national unity.

The story of Grosse Isle, told at length a few years ago in our columns, is one of exceptionally pathetic interest, redounding not less to the credit of the French-Canadians than to the heroicity of Irish Catholic Faith. It is well that the monument which perpetuates its memory should take the form of a Celtic cross.

Mr. James Creelman, now in Asia Minor as the representative of *Pearson's Magazine*, takes a somewhat optimistic view of the future immunity of Asiatic Christians from such massacres as have recently shocked the European and American worlds. We quote:

After a careful investigation, I feel no hesitation in saying that the Moslem religion and its real teachers are not to be blamed for the massacres in Asia Minor, and that it is reasonably certain that Christians are safe in Turkey at last. The Sultan has said it, the Sheik-ul-Islam and the ulemas have said it, the parliament has said it, and the army has said it. Nobody but a blind bigot can be in Turkey to-day without realizing that a new day has dawned here for Christian and Jew alike. . . .

A good thing to remember is that not only did forty-three Christians and four Jews vote on the resolution that dethroned Abdul Hamid, but that a Christian and a Jew served on the committee that went to the palace to inform him of his fate. That, and the introduction of Christian soldiers into the Turkish army, indicate the end of the most terrible page of modern Christian history.

Mr. Creelman's sojourn in Turkey, at the date of his writing the foregoing, had

not been sufficiently prolonged to give us the assurance that his investigation has been adequately thorough, and our reliance on Turkish promises is not especially firm; but we sincerely hope that his statement, "Christians are safe in Turkey at last," will prove to be the literal truth.

The fact that reliable circumstantial accounts of the massacres of Christians at Adana, last spring, have only lately reached this country explains the distrust of Moslem assurances on the part of all who remember how often these have failed in the case of the unfortunate Armenians. Until the followers of Mahomet are thoroughly subdued, there are likely to be revivals of fanaticism among them and a recurrence of massacres. Of that which took place on April 14-16 an eye-witness writes: "The unfortunate Armenians were surrounded, seized and tortured. The fingers of their right hand were cut off, and the right eye was forced from its socket with the point of a dagger by the furious Moslems. They slashed the ears of their victims, severed their necks as far as the carotid without touching it, then beat them with cudgels. These were stout sticks armed with a head of jagged lead, set thick with nails. Two Turks held the victim's head and gave the time—one, two, three!—and another struck the blows. Methodically, with skilled deliberation all round the skull, fifteen or twenty strokes which fell thick and ringing like a hammer upon an anvil. When the victim fell dead, they cut open his stomach. After the men they passed on to the women. . . ."

The details of the tortures inflicted on women and children are too horrible for transcription here. The streets of Adana, it is said, were lined with corpses and fragments of a most incredible butchery. The sufferings of the survivors, which our missionaries are doing all in their power to alleviate, are terrible.

With hands still damp with the blood

of Christians, the unspeakable Turk is not to be trusted. That he has so long been permitted to persecute the unfortunate Armenians is a reproach to the whole civilized world.

Lord Gorell, who has had a long experience of the Divorce Court, is convinced that, "if the effects of drink could be abolished altogether, the Divorce Court might close its doors." The eminent Judge doubtless exaggerates somewhat, but he is unquestionably right in the main; and he might have added with no fear of contradiction that the excessive use of liquor accounts for the spread of a great many other evils beside divorce. Police court judges in this country have often been heard to declare that by far the greater number of criminals brought before them owe their downfall to intemperance. It is a question whether prohibition prohibits to any great extent, but there can be no doubt whatever that the existence of many saloons invariably necessitates an increase in the number of jails.

An affirmative answer, ratified by order of his Holiness Pius X., has been rendered by the Biblical Commission to the following question about the much-disputed Days of Creation:

Whether in the denomination and distinction of the days mentioned in the first chapter of Genesis the word *yôm* (day) can be taken either in its proper sense as a natural day, or in an improper sense for a period of time, and whether free discussion on this point among exegetes is lawful?

The decision of this point will be a relief to many minds, and free many writers from the suspicion of Liberalism. It is only now that the full importance of the Biblical Commission established by the Holy Father is being realized.

Discussing, in *America*, the statement that it was not "jewels but Jews" that financed the expedition of Columbus to the New World, Mr. Charles H. McCarthy rather effectively disposes of that alliter-

ative assertion. Santangel, "who was, or at least had been, a Jew," happened to be treasurer of the Hermandad; and from the funds of that brotherhood, empowered by the government to raise money from the people, came the money for the expedition of Columbus. "To represent," concludes Mr. McCarthy, "the worthy Santangel, a member of the proscribed race, as the person destined to draw aside the curtain that concealed the New World appears, from a candid examination of the facts, to be theatrical rather than dramatic. No royal jewels were pledged, no Jew gave up his gold to fit out the expedition of discovery. It was a Spanish enterprise conducted by a man from a nation that has produced many of the greatest men recorded in history."

It is to be hoped that those American journalists who were inclined flippantly to treat as a piece of prudery a recent act of President Taft, will see this foreign characterization of that act as reported by Archbishop O'Connell, of Boston:

The most remarkable exhibition of public sentiment which attracted my attention during my stay in Rome, was the loudly expressed feeling of approval of the action of President Taft in the interest of public morals. I refer to the occasion of the President's leaving a theatre as a protest against the character of the performance. On all sides I heard none but words of praise for Mr. Taft for the moral courage which he displayed, and for the high stand which he took in the direction of the purification of the drama.

Similar courage displayed by a few hundred theatre-goers on the first night of an objectionable drama would infallibly result in its speedy withdrawal, and prevent a repetition of the offence. And Catholic theatre-goers, at least, may well display such elementary regard for purity of morals. It should be remembered that the managers of theatres aim to present what will prove most attractive. Nothing is further from their thought than to offend the public, on whose patronage they depend.



Queen of Heaven.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

THE world was bright and fair
 One bygone summer day;
 With flowers everywhere
 The world was bright and fair;
 The sunbeams filled the air,
 The birds sang many a lay,—
 The world was bright and fair
 One bygone summer day.

When Christ's dear Mother died,
 Dark grew the summer day.
 The winds blew chill and sighed
 When Christ's dear Mother died;
 And in the forests wide
 Green leaves turned sere and gray,—
 When Christ's dear Mother died,
 Dark grew the summer day.

Earth's loss was Heaven's gain
 When Mary met her Son,
 Never to part again.
 Earth's loss was Heaven's gain
 When Mary's glorious reign
 O'er angel hosts begun,—
 Earth's loss was Heaven's gain
 When Mary met her Son.

The Secret of the Mountain Cross.

BY M. WILDERMUTH.

II.

FEW days had elapsed since the father's departure. The children were quiet and obedient; for each one wished to secure a good report for him when he returned. Each one also wished to prepare a special surprise for him. Iwan very industriously drew out a chart, which he imagined would be useful to his father on future journeys. Marchinka knitted for



him a purse of beautiful colored silks; and little Fedar painted various peculiar things—robbers, wolves, lions, etc. But it was necessary that the names of the different animals should be written under each, that one might know what they were intended to represent. These also must be kept till father comes.

One day, when the mother was going to visit a friend, she gave the children permission to walk out, accompanied by Peter, into the public square. Marchinka smiled demurely at this permission, and whispered in Fedar's ear something he did not well understand. She put on her pretty bonnet, while her brothers ran for their handsome hats adorned with feathers.

"Are you going with us?" asked Marchinka of Iwan, as they stepped out of the door.

"I can not tell yet," said he, with a consequential air. "Perhaps I shall play with the big boys, and not go with *you children* into the public square."

"We do not intend to go to the public square to-day," returned Marchinka, with a significant look.

"Where, then?" asked Iwan.

Marchinka raised herself on tiptoe, and, drawing down his head, whispered:

"We are going to the hill where the image of the Holy Saviour stands, to pray that our dear father may return safe."

"Oh, that is unnecessary!" said Iwan. "One can pray anywhere."

"I know that very well," said Marchinka; "but on the beautiful hill, where the sky reaches so high and blue above us, where we last saw our father,—there would I rather go to offer up my prayer."

"And then," continued Iwan, with an air of great wisdom, "I really do not believe that a prayer helps in this way."

God rules the great world according to eternal laws that can not be changed for every child. All the stars above us are worlds; hundreds of thousands there are, and nearly all of them larger than the earth on which we live. Now, only think for a moment how much God would have to do if He listened to every little child's prayer. He does of Himself whatever is best for every one."

Here two comrades called Iwan off to play; he left the sister and brother to go where they would, and Marchinka walked quietly and sadly on with Peter and the little Fedar. She had not quite understood her elder brother, but her cheerfulness in anticipation of the prayer had been taken from her.

Little by little, as they walked, she recalled all that her mother had ever told her about our Blessed Saviour, — how He had called children unto Him and blessed them, and how He Himself had once been a little child. Her heart again grew lightsome, and she tripped joyously up the hill with Fedar; and as she looked up to the mild countenance of the crucified Redeemer, and, still higher, into the blue heavens, she was filled with trusting confidence. Then she taught Fedar to pray for their absent parent.

When she returned home, the clear and happy light of inward joy shone in her eyes. Before she went to bed that night she put her arms around Iwan's neck and whispered in his ear: "Iwan, I know that the good God does hear us."

III.

The time at length arrived when the children began to look for their father's return. The mails in those days were very uncertain, and the exact date of his arrival had not yet reached them. But preparations were being quietly made, so that, at all events, the home would be ready to receive the dear husband and father. But day after day passed long after the time when he might reasonably be expected, yet he came not. The

mother could not conceal her anxiety, and the children no longer ventured to ask, "Will not father come to-day?"

It was toward the close of a dark, cloudy day that a man slowly and cautiously crept through the wood behind the hill. His countenance was wild and swarthy, and his appearance weather-beaten and ferocious. From his belt hung a sword and pistols; besides these he carried a short, sharp sabre. Very softly and carefully he made his way through the thickest undergrowth, and at the least noise laid himself down and remained perfectly motionless till all was still again.

This was Michael Peruf, the far-famed robber, one of the strongest and most daring of a large band that infested an extensive tract of forest land. He had quarrelled with his comrades because they refused to make him their captain. He separated from them, and now he roamed the forest alone, in quest of lawless booty. All the country round was familiar to him, and he had by some means discovered that the rich merchant Wolskoi, accompanied by only a single servant, would this day pass through the forest on his return home.

"Wolskoi will not return home!" said the robber, with a harsh laugh; and now he was in the thickest part of the wood, seeking a secure hiding-place, from behind which he hoped to be able to attack the merchant unawares.

He knew that the merchants always travelled well armed; and, though he was strong as a lion and a match for four men in a struggle, he feared that, should he attack them openly, they might overpower him, or help unforeseen might be at hand, and thus his prey escape him. He had heard that it was customary for travellers who came this way to alight and perform their devotions at the foot of the stone crucifix; and it occurred to him that if he could only find a safe hiding-place near by, he could shoot one of the men in the back, and then

it would be easy to make away with the other. He had not for many years been so near a great city; but he was bold and unshrinking in his purpose, and determined that if there were danger of being taken prisoner he would kill himself.

He succeeded at last in climbing the hill unseen, and discovered among the thick bushes behind the cross a well-concealed hiding-place; there he lay with his loaded pistol in hand, ready to execute his murderous intention.

Soon he heard soft, light steps ascending the side of the hill from the city; and, looking through the thick branches, saw two children—a little boy and girl—holding each other by the hand. They were richly dressed, and the little girl wore a necklace and a cross of gold; but this booty was not costly enough to tempt him to risk a discovery of his concealment. Marchinka and Fedar (for they were the children who now had reached the top of the hill) had come up there alone. Peter was busy at home, and their mother had yielded to their urgent request and allowed them to go unattended. The golden evening sun just then shone out and illumined the cross; and Marchinka, who had come hither to pray many times since her father's departure, and had always returned with her heart cheered and comforted, now again raised her soft, sweet voice:

"O my good Saviour, Thou wast once a little child, and Thou lovest children! Thou knowest how we love our father, and that our dear mother would die of grief if he should not return. O good Saviour, send Thy holy angels! Let them accompany him, and bring him safe to us again."

And the robber behind the cross,—he was wondrously moved. The memory of days far distant returned to him again; he heard old sounds long forgotten in his lawless life; again he saw his mother as she knelt by his little bed and prayed; he heard once again her voice as, in

broken tones, she blessed him on her deathbed, praying to God that He would lead her son to heaven; that they might there meet, to part no more. And now tears—hot tears, such as he had not wept for long years—started to his wild eyes, which he covered with his hands.

But hark! Little Fedar now raises his weak, childish voice. He must pray as well as the sister; and thus he began:

"O Thou dear Saviour, up in the great high sky, Thou canst see all around, and canst do everything. Take good care of our father! He is going to bring me back a sword. And, dear Saviour, if a wicked robber comes, give him plenty of bread and gold, so that he will not hurt our father; or send him to us, and I will give him lots of my beautiful things; and then, dear Saviour, make him good, so that he will no longer rob people, and go to heaven some time."

Then it was to this hard man as if angels had prayed for him, and as if a voice from heaven spoke to him—"Even thou mayst yet hope for mercy." And he laid his head down on the stone behind the cross, as though it was the threshold of his father's house, and wept. The children heard nothing of this; for just then Peter came to bring them home. They wished very much to remain longer, in hopes their father might come; but Peter was busy and could not wait, so they went obediently home. On the way Fedar whispered to Peter:

"Now the dear God knows what to do. I have told Him."

(To be continued.)

Milk and Honey.

"A land of milk and honey" is the name often given to a country abounding in good things, or of extraordinary fertility. The Prophet Joel (iii, 18) speaks of "the mountains flowing with milk and honey." Figuratively, this expression used to denote all the blessings of Heaven.

Schoolgirls Abroad.

BY S. MARR.

VII.

VENICE was a name to conjure with when we left Florence. But the hot, dusty ride, even though it was through a beautiful country, had a depressing effect on the imagination; and before we reached Mestre we almost forgot that we had ever had dreams of a fairyland—or a fairy water-scene—called Venice. With the first pungent breath of salt air from the Adriatic, however, fatigue was forgotten. What was it going to be like?

Venice, the city of sunshine and spray, of silver and turquoise, is two and a half miles from the mainland; and the approach is over a wonderful bridge, built of stone and brick, with larch-wood piles and oak binders. Aunt Margaret told us this as we drew toward the place of dreams; while Katherine supplemented the information with bits from Baedeker. "There are one hundred and eighteen islands, joined by four hundred and fifty bridges, the group divided into two parts by the Grand Canal." This was nothing to us. We wanted to see the great water-streets, the gondolas and the gondoliers.

It was just after sunset when we left the station (which was not the least bit romantic), following a porter who took us to—a cab? No, but to a "really, truly" gondola. All about the marble steps that led from the platform to the water edge, they were gathered, like great black swans,—long, slender, graceful boats, with shining metal blade at the bow, arching like a swan's neck; and in the centre of the boat an awning, draped at sides and back, under which the traveller steps to a cushioned seat. One by one, the boats noiselessly drew away with passengers; and, in less time than it takes to tell it, we were moving along the Grand Canal in a path of silver ripples, each ripple tipped with a ruby from the after-

glow of the sunset. As we neared the Hotel Royal Danieli, the rubies slipped into the quiet deeps, the dusk touched the silver to jade, and we alighted fully under the spell of Venice.

A bath and dinner were first in order, after which we walked along the Riva, where all Venice seemed congregated. Cassocked priests, sailors, Venetian ladies beautifully gowned, Italian military men in gold-decked uniforms, American tourists, German officers from a man-of-war anchored in the Bacino opposite, moved in a brilliant pageant on this marble-paved quay, beyond which stretch the gleaming waters of the expanse into which the Grand Canal here broadens. Strains of music from the Piazzetta drew our willing feet toward the Doge's Palace and around into St. Mark's Square. We were entranced, and were brought back to reality only when Aunt Margaret laughingly exclaimed: "If Peter Newell saw you now, he'd photograph you all for 'Alice in Wonderland'!" I know my eyes were open as wide as saucers, and I am afraid my mouth was open, too. The lights and the music, and the crowds moving about or sitting at small tables in the brilliantly illuminated arcades, fascinated one.

We saw all this and more, with the wonderful façade of St. Mark's as a background, a sky overhead that seemed sheer amethyst because of the lights in the Square; and, circling it all, there was the salt smell of the sea and the rhythmic pulse of waters that broke softly on the marble steps of the Molo. Is it any wonder that our faces showed astonished delight? The wonder to me is that we could leave it all at Aunt Margaret's bidding. The only explanation Mary could give for our quiet obedience under the circumstances was that we were hypnotized by the beauty, the charm of Venice.

Early next morning we were at St. Mark's, where we assisted at Mass in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament; after which we took a brief survey of this marvellous mosaic, for such the church

might be called. Every country visited in the long ago, with either friendly or hostile intent, by the Venetian galleys contributed its rarest and best to this unique structure. From Solomon's Temple and the Mosque of Constantinople, from the palaces of Byzantium and the triumphal arches of Rome, the church of St. Mark drew many of its treasures of marble—serpentine, *verde-antico*, alabaster and bronze. The pavement of stone mosaic dates from the twelfth century; and its unevenness, due to the effects of time and the washing away of foundations deep down, keeps one in mind that Venice is of the sea.

There is a wealth of decoration everywhere—in nave and aisles, in domes and apse,—and yet a perfect harmony in the profusion. It is almost barbaric in its splendor, if one considers separately the various frescoes, statues, carvings, and altars; but so wonderfully are colors blended and objects contrasted that one feels the whole pressing on one with a beauty that awes. The choir-screen of marble, the rood arch above, the high altar beneath which repose the relics of St. Mark, the two pulpits (one reserved in other days for the presentation to the people of the newly-elected Doge),—these are objective points of interest. But it is the mellowed, or rather the hallowed, atmosphere of the historic pile, with its treasures of art, its invitation to prayer, that stirs one deepest.

Somehow, here, even more than in the Duomo in Florence, did the words of Longfellow's sonnet, introductory to the "Divine Comedy," present themselves to us, as we saw the fisher-folk, the gondoliers, the peasant women, kneeling before shadowy shrines, unmindful of the ceaseless stream of tourists. Mary was our poet, and softly she spoke the lines:

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his *Pater Noster* o'er;

Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.

So, as I enter here from day to day
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

The façade of St. Mark's has been described so often, and photographs and post-cards have supplemented the descriptions so vividly, that it is familiar to most people. But one must see it to appreciate it. It is Oriental in effect, with its five domes, columned arches, and portals, its dividing line of balustrade, and elaborate gargoyles, its famous group of bronze horses, its statues and frescoes. The color scheme is all that Ruskin says of it; and when the sun is full upon it, and on scrolls and flowers and statues hundreds of pigeons are preening and curving opalescent breasts, the tourist realizes that there is in the whole world but one St. Mark's.

These pigeons of San Marco are a great attraction. They are quite tame and flutter about, ready to make pretty advances for a little corn. Of course we photographed one another feeding the doves, and we tried to look as we imagined St. Francis must have looked when he drew the birds to him. Katherine declared there was something wrong with the film, for she never looked so stiff in her life as the kodak had pictured her. We just quoted Robert Burns,

Oh, wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!

and showed her how lovely Aunt Margaret and the rest of us were in the pictures.

We were surprised to learn that one might walk everywhere in Venice, for there are *calli* and *callette* (streets and alleys) where there are narrow footpaths, bridges crossing here and there; and, if one walks far enough, even the Grand Canal may be crossed by bridge. But

who would walk when a gondola waits one's pleasure?

The first afternoon we took a gondola at the Molo, in front of the hotel, and enjoyed to the full the picturesque beauty of the Grand Canal,—or, as an American girl is recorded to have said, "we just leaned back and drank it all in." Our gondolier was not, it must be confessed, arrayed as some we have seen in pictures; but he was romantic-looking enough, in blue trousers, white blouse, red silk scarf around his waist, and wide-brimmed straw hat. The water washed right up to the doorsteps of the palaces on each side of the canal, poles of various colors projecting as hitching places for water-cabs, as gondolas might be styled. We passed palaces and churches, saw Desdemona's house, the palace where Byron wrote when in Venice, the home of Browning's son, the fruit and fish markets; glided under the Rialto, and saw the Vendramin Palace where Wagner died in 1883. The buildings, beautiful in coloring and carved decorations, marked with age, discolored by the waters, were not more real to us than were their wavering images in the Canal. What a wonderful people the Venetians of old must have been, to wrest their land from the sea, and build on that land such fabrics of beauty as dwelling-places for themselves and their children!

The next morning we went to St. Zaccaria for Mass. It is back in a court off the Riva, and is a church of historic and artistic importance. It dates from the close of the fifteenth century, and its history is represented in the frescoes adorning its walls. A fine Bellini Madonna, which alone is worth visiting, draws many lovers of art. After breakfast we took a gondola for Santa Maria della Salute, a beautiful dome-covered church which commands the great silver water-way from its eastern point of vantage, and is dedicated as a thank-offering to our Blessed Mother, who in time of plague heard the prayers of the Venetians and won from

her Son a cessation of the pestilence. This event is commemorated in the church itself, in a realistic marble group, over the high altar, representing Our Lady banishing the demons and the plague.

Everywhere in the churches of Venice are Titians and Tintoretto's, Bellinis and Veroneses; and everywhere are there pictures and statues of Our Lady, St. Mark, St. Theodore, St. Sebastian, and St. George. Often in gazing on these we longed for a little of the art knowledge and appreciation of Ruskin; and yet we would not have exchanged for all of his art-lore our Catholic intuition and Catholic training, which helped us to see much of the symbolism underlying the art treasures of Italy. Poor Ruskin, if only he had known, what an apostle he would have been, not only of beauty, but of the truth as it is, not as it seemed to him!

One of our most delightful trips came about through a mistake. We decided to go to confession, and supposed that at the Jesuit church we should be likely to find an English-speaking priest. Katherine explained to the gondolier that we wished to go to the Jesuit church, and we had no doubt that he understood; for he set forth unhesitatingly up the Grand Canal, past Santa Maria della Salute, past the Accademia, bringing us to a landing beside a *calle* leading to a church. We were so taken up with the thought of confession that we took little notice of the art features of the church. On application to a sexton, we could get nothing but shrugs and the words, "*Sì, I' Gesuati.*" A mixture of French, German and Latin brought us to an understanding. No English was spoken there, and it was not the Jesuit church. We then appealed in polyglot, which included gestures, to our gondolier. Suddenly light dawned on him. "*Ah, Gesuati!*"—pointing to the church we had just left. "*Gesuiti!*"—pointing toward some unknown point. And we embarked for that point, wherever it might be.

We retraced our way to the Grand

Canal, crossed it, and then threaded a devious course along narrow and gloomy side-canals, past houses blue and green with mould, through patches of sunlight, skimming by arch-doorways that showed romantic courts beyond, real garden-spots; and all the way the silence was hardly broken except for the peculiar call of the boatmen as they passed. All that we saw seemed more like real Venice than even the Riva or San Marco. Finally, the gondola was brought to a stop, and the gondolier with a flourish indicated the Gesuiti. To us, the church was over-decorated; the high altar particularly, the upper part of which contained ten spiral columns of encrusted mosaic, and in the centre a globe with God the Father and the Son. The very walls were of marble inlaid with *verde-antico*. Without difficulty, an English confessor was called; and we felt that wonderful peace which confession always brings,—a blessed feeling of serenity that comes from nothing else in the world.

At the church of the Frari we witnessed funeral ceremonies that were anything but impressive. Repairs were going on in several parts of the church, but no one seemed to mind the hammering. In front of the choir-screen the funeral party were gathered about the coffin, which was on a high catafalque. At each corner stood a sexton, or verger, wearing a dingy white gown, something like an alb, reaching to his knees, and bearing a lighted candle. At the foot of the coffin stood ten or twelve little girls in white and wearing veils. After the ceremonies, the casket was borne to a waiting funeral gondola; and after it gondolas followed, bearing the mourners. It was novel, but, somehow, not impressive. The huge mortuary wreaths of flowers made of colored glass beads, common in Italy, were tawdry to us; and yet there was, no doubt, as much feeling represented by them as by the costly floral pieces which mark funerals in our own land.

Late that same afternoon we saw the funeral of some notable citizen, and it was different in its elegant simplicity from the one at the Frari. The gondola bearing the coffin was draped in black velvet, edged with silver; black plumes and silver sconces added a decorative touch, as the boat glided by us, followed by two gondolas with close-drawn black curtains. The gondoliers were sombre in black and silver; and altogether the scene made us think of Elaine as she was borne by the hoary boatman to Arthur's castle.

The Accademia, as Aunt Margaret pointed out to us, is truly Venetian, with its paintings of Veronese, Tintoretti and Bellini. The crowded canvases, the vivid coloring, the air of luxury,—all are of Venice. Of course Titian's "Assumption" is *the* attraction; and as one approaches it, the beauty of it and the glory of it take one captive.

The Palace of the Doges we never tired of visiting. Its pointed arcades and carved columns, with sunlight and shadows slipping in and out, with the never-ceasing throngs, give to the corner of the Piazzetta a wonderful charm. The magnificent court; the stairway, on the top landing of which doges were crowned; the long stretches of corridors, and vast halls ornamented in frescoes of the late Venetian masters; the Bridge of Sighs; the prison beyond; the Bocca di Leone (the letter-box, formerly adorned with a lion's head, into the mouth of which secret notices were thrown); the Library of St. Mark,—who could in a year's visit enumerate the beauty and the wonder of it all?

And who ever visited Venice without spending more than one could afford in the shops? Venetian lace, lustrous silk, pearls, filigree-work, mosaics, enamel-ware, rare bindings, paintings, statuary, and exquisite glass, tempt one; and the temptation is all the more luring because one is sure that the same conditions will hardly present themselves again. Well,

after we left Venice, we were glad that Aunt Margaret had put off cashing our American Express coupons; but we were not glad while we were in sight of the Piazza and its shops.

A run to the Lido in one of the little puffing *vaporetti* (steamboats) gave us an idea of a Venetian bathing resort; and the Adriatic was like a flashing sapphire the day we saw it. Our last sight-seeing included San Michele, the island of the dead. It is a gloomy place, surrounded by a gray wall. The chapel is artistic, and the pavement around the cloister is marked with sepulchral slabs. The cemetery proper is a crowded, confused mass of variously colored wooden poles, bearing cards or tablets giving the names of those resting beneath. Interspersed are headstones, and floral wreaths made of glass beads, with here and there portraits of the departed looking out on the passing world that matters so little to them now. The quiet of San Michele is the quiet of soft music,—the music of waters endlessly breaking around the island of graves.

All too soon the hour of departure from Venice was announced, and reluctantly we packed our lions of St. Mark and our flocks of pigeons. Memories of music on the waters, of starry nights, of wayside shrines, of water-color pictures fairer than hand ever painted, of legends of St. Mark and St. Theodore, found their culmination as our gondola stopped for a moment opposite Santa Maria della Salute, and we whispered a farewell to Our Lady, the Queen of Venice, throned lovingly over an altar at which Pope Pius X. often stood, and for which his heart is lonely now. Silently we looked our last at Venice as we passed along its great silver thoroughfare, and trailed our hands in the water which broke into diamonds as it fell through our fingers,—liquid diamonds, clear as tears, and salt as tears; for Venice is too beautiful not to have known tears.

(To be continued.)

The Origin of Chess.

At the opening of the fifth century of the Christian era, India was governed by a young and powerful monarch, of an excellent disposition, but who was greatly demoralized by his flatterers. He forgot that sovereigns ought to be the fathers of their subjects, that the loyal love of the people for their king is the only solid support of his throne, and that in reality they constitute all his strength and power.

It was in vain that the Bramins and the Rajahs repeated these important maxims to the young prince. Intoxicated by his greatness, which he imagined to be unalterable, he despised their wise remonstrances. Then a Bramin, named Sissa, undertook, in an indirect manner, to open the eyes of the prince. With this view he invented the game of chess, in which the king, though the most important of the pieces, is powerless to attack, and even to defend himself against his enemies, without the assistance of his subjects.

The new game speedily became popular. The King of India heard of it, and wished to learn it. Sissa, while explaining the rules, gave him a taste of those important truths, to which until now he had refused to listen.

The prince, who possessed both feeling and gratitude, changed his conduct, and gave the Bramin the choice of his recompense. Sissa required to be delivered to him the number of grains of wheat which would be produced by all the squares of the chessboard,—one being given for the first square, two for the second, four for the third, and so on, still doubling the amount till the sixty-fourth square. The King, without hesitation, acceded to a request of such apparent moderation; but when his treasurers had calculated the quantity, they found that he had unwittingly engaged to perform something for which not all his riches nor his vast states would suffice.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Temple Shakespeare (Macmillan) has been rendered still more desirable by the addition of a pocket lexicon and concordance. Shakespearean students will find it of the greatest service.

—Our able Australian contemporary, the *Freeman's Journal*, of Sydney, has entered upon its Diamond Jubilee year; and it begins the celebration thereof by a reduction in its price. Hereafter it will be a threepenny instead of a sixpenny paper. The *Freeman* has, during its lengthy career, done excellent service for the Church in Australia, and merits all the congratulations that can be heaped upon it.

—The purists who are so severe in their condemnation of all slang expressions would soon learn to be more indulgent if they were to inquire into the origin of certain colloquialisms. The little Boston girl who, looking forward with extreme pleasure to a promised outing, declared that when the happy day arrived she and her companions would "startle the pigeons from their perch," was able to refer her critics to "Paul Revere's Ride" for the source of this "slang."

—"The Duchess's Baby," by Sophie Maude, is a pretty story and one of genuine interest. Hazel—or Zell, as she was called—adopted by the Duchess of Wansborough, is the heroine of the narrative; entering upon the scene as a winsome baby, and at the close still holding the centre of the stage; but this time as wife and mother, and herself bearing the title of Duchess. Incidentally one gets glimpses of various phases of English life, and more than glimpses of noble, upright character in "Dussy," "Jack," "Tiny," and in Zell herself. A thread of gold runs through the story in the little girl's attraction to the practices of the Church; and, of course, there is a love story, too, in the development of the action. The book is published by Benziger Brothers.

—"Auxilium Infirmorum," by the Rev. Robert Eaton, of the Birmingham Oratory, is a manual for the sick, embodying instructions and reflections that must not only relieve the weariness of continued illness, but likewise enable the sufferer to reap a rich harvest of merit from long hours of inaction and pain. One meditation in particular seems full of consolation, full of suggestion. It is a series of thoughts on the "Days of Communion," including reflections on the eve, the morning of Communion, and the

hours of the day following. "Dark Days," "A Night Thought," and other chapters of like power to comfort, are especially to be commended to the sick. This little book is published by the London Catholic Truth Society. What a pity that it has not a depot in this country for all its publications!

—"The Valley of the Old St. Joe," words and music by Dennis Mackin, is among late musical publications of M. Witmark & Sons, Chicago and New York. The words are of the sentimental order, but the melody is catchy and easily sung. The song is supplied with orchestral accompaniment; and, as the rhythm is marked and the harmonic color varied, the composition will no doubt meet with favor.

—"Roman Catholicism and the Protestant Missionary" is a pamphlet of fourteen pages, in which Arthur Talmage Abernethy, Am. Ph., D., a non-Catholic, plays the part of Catholic apologist as against the assertions of "a distinguished Protestant missionary to Brazil." Mr. Abernethy declares: "I deem it my duty, in the interest of truth, to deny *in toto* the references to Roman Catholicism made by this misguided missionary." An interesting pamphlet, deserving of wide circulation.

—Ymal Oswin presents, through Barnet & Co., St. Andrew's Press, two plays for female and male characters, suited for amateur theatricals. "The Unknown Duchess," a comedy in three scenes, for eight characters, deals with an incident in the French Revolution. The harmless vanity of a young peasant girl gives the comedy element, while a tragic note is struck by the narrow escape of an "Aristocrat" who is pursued by Revolutionists. "The Pilgrims" is a morality play based on Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and is given, as far as practicable, in the words of the original.

—It is significant that three non-Catholic writers are among the contributors to the current number of the *Dublin Review*. The policy of the editor would seem to be to welcome to his pages any one able to throw new light on open questions, or to defend Christianity against present-day opponents. The number of able non-Catholic polemics who are willing to render such service to the cause of truth whenever an opportunity presents itself, and who regard the Church as the only sure breakwater against the tides of immorality and irreligion, is larger than is commonly supposed. As Mr. Frederic Harri-

son said in a recent essay: "We have long been accustomed to treat the Church Catholic as the only essential form of Christianity, and Protestantism as an illogical and temporary makeshift." This is exactly the stand of writers like Mr. Mallock and Mr. Chesterton. Mr. Harrison is infected with Positivism as yet, but he is almost sure to get over it.

—One of the favorite poems that appear periodically (and, in general, anonymously) in the newspapers from decade to decade, is "A Hundred Years to Come," of which the following is one stanza:

We all within our graves shall sleep
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us will weep
A hundred years to come;
But others then our lands will till,
And others then our homes will fill,
And other birds will sing as gay,
As bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come.

It may interest some of our readers to learn that the author of this lyric, Mr. H. L. Spencer, is still living, a resident of St. John, New Brunswick. At the age of fourscore he published, a few weeks ago, "The Fugitives," a collection of his poems written during the past half century.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The Duchess's Baby." Sophie Maude. \$1.
- "Holy Water and Its Significance for Catholics." Father Theiller, S. O. Cist. 50 cts.
- "The Master Motive." Laure Conan. \$1.
- "The Book of the Lily, and Other Verses," A Sister of the Holy Cross. \$1, net.
- "An Impeached Nation; Being a Study of Irish Outrages." Henry W. Cleary, D. D. 4s. 6d.
- "Report of the Nineteenth Eucharistic Congress. Held at Westminster." \$1.75.
- "Father Jim." J. G. R. 10 cts.
- "Choice Morsels of the Bread of Life." Rev. C. Coppens, S. J. 60 cts.

- "Catholic Churchmen in Science." (Second Series.) James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$1.08.
- "The Path which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church." Peter H. Burnett. \$1.50, net.
- "Graduale Romanum." Dr. F. X. Mathias. \$1.50.
- "The Great Problem." Rev. J. J. Burke. \$1.
- "The Decree on Daily Communion." Father Juan Ferreres, S. J. 75 cts.
- "Rules of Life for the Pastor of Souls." Rev. T. Slater, S. J. \$1.25.
- "The Preachers' Protests." Very Rev. D. I. McDermott. 25 cts.
- "Henry Charles Lea's Historical Writings." Mgr. Baumgarten. 90 cts.
- "The Divine Story." Rev. C. J. Holland, S. T. L. \$1, net.
- "The Catechism in Examples." Vols. IV., V. \$3.
- "The Lady of the Tower, and Other Stories." \$1.25.
- "The Cardinal Democrat. (Henry Edward Manning.)" I. A. Taylor. \$1.25.
- "A Friar Observant." Frances M. Brookfield. \$1.50.
- "The Little Book of Humility and Patience." Archbishop Ullathorne. 60 cts.
- "The Life of St. Melania." Cardinal Rampolla. \$1.50.
- "History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." Rev. E. A. d'Alton, M. R. I. A. \$3.60 per Vol.
- "The Sunday-School Director's Guide to Success." Rev. Patrick Sloan. \$1, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. James Renihan and Rev. Bernard Mackin, of the diocese of Davenport; Rev. James O'Donnell, diocese of Hartford; and Rev. Jerome Heider, O. S. B.

Madame Gardere, R. S. H.; and Mother Evangelista, O. S. B.

Col. J. A. Chaloro, C. S. A.; Mr. Manuel Azevedo, Miss Mary I. Hart, Mr. James Allan, Mr. John W. Stewart, Mr. Thomas Gallagher, Mrs. Catherine Smith, Mrs. W. A. Threlfall, Mr. John J. Lilly, Miss Mary E. Lilly, Mr. James L. Finen, Mrs. Sadie Collingsworth, Mr. Henry Gerding, Mr. Louis Prade, Mrs. Anastasia McNichol, Mr. Charles L. Klander, and Mr. William Schaaf.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Fatherhood.

BY G. E. HEATH.

MY little lad is scarce four summers old;
He looks into my face and trusts in me.
Shall I not trust in Thee?
Hear, merciful and mild!
I am Thy child.

My little lad has ofttimes gone astray,
Done things forbid; yet, unafraid,
Has sought my breast. And shall I not seek Thine,
Though I have often sinned and disobeyed?

Hear, O Thou Blameless One!

I am Thy son.

For, looking in Thy face,

I read my pardon, see my sin aright,
And seek Thy grace.

For so my little lad clings to my breast;
Sure there of refuge, he forgets the rest;
So I to Thee,
O merciful and mild!
I am Thy child.

The Sanctuary of the Golden Valley.

BY GEORGE PROSPERO.

NEAR Rome lies the once famous city of Ariccia, much frequented by foreign tourists for its natural and artistic beauties; whilst pious visitors flock to its sanctuary in still greater numbers. The Madonna venerated there is painted on a piece of stone. In the left hand she holds a thornless branch bearing three roses; on the right arm she bears the Infant Jesus, in the attitude of ruling and blessing the world.

Competent authorities declare the painting to be the work of an Italian artist of the tenth century.

It is not known positively who brought this image to the Ariccia valley; but it is believed to have been carried there by the monks of St. Basil,—ever strong opposers of the impious work of iconoclast emperors, many among them having endured exile, prison, and even death itself, for their unflinching defence of religion. Their chapels and monastery doors invariably bore an image of Mary. In bygone ages they possessed, almost exclusively, the district in which the miraculous image was found.

In or about 1621, a boy, named Sante Bevelacqua, of Fivizzano, in Tuscany, learning the carpenter's trade with his uncle in Ariccia, was sent by his aunt to a neighboring wood in search of sweet herbs. Not finding immediately what he sought, he continued to search until finally he came to a bower of thick foliage, whose branches he tried to disentangle. After a while, to his joy and surprise, he beheld in their midst the painted image, wondrously preserved, of the Madonna of Galloro, or the Golden Valley. His youthful heart was enraptured with love for Our Lady. He fell on his knees in thanksgiving, promising to devote his life to her, and to do all in his power to instil her devotion into the hearts of others.

There was great difficulty at first in disentangling the interwoven branches, in order to reach the image; so the young Sante fixed on the hazardous plan of

setting fire to the brambles. And—so speaks tradition—the flames consumed all the branches that obstructed the passage, and then the fire went out of itself, in no way injuring the surrounding wood.

When the marvellous discovery became known, the oldest inhabitants of Ariccia remembered having heard from their ancestors that an image of Mary, such as Sante Bevelacqua had brought to light, had been an object of veneration in the valley more than a century before. Strange to say, in this Italian land, where Mary is so much honored, poor Sante, and the zealous companions he had gathered around him, met with contempt and ill treatment; yet they bravely persevered in the service of their Heavenly Mother. She deigned to bless their humble efforts, and in her own good time sent their well-deserved reward.

Sante, returning home one night from the rustic sanctuary, lay down to rest a while near a large woodpile. The timber fell on him, and his screams rang through the forest. His uncle, who lived near, heard his cries, and hastened to the spot, expecting to find him crushed to death. But, lo! as he, with some others, removed the wood, Sante stood up unhurt. "When the timber fell," he said, "I invoked Mary's aid. The Virgin of Galloro has saved me." Some of the bystanders, hitherto incredulous, now clearly saw Mary's miraculous intervention. At daybreak Sante sought her sylvan shrine; and the people of Ariccia, hearing of the occurrence, thronged to the hallowed spot.

In 1622 happened an event which increased tenfold the devotion to Mary. Whilst the people were listening to a sermon in the church on the 9th of February, a fearful storm burst upon the district. Lightning flashed around the church; thunder rolled along the valley; persons surprised in the open air were thrown down and injured by the violence of the wind. Mary, however, had protected her clients, none of whom were

hurt; whereas, it is related, all those who had scorned her devotion bore on their person a starlike mark similar to those around her image, toward which from that day forward a stream of fervent clients hastened, hoping thus to repair past coldness in her service.

Not wishing to allow this current of devotion to die out, a holy priest, named Polidoro Polidori, decided to erect a small wooden chapel. Rapidly the humble oratory was built. A religious, Francesco Barzante, was appointed its guardian, Sante Bevelacqua aiding him in the altar service. On May 3, 1623, the image was brought in a solemn procession to its new resting-place. Our Lady must have been pleased, as several miracles marked the celebration, to which people flocked from far and near.

The sanctuary of Galloro became, from that day, a favorite place of pilgrimage. Generous souls sent offerings to the shrine; and before long so considerable a sum had poured into the coffers that it was agreed to erect a magnificent church, in which to enshrine the image. The Cardinal Bishop of Albano and the Prince of Ariccia readily gave their consent. One point alone remained unsettled: where should the new sanctuary be erected? Presently Heaven decided the matter in a wondrous way.

One morning some devout souls came to pay an early visit at the shrine. Tired by a long walk, they sat down to rest; and, as they rested, prayed that a suitable spot might soon be selected for the new sanctuary. Even as they prayed a dazzling light flashed from the bright Italian sky. It formed three circles round a spot beside the pilgrims, and then disappeared into the earth. Here, they thought, must be the place chosen by the Madonna herself. The ecclesiastical authorities, recognizing the hand of God in the event, accepted the sign. Forthwith the plans were made out by a celebrated Capuchin, Padre Michael da Bergamo, as skilful an architect as he was a holy religious.

The building advanced quickly at first; then suddenly the funds began to fail. What was to be done? Surely the work could not be dropped now, when Mary had so visibly shown her interest in this labor of love. Happily, a saintly man, Demetrio Masseroni, presided over the undertaking; and he, finding all earthly means of no avail, put his trust in a never-failing Providence. And to him, as in later times to the Blessed Curé of Ars, mysterious sums soon came to make up the deficit,—sums whose source ever remained unknown. And so the Heaven-protected work was finally completed.

After much discussion, the sanctuary was confided to the care of the Vallombrosa Order, the first superior, Padre Bracciolini, being an eloquent preacher. The transfer of the miraculous image from its sylvan shrine took place on the 15th of May, 1633. With prayers and chanting, the procession moved along the Appian Way to the new church, where the image remained for several days before the high altar; and during this time many miracles took place. Then the precious painting was brought to its final resting-place in the church. Near it was placed a marble tablet bearing the words:

Salve Christi sancta parens,
Flos de Spinis spina carens.

In 1656 a terrible pestilence ravaged various parts of Italy, more particularly Latium. The Ariccia population put all their confidence in Heaven; and their faith was rewarded, for the scourge left them untouched. St. Roch and St. Sebastian were likewise invoked; and in order to unite these powerful intercessors in one public homage with Mary, a beautiful painting was offered to the church. It represented Mary holding the Infant Jesus in her arms, St. Sebastian standing at her right hand, and St. Roch at her left. To perpetuate the remembrance of this signal favor, an annual feast was instituted; and a young girl of Ariccia, elected by lot, brought an offering to the shrine. The feast chosen for this celebration was the

Immaculate Conception, a day ever dear to our Blessed Mother.

But, as years rolled on, the primitive fervor diminished; and the few Vallombrosa monks ministering to the clients of Mary of the Golden Valley grieved at this sad falling off. They prayed that things might change, and a heavenly voice answered their entreaties. As the pious sacristan, Antonino Lulli, was one day engaged in arranging the vestments he heard a voice saying: "Let Vespers be sung!"—Vespers being the only time at which the monks did not join in choir to chant Office together. The young man searched the church, but it was empty. Hearing the voice a second time, he went to the abbot's room, and found the good Father in bed, dangerously ill. For days he had not been able to change his position without assistance. Despite his great suffering, he demanded his habit and went straight to the chapel. There Vespers were sung; after which the abbot's doctor, who waited to visit his patient, declared him completely cured. When this event became known, the Golden Valley saw many pilgrims return. So intense, indeed, was this renewal of devotion that for a week the shrine remained open day and night.

Following these incidents, rich offerings poured in from the Salviati, Borghese, Corsini, Altieri, Cesarini, and other great families; whilst Dom Girolamo Bizelli, a wealthy and fervent client of the Virgin of Galloro, chose her as sole legatee of his fortune, on one condition—that the Virgin and Child should be crowned; so on June 10, 1726, the statue—an exact copy of the miraculous Virgin and Child painted on the stone—was solemnly crowned.

Heaven smiled on the Golden Valley during long years. Then, alas! amidst Napoleon's wars, evil days fell on the peaceful sanctuary, whose treasures were confiscated. In April, 1796, the French Commissary, in the name of the Albano President, demanded all the gold and

silver belonging to the church; and twenty pounds' weight of these metals was carried off. In the following month the religious were driven from their monastic home and the church was closed. Often pious servants of Mary came and prayed at the doors; and after a time the people of Ariccia begged permission to remove the venerated image to their town. The President granted their request, the image being carried to the parish church and placed in the Rosary Chapel.

The history of religious vicissitudes in the Italy of those times is too well known to need recounting here. This brief sketch must be devoted to the Virgin of Galloro alone. In 1800 the Vallombrosa monks returned to take possession of their monastic home. They received a cordial welcome; but the people of Ariccia were in despair at the idea of giving up the image, claimed by the monks as belonging wholly to their church. The matter being referred to the Pope, he decided that the miraculous image should be restored to its original home. On December 5, 1801, it was brought back; and that year the feast of the Immaculate Conception was celebrated with unwonted splendor.

After a while the Vallombrosa community was no longer able to take care of the sanctuary. Although the Jesuits were suppressed, two American members of the Order—Fathers Eusebio Castagnares and Pietro Nogal—assumed the arduous duty of ministering to the wants of the pilgrims. Despite the modern and ever-growing spirit of ingratitude, the memory of these two zealous missionaries is not forgotten. Ariccia and Genzano still hold them in benediction.

Though not so learned as his companion, Father Nogal possessed the gift of touching the most obdurate hearts; no sinner could resist his winning charity and persuasive gentleness. After many years' labor, Father Castagnares was called to his reward; and Father Nogal, though past eighty, worked on as actively as when he came to the sanctuary. Nevertheless,

the Bishop of Albano, Cardinal Dugnani, being anxious as to the future of the shrine, besought Pius VII. to attach the monastery to the Albano seminary. The Pope consented to do so. The Jesuits, many of whom had remained in the neighborhood of Genzano, again became guardians of Mary's shrine, having previously been requested to superintend the episcopal seminary. And thus the venerable Father Nogal saw, before his death, his brethren gathered round him, and a long future of uninterrupted devotion awaiting the sanctuary of Galloro.

Pius VII., at his own expense, caused two golden crowns to be made; they were exact copies of the original which had been plundered. On October 20, 1807, the ceremony of the re-crowning took place, amidst such a throng of devout worshipers as never before had flocked to the shrine. Thus persecution ever turns to the confusion of its promoters. Mary's interests are specially dear to the Heart of Jesus; and, in His own hour, that loyal and loving Son is sure to crown them with victory. The Papal court, three cardinals, four bishops from the East, Ministers of State, the Queen of Etruria, other foreign princesses, and many distinguished Italian families, assisted at the ceremony. Charles IV., of Spain, sent three golden roses as a gift to the church, the precious offering being placed by Cardinal di Pietro in the Blessed Virgin's hand.

Three annual feasts are celebrated at Galloro. The first is at Pentecost, in memory of the translation of the image; the second is on the anniversary of the crowning; the third is on the Immaculate Conception. Pilgrimages continue all the year round; the people from Genzano and Ariccia still preserve the pious custom of reciting the Rosary coming and returning.

As time goes on, Mary ever proves herself the powerful pleader for those who seek her aid. Numerous miracles are recorded at the sanctuary. Persons who had been blind for years recovered

their sight. A vessel tossed for three days and nights on the raging sea, in the midst of a furious tempest, was on the point of perishing when the captain and crew implored the help of the Virgin of Galloro. Almost instantly the fierce elements calmed; and, despite the shattered condition of his vessel, the captain was able to bring it safely into port. A despairing father and mother sought Mary's help as their only child breathed its last. When the funeral hour came, the mother's confidence was rewarded; for, as the child was being placed in its coffin, it rose up as if awakening from sleep. This miracle was recorded in the public registers. Numerous other marvels, in the physical order, could be related; whilst how many spiritual miracles—the greatest of all—are registered in heaven alone!

In the troublous times in which we live, may our thoughts turn to the peaceful valley of Galloro! Great were the storms of irreligion in the past; Mary's sweet devotion has survived them all,—proving it were folly to match oneself against the interests of her whose mission it is to crush the serpent's head. Thus it will ever be if, with unwavering faith and love, we invoke the intercession of the Madonna of the Golden Valley.

. SCIENTIFIC opinion regarding any particular point is apt to waver from view to view as new facts swim into one's ken; it swings from one side to another like a pendulum, and is sometimes found, after a long interval of time, to have returned to a position which it might have been supposed had been abandoned forever. That such must necessarily be the case will not require much demonstration when one remembers the vast number of undiscovered facts which lie all around us, and the potent and corroding effect which the discoveries of to-morrow may consequently have upon the most cherished theories of to-day.—*Dr. Bertram Windle:*

The Spire of Caudebec.*

I.

TOWARD the end of the fifteenth century, there lived in the royal Abbey of St. Wandrille, a lay-Brother, to whom the Abbot, with good reason, had given the name of Brother Simplicius. He was very devout, and excelled in his office of gardener; but beyond that it was useless to expect anything of him. He was apparently ignorant of everything else; and, although not bound to do so, always remained within the precincts of the monastery.

One day, however, the Abbot, wishing to send an important letter to the curé of Caudebec, and having no one else at his disposal, told the prior, Dom Benoît de Guerbaville, to entrust it to the gardener.

"But, Most Reverend Father," objected Dom Benoît, "Brother Simplicius will probably lose his way."

"Impossible!" answered the Abbot. "Brother Simplicius was born at Caudebec, and lived there until he joined the Order. It is only fifteen years ago; and one does not forget the way to one's home in fifteen years, especially when the road is perfectly straight and not more than three miles at the most."

"You are right, Reverend Father. But Brother Simplicius is so vague, so dreamy! Would it not be better to send some one from the farm?"

"No: the letter contains gold, and I can trust it only to one who is perfectly honest and discreet. Dom Benoît, I think you argue a little too much for a Benedictine."

At this reproof the monk humbly bowed his head, and departed to give the Abbot's orders to the gardener.

* Caudebec en Caux, situated on the banks of the Seine, at equal distances from Havre and Rouen, in addition to the lovely scenery by which it is surrounded, possesses some perfect specimens of Old-World streets and houses; and

Without answering a word, Brother Simplicius laid down his rake, washed his hands, wiped the perspiration from his brow, undid his habit, which he had fastened up under his girdle that he might work with greater ease, and followed Dom Benoît into the Abbot's presence. A few minutes afterward, the lay-Brother—the first time for fifteen years—passed through the fortified gate of the Abbey, and walked, in the shade of the poplars and willows, along the charming banks of the Fontanelle.

Brother Simplicius was not more than thirty-six years old. He was strong and healthy; and, though the heat was very great that day, one would not have thought that the short distance he had come could have tired him. Ten minutes after leaving the Abbey, however, he sat down at the foot of a beech tree, and looked sadly at the belfry, which he could still see above the clustering trees and thatched roofs of the village. If any one had been near the good Brother, they would have heard him murmur: "Oh, blessed solitude! One hour spent in the world will seem a century. I did so hope to die without leaving thy walls!"

Casting one more glance at the Abbey of St. Wandrille, he rose and continued his way. When he came to the banks of the Seine, the cheerful aspect of the

river caused his troubled face to relax into smiles; for then, as now not only rocks, forests, and fertile hills, but chateaux and monasteries which we still admire in ruins, were reflected in all their splendor in its placid and abundant waters. Innumerable towers and belfries, emerging from the rich green, were still adorning Normandy; and on the river numbers of vessels were passing to and fro, witnessing to the growth of commerce, and the peaceful life of France under the wise government of Louis XII. and Cardinal George d'Amboise.

At the mouth of the Fontanelle, the abbots of St. Wandrille had made a harbor; and when Brother Simplicius arrived at the water's edge he saw that several boats were leaving the middle of the river, and their occupants straining every nerve to row to the little haven. They all entered almost at the same time; and the river, a few moments before so busy, was quite deserted.

A rumbling noise in the distance was growing louder. Simplicius said to himself: "It is the 'Barre'!"* He recalled the pleasure of his childhood to watch for the coming of the tidal wave; and as he walked along he listened to the distant roar of the sea, and kept his eyes fixed on the river. Soon he saw rolling up, faster than a horse at full speed, the great mass of water, foaming, splashing,—a moving wall across the river, six feet high. The wave passed with a rush and roar; and the river, thus disturbed, seemed to flow back toward its source, bending and twisting the willows on its banks.

The monk continued his way; but, like an irresistible tide, the flood of memory rushed into his heart as he approached

a most beautiful church which owes its origin to Louis XI., who, passing through the then existing town in one of his tours through his dominions, was so struck with its beauty, and at the same time with the poverty of its church, that he ordered a worthier one to be built, entrusting the work to Guillaume Le Tellier, a master mason and a man of great genius and true artistic sense. Day by day he worked at it, but, alas! died before the erection of the great west portal and the wonderful spire which is the admiration of all. Its history is related in this story by Madame Julie Lavergne, which I found at Caudebec this year during a delightful stay there; and I have translated it, because, besides the interest it may have for those who visit this sweet, Old-World spot, it carries with it gentle memories of long past times, and echoes of the simple and pious thoughts of those distant days.—*Constance De La Warr.*

* The "barre," "flot," or "mascaret," is a tidal wave which runs up the Seine in the form of a lofty wave or wall of water, three to six feet high, similar to the Bore at the mouth of the Severn. It stretches across from one bank to the other, marked by a line of white foam, sweeping all before it with a roar like thunder, heard forty minutes before it arrives. It occurs at the high tides in September or October.

his native town.¹ Soon he reached the first straggling houses on the outskirts of Caudebec, — humble dwellings built into the rock, covered with vines and roses; friendly roofs, where the monk used to know by name many mothers and children. The heat, as we have stated, was great that day. Nets were drying in the sun; the inhabitants had taken shelter in the shade of their houses, and no one was passing on the dusty road.

Brother Simplicius went over the draw-bridge, and past the fortifications which still bore traces of the siege so heroically sustained against the English eighty years before. The guards were playing dice. The streets were deserted. A few old women spinning at the doors, a few young girls sewing gloves or binding hats at their windows,* and five or six sailors talking under the limes of the Grande Place, were all who saw the good Brother, and looked at him as he passed. "Who is that monk?" they said. "It is not Brother Richard nor Brother Jean-Marie. We have never seen this monk at Caudebec."

An inquisitive beggar followed him. But the man was lame; and as the monk walked quickly, he soon out-distanced him, turning his steps to the church. Instead of entering, he looked for the presbytery, and was truly astonished to find that it had been pulled down. When he left Caudebec in 1483, the curé lived in the Hôtel de la Sirène, a pretty house, rented from the Abbey of St. Wandrille by the treasurers of the church for the sum of five pounds, one sou, eight deniers, and two hens. But in 1499 this house was exchanged for one on the other side of the church; and in place of the old one

stood the scaffolding for the erection of the great west portal. A child pointed out this change to the monk; so he passed on, and lifted the historic knocker of the new presbytery.

The clerk showed Brother Simplicius into a low room, where the curé was seated, reading from a big book, supported on a desk of carved wood. The priest rose and received the message of the Most Reverend Abbot of St. Wandrille with as much respect and joy as though it had been a letter from the King: This letter, tied with silk cords and sealed with the fleur-de-lis of the Abbey, contained a parchment envelope full of gold pieces, and the following inscription: "An offering to Notre-Dame de Caudebec for the completion of the church, and for building the spire of the same."

"My good Brother," said the curé, "I am going to read the Most Reverend Father Abbot's letter, and will reply to him. Have the goodness to wait a short time and I will entrust you with the missive."

"Certainly, Monsieur le Curé."

"Very well. If you go into the hall, my clerk will give you a pot of cider."

But Brother Simplicius was tempted neither by the entreaties of the good priest nor by the foaming cider, clear as a topaz, which the little clerk brought in a mug of Rouen pottery. Instead, he asked to be allowed to wait in the church until the curé's reply was ready.

Meanwhile the curé read and reread the letter of Dom Jehan de Brametot, counted the gold pieces, and, with the wise leisure characteristic of the people of Normandy, picked out a fine sheet of parchment, chose a suitable pen, and ordered his clerk to bring black and red ink, silk cord, wax, and the armorial seal of the parish of Notre-Dame de Caudebec. After a deal of reflection, he settled down to write to the Most Reverend Abbot.

This church of Caudebec, although unfinished in 1499, was already the pride of the town; and ninety-two years later,

* From early times Caudebec was noted for its hats, which were made of lamb's wool, ostrich down, or camel's hair. Louis XIV. himself used to wear a "Caudebec"; and in 1740 Duplessis writes that every felt hat, no matter where it was made, was called a "Caudebec." The kid gloves manufactured there were said to be so fine and supple that they could be enclosed within two walnut shells.

Henry IV. said of it: "This is the most beautiful chapel I have ever seen." (He called it a "chapel" because it has no transepts.) The tower had no spire; the west door, blocked up inside with wooden planks, was in course of construction; and many workmen, sheltered by a half-covered scaffolding with palings round, were busy on it; the faithful meanwhile entering the church by the doors leading to the Grande Rue and the Place du Marché. From the leaden roofing rose a small steeple, graceful and delicate, decorated with metal ornaments, and having a beautiful balustrade, the openwork of which was formed of gilded letters tracing a hymn to the glory of the Blessed Virgin: "*Tota pulchra es amica mea et macula non est in te. . . . Gloriosa dicta sunt. . .*" Within, the fine sculpture of the clerestory, the keystones of the arches, the altars, and statues of saints in niches, all in the elaborate decoration of the florid ogival style, were enriched and beautified, as with precious stones, by tints of gold, purple, azure and crimson, cast by the sun's rays from the stained-glass windows.

A profound calm pervaded the church; the air was fresh and cool, impregnated with a vague perfume of incense and rose petals; and there was no other sound but the lessening vibrations of the hour which had just struck, dying away in echo among the silent arches. The lay-Brother kissed the threshold of the church as he entered, rose and passed on to the baptismal font; then, after a short prayer, directed his steps toward the chapel, where lighted lamps, and a silver dove suspended under a canopy of white stone carved like lace, announced the presence of the Holy Sacrament. Two aged women dressed in black were praying in this chapel. Brother Simplicius prostrated himself in adoration for a quarter of an hour; and then, rising, he walked about the church. He seemed to be in search of something. Sometimes he looked up at the beautiful clerestory, the stained-glass windows, the keystones of

the vaultings ornamented with painted and gilded shields; sometimes, bending down, he read the inscriptions on the tombstones forming the pavement of the church. At last he found what he wanted; and, kneeling down, read an epitaph, traced a few years back on a slab of stone, on which was also a skeleton holding a compass, and a plan of the church of Caudebec, a mallet, a drill, and a trowel.

The monk remained for a long time in prayer before these stones; and when, hearing steps behind him, he rose and went to the other side of the church, the good woman who passed might have seen traces of tears upon the marble. But she was nearly blind, and reached the door without even having seen Brother Simplicius. The door of the sacristy was open; the monk entered, wishing to see everything again, and to recall his childhood's joy at being allowed to serve at Mass or join in the singing of the choir. There was no one there; but on a large table before the window were several objects which so delighted the monk that he was fain to examine them closely, and hold them in his hand. There were pencils, compasses; set squares and sheets of parchment, some yellow and stained with age, others new; with plans, sketches, figures and notes; and drawings, in more or less advanced stages, of several spires. The monk looked at them, examined them for a long time, and murmured:

"No, it is not that. But what does it matter?"

Two o'clock struck. The workmen's rest was over. Voices and blows of the hammer resounded from the great portal. Not wishing to be surprised, and thinking the architect might return, the monk hastened out of the church. The Place du Marché was not changed. Again he saw by the fountain the stone trough near which long ago, when he was a gardener's apprentice, he used to go early in the morning on market-days to set out the pots of flowers which his master wished him to sell to the townspeople.

Then, as now, it was the fashion in Normandy to decorate all the windows with flowers; and this taste was the more cultivated among the inhabitants of Caudebec, because the town, being densely populated, and surrounded with fortifications, did not contain a single garden.

One house on the "Place" stood out from among the others for the beauty of its flowers; it had a fine aspect, was well looked after, and belonged to Maître Guillaume Le Tellier. A white rose and a vine climbed up to the gable. Roberte Le Tellier and her grandmother never failed on market-days to come and buy pots of flowers, so that their window decorations might always be fresh. Brother Simplicius then bore another name; and for five years he had been selling flowers to the lovely little Roberte, when one day he heard her grandmother say to a neighbor who complimented her on the growing beauty of the girl, adding, "With eyes like hers, and the money she will have, your granddaughter will at least marry an alderman."—"There you are wrong, neighbor. Even if she were a hundred times richer and prettier, her father would give her in marriage only to a mason like himself, a worker in stone. He has no ambition beyond his calling. And indeed he is not far wrong; for it is a good business, and supports him well."

A few days afterward, the young gardener left his master, in spite of his remonstrances (for he was in despair at losing so excellent a helper), and apprenticed himself to Guillaume Le Tellier. At first Le Tellier was not inclined to take a lad of eighteen, who till then had done nothing but dig the ground. With some difficulty, Collin, his son, persuaded his father to try him. "I assure you, father," he said, "that at school the gardener was nearly always at the head of the class. I know him well; he is a good fellow, and I am sure you will not repent it."

Guillaume had little faith in his son's judgment, and thought it was a great mistake for the young gardener—an

orphan, possessing next to nothing—to begin another apprenticeship. But he soon discovered such talent in his pupil that his one thought was to develop it to the utmost. Gifted with exquisite taste, a faultless eye, and remarkable skill, the young man learned to draw very quickly, and no one chiselled and laid the stone better than he did. The first in the workshop, blithe as the lark, busy as the bee, he did his appointed task—and often Collin's too—so well that the master never had to trouble about it; and his conduct was so excellent that the good grandmother was very fond of him. According to the custom of the time, he had his meals with his master's family; and three such happy years went by that he thought himself in Paradise.

Maître Le Tellier treated the apprentice as a son, and was about to make him partner, when the young man's hopes of earthly happiness were forever blighted by the death of Roberte. To retire from the world was then his only thought; and, going to the Abbey of St. Wandrille, he begged to be admitted as a lay-Brother and to be employed as gardener. On bidding him farewell, Maître Le Tellier regretted that he also could not hide his grief in the cloister. "If it were not for my poor old mother," said he, "and my son who still needs me, I should go with you. Some day I hope to be able to join you." But he scarcely survived his daughter a year.

The whole past was being lived again in the remembrance of the poor monk, as, leaning against the fountain, soothed by its gentle murmur, he gazed at the windows of Le Tellier's house. They were still gay with many flowers, and the laughing faces of children looked out of the windows. Some one came out of the door and walked toward the church. It was Collin Le Tellier, now a big, happy-looking man. He saluted the monk without recognizing him, and went into the church. The clerk came out two minutes later and hastened toward the Brother.

"Monsieur le Curé has finished his letter, my Brother. I was looking for you everywhere, but Maître Collin told me where to find you."

When the worthy curé had entrusted his letter to the monk, he asked him if he had noticed the new work being done in the church.

"I have indeed, Monsieur le Curé; and so much the more attentively because I have not been to Caudebec since the late Maître Le Tellier finished the beautiful hanging keystone of the apse."

"Really! And what do you think of our church?"

"It is a marvel, Monsieur le Curé; but it needs a spire."

"Ah, yes, I know! That is just what everyone is wishing for. Not a day passes but I receive gifts for the purpose. What we want is a design. It is such a pity Maître Le Tellier did not leave one. He certainly told my predecessor that the spire was designed, and that it would be the most beautiful one in the whole country of Caux. We searched in vain through his portfolios and chests,—no design for a spire could be found."

"Maître Collin will design one," said the monk.

"Maître Collin has done more than twenty, but we are neither of us satisfied with any of them. However, he is a good workman and an excellent Christian, and is most eager to finish his father's work to the glory of Notre-Dame. I should be grieved to hurt his feelings by suggesting a rival. Tell me, who was it that designed the new cloister at St. Wandrille?"

"It was a man from Rouen, Monsieur le Curé. He died two years ago, but I have forgotten his name."

"That does not matter, as he is dead. Adieu, good Brother! I beg you tell the Most Reverend Father that I shall come to see him soon, and give him my humble respects."

The curé gave his letter to the monk just as the church bells began to ring for Vespers; and soon, as they became weak-

ened by distance and the rising wind, the Brother heard them no more. Black clouds, forerunners of a storm, swept over the sky; the dust whirled about on the road; the frightened birds sought their nests; while the outgoing tide allowed the waters of the Seine to assume again their gentle course to the sea. Hastening his steps, Brother Simplicius reached the monastery just as the storm broke. He gave the curé's letter to the Abbot; and, not being able to work in the garden because of the torrents of rain, he went into the chapel to pray.

"Brother Simplicius, Brother Simplicius, come along! The supper bell rang more than a quarter of an hour ago," said the cook in a low voice, pulling the gardener by the sleeve.

Simplicius rose with a start, but unsteadily, like a man just awakened from sleep, and betook himself to the refectory. The other monks had just gone out, but his portion was in his place. He touched nothing, drank a little water, and went back to the church. He had to be summoned for bed, and on the following days still seemed preoccupied. Even in the garden, where he was always hard at work, he was seen to stand motionless for a long time, a watering-pot or pruning-knife in his hand, lost in meditation and deaf to every call.

The Brother cook thought it his duty to inform the Father Abbot.

"Brother Simplicius," he said, "used to have a good appetite, and never noticed what he ate. He used to finish his food as conscientiously as he says his prayers; now he leaves half, grows thinner day by day, sings no longer, and forgets to water his flowers. If he falls ill altogether, what will become of our vegetables? I beg you, Reverend Father, order him to take care of himself."

"Since when has our Brother Simplicius been like this?" asked Dom Jehan.

"Since he went to Caudebec, my Father. Some one must have cast a spell over him. There, look at him!"

The Abbot's window opened onto a battlemented terrace overlooking the garden. He went out, and the cook again pointed to Simplicius, who, with a switch in his hand, was drawing on the soft sand, whilst a marauding hen was scratching vigorously at a flower-bed not two yards from him.

"There!" cried the cook. "Did you ever see anything like it? Our poor Brother is on a fair way to becoming mad, since he lets the hens spoil the garden."

"Go and tell him to come and speak to me, Brother Matthew," said the Abbot.

Soon after, the gardener entered the Abbot's study, fell on his knees, and was questioned by the Abbot.

"Is it true that you are ill, Brother?"

"No, my Father. I am quite well."

"Then why do you no longer eat?"

"But—I believe I do just as usual."

"What were you drawing just now on the sand?"

Poor Simplicius turned crimson.

"Alas," said he, "I dare not say!"

"I command you to tell me."

"My Father, I was drawing the spire of Caudebec church."

"The spire of Caudebec! But it does not exist."

"It existed in the mind of the late Maître Le Tellier, my Father, and I am trying to find it again."

"For once I think that the Brother cook is right," said the Abbot to himself. "He is talking like a madman. But, my son," he replied aloud, "how is it that a gardener like you dreams of designing and building like an architect?"

"Because I have been one, Father," answered Brother Simplicius. "I thought I had given it up forever. Taking up my early trade of gardening, I renounced my art, and hoped never more to think of it—but—"

And, in a voice trembling with emotion, he told the Abbot in simple words the story of his visit to the church, his conversation with the curé, then of his whole life; and several times Dom Jehan,

severe and ascetic as he was, felt the tears filling his eyes. But he restrained himself, and said coldly to the monk:

"Here is a sheet of parchment and a pencil. Draw me the spire of Caudebec."

"I can not," said Simplicius. "A cloud hides it from me. I could see it clearly only by going to the chapel of Barre-y-Va. There, upon the wall, my master drew a few lines suggesting it; there the vision will reappear,—there only. Oh, I beseech you, Father, let me go to Barre-y-Va!"

"You shall go to-morrow. But suppose the design has disappeared?"

"I shall see it all the same, my Father. Has it never happened that you have forgotten a resolution taken, a word you wish to remember, and have found it on returning to the same spot where you made the resolve, where you heard the words effaced from your memory?"

"You are right. I give you permission to go to Barre-y-Va. But in the name of holy obedience, say not a word about our interview, the spire, and Maître Le Tellier."

"I shall obey, my Father. I pray you give me your blessing."

Dom Jehan laid his hand on the monk's brow and blessed him, more moved than he would let it appear.

(Conclusion next week.)

THERE are, unhappily for themselves, persons so constituted that they have not the heart to be generous. . . . People of this sort often come to regard the success of others, even in a good work, as a kind of personal offence. They can not bear to hear another praised, especially if he belong to their own art, calling, or profession. They will pardon a man's failures, but can not forgive his doing a thing better than they can do it; and where they themselves have failed they are found to be the most merciless of detractors. The sour critic thinks of his rival:

When Heaven with such parts has blest him
Have I not reason to detest him?

—*Samuel Smiles.*

Sir Stephen de Vere.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

V.—STARVATION AND EXTERMINATION.

FEW events in the social history of Ireland have been so appalling as the awful famine of '46 and '47. No landmark in all its sad story seems to offer, to the present generation at least, so definite a reckoning point. It is true, men look on that terrible calamity in different lights. We know how emigration, and the famine that led to it, were regarded by the greater part of Englishmen, who then feared and (because they feared) hated Ireland on account of its immense population, and the use O'Connell was making of the vast concourses that gathered round him. It was put bitterly by the *London Times*: "The Celts are gone with a vengeance." In Ireland, the landlord party generally echoed that brutal cry.

The political leaders of the people had at the time differed among themselves, and dissension and famine brought on despair. Their feelings are expressed in the notable words of Gavan Duffy: "I left Ireland a corpse on the dissecting table." Bishops and priests, too, it is to be supposed, had an interest in the departure of their people, and bewailed it. Possibly, not one of those three sections had the least inkling how this hunted population would in a few years affect their several positions. England set down an enemy in the very place where that enemy could do her the most harm; for there can hardly be a doubt that if any day since '48 the United States thought of invading Canada, it need but call upon the Irish in America for their whole army, and would have had it for the asking. Every English statesman knew well this dread danger, and feared it.

As soon as politics in Ireland ceased to be a sham and became a reality, political leaders had no more ardent or generous

supporters than the exiles of the famine years or their children. And many of the beautiful churches that within the last half century have sprung up in Ireland would never have been thought of, much less built and completed and equipped, were it not for the generosity of the Irish in America. Nay, perhaps some of the priests who now minister in Ireland—I know whereof I speak—would never have been able to meet the expenses of college life were it not for the generosity and affection of relatives beyond the seas.

But to most Catholics seriously considering the question, the view of Mr. Aubrey de Vere, beautifully expressed in his "*Innisfail*," will warmly recommend itself. It happened by a direct wish and providence of God; such is his view. And this is at once clearly seen in the progress of the Church in America,—the increase in the numbers of the laity, the clergy, and members of religious Orders; but especially in the striking numbers of the episcopate either originally come from Ireland or born of Irish blood.

Now, two tremendous episodes at once arise before us, in both of which Sir Stephen took an active and kindly part—starvation and emigration. The country all round Curragh Chase is a hot limestone district,—that is to say, its soil is not rich and loamy as is the Golden Vale and other parts of the county of Limerick; but it is light, porous, and sandy. Limestone rocks or crags are abundantly in evidence. The soil was fitted, therefore, not for pasture, but for tillage. Let us, then, consider briefly (because appertaining to these peasant tillers, and explaining the terrible collapse of the one year of scarcity) four things: the homes, the food, the clothing, and the industries of these people. The four must be taken together, as they are interwoven one with another.

The homes are small, one-storied, and thatched. The thatch tells that wheat must be cultivated plentifully in the neighborhood, because the thatch is all of wheaten "reed." The reed was made

thus. A portion of a stack of wheat was, in the later autumn or winter, thrown into the barn to be "scutched," or "slashed." A man took a sheaf of wheat, divided it in two, and catching in each hand the separate portions of the sheaf, one after the other, slashed the heads of them on a smooth round stone, raised two or three feet from the ground, and generally laid on the seat of an upturned *soogan* (or kitchen) chair. With the force of each stroke he made the grain hop about like small shot; and then, as soon as all the corn was shed, taking the straw, or reed, he laid it carefully on the barn door, which had been placed on the pavement, in the position of an inclined plane, to receive it.

The first day that there was a breeze of wind, he took the corn to a slight rise of ground beside the house, and "won" (winnowed) it. Some of the cleaned corn was then put in a bag, and set beside the huge kitchen fire of turf. There it was left for perhaps a week, by which time it was considered sufficiently "kiln-dried." It was then taken to the mill to be ground. After a week the flour came home, when the woman of the house baked large cakes on the turf embers. Such baking is now almost a disused art in those parts of the country, where peat can no longer be had for fuel.

The home was small, dark, ill-ventilated, and comfortless. It will be seen how comfortless when a chimney was in places considered a "convainyance." The homes of the small farmers generally consisted of three apartments. There was the kitchen, where took place the cooking, eating, working, washing,—in fact, where their whole indoor lives were spent, except while in bed. At the back of the kitchen was "the room," which, like Goldsmith's chest of drawers, did double duty. "Strangers," whenever they came, were received there by day; and the father and mother generally slept there by night, and perhaps "the girls" (the daughters) in a portion screened off. The "boys"

slept in the bedroom below the kitchen, at the other end.

To a person unacquainted with our dolorous history, the absence of taste or comfort, or even any attempt at such, seems unintelligible. But, bless you, sir, the remotest attempt at neatness or taste in the olden days at once brought on a rise of rent! Squalor was necessary under such circumstances; and, finally, squalor became (oh, what a comment on our land-laws!) the second nature of our peasantry. As in all cases, there were noble exceptions among the landlords, and the De Veres were amongst the noblest of these. The houses of the laborers were the most disgraceful hovels absolutely on the face of the globe. They consisted of one mud-floored, mud-walled apartment or structure, where a whole family ate, lived and slept. These miserable hovels lasted until the Land League agitation under Parnell forced the government to provide more decent homes for the poor. In '46, houses having one apartment formed 80 per cent of the whole.

Now, while the men in the barn were slashing the wheat for the covering of the house, the women within doors were busy with their cloving-tongs cloving the flax for the covering of the family. The history of the flax industry, hand-worked as it was in those days, was as follows: The flax was set in the garden in spring. In early summer it gave out its sweet sky-blue blossoms, which invariably closed when the sun went down. In late June the fibres were pulled from the roots, bound in sheaves, and "bogged" (cast into a stagnant pool of water). After a fortnight the flax was taken up and spread out (on a newly-cleaned meadow) by swaths to dry, when its malodorous smell, borne on the breeze, might be scented a mile off. Dried in the July sun, the stalks became friable, and were put up in stacks.

After all the harvest work was done—the corn cut and bound, the potatoes dug and gathered in,—the flax became the winter work for the women. Dried

on hurdles over a strong fire, it came to the cloving-tongs. The girls sat on the floor, and with their timber tongs fried away the husks of the unattractive fibre, until (oh the beauty of it!) the "strick" of flax came forth so silky in texture and so gold-like in color that the poetic Irish tongue, when speaking of the lovely hair of a maiden, could make no more beautiful or appropriate a comparison than to say: "It was like a strick of flax." Then came hackles separating the flax from the tow; and finally, put on a distaff, it surmounted the busy wheel, at which the thrifty housewife sat and hummed in the long hours of the winter night.

With all their discomforts, there were happy evenings in those pleasant homes. Fancy the kitchen clean and swept, a pleasant turf fire on the hearth, its light casting a ruddy glow all around the apartment. The mother, with her wheel, is tucked in a corner; while four or five little ones stand on the floor, from which chairs and other furniture have been removed. The firelight looks hallowed; the revolving wheel hums; the mother chants a soft, low ditty; and the children, putting a handkerchief on the eyes of one, with joyous laughter, play "pookean" around the house. I have seen such a home long ago, and to my dying day the sweet pleasures of it shall never leave my heart.

After leaving the wheel, the thread was put in "hanks," through which straight poles were driven, and then spread out on the greensward to be bleached by the rain and dew of heaven. From this it went to the weaver. Brought home again, it was once more bleached, and was then ready to be cut up for use. The coarse thread was kept for aprons; the flaxen thread was woven into tablecloths, sheets, shirts and towels, all white "as a hound's tooth."

The "holdings" attached to these homes were small. The good old custom of gavelkind, or dividing the land among

the several sons, was forced, by the stress of circumstances, to an evil extreme. If trades or manufactures existed, or if the old position of small towns, when each small town was a metropolis to its own district, continued, gavelkind might be right enough; but once the lord instead of the patron became tax-gatherer, once he moved about and travelled far, once the trades and industries of each locality (by the entrance of commerce from outside) no longer was sufficient for itself, and no other industry remained but the tillage of the land, then gavelkind was doomed. Grouped together in fours or fives, the little homes stood sprinkled over the land. The grouping meant that all these homes were built once upon a time round the parent home. The oldest son got the parental house with his portion; the others had to build for themselves on their shares. The frequent names all through the country—*Tier-mor*, "the big lot, or portion"; *Carhoo-mor*, "the big quarter,"—all bear out this. And they built beside one another,—not alone for society, but for protection in unruly times.

Like the linens, the woollens they wore were also homemade. They had their own sheep, which supplied them with wool. It was hand-carded, hand-spun, and hand-woven; and there is no doubt whatsoever that the hand-made linen and woollen garments gave, and still give, far better wear than machine-made articles. Both industries are, unfortunately, fast dying out. Clothes are cheaper now, no doubt; but not so lasting.

(To be continued.)

Martha and Mary.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C.

WHEN Light is dead, the busied Day
Folds weary hands and glides away;
While Night outspreads her starry hair
Upon His grave, and worships there,

Monica's Victory.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

III.

WHILE the Captain of Horse was superintending the removal of the valuable booty, a party of troopers had wandered away down the village street; disregarding, now that their commander's eye was no longer on them, the prohibition concerning plunder. Encountering but few men who were able to offer any resistance, they entered the houses and farms, carrying off whatever they could lay their hands on; and, not content with this, using threats and even violence to extort money and valuables from the peaceful, law-abiding inhabitants, who stood looking on at the looting of their homes with impotent rage.

Angela reached her parents' house before the troopers got near it. It was a pretty little cottage, low-roofed, with wooden shutters and white curtains at the windows. Over the doorway there was an inscription to this effect:

Let him who comes with kindly intent
Enter; for him a welcome is meant,
But not for one who on evil is bent.

It was hardly to be expected that the Swedes would heed this admonition; so Angela hastened on her way, hoping to have time to conceal a few things before the plunderers made their appearance.

The house stood apart from the others, at the very end of the village, on the borders of the forest. The door was never locked—for, before these troublous times, thieves were unknown in Bregenz,—and on approaching, the girl saw that it was half open; she also descried some one moving in the room. Thank Heaven, her parents had returned in safety! But on entering the dimly lighted porch, she was startled to see the figure of a man, who, at the sound of her footsteps,

retreated into the back part of the room. It was not her father; doubtless it was one of the plunderers. What should she do? She turned to fly; but, as she threw the house door wide open, her cry of alarm was changed to one of joy. The stream of light that poured in revealed a well-known form—that of her lover.

"O Godfrey, what brings you here!" she exclaimed, running up to him. "How glad I am to see you! Nowadays no one is safe, and those who are separated never know whether they shall see one another again."

"It has been a close run with me," said the young woodcarver. "A little more and you would not have seen me again alive."

Looking anxiously at the young man's countenance, Angela noticed its troubled, careworn expression.

"For Heaven's sake, what has happened? Have you been hurt in any way?"

"Not yet," he replied, moving closer to her, as if her presence promised safety; "but if I fall into the hands of those ferocious Swedes, it is all up with me."

"You shall not fall into their hands. I will save you."

"No, no: it is of no use now, since the enemy whom I thought to elude is already here. My life is forfeited. I killed one of their number."

"You killed a man—you! O Godfrey, there is blood on your hands!" the girl exclaimed, recoiling from him, all the color leaving her cheeks.

"The blood of an enemy. I could not do otherwise. I was forced to strike down the profaner of the holiest things, before he laid his sacrilegious hands on that."

So saying he turned and pointed to a bench in the porch, on which lay a gaily-painted image.

"Why, that is Our Lady of St. Leonard's Chapel, which you carved a year ago!"

"Yes, it is my work. I love it even more than if it represented my own mother. I could not help rescuing it."

Shouts and screams were heard in the

distance. Angela cautiously approached the window and looked out.

"They are down at the baker's loading a cart with bread," she said. "They have not done yet. They will not look for you here; and if they come up the street, I will hide you in the hay."

Godfrey shook his head gloomily, but before he could reply she went on:

"If only my parents are safe! I am afraid something has happened to them. They ought to have been back long ago. You have not seen anything of them?"

"There was no one here when I came in," answered Godfrey. "I thought you would have come back from church; and when I heard that the Swedes, from whom I believed to have escaped, were all in the village, I did not venture to go farther. I wanted to see you again, perhaps for the last time; and determined at any risk to await your return."

"Do not talk like that, you dear good fellow! It grieves me. We will live for each other, and I will share whatever befalls you. But come to the rear of the house, where we can not be seen from the street. Then you can easily get into the hay-loft; you will be safest there. May our Blessed Mother have you in her keeping!"

She made him come into the veranda—or rather gallery beneath the low roof,—and, seating herself on a stool, while he leaned against the balustrade, she begged him to tell her all that had happened, and why he had to kill the Swede.

"I was carried away by anger," he said. "If you were a man, Angela, and had seen what I saw, you would have acted as I did. At Sulzburg we knew nothing of the approach of the Swedes: they had come unperceived from Lindau to the mountain. And when I was going up on Friday evening, as usual, to say my night prayers there, I was surprised not to hear the bell. As I emerged from the wood, I saw a volume of smoke and flames issuing from the dear little chapel of Our Lady. I thought some accident

had happened and the good old priest had no one to help him extinguish the fire, so I ran to his assistance as fast as I could. But a little farther on I stopped short. Not far from the church, blue and yellow flags were set up, and foreign soldiers in leathern jerkins had made a camp there; the red light of their watch-fires illumined the darkness. Then I knew what it all was: the heretical Swedes had encamped on the mountain-side, and would go down to Sulzburg, robbing and pillaging.

"Their first exploit had been to set St. Leonard's chapel on fire over Our Lady's head. I thought of the statue on the altar. Fury goaded me on. I determined to find out the extent of the mischief before giving the alarm in the village. The troopers were drinking, gambling, and singing coarse songs; there was no one on the lookout, so they did not perceive me as I cautiously passed from the edge of the wood to the chapel. Roof and vestibule were ablaze. To my horror, I saw the white-haired priest lying dead on the threshold, with a gaping wound on his forehead, his lifeless fingers still holding his rosary. Doubtless he had endeavored to protect his sanctuary from profanation, and, feeble and defenceless, was felled to the ground by the impious, ruthless invaders. The stained glass of the windows was shattered to fragments. By climbing on the sill, I was able to look into the interior. What a grievous sight it presented! One would have thought the devil himself had been at work there. The crucifix, the statues were thrown down and broken, the sanctuary lamp was extinguished, the priest's vestments were torn in pieces; and, worst of all, the chalice lay on the floor, having evidently been used for the potations of those savages.

"One thing alone gave me pleasure: the statue of Our Lady still stood in its niche, though not entirely uninjured; for one hand was struck off. I resolved that it should not become the prey of the

flames; so I let myself down through the window, intending to carry the beloved image to a place of safety until peace was restored, and a new chapel built. As I stretched out my hand to take it down, I heard heavy footsteps on the flagstones outside, and, with a coarse oath, an intoxicated trooper, kicking aside the burning logs at the entrance, staggered into the chapel with a drawn sword in his hand. I shrank into the shadow close against the wall, and the man did not notice me. He went straight to the altar, and when he caught sight of the statue a scowl rendered his features more repulsive than ever, as he roared out: 'What the devil!—are you still there? Away with you into the flames with the other cursed idols!' When I saw his impious hand raised to strike the Blessed Mother of God, I sprang forward and hurled him to the ground, crying out: 'You dog, I will teach you to respect the Mother of our Redeemer!' He fell on his own sword, and with a hoarse cry expired on the spot.

"I rejoiced, for I had avenged the good Father's death. Snatching up the image which had fallen, I was about to make my way out of the burning building when my progress was arrested by the sight of three or four troopers who had followed their drunken comrade. They saw what had happened, and rightly concluded that my hand had laid him low.

"'We will be even with you!' they cried. 'Cut the scoundrel to pieces! No: take him alive and hang him!'

"I resolved to make a desperate attempt to escape. Commending myself to our Blessed Lady, I sprang onto the window-sill and thence to the ground. Scarcely had I done so when I heard a loud crash behind me; a volume of smoke and a shower of sparks filled the air: The roof of the chapel had fallen in and buried my enemies under the burning wood; or, if it had not buried them actually, it had prevented them from pursuing me, as the screams they uttered testified. The Mother of God helped me. 'She will

continue to help me,' I said to myself, as, still carrying the statue, I ran as fast as I could to the wood.

"As soon as I got within shelter of the trees, I paused to draw breath and consider what I should do. To return to the village was out of the question; for if one of the soldiers saw me, my fate was certain. There was no alternative but to go farther into the forest, and come directly here, where I knew you were, and where I thought to be in safety from the Swedes. In the daytime I hid myself, and at night chose the most unfrequented roads in order to get here this morning."

Angela scarcely heard the end of his story. Her attention was attracted by a noise outside. Trembling with apprehension and excitement, she looked toward the street.

"They are coming near! For Heaven's sake, Godfrey, hide in the loft! You are not safe here another moment."

She laid her hand on his arm to compel him to come with her. But the young man refused to do as she wished.

"No, Angela," he said. "You and your parents shall not suffer for what I have done. If the Swedes find me here, they will put you all to death and burn the cottage. There is no safety for me except in the forest. They are not accustomed to climb the steep mountain paths; besides, I have the start of them. They will not follow me to the Schröcken, the most rugged mountain region."

Angela saw that he was resolved, and she did not attempt to dissuade him.

"Farewell!" he said. "May God protect you! I shall keep in hiding until the scoundrels leave the country."

As he spoke, he swung himself over the low garden wall, and fled with swift steps in the direction of the dark pine forest which clothed the mountain behind the village.

(To be continued.)

FRIENDSHIP, in noble souls, takes the place of the greatest pleasures. — *Bonald.*

Converts and Conversions.

THOSE Protestant persons, not a few, who attempt to minimize the significance and importance of conversions to the Church are "shown up" by a former member of the Kirk (writing in the *London Tablet*) in a way that will remind many readers of the late lamented Father Angus. Several of the qualities which rendered his articles so readable—very interesting and entertaining both to Catholics and non-Catholics—are conspicuous in "Converts—A Puzzle and a Heartbreak," by Alphonsus. We sincerely hope that this is the beginning of a long series. In reference to the various motives for "turning" assigned by those who always regard the announcement of another recruit for Rome as a calamity, this writer says:

Nothing to them that the "turning" meant literally leaving all to follow Christ; meant tearing oneself up by the roots and being replanted in strange soil; meant abandoning one's friends and relatives—*populum tuum et domum patris tui*,—and faring forth among utter strangers into an unknown land. Nothing to them that "turning" meant beginning one's life over again, and learning the A, B, C, of a new religion; going to school again and being taught "Who made you?" and "How many Gods are there?" and involved certain beggary and uncertain employment, and hatred and contempt and persecution. I knew a minister of the Kirk who said to me: "I may have to break stones by the roadside, but I am going!" Another to my certain knowledge gave up £420 a year, with prospect of more (indeed, his successor has got more), and a palatial house and a glebe. "You made a great mistake giving up that fine parish," said a Philistine to me; "you could have been so happy there."—"Yes," said I, "happy in body, but not in soul. . . ."

He fitly represents the worldly-wise class who consider it a mistake to lose anything in a cause. Others will never believe that, as a matter of fact, you have lost anything by "turning over"; indeed, they will say you turned for the sake of gain—money, ease, houses. One of these charming creatures, passing by an undoubtedly fine chapel house the other day, remarked: "See that! That was what he turned for" (naming a convert priest). Very amusing, to be sure, as it happened that the Catholic

priest (one of four) occupied one room in the house, on the top story, with a gas-stove and no carpet, with one hundred chimneys disgorging smoke night and day in his very face; having previously abandoned a large house of his own, with three public and six bedrooms, and no end of kitchen accommodation and wine-cellar, to say nothing of a garden of a quarter of an acre. There is no pleasing these grumblers; every motive but the true one is suggested; and, to crown the iniquity of the conversion, they will often add: "What a shame to break his poor father's heart! What a disgrace to bring upon the family! . . ."

The means which ultra-Protestants, ministers and editors more particularly, employ to console themselves for a conversion to the Church is to make out that it is not genuine or lasting, but superficial and regretted. Such reports are familiar to all readers of Anglican papers. On this point Alphonsus remarks:

A very effective story to set afloat is that the unfortunate man has gone mad. I was in Rome when this was said about me. "He is in a mad house; his brain has given way." I could only reply: "I am not mad, most noble Festus,—at least not more so than I used to be. . . ." But by far the most popular theory to spread about the ever-certain, never-missing shot is this: "I am told Mr. G. is most unhappy as a Catholic. They say he is dying to get back, and, indeed, is going to turn again soon." There is a world of malice in this; but it is the pet, the darling resort of chagrined and angry Evangelicals. And it is said, be it noticed, no matter who the convert in question is—bishop, priest, layman,—and no matter how often he may refute it, and though he be daily seen wearing himself out and spending every breath of his body and every drop of his blood in the service of Rome. All this is nothing: he is unhappy, so it is said. And it will be said so long as he lives, and will continue to be said when he dies. They will say that he called for a minister on his deathbed, and when he is in his grave they will follow him and will repeat that he was always most unhappy; that he was Protestant at heart all the time, and would have given anything to get back again.

When the writer was in Rome, it was conveyed to him by a kind relative that he was reported most miserable and yearning to return to the true fold of the Kirk. I laughed and wrote (I think on a postcard; strictly speaking, I should have used an envelope) that I was perfectly happy, and would gladly lay down one hundred lives (it may have been one thousand,—I forget,

but I know it was a big number) for the Church of Rome; that I should only think of returning if I became a raving lunatic (which I trusted I should never be); that, finally, "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the House of my God" (quoting the Protestant Version; the Douai has an "abject") "than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." This was cruel, but pat enough, as I was sacristan of our college oratory at the time.

Such calumnies were constantly repeated against the three most prominent converts of the last century—Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Newman, and Dr. Brownson in our own country. With what indignation each one denied that he had ever for a moment thought of leaving the Church all the world knows. Their statements to this effect have often been quoted by us—always with the gratification which they themselves experienced in making a fresh profession of faith, of loyalty to the Pope, etc. We like to refer to such beautiful, consoling, edifying and fortifying declarations, and will now do so yet again. To the author of "Recollections of Cardinal Wiseman," Manning wrote under date of the 16th of April, 1851 (he was then Dr. Manning of St. Mary's, Bayswater):

It [your telling me of my expected return to Protestantism] gives me the joy of saying that, from the hour that I submitted to the Divine Voice that speaks through the one only Catholic and Roman Church, I have never known so much as a momentary shadow of doubt pass over my reason or my conscience. I could as soon believe that two and two make five as that the Catholic Faith is false or Anglicanism true.

In a postscript to his famous "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk," published in April, 1875, Newman says:

From the day I became a Catholic to this day (now close upon thirty years), I have never had a moment's misgiving that the communion of Rome is that Church which the Apostles set up at Pentecost. . . . Nor have I ever for a moment hesitated in my conviction, since 1845, that it was my clear duty to join that Catholic Church as I did then join it, which in my own conscience I felt to be divine. . . . Moreover, never for a moment have I wished myself back; never have I ceased to thank my Maker for His mercy in enabling me to make the great change; and

never has He let me feel forsaken by Him, or in distress of any kind of religious trouble.

With like vehemence of soul wrote Dr. Brownson, at the close of the same year, in announcing the discontinuance of the *Review* which bears so much of his personal character and is so completely the expression of his mind:

I have recently received a letter signed "A Catholic," telling me that the bishops and clergy have no confidence in me, and, when they can no longer use me, they will repudiate me, knowing that I am too independent, when brought to the test, to submit to their tyranny. The letter goes on and exhorts me to open a correspondence with Dr. Döllinger, to repudiate the Council of the Vatican, and to turn the *Review* to the defence of the "Old Catholics." By so doing, it assures me I may become immensely popular, and gain for the *Review* an almost unlimited circulation,—and, it might have added, belie all my convictions and the whole Catholic Faith, and damn my own soul. If suggestions such as this could ever have moved me, I should never have become a Catholic. I did not seek admission into the Church for the sake of wealth, honors, or popularity. If I am—as I know I am—measurably unpopular even with Catholics, I can say truly that I have never sought popularity, but have rather despised it. Yet I have received more marks of confidence from our venerable bishops and clergy than I have deserved, more honor than I desired, and have been even more popular with Catholics than I ever expected to be. Speak of wealth? Why, what could I do with it if I had it, standing as I do on the brink of my grave? The generosity of Catholics, in an annuity reasonably secure, has provided for my few personal wants. . . . What do I want of wealth? What do I care for popularity, which I never sought, and on which I turned my back when not yet of age? I have, and I desire to have, no home out of the Catholic Church, with which I am more than satisfied, and which I love as the dearest, tenderest, and most affectionate mother. My only ambition is to live and die in her communion.

Memorable words, the sincerity of which no one can doubt, and the eloquence of which all must admire. In the case of Dr. Brownson, they may be said to be his last words, and are appropriately entitled "Valedictory." It is edifying and fortifying to read such declarations now, and it will be pleasant to remember them hereafter.

Notes and Remarks.

In denial of a widely circulated report that a case before one of the New York courts would be settled by condonement—that prosecution of the defendant would be stopped with consent of counsel for the plaintiff,—Magistrate Butts had this to say:

Such statements are pernicious and have a bad effect on the community. It would appear that there was one rule for the obscure and humble defendant, and another rule for the defendant prominent in society. I deem it my duty to say that there has been nothing in the attitude of the court, or of the complaining witness while he was in court, or in any action of the defendant herself while before me, that would justify such statements. This is not the case of William B. Craig. It is the case of the people of the State of New York.

Lawyer Craig has no power to condone, and no court has the power, and no officer of the State or county, whether Judge or District Attorney, has the right, to condone where it has been shown an offence has been committed.

The obligation of opposing anything calculated to have "a bad effect on the community" is incumbent upon all who exercise authority. Many such are apt to think more about the dignity of their office than the responsibilities attached to it. Magistrate Butts is to be credited with a faithful saying and an excellent example.

We noticed recently, in another part of this magazine, an interesting little book on "Holy Water." One paragraph thereof is worth reproduction, as being of practical and perennial interest:

Another matter which sometimes receives too little attention is the cleanliness of the holy water vases. It is a matter easy of oversight to fail in purifying them before renewing the supply of newly-blessed water. It may happen that for weeks and months one keeps adding without thinking of cleansing the vase of the sediments which are apt to gather. To this circumstance may in a measure be attributed the frequent attacks to which holy water is exposed in latter years. It is sometimes charged that these vases are breeding places for bacilli. Want of clean-

liness in this respect—which is the case, sad be it to remark, in many places—has given occasion for the attacks. Therefore, regard should be had for the cleanliness of the vases, and for the use of pure, clean water; then there can be no fear of contagion. When it is desirable to cleanse the vase, what shall be done with the residue? It may be poured into the garden or upon the meadow, or upon any appropriate spot where it will not be subjected to disrespect.

Apropos of this matter, it is well to bear in mind that sacristans or others who receive instructions to cleanse the holy water fonts "occasionally," or "every once in a while," are far more apt to neglect doing so than those who are ordered to do the cleansing at regular intervals, say of a week or a fortnight. In this, as in most other affairs, system secures results, and haphazard action invites neglect.

If the exceedingly offensive editorial and outrageously insulting cartoon which appeared in a recent issue of the New York *Evening Journal*—a paper largely patronized by Catholic readers and advertisers—are not resented as they should be, it will be no fault of the Rev. John Talbot Smith, who says in the course of a vigorous letter addressed to the editor of the *Catholic News*:

I do not enter into argument with the editor who penned the editorial, for that would be lost time. I write to ask the Catholics of this city if they will permit this sneer at their Faith and their Pope, this insult upon their coreligionists, this attack upon the King, the convents, the religion and the social order of Spain, this support of Spanish anarchists, to pass by unrebuked, unpunished. If they do, then only one thing is needed to complete the glory of their silence and inaction: let them all vote for Hearst at his next candidacy.

The editorial of Brisbane and the cartoon of Powers should be the last two nails in the coffin of Hearst's ambitions. They have only to be presented to the Catholic electors whenever he or his satellites appear in the political field, to turn every Catholic vote against him. But, vile as his attack on Catholicity in Spain may be, vile as is his insult to the Pope, profound and degrading as the ignorance of his editors may be in this instance, horrible as is his support of

anarchy and murder, there is one thing viler, more insulting, more degrading still—to permit his offence to go unpunished and unnoticed.

The silence and inaction of Catholics in such cases are a sin and a shame. We are quick enough to resent even fancied offences against ourselves or slurs on our nationality, while outrageous attacks on our religion are often altogether disregarded. It will be said, of course, by Catholic readers and advertisers of the *Evening Journal*: "What would the discontinuance of my subscription or the withdrawal of my advertisement amount to? That is all I could do in the matter." We answer: Do that,—do it at once; and urge your associates to follow your example. Concerted action in such cases never fails of effect.

The records of the Domestic Servants' Benevolent Institution, an English association, afford pleasant and withal edifying reading:

Some touching instances of love and devotion come to light in the annals of these old servants. One there was whose mistress was ruined by a bank failure. The mistress told the old domestic, with great regret, that she could not afford to keep her any longer. "Well, ma'am," said the woman, "then I'll just keep thee. I've saved up all my wages, and I've got enough." And till her death, some years later, the former employer lived with this woman like a sister, and was cared for by her, at her expense, in much comfort.

Many of our Southern readers will recall similar instances in the case of the good old black "mammies" and Uncle Toms in the trying times that followed our Civil War. Human nature at its best can be wonderfully noble.

The double burden of educational taxation laid upon the Catholics of this country has been aptly styled by a noted American prelate as "nothing short of outrageous tyranny." Such tyranny is obviated in Holland, as witness the following:

Should twenty heads of families in any district agree to demand a school of a denominational character, their request must be acceded to,

although other schools, public or private, may already exist in the locality. Religious minorities are thus adequately protected; and wherever they insist on having their own special schools they can easily support them, thanks to the government grants-in-aid. The primary schools, both public and denominational, being placed on a footing of equality as regards the amount of government aid and the conditions under which it is given, Catholics have little or no cause of complaint on this score.

To the commune for its public schools, and to the governing bodies of private schools, the State allows twenty-five per cent of the total expenditure on buildings; in the case of the latter, the payment is made by installments extending over some years. Teachers in commercial and denominational schools receive equal treatment in the matter of salaries and pension; no exception being made even in cases where the teachers in the denominational schools are members of religious communities. The salaries are fixed by law, the amount naturally depending on the grade of the school and the number of pupils.

All the talk one hears in this country about the impracticability of the government's distribution of educational funds among different denominations, is rather suggestive of the wish's being father to the thought. A problem that has effectively been solved in other lands can scarcely be impossible of solution in this one.

The simplicity of really eminent men is so common as to warrant the belief that the quality in question is one of the constituents of greatness. Many of our readers will remember our publishing, a few years ago, a series of papers by Dr. Walsh on "Great Scientists and the Rosary," in which the characteristic was shown to be notably prominent in many distinguished leaders of the scientific world. We have been reminded of these instances by the following extract from the funeral sermon of Father Bernard Vaughan on the late Marquis of Ripon. We reproduce it as supplementary to the sketch of the Marquis which recently appeared in our pages:

Great men are very simple. He who was so ardent a politician, so keen a sportsman, and so ready a conversationalist upon a wide range of subjects, a Cabinet Minister and a foreign

Viceroy, was in his spiritual life as simple as the child put before us by Our Lord in the Gospel. He loved such pious practices as putting up a penny candle before Our Lady's statue, placing a flower from his buttonhole at her feet, and telling her Beads, and singing her hymns with a heart brimful of joy. His crucifix he liked to hold in the hollow of his hand, pressing it with pious ejaculations to his lips. Was he not a Catholic to his finger-tips? Characteristic of him was the incident which I must tell you. Shortly before he breathed his last, his chaplain attempted to draw from his hands a crucifix, that he might bless him with it; but our dying friend looked up, smiled, and with both his hands clutched his cross, as though he meant to say, "I can not part with it for a moment." When the end came, like a child falling asleep, he closed his eyes forever to this world, but he opened them to see the smile of the Master he served so loyally.

"Unless you become as little children," said Our Lord, "you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." And, verily, in matters of religious belief and practice, is there any attitude more congruous for even the most scholarly and learned than that of the little child's simplicity? Happy they who, like the deceased nobleman, preserve that attitude throughout their life!

Quoting the following passage from Dr. Frederick George Lee's "Glossary of Liturgical and Ecclesiastical Terms," the reverend editor of the *New Zealand Tablet* refers to it as the only satisfactory explanation of indulgences that he has ever met with in a book by a non-Catholic writer:

Technically, an indulgence is a remission of the temporal punishment which often remains due to sin after its guilt has been forgiven. Now, mortal or deadly sin consists in its being an act of rebellion against God. The forgiveness of this guilt must, on God Almighty's part, be an act of free grace, because it is a kind of infinite evil, for which no creature can ever adequately atone. But, even when this guilt has been forgiven, there still remains a debt of temporal punishment. The justice of God requires that every sinner shall himself pay that portion of the debt which he is able to pay, even when that which he is unable to pay has been forgiven. This is evident from Holy Scripture.

Hence the Church, in executing her office of

remitting sins, having always borne in mind the temporal punishment due to them, exercises her authority by granting what are termed "indulgences" suited to times, states, and circumstances. These are either partial or complete. Partial indulgences have reference to the duration of the canonical penance common in the Primitive Church. Complete or plenary indulgences are those in which the whole of the temporal punishment due to sin is remitted. In order that the Indulgences of Holy Church may be advantageously received, the faithful seeking them must be in a state of perfect charity toward God, and of detachment from sin. Cardinals and bishops are enabled to grant partial indulgences; plenary indulgences being reserved to the Pope.

Though correctly referred to as a non-Catholic author, Dr. Lee was received into the Church a few weeks before his lamented death in 1901. The learned work quoted was published in 1877. It was Dr. Lee's devotion to the Blessed Virgin that "led him Home." While still vicar of All Saints', Lambeth, he was a frequent and valued contributor to our pages.

Commenting on a rather unusual Fourth of July sermon preached by Bishop Williams, of Michigan, the *Bookman* deals trenchantly with an American institution that can not be too speedily suppressed. These excerpts from the article will probably prove to many of our readers, both at home and abroad, as informative as they are interesting:

"In some respects," said the Bishop, "we are on the level of mere barbarians." He gave a number of instances; but, if the printed report of his sermon be correct, he did not mention one of the most striking and startling of all. This is the toleration, in a country which is traditionally law-abiding, of the infamous practice known to the police and others as "the Third Degree." . . . The sinister annals of the Third Degree have never yet been fully brought to light. Should they be so, they would tell of chokings, kicks and blows, the deprivation of life's necessities, with every other sort of mental and moral horror which minds as depraved as any criminal's can invent. These stories are not fully known to the public; for, naturally enough, the detectives and police protect one another by an ominous silence. The sufferers are poor creatures, the dregs of

the city's slums, friendless, suspected, and afraid to tell of what they have experienced. But just because of this, protection should be given them, and they should be saved from suffering worse things than those of which they have been accused.

Here is a field for genuine reform. In all our cities there should be organizations to see to it that these hapless wretches no longer suffer from a perfectly illegal form of cruelty. The very Constitution of the United States itself forbids all "cruel and unusual punishment." In tolerating the Third Degree, our people put themselves below the level of other civilized nations. They have revived the mediæval torture-chamber; and, therefore, in this respect, their civilization has gone backward and is centuries behind that of France or Germany or England. . . . As an aid to justice, the Third Degree is sheer imbecility. As an institution to be tolerated for a single day, it is a blackening infamy, a foul disgrace to the American people.

This is severe, but not unduly so. Time was when an apprehended prisoner was warned by the representatives of the law to be careful of what he said, as it would be used against him; nowadays, detectives and policemen (many of whom probably shudder at mention of the fabulous horrors of the Inquisition) reverse that process, and, in the name of law, violate most flagrantly the law itself. If our magistrates are as wise as they should be, they will treat all confessions extorted by the "sweating process," or "the Third Degree," as non-existent; and will, furthermore, take measures to have all such processes eliminated from the preliminary treatment of persons suspected of crime or under arrest.

The eighth annual convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, recently held at Pittsburg, furnished abundant evidence that the praise frequently given to the underlying principle of the Federation is well deserved. The mere list of the subjects or topics of the formal resolutions adopted by the convention will give a not inadequate idea of the scope of the association's activities and discussions. The list includes: Socialism and

Divorce, evils of profanity, observance of the Lord's Day, civil loyalty of Catholics, Negro and Indian Missions, etc., etc.

The editor of *Rome* recalls the following prophecy made a good many years ago by the late Father Berthe, C. SS. R., as to the outcome of Waldeck-Rousseau's incipient war on the French Congregations:

They will first destroy all the religious Congregations in France and confiscate their property; then, when they have weakened the Church by destroying its outposts, they will attack the secular clergy and the bishops. And the selfish *bourgeoisie* of the country will do nothing to stop this injustice and confiscation so long as their own pockets are safe. But their turn will come when the Church has been disposed of, and then you will see a Revolution in France compared with which that of 1793 was child's play.

"*Absit omen!*" exclaims *Rome*. "But all the stages of the prediction except the last have already been realized with startling accuracy." And there are a good many sane students of French affairs who are intimately convinced that the prediction will be verified in its entirety. Conditions in France, as we have often remarked, will have to grow worse before they become better.

In a notice of a recent Confirmation tour by Bishop Grace, of Sacramento, an exchange remarks:

An incident worthy of mention, and one very highly appreciated by the Bishop, was the fact that two boys, aged ten and twelve, walked twenty-two miles on Saturday, in the heat, that they might not miss the chance offered to them to be confirmed. Another boy of fifteen walked twenty-eight miles on Friday and ten on Saturday.

This is edifying, no doubt; especially in view of the youth of the pedestrians. But Father Texier, a missionary in Natal, Africa, tells of still longer walks: "The converted Caffres display admirable courage. They walk fifty kilometres [more than thirty-one miles] to attend Sunday Mass. And, despite their fatigue, they sing and pray with a piety that reminds me of Lourdes and St. Anne d'Auray."



In Summer Time.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

THE fields and lanes are carpeted
In wondrous shades of green,
With here and there a glint of red,
And now and then a golden thread,
All woven in between.


Beyond the fields, the woods show dark
Against the azure sky;
The notes of linnet and of lark
Fill all the air with rapture — hark,
The rain-crow's plaintive cry!

The willows droop beside the stream
Where small boys love to play;
The lights and shadows softly gleam —
Ah, even *larger* boys might dream
The golden hours away!

The Secret of the Mountain Cross.

BY M. WILDERMUTH.

IV.

T a late hour on the same evening when Marchinka and little Fedar had offered the prayers which so strangely affected the concealed robber, after it had become quite dark, Wolskoi, the travelling merchant, emerged from the wood. He came riding rapidly; for, owing to an accident which had lamed his horse, he had been detained many days, and he feared his family must have suffered from anxiety and suspense.

Nicholas became quite uneasy that his master should still be in the forest so late in the evening. He held his bridle close to his horse, and at the slightest noise drew still closer; though during the day he had boasted that he himself could

master three robbers should they come in his way. When the two men came near to the crucifix, they heard a rustling as if some one were breaking through the bushes; and Wolskoi laid his hand on his sword, but no one appeared.

When they reached the foot of the cross, a thousand lights shone from the city below, but our Saviour's image was illumined by the clear, soft light of the moon. Much as Wolskoi longed to behold his loved ones, he alighted on the spot where he had parted from them, and knelt down to return thanks to God for his singular protection. Then he rode briskly down the hill and through the familiar streets to his own house, where a single light was yet burning, by the light of which Frau Maria read her prayer-book, to silence the anxious fears that oppressed her heart.

Oh, what joy when the father hastened up the stairs, and, with a heart overflowing with thankfulness, embraced once more his faithful wife! The children were awakened, and sprang out of their beds in unspeakable delight. The little Fedar did not forget to ask: "Father, have you a sword for me?" For the older ones, the happiness of once more seeing the father was sufficient. At last the children were sent back to their beds, and Marchinka again whispered into her brother's ear: "It is true, the dear God has heard our prayer."

The next day the father unpacked the rich jewelry he had brought, and all the gifts for his dear ones. Fedar at last got his sword, and a little pistol besides; for Iwan there were the finest materials for drawing and painting, and beautiful books; and for Marchinka a blue silk dress and an exquisite little basket of silver wire. There was great rejoicing over all the pretty presents that papa

had brought, and Fedar thought he might send his old sword to the robber who had been so kind as not to shoot his papa.

In the afternoon the happy family went up the hill, there to celebrate together the return, and offer up their thanks to God who had so mercifully preserved them to meet again. Iwan said nothing more about needless prayer, but still he thought within himself: "Might not father have got home safe without it?"

While the father and mother sat hand in hand on the stone seat at the foot of the cross, talking of the events of the last few weeks, the children wandered off among the bushes. Suddenly Iwan cried out: "What is this?"

The frightened Marchinka ran to her mother, and the father went to see what they had found. There, under the bushes behind the cross, were two large pistols, a long rifle, and a sharp sword. But there was no trace of an owner to be seen.

"These are the weapons of robbers. No soldier carries arms like these," said Peter, who had followed his master; and Wolskoi readily agreed with him.

The poor mother and the children were struck with horror at the sight of these murderous weapons, and they renewed their thanksgiving to God and the Blessed Virgin for the great mercy that had been shown them.

Just then a few burghers from the city came along. Peter showed them what had been found, and they went with him to search for further traces of whoever left them there. They discovered nothing, however, except that the crushed appearance of the bushes and branches thereabouts showed that a man must have broken through them in passing hastily back to the thickest part of the wood.

The father was deeply absorbed in thought as he accompanied his family home. He could not comprehend what had taken place; but this much was clear to him; that he must thank the Lord for an especially wonderful deliverance.

V.

Nearly a year had passed since the return of Wolskoi; and, greatly to his wife's comfort, he announced that he need not journey from home that season. One morning, as they sat at breakfast, he was informed that there was a strange man downstairs, who was inquiring whether the Wolskoi needed a servant, and would he take him.

Now, a good servant was needed just at this time; for old Peter had fallen heir to a little home in his native land, and wished to spend his latter days in ease and rest with his own people. Wolskoi must be content to part with him; but it would certainly be hard to find one to fill the place of this faithful old man.

The stranger was a great, gaunt man, with sunburned face and carefully shorn beard and hair. His appearance was not at all prepossessing, but the melancholy look in his eyes involuntarily moved one to compassion.

"What is your name, my friend, and where do you come from?" asked Wolskoi.

"My name is Nepomuck," said the man. "Ask me no further, Herr, as to my life and origin; but try me and you will not find on earth a more faithful servant than I shall be."

"I have serfs enough on my estate from among whom to choose a servant, and I do not like to take in a stranger without a name or character," replied the Wolskoi.

"Do not send me away," urged Nepomuck with an earnest, beseeching voice. "If the good God has ever listened to your prayers, then listen now to mine. Who knows but that you may be the means of saving a soul from perdition?"

The children had moved closer to their father. Marchinka, though she was afraid of the great brown man, was so moved by his petition that she put her arms around her father and whispered: "Keep him, papa!" And he himself being greatly moved, concluded to give the man a trial.

A more quiet, faithful, and attentive servant could nowhere be found than this poor man proved to be. He slept with the horses in the stable, and could not be made to accept better lodgings. He considered no service too menial, no work too laborious. He held but little communication with the other servants, took no share in their amusements; but as he tried to help others, and was satisfied with everything, he was beloved by all, and they let him have his way. He never left the house unless to go to church or to help some one in distress. If there was a dangerous fire in the vicinity, as sometimes happened, there Nepomuck was to be found; on such occasions he showed the strength of the lion, but at home he was gentle as a lamb.

Nepomuck's greatest happiness was when he could do some kindness for the children, wait on them or please them in any way. At first the little ones were afraid of this rough-looking man, but soon his kindness and gentleness won their hearts, and they grew fond of him; and when anything unusual was to be done then was Nepomuck sought. Fedar was his favorite, and the man was never so happy as when Fedar played with a toy or blew on a whistle he had made for him. He would put him on his father's horse and walk by his side, delighted to listen to his innocent prattle; he would gladly have laid down his life for this child.

Thus the happy years ran by in the house of the Wolskoi. Many a time the father had journeyed away for merchandise and returned safe home again. The good Frau Maria felt less anxious than formerly during her husband's absence; for the faithful Nepomuck always now accompanied him, and she knew his strength to protect and his devoted attachment to his good master. He would sooner have been torn to pieces than that a hair of his master's head should have been injured.

(Conclusion next week.)

Schoolgirls Abroad.

BY S. MAER.

VIII.

We took an earlier train from Venice than the one our party was booked for, that we might stop at Padua long enough to visit Sant' Antonio, the sepulchral church of the dear Saint of Padua. We had time only to drive through the narrow, tortuous streets—that seemed narrower and more crowded because of the *portici*, or arcades, which take up the sidewalks—to the church, which somehow did not impress us as either beautiful or devotional. It is a mixture of Gothic and Byzantine, and has six domes. Of course the paintings are interesting, for they represent scenes from the life of Il Santo; and there is a marvellous collection of precious relics in a treasury off the sanctuary. The shrine of St. Anthony was the centre of attraction and devotion; and we kissed with tender reverence the stone of the altar over the relics of the saint, as we whispered a prayer to the wonder-worker. The trouble was that we could not remain long enough to get ourselves into the spirit of the place. Toward evening we reached Milan, the city of St. Charles Borromeo; and were fortunate in securing rooms looking out on the Piazza del Duomo, and with a corner view of Our Lady's beautiful church, the cathedral.

Our first glimpse of it in the glare of the electric lights gave the impression of a wonderful mirage—a cloud church with cloud turrets. But in the morning it was still there, a forest of steeples, a structure of exquisite proportions, with marble carvings almost lacelike in delicacy of effect. Think of a church, gleaming white, lifting up ninety-eight turrets, twenty-five figures on each steeple; a church adorned with more than six thousand statues, by actual count, and all of glistening marble; a structure rich in noble carvings and

iris-hued stained glass, the three choir windows alone embodying three hundred and fifty Scriptural subjects,—surely it is the Eighth Wonder of the world!

The interior is most impressive, and the size of the church may be judged from the fact that there are fifty-two pillars, twelve feet in diameter, the tops of which have canopied niches with statues. The church is the Litany of the Saints in stone, with Mary Queen of Saints enthroned high on the tower over the dome. In Milan we saw the first altar of St. Joseph that had met our eyes in Italy; and it was with special devotion that we prayed at the tomb of St. Charles Borromeo, and beheld the wooden crucifix which the great Cardinal bore in 1576, when, barefooted, he went about the city on his errand of mercy among the plague-stricken.

To the right of the cathedral is the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, really a glass-roofed street, connecting the Piazza del Duomo and the Piazza della Scala; and also the streets running east and west of these two squares; for the arcade is in the form of a Latin cross, and is lined with splendid shops. At night it is especially attractive, for it is then a blaze of electric light.

A day was too short to see all the treasures of the Brera, with its library, picture-gallery, and museum. Canova's "Napoleon I.," in bronze, occupies the centre of the court; and once inside the building, there is nothing to do, according to Katherine, but turn oneself into a catalogue. Aunt Margaret called our attention to Raphael's famous "Espousals of Our Lady" and a few other notable paintings, of which we got photographic copies at the door. Mary seemed busy taking notes, but we learned later that she had beguiled the weariness of "miles of pictures" with the following:

Is this by Bernardo Luini,
Or else by Gentile Bellini,
Or perhaps by Fra Lippi?
Oh, dear! I am dippy!
See here is the name. 'tis Pedrini,

We took a roundabout way to our hotel, and spent an hour at the Castello di Porta Giovia, once the seat of government and now a sort of museum. It is a real castle, the kind that one reads about, with turrets and moat and drawbridges. The place and its contents are a sort of object-lesson in the history of Milan. We enjoyed it in a way; but, as Mary remarked later on, "little did we dream of what toils were being woven about us."

Tuesday we started out early, heard Mass at the Duomo, took a hurried breakfast, then directed our steps to the Ambrosian Library, with its treasures of MSS., the most precious of which we looked at with reverence. Think of letters written in the long ago by St. Charles Borromeo, Ariosto, Tasso, Galileo, and St. Alphonsus Liguori! There we saw a copy of Virgil with marginal notes by Petrarch. (Katherine declared that her copy of Virgil has more notes than the Milan edition.) Interesting as was the Ambrosian Library, the church of St. Ambrose was more so. Here it was that St. Ambrose baptized St. Augustine, and it was here that the great Bishop and Father of the Church rebuked the Emperor Theodosius. It was in this church, too, that the Lombard kings formerly were crowned with the famous Iron Crown; this interesting relic of a past age is now preserved at Monza, just north of Milan.

Next our guide took us to Santa Maria delle Grazie, adjoining which is the monastery (now a cavalry barracks) enriched with the "Last Supper" (lately restored) by Da Vinci. The face of the Divine Master is compelling in its sad beauty. A drive through the park, and a glimpse of the cemetery, the third in point of sculptural and landscape beauty in the world (the finest being in Buenos Aires, the second in Genoa), closed our formal sight-seeing; and as we drove to our hotel, past the opera house and the great silk shops, Mary said she was leaving Milan without having decided which she'd like better—to have as many silk dresses

as she wanted, or to make her *début* at La Scala.

This momentous question was soon out of her mind; for, as we stepped from the carriage, the hotel manager came toward us, and urbanely, but with some show of suppressed excitement, invited us into a private parlor, where a military-looking man seemed awaiting our presence. There, in broken English, he explained that he was sorry to have to trouble us, but would we tell him if any of us owned a small note-book he held before us. Mary at once claimed it; whereupon the manager told us that the officer who brought it had been instructed by a keeper at the Castle that the day before a young girl, a foreigner, had been seen taking notes, and then had accidentally dropped the book. He, the officer, had been deputed to look up the party, and if possible seek an explanation of the drawings, and he pointed to sundry art efforts. With not a little mischievous enjoyment, Mary explained:

"That long object? That is meant for a Naples loaf of bread. And that fringe? Macaroni drying. And the black objects near are children and goats and dogs running in and out the macaroni strings."

"And this officer?" the guard inquired.

"That is meant for an Italian soldier. And this" (and the smiles became laughter) "is Aunt Margaret when her pompadour has wilted in the heat and she is tired answering questions. I drew that yesterday at the Castle."

Then, with bows and apologies from the manager, and apologies and bows from the guard, they waved us toward the waiting elevator; and when we reached our room we had a laugh that made us forget heat and dust and fatigue, and we were gladder than ever that we lived in the Land of the Free.

Early in the afternoon, we left Milan for Lucerne; and as we noted the charm of the Italian scenery in this Northern region, with its vines and mulberry trees,

its wayside shrines, its white monasteries, its imposing villas, its glimpses of blue waters, like great turquoises in an emerald setting, we began to realize that we were leaving Italy. Milan, as a city, had prepared us for the change; it was more modern to us than the other cities we had visited; and we summed up our impressions, deciding that Naples is unique, picturesque; Rome, impressive, soul-stirring; Florence, beautiful, artistic; Venice, romantic; and Milan, new and well-ordered, but not so interesting to the tourist as the other cities.

Soon the Alpine scenery told us we were in Switzerland, "the playground of Europe"; and our way took us in and out of tunnels, across streams, doubling on our tracks, through the great St. Gotthard Tunnel, nine and one-fourth miles long, and on toward the clear, cool, majestic beauty of the Lake of the Four Cantons, at the head of which is Lucerne, the place of our next stop, which was to be only for a day or two.

Switzerland is a land of contrasts. Snowy peaks tower above verdure-clad valleys; the bluest of blue skies are mirrored in blue lakes; or, as sometimes happens (and we can testify that it *does* happen), a gray sky above with leaden lakes below is the order of the day. Aunt Margaret was especially interested in this little model Republic, so in her own delightfully informal way she taught us much of the history of the country. She told us about the Lake dwellers who roamed the mountains and whose skiffs were on these lakes and rivers three thousand years before the Christian era; about the Helvetians, a Swiss tribe, once a Roman province; and about the introduction of Christianity in the third century. The story of their falling away from the Faith and their re-conversion by St. Columbanus and Gallus was as interesting as a romance. And all through the history certain names stand out as representative of great good or of great evil; among them Bertha, the widow of

Rudolf II.; St. Maurice, St. Felix, St. Regula, St. Leodegar; Zwingli, Calvin, and Bonnivard.

We really saw very little of Switzerland; for our only stop was at Lucerne, and we were there but two days. Our first visit was to St. Xavier's Church. Here we found pews, and Mass was being offered at the high altar, as well as in each of the many side chapels. There was no moving around of tourists, no sight-seeing, no explanations of guides, and we felt at home. Later we visited the Hofkirche of St. Leodegar, where there is a famous organ; and wandered around among the monuments in the adjoining churchyard. The Reuss, a beautiful river issuing from the Lake, divides Lucerne into the Kleinstadt and the Grosstadt, connected by several bridges. The Seebrücke is a modern structure, but the Kapellbrücke and Spreuerbrücke are centuries old. The first dates from 1333, is built entirely of wood and zigzags across the river. In 112 triangular paintings, placed at regular intervals beneath the angle of the roof of the bridge, are recorded the heroic deeds of the old Switzers and the sufferings of their patron saints, Leodegar and Maurice. The Spreuerbrücke contains a series of paintings representing the "Dance of Death."

A short walk from the cathedral brings one upon a bit of rugged Alpine scenery, that seems far removed from the fashion and luxury of life as it is lived in the hotels along the Quay. In a romantic wooded nook, there gleams a small lake; and beyond it rises a tall cliff, in a recess of which is carved the Lion of Lucerne. Prone there, the point of a javelin in his side, his head and paw resting on the shield he died in protecting, the Swiss shield close by, is the symbol of the faithful Helvetians.

Near this great Thorwaldsen monument is the Glacier Garden, where one sees nine "potholes" of an ancient glacier. The guide-book says of these:

They were evidently hollowed out in prehistoric times by waters flowing beneath the glacier which then extended from the St. Gotthard to the north of Switzerland. Water trickling through the fissures of the glacier imparted a rotatory motion to stones, which, after falling upon the ice, also found their way through the fissures. In the course of centuries these stones hollowed out the holes in the rocks beneath, and were left in them when the glacier receded. Indeed, these stones, consisting of gneiss, granite of St. Gotthard, and Alpine limestone, are still to be seen in the holes.

Of course we spent several delightful hours in a small motor-boat on the lake, touching at points of interest; and of course we promenaded under the trees along the Quay. We did not ascend either the Rigi or old Pilatus, for those heights persistently wrapped themselves in clouds during our stay. The morning we were leaving Lucerne the summits shone out clear in the sunlight; but it was too late then. And Katherine maintained that Pilatus smiled wickedly at having disappointed a lot of American tourists, showing them that their money, which does so much for them in travelling, couldn't beguile him into allowing an interview. Perhaps the great peaks belong to a Union, for the Rigi did not behave any better than Pilatus.

There are many pretty legends about the lakes, the mountains, and the old heroes. As regards the heroes, history and myth are hard to distinguish. William Tell, for example, is very real to the Swiss people. Somehow, the stories one hears are to history and literature what the picturesque chalets are to the Swiss landscape,—real in a way, but not substantial. Here, as in Italy, there are outdoor shrines,—some in honor of our Blessed Mother; others, wayside Stations of the Cross. French and Italian are spoken everywhere in Switzerland; but as soon as one passes the boundary line of Italy, there is a change of vocalization as well as of climate and scenery. No longer does one linger over the vowels in words like "Bellinzona," "Lago Maggiore," "Venezia," "Milano"; instead, one gets vocal exer-

cise in such terms as "Schwarzenberg," "Hammetschwand," and "Rothenburg-Klopfen-Eschenbach."

There is a sturdiness, a reticence, a cleanliness about the dwellers of the Alpine regions that appeal to one. In Lucerne there is no begging; a price is put on souvenirs, and you may take them or leave them. In the Hofkirche, a contribution box is near the main entrance; a placard on it asks alms for the needy and for the Church, but there is no other asking for gratuities. Italy and Switzerland are neighbors, but they are very far apart. Which did we like better? That is another thing. What Catholic would hesitate to declare in favor of Rome, the head and heart of the Church?

From Lucerne to Basle we had a compartment all to ourselves; this privilege we utilized by comparing notes, and, of course, enjoying the outlook. One thing that struck us particularly was that in our travels we had thus far seen few children, except of the poorer classes, who literally live in the streets and courts, and fewer young girls of our age. In Rome we saw a class of First Communicants, accompanied by Religious of the Sacred Heart from the Trinità, on the way to an audience with the Holy Father; and they were driving. Nowhere were young women in evidence as they are in the United States; and I am not sure but that Aunt Margaret was right in declaring in favor of this seclusion.

At Basle there was a long halt, and two officials appeared who demanded our suit-cases and hand-bags. Mary rather demurred, at which we wondered; for she rarely carried much, preferring to run the risk of having to wait for her baggage at our various halting-places. Finally she opened it, and disclosed a cigar-holder, a bear in carved wood; two or three miniature copies of the Lion of Lucerne, in carved wood and in metal; and several packages of Swiss chocolate! This ordeal over, two passengers entered our compartment, and before we had reached the

next station we learned that Mr. and Mrs. R—— were English, that Mr. R—— had dyspepsia in a serious form, and that they were travelling for the good of his health. The subject of Mr. R——'s malady was uppermost in the minds of both, and they discussed it, until finally it became humorous to us and proved our undoing. This was in Mayence, which we reached late in the afternoon, where we found our English friends registered at the same hotel.

(To be continued.)

The Origin of Cards.

Without inquiring whether any games with cards, which resemble those of our times, were in use among the Greeks and Romans, Father Menestrier, in his "Bibliothèque Curieuse," confining himself to France, says that it is only about five hundred years since games of cards were first known. This he demonstrates by an ordinance of Charles VI. in 1391, against the use of all such games as did not assist the military science; and in which, though the forbidden games are enumerated, there is no mention of cards. The following year, however, is that to which he assigns their origin.

The four suits are supposed to represent the two branches of the State—the Church and the army, the city and the country. The hearts, or *cœurs*—which should be choir-men for the church,—the Spaniards represent by copes, or chalices, instead of hearts. Spades, in French *piques*, signify pikes; in Spanish, swords are called *spada*, denoting the military order. Diamonds, *carreaux*, or squares—on Spanish cards *dineras*, or coins,—are expressive of the monied or mercantile men of the city. Clubs, *trefoil* in French; in Spanish, *casta*,—a club for the peasantry.

The king and queen need no explanation. The knave may be intended as a sly stroke at the Minister. The ace seems to be one distinguished character, selected from each rank, and elevated to an honorable situation.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—There are publishers in London at the present moment, according to the *Academy*, who make it a boast that they never pay more than thirty pounds for a novel. Even this price is too high for many of their purchases.

—An interesting and timely pamphlet of the London C. T. S. is "St. Aldhelm, Bishop of Sherborne." The subject of the brief biography died just twelve centuries ago—May 25, 709. To the sketch of his life, by Dom Gebert Dolan, O. S. B., a brief account of St. Aldhelm's adherence to the Roman Church is added by Dom Ethelbert Horne, O. S. B.

—The Very Rev. John Procter, Provincial of the English Dominicans, has lately found time to edit a collection of letters on the Dominican Order (translated from the French), and to give them to the reading world through Messrs. R. and T. Washbourne. In these letters is embodied practical information as regards the life of St. Dominic, the object and scope of the Order founded by him, as well as a summary of Dominican martyrs, theologians, preachers, artists, etc. A chapter on the Sisters of the Second and Third Orders also has place in this little Dominican apologia.

—Again we call attention to the excellent series of text-books for Catholic schools prepared by the Sisters of Notre Dame, under the title "Leading Events in the History of the Church." (Benziger Brothers.) Part I. deals with the early ages of Christianity—that is, from the days of the Apostles to the beginnings of the Christian influence in the British Isles. In matter and presentation, the work seems all that could be desired in a brief compendium. The make-up, including paper, type and illustrations, is unusually good; and we feel sure that teachers and pupils will welcome this useful addition to their text-books on Church history.

—"Christ, the Church, and Man," by Cardinal Capecelatro, is a slender volume containing an essay on new methods in ecclesiastical studies and worship, with some remarks on a new apologia for Christianity in relation to the Social Question. Apropos of theological studies, the eminent author says: "Now, it is my opinion that, according to a newer method, very little time should be given to the confutation of heretics, and not much to Scholasticism, especially in its antiquated forms. On the other hand, what is desirable is a much wider

and more profound apprehension of religious truths and of their proofs." In the suggestive remarks on the Social Question, the phrase "Christian Science" is used in its etymological sense, not in the technical one in which it qualifies a confused and confusing mass of opinions neither Christian nor scientific. B. Herder, publisher.

—"Practical Devotion to the Sacred Heart," for the use of the clergy and the faithful, by A. Vermeersch, S. J., is now available in English, thanks to the zeal of Madame Cecilia, whose labors in many lines of Catholic literature deserve well of the Catholic reading public. In this little volume, attractively published by Messrs. Washbourne, we have a compilation of meditations and devotions, with the Sacred Heart as object. Part II., on mental prayer, covers, in meditation form, the essence of the devotion; and Part III. presents the various devotions, private and public, common to the League of the Sacred Heart. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—The late Henry Harland was a charming personality. He is remembered with special pleasure by all his readers, and with particular affection by all his friends. An illustration of how the personality of this amiable and gifted author impressed all who came in contact with him is given by an anonymous contributor to the current *Bookman*:

Some three years ago the writer of these pages and her husband made a garden. One June day—a day of roses—in 1907, an acquaintance, a clever man, a man of intuitions, wandered up and down the lawn, smoking. Presently he came back and said: "It's odd how this garden of yours always reminds me of Henry Harland and of his books. Somehow it possesses his atmosphere." It was odd—he had no idea that we had ever known Mr. Harland. And yet perhaps not odd at all, since such an influence as his—an influence for good, for beauty—is imperishable, is liable to reappear in many forms and in many ways. Personality is as subtle as it is deathless.

—The time is probably coming when each publisher will restrict his efforts to the production and dissemination of one class of literature. Mr. Brown will issue only novels, Mr. Jones will bring out nothing but translations, Mr. Robinson will confine himself to cook books, and so on. A step in this direction seems to have been already taken by Messrs. Rebman, of London, whose list of new publications includes "The Maniac: A Realistic Study of Madness from the Maniac's Point of View." This work is offered to the general reader as being "more weirdly sensational than any

novel." The advertisement declares that "the publishers are perfectly satisfied that this book is a genuine record of a case of madness from the patient's point of view, and therefore have no hesitation in recommending it as a most valuable psychological study."

—The sixth and concluding volume of the De La Salle Series of readers for Catholic schools is a book of four hundred and eighty pages, containing about one hundred and thirty selections in prose and poetry, the work of one hundred and twenty-two different writers. In the matter of arrangement, explanatory notes, suggestions, and biographies of the authors represented, this volume merits all the praise which we have already given to former numbers of the series. The one defect we notice is the relative paucity of American Catholics among the authors quoted,—a paucity for which there is considerably less excuse to-day than there was when, for instance, the Metropolitan Series of readers was compiled. To be specific, Christian Reid might well replace George Eliot, and Maurice Francis Egan be substituted for Samuel Rogers, without any loss of artistic excellence, and with a decided gain in the matter of promoting American Catholic literature. La Salle Bureau of Supplies.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The Duchess's Baby." Sophie Maude. \$1.
- "Holy Water and Its Significance for Catholics." Father Theiller, S. O. Cist. 50 cts.
- "The Master Motive." Laure Conan. \$1.
- "The Book of the Lily, and Other Verses." A Sister of the Holy Cross. \$1, net.
- "An Impeached Nation; Being a Study of Irish Outrages." Henry W. Cleary, D. D. 4s. 6d.
- "Report of the Nineteenth Eucharistic Congress. Held at Westminster." \$1.75.
- "Choice Morsels of the Bread of Life." Rev. C. Coppens, S. J. 60 cts.

- "Catholic Churchmen in Science." (Second Series.) James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$1.08.
- "The Path which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church." Peter H. Burnett. \$1.50, net.
- "Father Jim." J. G. R. 10 cts.
- "Graduale Romanum." Dr. F. X. Mathias. \$1.50.
- "The Great Problem." Rev. J. J. Burke. \$1.
- "The Decree on Daily Communion." Father Juan Ferreres, S. J. 75 cts.
- "Rules of Life for the Pastor of Souls." Rev. T. Slater, S. J. \$1.25.
- "The Preachers' Protests." Very Rev. D. I. McDermott. 25 cts.
- "Henry Charles Lea's Historical Writings." Mgr. Baumgarten. 90 cts.
- "The Divine Story." Rev. C. J. Holland, S. T. L. \$1, net.
- "The Catechism in Examples." Vols. IV., V. \$3.
- "The Lady of the Tower, and Other Stories." \$1.25.
- "The Cardinal Democrat. (Henry Edward Manning.)" I. A. Taylor. \$1.25.
- "A Friar Observant." Frances M. Brookfield. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. H. A. Hellhake, of the diocese of Fort Wayne; and Rev. Ludgar Beck, O. F. M.

Mr. Arthur Colfer, Mr. F. A. Short, Mrs. Mary D. Tully, Mr. George Warner, Mrs. E. Eden, Miss Agnes L. Boyton, Mr. John Curran, Mrs. Annie Scott, Mr. Patrick McNally, Mr. John Hillard, Mrs. K. B. Brann, Mr. James Lord, Mrs. Agnes Kane, Mr. Francis Goeken, Miss Margaret A. Burke, and Mr. Theodore Prawl.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For St. Antonius' Church, Kaiserwalde:

Friend, in honor of St. Anthony, \$1; Friend, Colgrove, \$1.

Three needy foreign missions:

Child of Mary, in honor of our Blessed Mother, \$5.

For the nuns of Our Lady of the Mission: Buthidaung (Arakan), East India:

Friend, in honor of the Holy Family, \$1; S. O., \$3.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Ave Maria.

BY HENRY C. McLEAN.

I.

HERE blooms the rose,
Where fall the snows,
The tale is told,
For centuries old—
"Hail, full of grace!"

II.

For gain or loss,
For every cross,
All men repeat
The message sweet—
"Hail, full of grace!"

An Interesting Centenary.—Pius VII. and the First Napoleon.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.



UST one hundred years ago—on the 16th of August, 1809—the venerable Pontiff Pius VII. was imprisoned at Savona by order of the First Napoleon, or so it was said. The annexation of the Patrimony of St. Peter and the seizure of the person of the Holy Father followed close upon the victory of Wagram, staining the conqueror's flag, and branding with eternal infamy the cowardly perpetrators of that outrage. It shocked both Catholic and Protestant, and horrified not only the friends but even the enemies of France. The Protestant historian Alison concludes his account of it in these familiar words:

"What does the Pope mean," said Napoleon to Eugene, in 1807, 'by the threat of excommunicating me? Does he think the world has gone back a thousand years? Does he suppose the arms will fall from the hands of my soldiers?' Within two years after these words were written, the Pope did excommunicate him in return for the confiscation of his whole dominions; and in less than four years more, the arms did fall from the hands of his soldiers, and the hosts, apparently invincible, which he had collected, were dispersed and ruined by the blasts of winter. By the terrors and exhaustion of a long captivity, he extorted from the Pope at Fontainebleau, in 1813, a renunciation of the rights of the Church over the Roman States; and within a year after, he himself was compelled, also at Fontainebleau, to sign the abdication of all his dominions. He consigned Cardinal Pacca and several other prelates, the courageous counsellors of the Bull of excommunication, to a dreary imprisonment of four years amid the snows of the Alps; and he himself was shortly after doomed to a painful exile of six, on the rock of St. Helena. There is something in these marvellous coincidences which is beyond the operations of chance, and which even a Protestant historian feels bound to mark for the observation of future ages. The world had not gone back a thousand years, but there existed that Being with whom a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years."

Some years ago I met a lady whose grandfather had served under the First

Napoleon. He was one of the 452,000 men whom the Emperor led over the Russian frontier to what seemed certain victory; and he was one of the 21,600 vanquished and despairing stragglers that, five months later, were all that remained of that grand army whose advancing front had stretched for miles from right to left. The old soldier often spoke of the retreat from Moscow, as he held his little grandchild on his knee. He told how the Emperor's proud boast in connection with the Papal excommunication was remembered as they plodded wearily through the snow and the muskets dropped from their still willing but frozen hands. No amount of personal devotion on the part of his followers could save the man whose star had paled indeed, and for whom the hour of retribution had struck.

Napoleon asserted, in after life, that General Miollis acted entirely on his own responsibility when he employed General Radet to seize the person of the Pope; and that he, the Emperor, had given no orders at all upon the subject. However this may be, Napoleon was clearly at least an accessory after the act, and certainly sanctioned the imprisonment at Savona. Nor was the Sovereign Pontiff altogether unprepared for the event. When, with a sublime courage and self-sacrifice, the gentle, saintly old man put the interests of religion before those of any personal nature, and issued his Bull excommunicating the great conqueror, he fully believed that by so doing he pronounced his own doom.

By a decree issued from Vienna on May 17, 1809, Napoleon, enraged at the Pope's refusal to lay an embargo upon the English ships in the ports of the States of the Church, declared the Temporal Power at an end, and the Papal States French property. On the 10th of June following, the Bull of excommunication was drawn up at Fontana. The Emperor was in his tent after the battle of Essling, surrounded by his officers, when word was brought that the Papal Nuncio had arrived from

Vienna and demanded an audience in the name of the Holy Father. When shown into the Emperor's presence, the Nuncio handed him a paper.

"Sire," he said, "I have orders to deliver this Bull into your Majesty's own hands."

Napoleon broke the seals, and, in the midst of an ominous silence, read his sentence of excommunication. The blow was keenly felt, and the Emperor was unable to conceal his emotion. In spite of his differences with the Pope, he was at heart a sincere Catholic, and never at any moment of his extraordinary career pretended to be anything else, whether in prosperity or in adversity.

At length the Emperor recovered himself with an effort, and, looking fixedly at the Papal Envoy, said:

"You have done your duty, Monsieur le Nonce. It is courageous of you, and I respect you for it."

As the Nuncio withdrew, the stricken Emperor was heard to mutter to himself, as if the tribute to the calm courage of the ecclesiastical authorities was wrung from him in spite of his displeasure:

"Quels hommes! Quel caractère!"

But evil counsellors surrounded him, and gradually the first impression wore off. He read the Bull a second time, and, crushing it in his hands, said, with a scornful smile:

"What can the Pope do, after all? I have five hundred thousand men at my command. Will this thunderbolt make the arms drop from their hands?"

De Montholon was one of the faithful few who shared the last exile of Napoleon. He says himself that he closed his eyes as he lay dead at Longwood. In a letter to De Beauterne he refers as follows to the seizure of Pius VII.:

"The capture of the Pope was undertaken by General Miollis on his own responsibility. It was neither foreseen nor ordered by the Emperor. . . . The situation of Miollis at that moment was critical. He believed his only chance of

safety lay in disobedience to instructions received, and did not recoil before the terrifying responsibility of laying sacrilegious hold of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. He had the Pope carried off in the middle of the night and moved to Florence. The falling of a thunderbolt could not have caused more dismay. The Grand-Duchess of Tuscany sent messenger after messenger to the headquarters of the imperial troops, imploring that the Holy Father might at least be conveyed farther South, so that she might be absolved from any responsibility in the matter. To this General Miollis consented, and the Pope was taken to Savona. Nothing could equal the displeasure of the Emperor. His keen intellect grasped at once the many embarrassments that must arise for himself from the seizure of the Pope; his religious convictions were not less wounded, and his first impulse was to order that the Pope should be taken back to Rome. . . . The seizure of the Pope was not, then, the Emperor's act."

The Quirinal was broken into on the night of July 5, 1809, General Radet directing the assault. He dragged the aged Pontiff across Italy, passing by Mount Cenis, stopping at Grenoble, Valence, and Avignon. With what varied emotions must not the illustrious prisoner have looked upon the historic ruins of the Palace of the Popes as he passed through the last mentioned town? When, a short time after, the Austrian Ambassador, M. de Lebzeltern, spoke to Pius VII. of Napoleon's offer of giving him a residence at Avignon, the Holy Father answered: "Never, notwithstanding the attachment shown to me by that town. It was because of their enthusiasm at Avignon, which was shared by several other towns in the south of France, that the route was altered,—the route destined to lead me to this lonely rock [*ce rocher solitaire*] between the sea and the lofty Apennines, shut off from the rest of the world." "This lonely rock," the expression used by Pius VII. in speaking of his prison at

Savona, sounds almost prophetic when one remembers how often Napoleon used the very same words in after life in reference to St. Helena.

At the period of his incarceration at Savona, the Pope was sixty-seven years of age, and, consequently, but little fitted to bear privations. Nor, to give Napoleon his due, does it seem likely that he intended the venerable captive to be subjected to any hardships beyond those inseparable from a close confinement. Indeed, in "Le Pape Pie VII. à Savone," Chotard states that the Emperor desired that the Pope should be treated with "honor and generosity." He was to be surrounded with all that was necessary to his health and comfort, and even with a certain amount of luxury. "But," says the same author, "the intentions of Napoleon were not fully carried out."

Ushers, it is true, were placed at the entrance, and footmen filled the ante-chambers. The doors of the Pope's own rooms were guarded by two men dressed in black. But the rooms themselves were in a deplorable state. They had been unoccupied for a considerable time, and no preparations had been made for the Pope's reception. The furniture was scanty and of the simplest kind. Aware of this, the Bishop of Savona lent his own furniture, and the people of the place vied with one another for the honor of supplementing it with whatever they could. Table-linen and plate were got in haste, but the most that could be done fell far short of what was congruous and worthy.

Never was Pius VII. so grand, nor ever so beloved and revered by the faithful, as in the hour of his misfortunes. The people of Savona clamored for a sight of the persecuted Pontiff, and the gentle, kindly old man readily complied. The balcony of the Papal prison was hurriedly reconstructed into a sort of gallery. The stairs leading up to it were almost in ruins and had to be hastily repaired. But even then they were more or less shaky, and the impromptu gallery

itself was far from secure. And it was from this crazy structure that the august Head of the Church gave his benediction, morning and evening, to the assembled crowd below during the whole of his stay at Savona.

With the approach of winter, the hardships increased. The windows had no shutters and closed badly. The rooms were without carpets. Bedclothes were insufficient. The Holy Father's bed was miserable; and when General Berthier exerted himself to have it changed, it was replaced by one still worse. Pius VII. lived almost entirely in his room, never going out of doors except to walk in the garden, which had been allowed to run wild. All this stinginess disgusted General Berthier, who, while thoroughly loyal to Napoleon, never lost an opportunity of doing anything he could to alleviate the sufferings of the illustrious prisoner confided to his charge.

On the feast of St. Peter, the Pope departed somewhat from his habitual reserve. He appeared as a sovereign, and his robes, we are told, were evidently got new for the occasion. Only once did he go into the streets of Savona, and that was on a feast of the Blessed Virgin, when he celebrated Mass in the cathedral. At Easter, Savona was as crowded as Rome with strangers. At one time as many as 300,000 persons were gathered beneath the balcony when the Pope gave his benediction. From his prison, the Sovereign Pontiff ruled the Catholic world as calmly and as firmly as at the Vatican; for the authority by which he governed was not of this earth, and the kingdom of souls was one that no man could wrest from him.

In a conversation with the Bishops of Abenga and Savona, Pius VII. said, in allusion to the confiscation of the Papal States: "I see well that my territory must be renounced. But I do not make this renunciation; for I am a sovereign without possessions, and I can not renounce the inheritance of my prede-

cessors. I will urge my subjects to be as faithful to the Emperor as to myself. I am ready to do what he asks of me. All I demand is to be allowed to re-enter my See, in order that I may be able to attend to the spiritual affairs of the Church, which are being neglected."

That Pius VII. had a personal affection and admiration for the conqueror of Austerlitz has never been denied; nor can there be any doubt that the sentiment was mutual. They were both Italians, and had been friends when Napoleon was still but a soldier of fortune, and the Pope himself "*il cittadino, Cardinale Chiaramonte*," Bishop of Imola. To excommunicate the erring Emperor gave real pain to the Holy Father, and he postponed the issuing of the Bull as long as he could, hoping against hope that Napoleon would confess his sin and repent. He had crossed the snow-capped mountains in the depth of winter to crown the successful soldier who had made Europe his battlefield and earned for the French flag the proud title of "the beloved of victory." And even at Savona, crownless himself, and robbed of all his possessions by the imperial hand, Pius VII., with the generosity of a true Christian, caused a *Te Deum* to be sung on December 2, the anniversary of the Emperor's coronation.

The presence of his confessor would have been a help and comfort to the Holy Father during his imprisonment; but this friend and confidant was not allowed to cross the threshold of the prison. Was it a mere coincidence, or but yet another link in that long chain that Retribution forged around the captive of St. Helena, that, though Napoleon received the Last Sacraments when dying, the priest who administered to him was not the confessor of his choice?

Pius VII. said, with truth, that his position at Savona was far worse than that of Pius VI. at Valence, who had a cardinal to guard him, priests, secretaries, and a Spanish Minister, authorized by Republican France. The Holy Father had

but one solitary clerk to assist him in his work at Savona, and all the clerk was able to do was to copy what the Pope had written, or write from dictation. When M. de Lebzeltern arrived at Savona as ambassador from the Emperor of Austria, the Pope pointed to the piles of paper that covered his table, the letters and documents of every description that he had to examine alone, and answer unaided.

The result of M. de Lebzeltern's interview with the Pope may be summed up in the final words of the Sovereign Pontiff to that Minister: "I regard Napoleon as separated from the Church by the fact that he has persecuted its Head. Let him replace me at Rome, without a pension; for I would not accept one in any case. Let him open the catacombs to me; that will suffice, and the alms of the faithful will supply the rest."

The Pope was supplied with no newspapers while at Savona, and every precaution was taken by his jailers to keep him in ignorance of what was passing in the outer world. Even his letters were handed to him open. But the zeal of the faithful, nevertheless, contrived to furnish him with intelligence. He knew that, at Rome, even his private room had been invaded, the archives searched, and the ecclesiastical documents placed under the imperial seals and conveyed to France. The poor old man, who bore his personal sufferings so bravely, complained bitterly of this outrage, saying that the papers taken were not his private property, but belonged to the Church.

In February, 1810, Rome was declared the second city of the French Empire. The Prince Imperial—should a son be born to Napoleon—was to receive the honors and the title of "King of Rome." Before the tenth year of their reign, the emperors of France, after being crowned in Paris at Notre-Dame, were to be crowned again in Rome at St. Peter's. Of all this the crownless Pontiff was arrogantly informed during his imprisonment upon "the lonely rock" of Savona;

and all this and more was well remembered by the crownless Emperor, a few years later, in his desolate exile upon the not less lonely rock of St. Helena.

The captivity of Pius VII. at Savona lasted from August 16, 1809, to May 16, 1810. He was then removed to Fontainebleau, where in January, 1813, he was induced to sign a new Concordat. After a conference with the cardinals he withdrew the concessions made in it, and proposed a Concordat on a different basis. In his hour of triumph, Napoleon turned a deaf ear to the Pope's proposal; but, after the French armies were driven from Germany, the Emperor himself endeavored to procure a new Concordat by voluntarily offering to restore the Papal possessions south of the Apennines. The Pope refused to treat with him except from Rome, and the Emperor was obliged to yield.

The order for the Holy Father's release reached Fontainebleau on January 22, 1814; and on the 24th of the following May the Sovereign Pontiff re-entered the Eternal City, amidst the wildest enthusiasm, and to the joy and relief of the whole Catholic world; though his health was broken by that long captivity and its attendant privations and anxieties. The hardships endured by the venerable Pontiff were calculated to crush the spirit and break the heart of a younger man. But as he was at Savona and at Fontainebleau so he remained to the end—forgetful always of himself, and working to the last for his Divine Master and the interests of His Church. In July, 1823, a fall that broke his thigh bone hastened the end. Acute inflammation supervened, and he died on the 20th of the following August. Long before, he had forgiven and blessed his persecutor, for whom he always prayed, and against whom he had never evinced any personal animosity. The news of Napoleon's death at St. Helena affected him deeply; his heart bled for the sufferings and humiliations of the forlorn captive on the bleak rock of St. Helena.

In the face of the cruel and unjustifiable imprisonment of Pius VII., and of the divorce from Josephine, the marriage with Maria-Louise, and the conferring of the title of "King of Rome" upon his son, some may find it difficult to believe that Napoleon Bonaparte was a sincere Catholic. Nevertheless, he was; nor can any unprejudiced student of his life doubt the fact. All through his career he upheld the truth of the Catholic religion, and often in the face of many temptations to do otherwise.

About twelve months ago I had a very interesting conversation with the venerable M. Pierre Schamel Roy. He was born in the Palace of Versailles when the First Napoleon held his court there. His grandfather was *régisseur du Palais*; when I saw him, he was an inmate of the hospital at Ivry, near Paris. His great-grandmother, the Comtesse de Queslan, who had been *demoiselle d'honneur* at the court of Louis XV., directed all the social functions at Versailles when Napoleon reigned there. M. Matthias Roy, the father of the centenarian, was one of Napoleon's secretaries.

Pierre Schamel Roy was, of course, only a little boy at the time; but it is not likely that even a child could live under the same roof with Napoleon and see him every day for months together and not remember him. At all events, my venerable friend remembered him well; and, like all who ever came in contact with that extraordinary man, had evidently fallen under his spell. The very name of Napoleon electrified him. At the mention of St. Helena he sprang to his feet, looking like some inspired prophet of old, with his flashing eyes, and flowing hair and beard of snowy whiteness. The ancient oak was transformed into a tall and lusty sapling as he stood there, defiant and erect as a young man, his fist clenched and his eyes raised to heaven, as he denounced the power that had made the last years of his idol's life a slow martyrdom.

I received many letters from him after; and in one of these, in answer to something I had said on the subject of Napoleon's religious sentiments, he wrote: "You may be easy on that point. The Emperor, like all the members of the imperial family, was profoundly Catholic. At Versailles it was quite usual for him to join us in our family prayers."

When Napoleon was at the school of Brienne, one of his fellow-scholars turned his back upon the altar at the most solemn moment of the Mass. Napoleon, who was next to him, laid an iron hand upon his arm, whispering in an awful voice, "Kneel down!" And the boy, frightened and abashed, submissively did so. When he was made First Consul, Napoleon conferred a pension on Père Charles, the former chaplain of Brienne, to whom he wrote at the same time the following significant lines: "I have not forgotten that it is to your virtuous example and to your wise instructions that I owe the high position to which I have been raised. Without religion there is no happiness, no future possible. I recommend myself to your prayers."

After the Emperor's death, the Chevalier de Beauterne wrote to M. Olivier, questioning him with regard to the religious sentiments of Napoleon. M. Olivier, who had interrogated the Emperor's uncle, Cardinal Fesch, on the subject, answered:

"Who could misunderstand the Christian sentiments of the Emperor? I saw the two priests who had been with him at St. Helena. One of them had been obliged to leave, owing to illness contracted on the island; the other, the Abbé Vignali, was with him up to the last moment. . . . I instructed him from childhood, and even when quite small he was as Christian and Catholic as a child could be. . . . On the day of his First Communion, the 15th of August—the date he afterward chose as his own feast—he wrote to me: 'I know nothing to which I can compare the joy I now experience. I wish I could consecrate my whole life

to God, and fight for Him at least with words. My school tasks do not allow me to devote myself, as I should wish, to a contemplative life; but I feel with real joy that in the career of the sword to which I am pledged, I can at least march in the Faith of my fathers.'"

The idea of Napoleon in connection with a contemplative life may cause a smile. But Cardinal Fesch testifies that his famous nephew's favorite study as a young man was theology, in which he was so well versed that, had he embraced the priesthood, he would have needed but little to complete the necessary course.

Cardinal Fesch was present at most, if not at all, the imperial councils, and his testimony regarding one of these is of special importance. It was when Marseria landed at Boulogne, and, in the name of the English Minister Pitt, sought and obtained an interview with Napoleon. Marseria was a Corsican by birth, and had studied for the priesthood but never taken Orders. "I give you my word, Monsieur," said the Cardinal to M. Olivier, "that Napoleon could have made the easiest terms with England, if he had consented to establish Protestantism in France." And the apostate Marseria, the fitting emissary of England—herself apostate,—invaded the lion's tent at Boulogne, in the sorry hope that Napoleon could be bribed to do for France what Henry VIII. had done for England.

"England is torn by internal dissensions," argued Marseria, "and she will never have a lasting tranquillity while she is divided between two forms of worship. One of them must perish, and it must be the Catholic; and you alone can aid England to conquer it. Establish Protestantism in France, and Catholicism will be destroyed in England. Establish Protestantism in France, and in return you will be granted such a peace as you can not but be satisfied with."

"Marseria," answered the Emperor, "remember what I am about to say, and you may take it back to England as

my answer. I am a Catholic, and I will uphold Catholicism in France, because it is the true religion; because it is the religion of France; because it is the religion of my father; because, in fine, it is my religion. And, far from doing anything to overthrow it elsewhere, I will do all in my power to strengthen it here."

"So long as you recognize Rome, Rome will dominate you," urged the emissary.

"Marseria," said Napoleon, "we have here a question of two authorities. For the things of time, I have my sword; for the things of heaven, there is Rome; Rome will not consult me in her decisions, and she is right."

"But," urged the crestfallen messenger, "you will never be really a sovereign, even temporally, so long as you are not head of the Church. I propose that you make a reform in France,—that is to say, create a religion of your own."

"Create a religion!" smiled Napoleon. "In order to create a religion it would be necessary for me to ascend Calvary, and that does not enter into my plans. If such a scheme suits Pitt, let him try it himself."

And England's emissary was bowed out.

"How ill men have judged him!" concluded the Cardinal.

By order of the Emperor, Mass was celebrated every morning in a room adjoining his own, and the Blessed Sacrament exposed all day while he lay dying. Some of those about him were displeased with this, and ventured a remonstrance; urging that such a death might diminish Napoleon's prestige in Europe, and seem more worthy of a monk than of an old soldier. The dying Emperor was justly indignant, and silenced the objectors by pointing to the door as he rebuked them.

"*Je meurs dans la religion Catholique, Apostolique et Romaine*," (I die in the Catholic, Apostolic, Roman religion) were the opening words of the last testament of Napoleon. He died, with every sign of contrition, on May 5, 1821, two years before Pius VII. The Spiritual Power outlived the Temporal.

The Spire of Caudebec.

II.

IT was on August 5 that Brother Simplicius made his way to the chapel of Barre-y-Va, reciting as he went the Office of Notre-Dame des Neiges (Our Lady of the Snows), whose feast fell upon that day. He passed through Caudebec without speaking to any one; not even entering the church, for fear of being addressed by Collin Le Tellier. Following the pretty road which runs by the side of the Seine, he came to the foot of the rocks crowned by the forest of Maulévrier. Pilgrims were wending their way on the same road, but the monk outstripped them all; saluting them in passing, but not stopping to talk with any of them.

The storms of the preceding days had freshened the air, and little clouds like white rose petals were scattered in thousands over the sky. It was on just such a day, sixteen years before, that the young apprentice had accompanied Maître Le Tellier and his family to the chapel of Barre-y-Va, to give thanks to Our Lady for Collin's safe return from his journey through France. They had all been full of happiness,—the old mother leaning on her grandson's arm, Maître Le Tellier walking beside his pupil, and Roberte and her young cousins gaily running on in front gathering flowers. The aspect of sky and country was so much the same that the slightest details of the walk of long ago came back to the monk's memory. He shut his eyes and said to himself: "Am I dreaming? When I open my eyes shall I see my master near me, and yonder, fluttering to and fro by the side of the road like a flight of gulls, the white caps of Roberte and her companions?" But he was alone; and his long, black habit brought to his mind the sorrow, solitude and silence which had fallen to his lot.

Now, as always, sweet flowers made the roadside gay,—pink heather, white campion, sage, speedwell, harebells, and

garlands of clematis and bindweed. The monk gathered flowers as he walked, and tried to twine a wreath like those Roberte made so well; but his fingers, unaccustomed of late to such delicate work, broke the stems, and the garland fell to pieces. Of such flowers, years ago, Roberte had made three wreaths.

"Who are those crowns for?" her father had asked.

"They are all for Notre-Dame de Barre-y-Va, father,—all of them for the Star of the Sea, the Queen of Heaven, our Sovereign Lady."

"What! Not one for the Child Jesus?"

"No: I am going to give all three to the Holy Virgin."

"But, Roberte, she can not wear all three together on her head."

"You will see, father. I have an idea."

When they arrived at the chapel, Roberte, after having prayed before the miraculous statue, tried to arrange her three crowns. Her father smiled, and Collin said in a whisper:

"Little sister, you can not manage it. It will not be pretty."

Then she undid two of her wreaths, and made a necklace and a girdle for the Blessed Virgin. With a smile of triumph, she turned toward them, saying:

"See how beautiful she looks!"

Then they went out of the little chapel; and, whilst the young girls were amusing themselves by making more garlands—this time for themselves,—and Collin and his grandmother watched them, seated in the shade, Maître Le Tellier, deep in thought, drew a pencil from the wallet at his side, went up to the outer wall of the chapel and made a sketch upon it. His pupil, watching him, exclaimed:

"Oh, master, what a beautiful spire that would be!"

"Let us return home," said Maître Le Tellier. "I am anxious to make a drawing of what I have traced there. This evening you shall see it."

But that very evening Roberte was taken ill, and a few days later was dead.

Surrounded thus by phantoms of the past, the monk walked on in a dream, and nearly went beyond the chapel; but the voice of a blind beggar, seated on the threshold to ask alms of the pilgrims, awoke him to the fact that he had arrived at the end of his journey. He entered the dark chapel, and saw once more, by the light of the wax tapers, the statue of the Blessed Virgin surrounded by votive offerings, and little ships suspended from the roof. His prayer was short. He was very eager to see the outside of the wall again. He passed quickly out, walked round the little building, pulled aside the leaves of the bushes which had been allowed to grow there; and on the wall, spotted with yellow lichen, he found some trace of Guillaume Le Tellier's sketch still remaining. There was but little left, it is true; but it was as the spark which kindles the flame, the embers of the sacred fire. The vision suddenly shone clear and bright, while the monk hastened to copy the now clear design.

He went again inside the chapel to offer a prayer of thanksgiving, then with a rapid and firm step returned to the Abbey. Tears, regrets, sad memories,—all were banished from his mind. The artist in him had again taken possession of his spirit. Trembling with happiness, he was the bearer of a masterpiece. Shadows of the past no longer oppressed his mind; and when he passed near the church with its unfinished tower, he made the Sign of the Cross, and murmured joyously: "*Veni, sponsa, coronaberis!*"

The Abbot was alone, reading a manuscript. The last rays of an autumn day were illuminating his cell, and gilding his pale brow and crown of white hair.

There was a timid knock at the door, and, with the Abbot's permission, the monk entered. It was Brother Simplicius, with a parchment roll in his hand.

"Lay your drawing here, my son," said Dom Jehan, putting aside his book.

The monk had brought with him four stones, and these he placed at each corner

of the sheet, and then withdrew a few steps. For a long time the Abbot considered the plan and elevation of the spire; then, looking full at the monk, he said:

"If I told you to burn this design, my son, what would you do?"

"I should obey, my Father."

"But, my son, it is a masterpiece. Nothing could be more beautiful than this design for the spire. You must love it."

"Oh, yes, Father! Only think!—it is my dear master's conception found again, completed. It is the crowning of his work. It would be so beautiful!"

"Yes; but, having joined the Order of St. Benoît, you have renounced all worldly glory and ambition. The life of a monk should be a continual sacrifice."

"I know it, my Father. I will obey whatever you command."

"Very well. Listen! This is what I propose to do. I shall give this design to Collin Le Tellier. He will carry it out; he will build the spire; but neither he nor any one else will ever know the name of the designer of the work. Do you understand me? It will never be known as yours,—never!"

"I willingly agree, my Father. Besides, the work is not really mine. All I have done is to reproduce the conception of Maître Le Tellier."

"Then you give me this design as a complete and irrevocable offering to Notre-Dame de Caudebec?"

"I give it to you; and I also promise, before the Most High God, to keep it an inviolable secret."

"Go now, my son. I am pleased with you. Return to the care of your flowers. Pray to God, and forget all besides."

In those days building was slow work. Although the good curé and Collin Le Tellier immediately adopted the design proposed by Dom Jehan, and though offerings were abundant, laborers many, and everything possible was done to hasten the completion of the work, seven years elapsed before the spire of flowered

stone surmounted the beautiful edifice. But, then, what care, what precaution was necessary for the raising of this openwork pyramid, so firm and at the same time so graceful, cut like a jewel, strong as an oak, of which each stone, taken separately, was worthy of admiration, the profiles were so pure, the ornament so bold and yet so delicate!

At last Collin Le Tellier came to inform the curé that all was finished; only the scaffolding had to be removed. It was a great joy to the old priest, who feared he might not live to see the spire completed. He immediately sent notices to the Abbot of St. Wandrille and to all the curés of the neighborhood, inviting them to assist at the consecration on the 5th of August, the feast of Notre-Dame des Neiges.

The Abbot of St. Wandrille was ninety years old. His tall figure was now bent, and he walked with the aid of a stick when not using his crosier. His mind and moral strength, however, were as vigorous as ever; and his fatherly care for his monks seemed to grow with his years. Less severe than he used to be, he took more interest in the recreations of the monastery, and would sometimes amuse himself with a flower or a bird, like St. John the Evangelist, who in extreme old age used to play with a little partridge.

The monastery of St. Wandrille was then in its most flourishing state, and many learned monks might be seen there. All lived in perfect peace under the gentle guidance of the good old Abbot; and in the novitiate, year by year, were gathered fresh young souls, destined to fill the places that Death from time to time made vacant.

The most silent of all the monks in the Abbey was the Brother gardener. Year by year he became less communicative, was always working and praying, spoke only to the good God, looked only on the plants and flowers. During recreation he used to weave baskets, seated at the Abbot's feet. At times the monks talked

of the work going on at Caudebec, and of the great desire shared by the whole country round to see the beautiful spire completed. But Brother Simplicius never seemed to hear. Neither did he seem to share the joy of those of the monks who had been chosen by the Abbot to accompany him to the feast of consecration. Nearly all were children of the country, and, after their dear monastery, loved nothing better than the church of Notre-Dame de Caudebec.

For seven long years—from the day he had received the design from Brother Simplicius—the Abbot had not said a word about it to the monk. On the day before the festival, when the Brother gardener was mowing the grass of the cloister, the Abbot approached him and asked if he wished for anything.

"Yes, my Father," said Simplicius.

"Tell me what it is, my son."

"I can not without speaking of something I have vowed to keep silence about forever."

"Well, my son, I will speak for you. Would you like to go to-morrow to the blessing of the spire?"

"Yes, Father," said the poor Brother; and, dropping his scythe, he covered his face with his hands and burst into tears.

"You shall go, my child,—you shall go with me," said the Abbot; and he went quickly away, fearing lest he, too, should weep.

III.

It was a splendid festival. All the houses of Caudebec were hung with tapestry and decorated with flowers; the church was more beautiful still, and all the boats on the Seine were decked with flags. Every family had invited guests. Spits were turning, and smoke was coming from every chimney; all the inhabitants were in gala costume; and the caps of the people of Caux were so high, so ornamented with lace and jewels, they seemed to wish to rival the new spire.

All eyes were now directed toward the beautiful work, just finished. Processions

arriving, headed by banners, greeted it with joyful acclamations. Bands of music answered each other, and crowds in Sunday attire thronged through the gates of the town.

The Abbot of St. Wandrille, suzerain lord of Caudebec, was to officiate; so his arrival was awaited with impatience. The good people, looking at the new belfry clock, and the watcher perched almost at the very top of the spire who was to announce the approach of the Benedictine procession, said:

"It is a minute past the time, and he sees nothing yet. Can the worthy Abbot be ill?"

But suddenly the watcher waved a flag, the bells pealed, and the curé came forth, preceded by the cross, and followed by a great number of priests and acolytes, who walked in procession to the harbor. A large boat rowed by twelve sailors, vassals of St. Wandrille, and covered with an awning, brought the Rev. Father and twenty of his monks to Caudebec. Gently the bark came down the Seine, to the singing of psalms, the sweet sound drowned at length by the shouts of the people as it was drawn alongside the quay.

The Abbot took his place under a canopy carried by the sheriffs; and, after having graciously replied to the little speech of the curé, he proceeded to the church, blessing as he went the kneeling crowd. Brother Simplicius, walking with the other monks, neither saw nor heard anything of what was going on around him. From the moment he caught sight of the spire pointing toward heaven, he could look at nothing else. And the nearer he approached, the more did his sunburned face become suffused with joy. Just as he was about to enter the church, Dom Jehan, turning round, espied him, and beckoned to him to approach; then he said in a whisper:

"Go wherever you like—up there. I give you permission until it is time for us to return."

Brother Simplicius thanked the Abbot; and, whilst the people were thronging into the church, he slipped away to the stairway leading to the tower, and went up quickly to the base of the spire, above the belfry. The church resounded with sacred chants, the bells were sending forth great peals, and the tower vibrated like an immense harp.

The monk's heart was beating fast. He leaned his head upon the stones, kissed the wall of the spire, and, raising his eyes, admired the strong yet delicate work outlined against the deep blue of the sky. Then he looked down on the town, the river, the forests of Brotonne and Maulévrier, all the beauty of the land of his birth, which seemed a shadow and foretaste of the splendor of his heavenly country. He was seized by a sort of dizziness; he fancied he felt the motion of the waves, and that the church, changed into a ship, was bearing him through space to the eternal haven. And whilst the festival and the festivities following it were occupying the minds of the inhabitants and visitors to Caudebec, the unknown artist, creator of the spire with its triple crown, alone, forgetful of the rest of the world, was contemplating the realization of his dream—a monument raised to the glory of the Queen of Heaven, and at the same time to the memory of all he had loved upon earth.

Evening came at last. There was a high tide, and the moon was at the full. The "barre" rushed impetuously on, driven by the west wind. As soon as it had passed, the Abbot re-embarked, wishing to take advantage of the tide to help his rowers. The river, flowing back, gently bore the ship away; and with the last rays of the setting sun Brother Simplicius bade farewell to the spire of Caudebec.

The next day, at recreation, the monks who had remained in the Abbey begged those who had seen the festival to tell them all about it. Everyone had a different tale, but all agreed in praising

the good people of Caudebec and the marvellous beauty of the spire.

"Yes, yes, it is indeed beautiful," said the Father Assistant; "but what is more wonderful still is that no one knows who designed the work. Maître Collin Le Tellier told me that he had carried out the conception of an unknown artist. He built it, but it was not his idea to ornament the spire with three beautiful floral crowns. The curé also knows nothing, and, bound by a promise, or perhaps the silence of confession, can not say where the design came from. The result is that some say an angel did it, and others attribute it to a demon. Anyhow, it is a great mystery. Time perhaps will clear it up."

"What do you think about it, Rev. Father?" asked an old monk of the Abbot.

"I think, my good Brother, that everything beautiful comes from God; and that the man capable of such a masterpiece, who does not wish for praise, honor or reward, is not far from the Kingdom of Heaven. I think even that such a soul—"

The bell rang. The Father Abbot ceased speaking and betook himself to the chapel. Never did he or the Brother gardener say a word which might reveal their secret.

Dom Jehan de Brametot died the following year, but Brother Simplicius lived to be a very old man, and the monks of St. Wandrille hoped he might reach his hundredth year. Happily for him, he died in 1560, two years before the Calvinists pillaged the church of Caudebec.

The spire, with its triple crown, still adorns the church of Notre-Dame de Caudebec; but three hundred and thirty-three mutilated statues on the west front testify to the rage of the impious. The fabric has withstood both the iconoclasts and the centuries, and to this day fully justifies the admiration of the good King Henri IV.

For many years learned archæologists have sought to discover the name of the architect who planned the spire of Caudebec, but without success. The double silence of the cloister and the tomb has baffled all researches; and in the ruins of the Abbey of St. Wandrille must be sought, not the name (vowed to oblivion by holy obedience), but the life-story of an artist who worked only for the glory and service of God.

In peace may they rest, those workers in stone, whose masterpieces were so numerous in France in days gone by, and whose ruins now charm our eyes and our hearts! After long indifference, the descendants of those they tried to evangelize are beginning to seek from the dwellings of the monks the secret of fruitful and peaceable toil, the joy of an art directed toward its true end, and the blessings we are rapidly forgetting, of order, respect, and peace. Happy are these searchers for vanished harmony when they find amid the ruins that appreciation which knows how to honor them, and the Christian hand to prevent their falling into decay! At St. Wandrille, the dwelling of the sons of St. Benoît is nobly preserved;* and on a marble slab in the church these words may be read:

"To the memory of the abbots, monks, and lay-Brothers of the holy and royal Abbey of Fontanelle, founded in the year 684 by King Clovis II., for eleven centuries the home of charity, the guardian of science and virtue, and the means by which the blessings of Christian civilization were enjoyed by the inhabitants of this country. A Mass for the repose of their souls is founded in perpetuity in this church by M. le Marquis de Stacpoole. It is celebrated on the first convenient day after the 24th of July, the feast of St. Wandrille, first Abbot of Fontanelle. *Requiescant in pace!*"

* By the kind permission of its present owner, M. Maeterlinck, visitors are allowed to view the Abbey on one day in the week.

The Harvest.

BY M. H.

Lift up your eyes and see the countries, for they
are white already to harvest.—*ST. JOHN, iv, 35.*

LIFT up your eyes, ye toilers,—
Lift up your eyes and see
The fields that are "white to harvest,"
Waiting for you and me!
Waiting for you to reap them,
Waiting from day to day,—
You to go forth to seek them,
We to lift hands and pray.

Youth and Age, they are straying,—
Ah, how He yearns for them,
The precious fruits of His Passion,
Beautiful souls of men!
They thirst for the Truth that will save them,
They cry to us day by day,—
You to go forth and speak the word,
We to lift hands and pray.

Shall we turn from this whitening harvest?
Are we laggards that say, "Not yet"?
Shall we see them fall by the wayside,
Dying in vain regret?
Let us go forth to win them,
For the work of the Master is there,—
You with the cry of the Gospel,
We with the yearning of prayer.

Sir Stephen de Vere.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

V.—(Continued.)

AROUND Curragh Chase in those days, as indeed everywhere else in Ireland, there was a teeming population, living, it must be admitted, from hand to mouth; but, so far as their generation was concerned, there was nothing to warn them of future danger. Although they had heard of the scarcity in 1816 and 1831, that, in their way of thinking, was ancient history. Diet was plentiful, clothes were made by themselves, and they had a shelter over them; they saw need for little more.

All that multitude began each year by preparing for the sowing of potatoes. They drew the seaweed from the neighboring town of Askeaton, which had seen more stately ranks tread its streets when the Geraldines feasted in the castle and the Franciscan friars prayed in the abbey; when Sidney by the pale moonlight saw from the parapet of the tower a ghostly procession of those he had slain in battle; or when Ginkel, from the neighboring heights, pointed his deadly cannon against its walls.

Alas! Askeaton is all but as dead to-day as its ruins. In the forties of the last century, however, it was full of life. Its spring market lay in seaweed. This was gathered on the rocks of the foreshore when the tide was out. Women and girls were employed on the work as well as men. When the weed was pulled from the rock, it was put into baskets, and carried through the "slob" to where the boats lay waiting to receive it. When the boats were filled, they came up with the tide.

The autumn market lay in corn, wheat and barley, but principally oats from all the tillage lands that lay for miles around. Crops were abundant; and, when prices ranged high, they were paid for liberally. But let us follow and trace still further the connection between tillage and diet. A tillage district, while necessarily a hard-working country, is by no means stingy in diet. A tillage country is a poultry country,—that is, on account of the grain dropped after the reaping, it is a country of hens, ducks, geese, and turkeys; therefore a country of fowl and eggs. It is a country, too, of sheep and goats, but scarcely of cattle. Now, the people in those days used to treat the young lambs and kids as the people of Australia treat the young of the cows to-day. During the heat of the Australian day they allow the calf with the mother; the calf is thus fed, and the mother is relieved of the inconvenience of the milk during the heat. At night they separate

the calf from the mother, and milk the cow in the early dawn of the morning.

A like thing those Irish people in old days used to do. As soon as a lamb or kid became somewhat strong, they "gobbed" it at night,—that is, to say, they drew a light bit of wood through the lamb's mouth. This was held over the ears by a string; and while it left the young one free to nibble at everything, it prevented it from "drinking" the mother. The milk of sheep and goats is looked upon as more wholesome and more nutritious than cow's milk. Bread made of the people's own wheat (coarse and dark colored, if you will), with this milk, done to boiling point and flavored with a pinch of salt, was to these hungry, healthy men, who had been out in the "red ground" all day, working in the sweet-smelling, freshly-turned earth, as blessed and gladsome as the divine ambrosia of the gods.

It is unnecessary to say that the tenant and his children had this fare. The laborer, on account of being constantly employed at the farmer's, had this same fare; for there was never any distinction made between the family and the "workman," or laborer. And if the laborer's child came in at meal-times, it would be niggardly not to bring him to the table. To find a dividing line in this matter, you should go up as high in the social scale as the family that had a parlor in the house and drove to Mass on Sunday in a jaunting-car.

The spring season was, as the expression is, the "barest,"—that is, it had the least abundance or variety of diet. Milk was then scarce. But Lent came in at that time, and with the country-people of those days fast and abstinence were rigidly observed. The saying went that even the suckling child should cry three times before being taken to its mother's breast. During Lent, then, bread and oatmeal porridge, or potatoes and porridge, were very generally used. On the three "black" fast-days the people never took milk;

while butter and eggs, even with dispensation, were literally unknown. Boiled potatoes, porridge, or a grain of salt with a cooked onion making "a drop of dip," was the luxurious meal on a black fast-day; and any dissatisfaction or grumbling on the part of the young folk was quickly hushed by the parent's rejoinder: "God grant you'll never have worse, child!"

Easter Sunday was, of course, a festival of great rejoicing. People were free to take any number of meals and any number of eggs, and eggs were the luxury of the day. Continuing on into the summer, while potatoes and flour became scarce, milk and eggs and vegetables were plentiful. But, until the famine times, the potatoes "kept" as good in the pits up to July as when they had been "pitted" the previous autumn.

With the harvest time, every year, came the real plenty,—potatoes and corn and fruit. It was in the late autumn the people killed and "saved" their own bacon. The late harvest was a time also of general good-will, and was wound up by a peculiar feast. Just as at the drawing-in of the hay or corn, so at the pitting and storing of the potatoes in the "haggard," some of the neighbors joined hands and helped one another. With merry jokes and light-heartedness, they worked during the day,—men and women, neighbors all. In the evening while the men were busy heaping up earth about the piled potatoes and covering the pit, the women were engaged in making huge "stampy" cakes upon the griddle. Raw potatoes were grated; the pulp was "squeezed" to extract the liquid; the dry remainder was mixed with flour, butter, pepper and salt. Thus kneaded into cakes, it was put to bake on melting butter. Being taken up and served hot, with tea, which was then a luxury, the cakes were devoured by young and old with great zest and rejoicing; and the old piper, with his merry reels and jigs and hornpipes, wound up the evening gleefully.

Any one, then, who thinks that the

Irish peasantry lived on potatoes alone makes a mistake. Do not rely on my words, but believe their works. The people of those times took only three meals in the day, and yet they dug and ploughed and mowed and reaped and threshed far more in any single day than the men now are capable of doing. They were, moreover, of fine physique; and a race fed on a single tuber does not turn out such men. Potatoes, therefore, were but an item in their dietary.

It may be asked: How, in that case, could the failure of the potato cause a general dearth? I will explain. On the hearts of father and mother two things were ever weighing heavily: first, food for the children; and, secondly, a roof over their head. If a person has not actually seen like circumstances, it is hard to realize the position. The summer of 1846 was a soft, warm season, and therefore a time of extraordinary vegetation. The potato crop was especially rich in promise. The stalk when in bloom has a pretty, non-odorous blossom, and the whole country looked like a gorgeous flower garden. "You could not tell whether it was east or west the ridges ran," said an old farmer. In one night they were all blighted. You had seen the odorless flower garden in the evening; in the morning the peasant caught the peculiar scent of decaying potato stalks, and bowed his head in submission to the will of God. It was not all at once a sentence of death, but it came to be a sentence in an indirect way. Still the faith of the people was always equal to the trial; and such faith was cheap at any price.

The loss of the potato made everything else at once dear in the home markets. We know how men buy and hold and make a corner for a rise. But, you say, corn was not blighted; cattle, sheep, pigs were not blighted. No, but as articles of diet they at once rose in the market. Then, that was an advantage, you insist, to those who had to sell. Yes, if these were persons

who had not to buy again. We are not, however, speaking of famine among the big graziers or the extensive farmers, but among the small cottiers and laborers, who were by far the bulk of the community. Statistics tell us that, in 1841, out of every 100 of the people, 83 had but one room; and the population of Ireland in that year reached the astounding total of 8,175,724,—that is to say, between six and seven millions lived in houses of but one apartment; and the landlord might, at any moment that he felt so disposed, have evicted them from even that apartment.

Those, then, who were "comfortable" (using the word in its very qualified sense as understood in Ireland) looked to keep the two things—the food and the roof—as long as they were able; and it will hardly be believed that, of the two, the roof was looked upon as the more desirable. A small holder and his wife may be supposed to hold a conversation. "If we sell that stack of wheat, there will be nothing to eat," said the father.—"Thresh the wheat, and pay the rent, John," observed the mother.—"And what is the good in paying the rent if the children starve?" asked the father.—"God is good," rejoined the mother. "Pay the rent, at any rate, and keep the shelter over the children and ourselves. God is good. You don't know what may turn up; and, if all goes to all, we can pick nettles and boil them."

And so the wheat went, the calf and the sheep went, the shawl and the new gown went, the bed and the feather tick went,—everything went. The one abiding thing that was not to go was the hold on the bit of land, and thereby the roof over their heads. God help those who had not a stack of wheat, a calf, a sheep, a shawl, a gown, or a feather tick! The people went out immediately to the workhouse, to the emigrant ship, or to the grave, because they could not pay the rent.

I did not personally see those times—I was not born,—and yet it sends an acute

pain through my heart to look back and think on the tales I have heard. I do not envy those who lived through those trying times. I do not envy the pen that from personal knowledge described them. Oh, thank God, there was Religion then in Ireland! It poured in oil and wine on the terrible sores. It bound the wounds, it gave comfort to those that mourned, it gave hope to the hopeless; and while the infected body was flung into the grave (as it sometimes was) before corporal life had departed, it shone with a steady light on their faithful eyes, telling of an endless life beyond the tomb.

"On arriving at the small town of Clifden," writes Mr. Forster, "we heard of four cases of death there from want within the last three or four days. One woman, who had crawled the previous night into an outhouse, had been found next morning partly eaten by dogs. Another corpse had been carried up the street in a wheelbarrow; and had it not been that a gentleman, accidentally passing by, had given money for a coffin, it would have been thrown into the ground merely covered with a sheet. Of burials without coffins we heard many instances; and to those who know the almost superstitious reverence of the Irish for funeral rites, they tell a fearful story."*

Mr. Forster came on behalf of the Society of Friends, and in another letter he says: "The distress was appalling, far beyond my power of description. I was quickly surrounded by a mob of men and women, more like famished dogs than fellow-creatures, whose figures, looks, and cries showed that they were suffering the ravening agony of hunger. . . . I went into two or three of the cabins. In one there were two emaciated men lying at full length on the damp floor, in their ragged clothes, too weak to move,—actually worn to skin and bone. In another, a young man lay ill of dysentery; his mother had pawned everything, even

his shoes, to keep him alive; and I shall never forget the resigned, uncomplaining tone with which he told her that the only medicine he wanted was food. . . .

"In one small wretched hovel in which were huddled together three families," continues our author, writing from Galway, "I saw a young mother whose rags were really no covering, much less a protection against the weather; but even here I found an instance of charity that would shame many a wealthy home. A poor blind woman was crouching on the floor; and my companion told me she has no relation to the other inmates, but that, out of kindness, they supported her and gave her house-room. Even the very nets and tackling of the poor fishermen were pawned. . . .

"The history of the Irish Famine is yet to be written; and no event of modern times is more deserving of an able and impartial pen than that terrible calamity, which filled the land with horrors for which a parallel can be found only in the pages of Boccaccio or Defoe; which counted its victims by hundreds of thousands; which originated an emigration that has not yet exhausted the strength of its fatal current; which caused twenty-three millions' worth of property to change hands; called into existence a new race of proprietors; swept into poverty, banishment, and oblivion many a once opulent family; and erased from the beadroll of the Irish gentry many a proud and distinguished name."

(To be continued.)

No honest, heroic work is unrewarded. It may not be the reward the worker set out to win, but something well worth the toiling for is bound up in all labor. We are such children that often we work harder for a toy than for something of lasting value. Let us not cry if the toy be taken away and something of real worth put in its place.

* "Life of Father Mathew," by J. F. Maguire.

Monica's Victory.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

IV.

① NE idea engrossed Angela's thoughts: Godfrey must be saved, at any cost.

He should not pay for his perfectly justifiable act with his life. If the soldiers suspected that he had been there, she would try to detain them, so as to give him time to escape. Happily, he had not been seen; and the more calm and collected she appeared, the less likely would they be to suspect that she knew the whereabouts of the fugitive. Her first impulse had been to conceal herself in the cellar; but that would be useless, as the house would be searched for the sake of plunder. So, with forced composure, but with a beating heart and flushed cheeks, she seated herself at the window of the little room, where her spinning wheel stood, and made a feint of occupying herself with it.

Nearer and nearer sounded the shouts of the half-intoxicated soldiers as they made their intrusive visits to one house after another; and poor Angela's heart throbbed faster and faster, for she knew they would soon come to her door. She tried to hide her trepidation, while she set her wheel in motion and let the flax glide through her slender fingers.

Sooner than she expected the house door was flung open, and heavy steps were heard on the flagstones of the porch. The unhappy girl sat motionless, almost paralyzed with terror. If only her parents had been there! Why was she left alone to face this horde of ruffians? Should she take flight? No: it was too late; for already she heard a voice exclaim:

"Halloo! We have come to the right place, comrades. Do you not recognize that thing there?"

"'Pon my word, an old acquaintance!

Why, it was my sword that struck the hand off the gaudy doll!"

"Doll?" muttered a third. "It is the accursed idol out of the chapel we burned. The cutthroat fellow who killed my friend ran off with it."

"We shall find him here. He can not be far off. Take the idol. His hands shall be nailed to it when we get him, lest he should lose it again."

Angela gasped for breath at this conversation. She trembled like an aspen leaf. "Jesus, mercy! Mary, help!" she murmured. She knew the men had found the Virgin of St. Leonard's Chapel, which Godfrey, in the hurry of his flight, had left lying on the bench in the porch, and which she, in her agitation, had forgotten. She reproached herself bitterly for her want of thought, as the statue revealed the fact that Godfrey had recently been there. At any rate, she resolved that neither threats nor violence should force her to betray his whereabouts.

Then the door flew open and the Swedes entered the room.

"By Jove, a pretty maid!" roared the foremost, a man of Herculean build and fierce aspect. "We will take her with us to the camp, and cast lots who shall have her. But first she must give up to us that scoundrel from Sulzburg. She knows where he has hidden himself."

"For whom are you looking?" Angela inquired, as coolly as she could, though her voice quavered.

"You know well enough, young woman. A bloody murderer fit only for the gallows. He escaped out of our hands two days ago, with his god in his arms."

The man added a coarse oath, as he kicked the image which he had just thrown down on the floor.

"My father and mother have gone out and there is no stranger in the house," the girl boldly answered.

"No stranger, I bet!" cried one of the troopers. "Your brother, or maybe your lover. But now tell us this moment where he is, and as a reward you shall

see him strung up on the nearest tree."

The girl shuddered. She realized for the first time the danger with which her betrothed was menaced. Yet she did not falter.

"I tell you the truth: there is no one hidden in this house."

"You lie, wench! Be quick and tell us, or it will be the worse both for him and for you."

"I do not care for your threats. Kill me, if you like. I am not afraid to die."

The brutal soldiers were somewhat taken aback when they saw the courage displayed by the defenceless girl.

"Oho, you shall not be let off so easily, saucy maid!" said the first speaker. "Unless you tell where the fellow is hiding, I will have you bastinadoed till the soles of your feet crack. That has opened many a stubborn mouth."

"Perhaps the fellow made off when he heard us coming. If we search the wood thoroughly, we shall probably find him," one of the men suggested.

The leader of the party remarked the change that came over Angela's countenance: she turned deadly pale. He thought his threat had taken effect. She was in reality filled with terror,—not for herself, but on account of one who was dearer to her than her own life. Suddenly a thought struck her. If she could not prevent the Swedes from pursuing Godfrey, she might at least delay the pursuit, so that he could get farther away. So she changed her dauntless demeanor to one of timidity, and said meekly:

"Go up to the top—under the roof—look in the hay."

The men laughed derisively, and some of them rushed noisily up the stairs outside the house, which in Swiss cottages lead to the attics.

Angela's hope that they would all go in search of the fugitive and thus afford her an opportunity for escape, was not fulfilled. The big trooper who had first addressed her appeared either to doubt the truth of her confession or to suspect

her design of flight; for he made a sign to two of his comrades to remain with him, to keep watch over the girl. As for her, she counted every minute which would delay the pursuit of her lover.

Too soon, however, the heavy tread of footsteps on the stairs heralded the return of the soldiers. With oaths and curses, they declared they would punish the artful minx for sending them on a fool's errand, and force her to reveal the hiding-place of the man they sought.

"She knows where he is, or she would not have deceived us," they said.

"I thought as much," the leader muttered. "Will you speak the truth now, you lying hussy? Or must we loosen your tongue?"

Angela did not answer a word. She saw that the worst was before her, but she would not give a hint which would put her persecutors on her lover's track. Her defiant attitude and persistent silence increased their rage and fury.

"Get me a stick or whip or leather strap," the leader commanded; "and meanwhile bind her fast to the bench yonder, and strip off her shoes and stockings."

Pale as death, Angela shrank away from the rude grasp of the savage soldiers; and when she saw escape was impossible, shrieking for help, she threw herself on the ground and with both hands clasped the image of Our Lady which lay there, as if that alone could aid her.

Lifting the light burden in their arms, the soldiers carried her into the porch, and laid her, face downward, on the solid oaken bench, so that her feet projected over the end. To this she was tightly bound, and her shoes were pulled off; but no force could compel her to relinquish her hold of the image which she clasped convulsively, while her lips murmured a prayer for Godfrey's safety.

Some minutes elapsed before the men found what they wanted. At length one came back bringing a slender, supple wand, which he had cut from the willows by the brook. Once more the girl was

asked whether she would speak. She shook her head. But the next moment she uttered a piercing cry; for the switch, whistling through the air, had descended upon the soles of her naked feet. Stroke followed stroke, until her tender feet were covered with weals and cuts, from which the blood oozed. At last she fainted. The merciless trooper added a few more strokes, but the wand broke at last; and, besides, he perceived that his victim would sooner die than give the information he desired.

Angela's cries drew a number of the villagers to the spot. They stood round the door, lamenting and praying; but were prevented by the soldiers from coming to her aid. At that juncture, however, the bugle sounded in the distance to recall the stragglers, and the troopers were compelled reluctantly to obey its call.

No sooner had they left the house and rushed shouting down the street than the neighbors, who timidly stood aloof to let them pass, again came forward. Gentle hands unbound the still unconscious girl; strong arms carried her upstairs and laid her on her bed; deft fingers bandaged her swollen, lacerated feet. Before long her parents returned, themselves safe, but greatly alarmed on account of their only child; for they had been told of what occurred during their absence, and were shocked to find their fears on her behalf realized.

At the sound of the beloved voices Angela opened her eyes, at first with a wild look of terror, which changed into one of intense relief. But she was so prostrated by all she had endured, and the least movement caused her such exquisite pain, that she soon relapsed into unconsciousness. Her pious parents, watching beside her, gave thanks to God that worse things had not happened to her, and prayed that her life might be spared.

(To be continued.)

If you wish to be commonly good, the easiest, indeed the only, way is to be heroically so.—*Coventry Patmore.*

The Utility, or Futility, of Prohibition.

NOTWITHSTANDING the notable series of consecutive victories achieved by the Prohibitionists in many counties of many of our States during the past few years, it would be a mistake to infer that the majority of people, even in the Local Option communities, are perfectly satisfied as to either the justice of Prohibition in itself, or its efficacy as a solution of the drink question. Concerning this latter aspect of the subject, the Rev. W. A. Wasson, an Episcopalian clergyman, contributes to *Pearson's Magazine* a paper in which is put forward by no means a feeble argument against Prohibition as "the obstacle to real reform" of intemperance. Mr. Wasson's viewpoint may be gathered from this paragraph:

The liquor problem is not exclusively nor chiefly a legislative problem, and hence it can not be solved by legislation alone. The evil of intemperance is not caused, though it may be aggravated, by bad legislation; and it can not be removed, though it may be lessened, by good legislation. The main lines of temperance reform, the most potent agencies for the building up of moral character (and moral character is the basis of temperance in all things), lie wholly outside the scope of legislation. Legislation has, of course, its part to play—and a not unimportant part—in any comprehensive program of temperance reform; but when legislation encroaches on the domain of the church and the home, when it ventures to act as a substitute for purely social and moral agencies, it not only fails to accomplish any good, but causes the greatest harm. Speaking generally, the work that legislation can do in the moral sphere is of a negative character—preventing and suppressing the evil,—while work of a positive character must be done through other agencies.

Premising that liquor legislation must necessarily follow one of two general policies, either the abolition or the regulation of the liquor traffic—the object being in one case to kill, and in the other to cure,—the writer maintains that Prohibition has been fairly tested and has lamentably failed:

During the last sixty years it has been tried on the state-wide scale in many different sections

of the country, and under the most diverse social and political conditions, the periods of trial ranging from three years in Nebraska to fifty-three years in Vermont. By its record, by what it has done and by what it has not done, prohibition must be judged. On every page of that record, from beginning to end, are written the words, Failure, Folly, Farce. Nowhere and at no time, in all its history, has prohibition accomplished a single one of its avowed objects. Nowhere has it abolished the liquor traffic; nowhere has it prevented the consumption of liquor nor lessened the evil of intemperance. . . .

There could be no stronger evidence of the failure of prohibition than the fact that seven of the eight States that adopted the system fifty years ago have since abandoned it and gone back to the policy of license and regulation. The people of these States adopted prohibition in good faith. They honestly and earnestly desired to wipe out intemperance. They realized that intemperance was directly or indirectly the cause of much crime, poverty, and disease; that it was a financial burden on the State; and that it was a hindrance to material prosperity and to moral progress. They thought it was a better policy to abolish than to license and regulate a traffic that seemed to them to be the root and source of this evil. Now, to claim that prohibition was even measurably successful in these States, that it accomplished even a little good, is to insult the intelligence of the people of New England. No sensible person can believe that these seven States would have deliberately repudiated a system which they had adopted in high hopes and with high moral purpose, if they had found that that system was making for sobriety, prosperity, and good citizenship.

As for Maine, the one of the eight States to retain prohibition during all these years, Governor Cobb, of that State, "a sincere Prohibitionist and an honest, outspoken man," is quoted as having declared in his inaugural address, four years ago, that the State ought to be ashamed of itself to have a prohibitory law on its books and to make that law the laughing-stock of the nation.

This determined foe of Prohibition further declares that not only has it failed to accomplish any good, not only does it block the way to real reform, but that it is itself the source of many social and political evils. Among others, he mentions:

1. Prohibitory legislation has never succeeded in abolishing the liquor traffic, but it has succeeded in degrading and demoralizing the traffic by driving it into secret places. The liquor laws in most of the States prohibit the use of shades in saloon windows and screens in front of the bar. This wise prohibition is based on the common experience that the liquor business is of such a nature that it is far more likely to do harm when it is carried on under cover than when it is open and aboveboard. Now, prohibition forces the liquor traffic to secrete itself, not merely behind a screen, but behind a barricaded door. The door is quickly opened for those that know the password, but shut against the officers of the law. . . .

2. If there is any one business more than another that, in the interest of the public, ought to be in the hands of men with conscience and moral principle, it is the liquor business. A proper kind of license law can do considerable toward improving the personnel of the trade. Prohibition, on the other hand, discourages decent, honorable men from engaging in the business, and thus throws it into the hands of the most unscrupulous and irresponsible men in the community. . . .

3. Prohibition has a bad effect also on the drinker. It tends to discourage the use of the lighter alcoholic beverages and to encourage the excessive use of the stronger liquors. This tendency is especially pronounced wherever the attempt is made to enforce the law rigorously. Deterioration in the quality of liquor is another one of the "blessings" introduced by prohibition. . . .

4. Prohibition creates widespread and habitual lawbreaking. Consider the number of crimes that are committed every hour of the day in a "dry" State. And consider the bad moral effect of this habit of lawbreaking on the civic life. It creates the spirit of lawlessness. It tends to weaken and break down that respect for the principle of law and order which is so essential to good citizenship. . . .

Ex-President Eliot, of Harvard, sums up the whole case against prohibition in its effects on the social and political life. He observes: "The efforts to enforce it [prohibition] during forty years past have had some unlooked-for effects on public respect for courts, judicial procedure, oaths and law, legislatures and public servants. The public have seen law defied; a whole generation of habitual lawbreakers, schooled in evasion and shamelessness; courts ineffective through fluctuations of policy; delays, perjuries, negligences, and other miscarriages of justice; officers of the law double-faced and mercenary; legislators timid and insincere." Such is the character and the record of prohibition.

We have quoted from the Rev. Mr. Wasson's paper, important as it seems to us, at greater length than we had purposed doing; but we must make room for a summary of his substitute for Prohibition. He holds—

That the people in each local community (the township is probably the best unit) should be empowered to elect their own Board of Excise Commissioners, twelve in number, to serve for a term of, say, two years. This Board should have power to determine the amount of the license fee (within maximum and minimum limits fixed by the State); to determine how many licenses should be issued (within maximum and minimum limits fixed by the State); to determine the question of prohibited days and hours, and all other questions of a purely local nature. The Board should have sole power to grant and revoke licenses, subject to certain rules of procedure. The applicant should be required to present to the Board a certificate of good moral character, signed by twelve reputable persons, who should be property owners and residents of the community. The Board should be required to hold a public hearing on all applications for license, and an opportunity be given to remonstrants, should there be any, to present their objections. After this hearing, the Board should have full discretionary power by a majority vote to grant or refuse any application. And there should be no appeal from their decision. This power to grant licenses is the most important of all. It is the key to the whole situation. And this key should be placed in the hands of the people most nearly affected. If we can prevent unfit persons from getting into the liquor business, we have, at the very outset, solved nine-tenths of the problem of regulation.

The one matter that seems certain, after reading such widely different arguments as the foregoing and those of the "Anti-Saloon Year-Book," noticed a few weeks ago in our columns, is that Prohibition has not as yet vindicated its right to the support of every honest temperance worker. The oldtime debate of physical force *versus* moral suasion is still undecided; and it is quite conceivable that the most conscientious temperance advocate should favor and work for the feasible regulation, rather than the impracticable abolition, of the mighty liquor traffic.

Notes and Remarks.

It needed not extraordinary acumen to read, between the lines of press reports concerning the recent trouble in Barcelona, the fine handiwork of anti-Catholic press-purveyors and Jewish news-agencies. One of King Alfonso's councillors expresses himself in this wise as to the sympathetic attitude manifested outside of Spain toward the Anarchists who revolted: "There exists in foreign lands a tendency to lavish pity on the victims of the disorders in Barcelona. Now, the only ones deserving of that pity are the unfortunate soldiers who lost their lives in defence of public order. The others deserve no pity; and, moreover, despite all that has been said, their number was insignificant: it did not go beyond sixty-seven. As for the number of the wounded, it is impossible to state it, as the majority of the injured, for excellent reasons, have neglected to report to the authorities. It is ridiculous to attribute the Barcelona disorders to a popular movement; for they were purely and simply the outcome of an attempt, on the part of a band of international Anarchists, to destroy the existing bases of society. The Catalonians did not rise; had they done so, the trouble would not have been merely local."

The wish was again father to the thought in the highly-colored dispatches that told of the tottering of the Spanish throne. Some day there will be a Catholic, or at least an impartial, news-agency whose reports of foreign events will deserve, what the present ones assuredly do not, credence and respect.

A bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America is the subject of somewhat severe but entirely deserved criticism in a letter to the *Examiner* of Bombay. A gentleman in that far-away British colony ordered from England a book advertised as "A Catholic Atlas, or

Digest of Catholic Theology, Comprehending Fundamentals of Religion, Summary of Catholic Doctrine, Means of Grace, etc., etc." At the cost of eleven shillings he received the book, only to find that it dealt, not with Catholic or Roman Catholic, but with so-called Anglo-Catholic (that is Protestant) theology. It was written by the P. E. bishop referred to, and the purchaser of the volume—a non-Catholic, by the way—declares: "I consider it absolutely dishonest that a Protestant bishop should publish a work called 'Catholic' without any qualifying adjective."

And so will it be considered by persons of integrity, Protestant or Catholic. An impartial jury—of Mussulmans, for instance—would not deliberate long before convicting author or publisher in the given case of obtaining money under false pretences. "Catholic," unqualified, means Roman Catholic in the accepted usage of the English-speaking world; and to use it as above is purely and simply to falsify language.

We confess to considerable interest in the pronouncements of the great secular journals on religious questions. Not that we always, or even frequently, agree with their conclusions, but because they, or some of them, have the faculty of getting at the logical heart of a question. Take, for instance, the Chicago *Inter Ocean's* opinion about religion without dogma, or a creedless church:

What the clamorer for "No Creed" is trying to do is not really to abolish creeds: it is simply to substitute his own new creed for an old one,—to put in the place of convictions generally accepted his own convictions. He has a new religion, or at least a new article of faith, to offer, and he is zealous to popularize his inventions and products. This appears most clearly in the leading thought of the "No Creed" clamorer. This is that man was not made by the creative act of God as man, but came into existence by a slow process of natural development—evolution. Leaving aside the question of direct instruction of man from God, or "Revelation," it is plain that the evolutionary creation of

man is no more capable of human proof than the belief in instantaneous creation. No one can say that he saw a man "evolved" out of a living not-man, or that there is any record of any such evolution. . . .

Without dogma and doctrine man's life lacks a guiding star—a directive rudder. Hence the church, as an association of men, must have a creed. A creedless church is an impossibility. And so is a creedless man. The moment we really grasp the conception of such a being, we see that he would be an animal having no hopes, no desires, no aims, beyond those of this present moment. He would and could do only what the sensations of the present moment suggest.

We submit that there is considerably more sound sense in the foregoing extract from the Chicago paper than can be found in any current utterance on the religion of the future.

If a Catholic physician, no matter how eminent, were to advocate the treatment of certain forms of insanity by exorcism, we venture to say that he would be ridiculed by not a few Catholics themselves. However, this is being done by Dr. C. Williams, formerly physician to the Psychic Hospital and Dispensary, Liverpool (1893), president of the Cardiff Psychological Society (1890), editor of a well-known medical journal, and author of several books on insanity, etc. In an essay originally written with a view to its being read as a paper before the Royal Society of Medicine, London, he says: "I deliberately make the suggestion that in suitable cases—that is, in those occasional cases which appear to be those of 'possession'—the medical attendant should, even at the risk of being thought eccentric or a 'crank,' boldly advocate a resort to exorcism." The treatment of some other forms of insanity by religious methods is also recommended. "Such methods, by those understanding them," declares Dr. Williams, "have been found most valuable, many remarkable recoveries having taken place." A celebrated English mental specialist is quoted as saying recently on this subject: "As one whose whole career has been concerned with the sufferings of the mind-

I would state that of all the hygienic measures to counteract disturbed sleep, depression of spirits, and all the miserable sequels of a disturbed mind, I would undoubtedly give the first place to the simple habit of prayer."

Here surely is food for thought. Those who hold that certain unusual forms of madness and epilepsy are in reality demoniacal possession, will probably be strengthened in their opinion by this declaration of so distinguished a scientist as Sir Risdon Bennet, M. D., LL. D., F. R. S., ex-president of the Royal College of Physicians, London: "There is not a little in the manifestation of many cases of lunacy that may well give rise to the question whether Satanic agency has not some part therein."

It is a rather significant fact, we think, that religious theory and practice have apparently become so rare in the non-Catholic educational institutions of this country that such a journal as the *Literary Digest* should introduce an account of an exceptional case in this wise:

"A school not afraid of being religious" is the description applied to Lawrenceville Academy in New Jersey. There religious principles are put in practise in the daily curriculum, and it is known that they openly avow Christ and His teachings as a chief agency in their training.

A natural enough comment, perhaps, were this a notoriously irreligious or anti-religious country; but surely a strange one in connection with the great schools of a professedly Christian land.

A conspicuous feature of a bulletin entitled "Census of Religious Bodies," issued last week by the Census Bureau, is the rate of increase in the membership of the Church in the United States. Of the total estimated population of continental United States in 1906, the Church members formed 39.1 per cent, as against 32.7 per cent for 1890. Of this 6.4 per cent increase the Church is credited with 4.4 per cent, and the Protestants with 1.8;

the remainder being divided among all other sectarians.

The total church membership for 1906 was 32,936,445, of which number the Protestants were credited with 20,287,742, and the Catholics with 12,079,142. The rate of increase shown for the Church is 93.5 per cent, which is more than twice that for all the Protestant bodies combined.

Recalling the day of Pius X.'s election to the Chair of Peter, the editor of *Rome* incidentally mentions a sartorial detail of the Conclave. At the beginning of the deliberations whose outcome is to be the election of a new Pope, the pontifical tailor sends in three white cassocks of different sizes, so that there may be no delay in the new Pontiff's appearing, appropriately robed, at the inner balcony which looks down on the interior of St. Peter, and giving his first Papal blessing to the thousands assembled below. "It is the anniversary of the coronation," continues our contemporary, "that is celebrated with solemnity. When Cardinal Sarto was waiting for the opening of the Conclave at the Lombard College, where he always stayed when he came to Rome, he remarked to the rector whom he has since made a Cardinal and Archbishop of Palermo: 'I only hope the new Pope, whoever he may be, will have his coronation arranged as soon as possible, and send us all back to our dioceses.' He did, for only five days elapsed between the election and the crowning; but Cardinal Sarto was not destined to be among those that fled from Rome during those torrid days of August."

The assertion, as frequent as foolish, that in becoming a Catholic a man leaves his responsibility on the threshold, and is converted to be saved the trouble of thinking, was never more crushingly refuted than by Mr. Chesterton in an article on "The Staleness of Modernism," contributed to the current number of the

Church Socialist Quarterly. Could anything be more overwhelming than this?—

Euclid does not save geometers the trouble of thinking when he insists on absolute definitions and unalterable axioms. On the contrary, he gives them the great trouble of thinking logically. The dogma of the Church limits thought about as much as the dogma of the solar system limits physical science. It is not an arrest of thought, but a fertile basis and constant provocation of thought. But, of course, Mr. N. really knows this as well as I do. He has merely fallen back (in that mixture of fatigue and hurry in which all fads are made) upon some journalistic phrases. He can not really think that men join the most fighting army upon earth merely to find rest. It is on a par with the old Protestant fiction that monks decided to be ascetic because they wanted to be luxurious. I should keep out of a monastery from exactly the same motives that prevent me from going into the mountains to shoot bears. I am not active enough for a monastery.

"Saved the trouble of thinking!" Converts have frequently been heard to declare that it was only when they undertook to investigate the claims of the Church that they really began to do serious thinking. A convert who is proficient in mathematics tells us that no branch of that science ever consumed one-half so much of her time as the study of the Mass.

A story of the late Father Kenelm Vaughan which will probably be new to many of our readers is related by the Rt. Rev. Bishop John Vaughan in an obituary notice of the deceased contributed to the *Edmundian*. Referring to Father Kenelm's adventures during his many years of travel in South America, his brother writes:

Again and again his life seemed saved only by a sort of miracle. On one occasion, to give a single instance, when two of the little South American Republics were waging fierce war with each other, he was seized as a spy. In spite of his protestations that he was but a simple missionary, and wholly unconcerned in their quarrel, they would not believe his story, so he was taken out to be shot. His hands were actually tied behind him and bound to a tree. Then all at once the thought flashed across him that in his little carpet-bag was a Spanish letter which he had received from the Arch-

bishop of Quito (Ecuador), and which authorized him to say Mass and to solicit alms for his work. "Hold! Hold!" he cried to the officer, who was just about to give the command to fire. "I can prove my innocence. Go and look into that little bag yonder, and you will find a letter written to me by the Archbishop of Quito, approving of my mission. As I have already told you, I am no spy, but a priest—a minister of God."

The soldier went and rummaged amongst the articles in the bag, and at length drew forth the important document. There was a letter, sure enough, with the Archbishop's signature, the stamp and seal all intact. They were satisfied. They had made a mistake. The discovery aroused quite a revulsion of feeling throughout the camp. So far from wishing to shoot him, these chivalrous Spaniards could not apologize enough, expressed endless regrets, showed him all the consideration possible, and begged him to stay with them as long as ever he could, and to share their hospitality.

The muck-raking industry appears to have proved so profitable to the rakers that they have grown somewhat reckless in their condemnation of conditions and policies concerning which their knowledge is at best superficial and unsymmetrical. Commenting on charges of graft and gross extravagance recently made as to the water-supply of New York city, the *Municipal Journal and Engineer* exposes the lack of knowledge manifested by the formulator of the charges, and adds:

Such absolute ignorance and misrepresentation on these points discredit all which the writer has to say, and lead to two unfortunate results: Readers equally uninformed are persuaded that engineers of high standing conspire to rob the public by making false reports, and that all officials are corrupt; and the officials become reckless and careless of public opinion when they find their best and wisest acts so misrepresented. There is altogether too much graft and extravagance among the officials in many municipalities; but there is equal extravagance in the writings of the muck-rake authors, and graft is little more dishonorable than the pay they receive for their half-slanders.

"Half-slanders" is the appropriate word. In muck-raking, as in every other matter of human action,

A lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright;

But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.



The Secret of the Mountain Cross.

BY M. WILDERMUTH.

VI.



URING those long years, the Wolskoi family had peacefully lain down to rest and awakened to the joyful morning reunion. They had begun to think it must ever continue thus, and were, perhaps, becoming less mindful of Heaven's unfailing goodness, when one night they were startled by the cry of "Fire!" A neighboring warehouse was burning, and before the flames were noticed they had already seized Wolskoi's house. When those in the lower story had escaped, there could be seen at the illuminated windows of the upper story the boys with their tutor, thereby showing that escape by the door must have been rendered impossible, the flames and smoke having already reached that point. The bold Iwan seemed about to spring from the window, but realizing, after a moment, that the fearful leap would cause almost certain death, he drew back.

The fire-extinguishers were then very deficient. There were no steam-engines, and before the ladders could have been brought and strung together, the precious lives might all be lost. The despairing mother was scarcely withheld from rushing in; and the father, in frantic haste, sought the stairs, but was driven back by the heat.

Then Nepomuck appeared on the scene. He had instantly perceived the danger, and, with an energy quickened by despair, had begun to weave together all the cord and rope he could find in stable and warehouse. With wonderful agility, he now climbed like a cat up the outside

of the house, having no other hold than the cornices and projecting decorations, till he could secure the rope to the only remaining window-sill above. He then took Fedar in his arms, and slid down the rope with his firmly held burden; and, ere the tutor and Iwan had resolved to seize this desperate means of escape, he had again ascended to support them and bring them safely down. They had scarcely touched the ground when the rope fell, having been burned through from above.

As if he had done nothing remarkable, Nepomuck turned from the rejoicing family to hasten to save whatever of value was still untouched by the flames. Men, cattle, goods,—he saw to all; he was everywhere.

"That is a fiend and no man!" cried some of the people, in wonder at his daring and extraordinary energy. No one noticed that he had been terribly burned, or suspected that he had also been injured internally by inhaling smoke.

"No: it is an angel!" said the mother, with her recovered sons in her arms.

Wolskoi lost little by the fire except the house and furniture. All his valuables in gold, money, and jewels were saved; and, though the loss in building and furniture could not yet be estimated, he, surrounded by his dear ones all uninjured, thought little of anything but of the inestimable treasures thus mercifully preserved to him.

But when it was found that Nepomuck, the faithful servant, lay dying in the hall of a neighboring house, they hastened to him. All distinction between master and servant disappeared; and, regarding him only as their dear friend, they hung round him, weeping and striving to alleviate his awful sufferings. Marchinka held cooling drinks to his parched lips;

the mother applied cold compresses to his burns. Iwan had already brought the physician; now Fedar hastened in with the good pastor.

The physician said he could do nothing for the sufferer, who asked to be left alone for a while with the priest. So the others quietly withdrew.

"I have not much time now to prepare for confession," began Nepomuck with a strong voice, triumphing over his pains; "but I have long since made my peace with God, and have tried to atone for the sins of many years. Now there is little to be said."

The priest remained with him for a short time, and did all in his power to prepare him to meet the Master whose mercy is above all His works. Then the family reassembled about the dying man. Fedar knelt by his bedside, and tenderly held the bandaged hands in his own.

Presently Nepomuck gathered strength and spoke to them:

"To a merciful Saviour and to His minister I have confessed my sins. But I must tell you before I die, my good master, who I am. I am Michael Peruf, the robber!"

With a gesture of fear, the others involuntarily drew back; but Fedar crept still more closely, and looked lovingly on the dying one, whose eyes, once so melancholy, now shone with a wondrous light.

"How it happened that I took to this accursed career, with how much robbery and bloodshed my conscience is burdened, I can never disclose to mortal ear. You all remember," he continued, "the evening, just seven years ago, on which Herr Wolskoi, now my good master, returned from his journey. I lurked behind the stone cross, that I might murder and rob him. Then came the children to pray before the cross. The little maiden's prayer wonderfully moved me; but, as she ended, the devil again arose within me, and I thought at last: 'I will, at

any rate, shoot the merchant, and see if thou art not mightier, Michael Peruf, than the angels who have been invoked to protect him.' Then the innocent little boy raised his voice; and as he prayed for the poor robber, I was touched to the very heart, and a mysterious voice seemed to say to me that even I might yet find salvation; and when the merchant came, I threw my weapons from me and crept away. Then I turned to the Blessed Virgin, and begged of her to obtain for me light and strength to repent and to reform my evil ways.

"It is not easy for a man who has once been a robber to pursue again an honorable course; and sometimes I was strongly tempted to deliver myself up to justice, pay the penalty of my evil deeds, and so find rest. But still all was so dark within me, and I wished much to know before I died whether I could with certainty hope for ever so little mercy from above. As time went on I was drawn nearer and nearer to the children, who had become, as it were, my guardian angels; and so I was at last taken into your service."

He ceased speaking, overcome by his dreadful agony.

"Poor Nepomuck!" said the weeping Marchinka. "And for thy faithfulness thou must suffer a terrible death!"

"May God in heaven accept it as some atonement for my guilt!" said the dying man. And, looking up with radiant countenance, he exclaimed: "Mercy is granted me!"

His eyes closed in death as the good priest was giving the last absolution; and the deep peace that overspread his palid face showed that his last words came from no passing illusion.

The knowledge of the robber's guilt was buried in the grave with his mortal remains, but the memory of his devotion lived in thankful hearts. The merchant's house rose again from the ruins, stately and beautiful. After the death of her parents, Marchinka dwelt therein by the

side of a good husband. Fedar also lived on his father's estate. He was a kind master to all his servants, and never forgot that, in the hour we know not, we may be called by God to be an angel of mercy. His brother Iwan pursued his taste for research, and explored many distant lands and seas; but he acknowledged as the richest gain of a prosperous life that he had learned how to appreciate at its proper worth the great gift of prayer.

(The End.)

Schoolgirls Abroad.

BY S. MARR.

IX.

It was early for dinner when we arrived at our hotel near the Stadthalle; so, in spite of threatening clouds, we decided to see a little of Mayence, which, from our first impressions, promised to be interesting. We left to the driver the choice of points to be visited, not even specifying the cathedral, knowing that we should go there for Mass the next morning. We drove along the Esplanade, a beautiful roadway bordering the Rhine; past the Schlossplatz, and, of course, the Schloss, or Electoral Palace; up Kaiserstrasse, then around through the old portions of the city. By this time we realized that the storm threatened to be a severe one, and were glad to be hurried back to the hotel.

Dinner was next in order; and when we were escorted to our table, there were our English fellow-travellers of the afternoon. Considering that Mr. R. suffered from dyspepsia, we were surprised that he ate so freely, and naturally commented on the fact when we had retired to our rooms. About nine the storm was over, and some delightful music floated in at our windows from a garden *café* near by. Popular music, no doubt the people called it; but the best only is popular with

these music-loving Germans. And, borne on the stream of sweet sound that blended with the flow of the Rhine, we drifted away to dreamland.

The next morning disgrace awaited us—or at least two of us,—and here is how it happened. At breakfast the dyspeptic and his wife joined us. Katherine was suffering from a toothache, so Aunt Margaret ordered milk toast for her; the rest of us gave our usual substantial orders. Mr. R. partook of a hearty meal, assisted his wife in disposing of the breakfast she ordered; and, while descanting on the inconvenience of his malady, he reached over and drew toward himself the dish of toast from which Katherine had taken a small portion. That was too much, and Mary and I promptly, as we used to say at school, “got the giggles.” Aunt Margaret gave us a warning look. Katherine had her swollen face to excuse her for putting up her handkerchief, but Mary and I fell hopelessly into disgrace. We simply could not stop laughing; and, to crown our iniquity, the waiter back of Mr. R. forgot his professional gravity and had to pretend to cough in order to cover his enjoyment of our enjoyment. Fortunately, the poor invalid (?) did not dream that he was the cause of our mirth; and as we left the table he waved us a good-morning, as he said, “Quite amusing, don’t you know!”

There was but one hour before boat time; so we sent our baggage to the dock, and started for the cathedral of St. Martin, a combination of ancient and modern architecture, but altogether interesting. The paintings and mortuary monuments are full of meaning to the student of history and of Christian art. Ecclesiastical and state dignitaries rest side by side, and over them the saints whom they invoked in life keep loving guard. In the cloisters also are several notable monuments. One is a memorial erected by the ladies of Mayence in honor of Count Heinrich von Meissen, surnamed “Frauenlob,” because of his tributes to

Mary, the peerless One, and to virtuous women in general.

The Archbishop Willigis, who lived about the year 1000, is one of the holy men whose labors helped to build the cathedral at Mayence, and the arms of the city commemorate his virtue. The story is that he was of humble parentage, being the son of a wheelwright, but by his perseverance and merit he attained to the highest position in the Church in the kingdom. The citizens revered him, but they showed that they did not altogether relish having to do honor to one who had been brought up simply like themselves. The Archbishop reproved them once for thinking too much of mere descent. This displeased some of them, so they took revenge by drawing with chalk enormous wheels on the doors of his house. Early next morning, when he started out to Mass, he noticed what had been done. The chaplain who was with him expected that the prelate would exclaim indignantly. Instead, he smiled, and ordered that a painter be sent to paint white wheels on a red background just where the chalk wheels had been drawn, and underneath to trace the words, "Willigis! Willigis! think what you have risen from!" This silenced the scoffers, we are told; and so highly was the Archbishop venerated and loved that ever since his time white wheels on a red ground have been the arms of the bishops of Mayence.

One of the exits of the cathedral opens on the Liebfrauen-Kirche; but we had to forego the pleasure and profit of visiting this church, and hurry past the statue of Gutenberg, mentally asking the old inventor of printing if he had known all that has been brought about by printing, would he have given his invention to the world.

Boarding the steamer, we noticed that clouds were lowering, and by the time we were well under way a soft rain was falling. We gathered in a sheltered place on the upper deck, and were fortunate enough

to make the acquaintance of an American priest, who knew the Rhine as well as he did the Hudson; so it was delightful to study the moving panorama, as he pointed out places of interest, and told us pretty legends connected with them. At first we were somewhat disappointed in the Rhine; but when the castles and ruins began to appear, and we passed picturesque heights and openings and smiling valleys, where numberless monasteries and churches spoke to us, eloquently though silently, of centuries of prayer as well as of history, we fell under the spell, and we were ready to believe we heard the voices of the Lorelei.

At Bingen, we remembered that "soldier of the legion" whose reiterated

For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine

once had power to move us to elocutionary eloquence. It was the story of Hatto, a rich ruler, some say a bishop, that we heard here. In the middle of the river is a small island, and on it is a sort of tower, which tradition says Hatto had built so that all ships could be stopped in the narrow passage and be made to pay toll. One year a poor harvest brought want to the people, and they went to the landlord, who had gathered stores of corn, and begged him to sell to them at a low rate. Rather than do this he set fire to his granaries, and lo! thousands of mice came out of the burning barns, overran the palace, and at last attacked Hatto himself. Everyone fled from the place, and the ruler rushed to a boat and sought safety in his tower. But the mice followed him across the stream and finally devoured the unhappy man. However, this is but legend; history does not record such inhumanity in the life of Hatto, ruler or prelate.

Just beyond Bingen, an American flag floated to the breeze from Castle Schönberg; and we were told that the estate belongs to a New York family. Several Americans were on board, and there was loving pride in the salute we gave as we

passed the Stars and Stripes way up on those Rhine hills.

The pretty story of the Drachenfels came next. It was after we had left Bonn that our attention was called to a group of seven peaks, and to the ruins of an old castle. It seems that in the first centuries of Christianity, certain tribes among the Germans accepted the new teachings, while others rejected them. A heathen horde, having attacked a Christian settlement, carried off several prisoners, among them a beautiful maiden, who was claimed by two of the chiefs. A quarrel was imminent, when a pagan priest interposed, declaring that the maiden should, in honor of Woden, be delivered to the dragon. The custom was to offer human sacrifice to a dragon which appeared periodically. Bound to a tree, the maiden was left to await her fate. The scaly beast came from his cave in the mountain (hence the name "Drachenfels") and approached the trembling girl. In an agony of fear, she drew her arm from the bonds and held toward the monster a golden crucifix which hung on a chain about her neck. With a roar, the dragon fled, dashed over the jagged rocks and disappeared in the river. All saw that it was the power of the God of the Christians that had saved her. She was given back to her people, but soon returned with missionaries, and the whole tribe was converted.

Close to these same Seven Mountains a lovely valley is pointed out as the scene of a story similar to the one about the Monk Felix, told by Longfellow in "The Golden Legend." To a pious but doubting monk of Heisterbach, three hundred years passed as the dream of a night; and when he returned to the monastery the cloister annals had to be searched to discover who this Brother Maurus was. He had learned the truth of the words of the psalmist, "A thousand years are but as a day in Thy sight."

No one will hold the opinion that the Germans are wanting in fancy if he reads the folklore of the Rhine region. It is

romantic, and much of it is beautifully informed with Christian and Catholic symbolism. Every separate height and every valley has its legend; the sites of monasteries and churches were miraculously pointed out to the founders thereof, and elves and goblins still watch the Nibelungen treasure.

After a delightful, if rainy, day, we reached Cologne too late for sight-seeing, but in good time for dinner. In the reading-room of the Hotel Disch we regaled ourselves with news gleaned from the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*, and read to one another hotel arrivals from the United States. Mary gravely announced: "John Smith, New York, at the Palais d'Orsay." And when Katherine asked her if she knew him, she replied: "This John Smith is the greatest common multiple of the Smith family that we all know."

In the morning we set out for the Dom. We had on our list: the cathedral, St. Ursula's, a general view of the city, and a stop for the purchase of some genuine Farina. To compass this we had only a few hours, but we felt that we should get more than enough out of even a hurried visit to repay us. We reached the Dom in time for Holy Mass, and at its close we wished to view the treasures of this great Gothic edifice; but sextons, in red robes and carrying maces, allowed no moving around until the conclusion of a Mass which was being offered in one of the side chapels. It was the birthday of the Emperor of Austria, and the members of the Austrian Legation were present in a body at the Mass in honor of the occasion. The cathedral is vast, and is very striking. Its history covers centuries; and one realizes that, as one tries to get an adequate impression. Everything is on a massive scale. The stained-glass windows are wonders of beauty, and are prayer and homage in glorious color. The carved-wood choir stalls, the mural paintings, the silken tapestries, the mosaic pavement, the

Chapel of the Magi, the Chapel of Our Lady, with its "Assumption" by Overbeck,—all charm the eye and thrill the soul. In the Treasury is to be seen, among other precious relics, the golden "Reliquary of the Magi"; it is in the form of a miniature church, and contains the bones of the Magi, or Three Kings.

There are many stories related in connection with the building of this wonderful church; and, though lately there have been rumors that the structure is badly in need of repairs, and is indeed hardly safe, there is a sense of endurance about the Dom that gives it, as far as the tourist is concerned, a sort of immortality.

Hurrying to the Church of St. Ursula, we were privileged to kneel at the tomb of the saint, and to see the treasury, or "Goldene Kammer," where the relics of thousands of God's servants are honored. Shrines, reliquaries, ornamentation, etc., are rich in gold, silver, and precious gems. St. Ursula and her heroic band of virgins have here worthy remembrance. Sister Pulcheria, our German teacher at St. Rose's, often spoke to us in our "German conversation hour" of Cologne, and many of the points of interest that we passed seemed almost familiar to us. One of Mary's favorite stories was recalled when we drove by the Apostles' Church; for, facing the Neumarket, affixed to the upper story of a high building were two horses' heads, and the legendary event thus commemorated is as follows.

During a siege of the plague in Cologne, in the fourteenth century, the wife of a prominent knight was stricken with what all supposed was death. She was interred in the Apostles' Church, but was awakened from her trance when a thievish gravedigger tried to remove a ring from her finger. Robed in her grave-clothes, she went to the house of her husband, who, thinking he beheld an apparition, declared he would sooner believe that his horses could ascend to the loft of his house than that his departed wife should return to him in the flesh. At once, the legend

goes on to say, horses' hoofs were heard mounting the stairs, and their heads were speedily seen looking out of a window in the upper story of the house. The lady was graciously received, we are told; and ever since the horses' heads have marked the building.

Our last stop was at the shop of Johann Maria Farina, where, we were assured, the genuine "Eau de Cologne" was to be had. Here we laid in a stock of this delicate perfume; bottles large and small were added to our luggage; and as we made our way to the station to take our train for Paris, we realized the fitness of Mary's farewell to "Cologne, city of sweet memories." Before long we had the fragrant burden packed safely in our suit-cases; and we then turned our attention to the orderly, methodical, carefully cultivated farm-lands and vineyards of Germany, which we were passing; noting also the cosy homes with tiled roofs; many of the houses bearing on the chimney that sign of good-luck, a stork's nest.

Katherine had aired her German in this the Rhine trip, and Aunt Margaret was kept busy explaining the use of idioms in place of cumbersome dictionary-made phrases. In Paris we were all three of us supposed to show that we had "passed" in our French examinations. As to our powers of conversation in the language of France, we were not without misgivings; but when, on our arrival in Paris, Mary addressed the cabman as *cochon* instead of *cocher*, we at once became deferentially silent, and allowed Aunt Margaret to do the talking in French.

(To be continued.)

The Island of the Seven Cities.

The legendary Island of the Seven Cities was a kind of Dixie Land, where seven bishops, who quitted Spain during the dominion of the Moors, founded seven cities. The legend says that men have visited the island, but no one has ever quitted it.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The World's Madonna: A History of the Blessed Virgin Mary," by J. Shaw Mulholland, B. L.; and a new edition of the English version of the "Raccolta," by Father Ambrose St. John, are among the latest publications of Messrs. Burns & Oates.

—The new edition of Zualdi's "Sacred Ceremonies of Low Mass" (Benziger Brothers) has been edited by the Rev. M. O'Callaghan, with additions and notes, and such modifications as have been necessitated by the latest Roman decrees. The book in its original form has long been a favorite in English-speaking countries, and the improvements in this (the seventh) edition are likely to increase its popularity. Not the least valuable of these improvements is the copious, not to say exhaustive, index that has been supplied. A book that should have a large sale among the clergy.

—"The Life of the Venerable Father Colin" is a translation of the French Life of the founder and first Superior-General of the Society of Mary. The biography of this modern religious founder (1790-1875) is an exceptionally interesting narrative as well as a singularly edifying one; and the incidental story of the origin, growth, and notable development of the Society of Mary makes pages and chapters of excellent reading, the accounts of missionary labors in Oceania and Melanesia being particularly attractive. The translation has been well done, and the book in its English dress is a worthy tribute to a devoted servant of God whose Cause for canonization has already been introduced at Rome. Published by B. Herder.

—"Humble Victims," translated from the French of François Veillot by Susan Gavan Duffy, contains sixteen short stories, evidently from life, wherein are embodied sweet faith, simple charity, and the courage of true love, all tried in the fire of persecution ravaging poor France in these our days. The author is the nephew of the well-known Louis Veillot, and is himself editor of the *Univers*, the great Catholic newspaper of Paris. More than once in these touching stories is the note of René Bazin struck,—a note of tragedy, almost Greek in its simple, heart-breaking sense of the inevitable. Compensation, however, is also found, and in it is there consolation; for if these "Humble Victims" lost their life, it was only to find it in God's eternity. "At the Sign of St. Eloi" and "The Chanters of the Crux Ave"

are two of the most effective among the tragic stories; and the five pretty Christmas tales will be read again and again by those who, like Richter, "love God and little children." Benziger Brothers.

—An illustrated periodical entitled *S. Carlo Borromeo* is being published every month at Milan, to promote the celebration of the third centenary of the canonization of the saint, which occurs next November. Each number of the publication contains a large amount of interesting and valuable information, reproductions of the best portraits of S. Carlo, etc.

—"The Necromancers," Father Benson's new novel, is described as "a clever attack on Spiritualism, the principal character being Lawrence, a young law student, who, while taking part in a séance at which a materialized spirit resembles his dead sweetheart, is suddenly dominated by an evil influence, with the result that he is infuriated by the utterance of the Saviour's name. The heroine is a brave girl, critical and intelligent, who, by silent prayer and militancy of thought, conquers Lawrence's unseen foe when the former is almost impotent. The medium who entices Lawrence into positions of spiritual peril is made unusually attractive, and it seems clear that the author intends that the case of possession which he presents shall be regarded as the outcome of such a visit as all Spiritualistic gatherings, indulging in necromancy, should be prepared to receive."

—The rights of editors and publishers over manuscripts they may happen to have acquired by purchase and unconditionally is a vexed question, and likely to remain such, for the simple reason that the editor or publisher and the author look at things from a different point of view. The question is thus stated by the *Academy*:

An editor buys a manuscript. The author has written that manuscript most carefully, and according to his own artistic convictions. It may suit the convenience, and may even be necessary, for the editor to cut down the author's copy; that is to say, to omit a paragraph here and a paragraph there, and to prune redundant, even if entirely beautiful, phraseology. Is the editor to be held responsible in damages for the mere act of assuming these irksome and painful duties? Of course, the author's grounds for complaint are that the condensed article or story does not represent him in his fullest and more fatal beauty. The fact that an editor often improves what he amends is not for a moment to be considered; authors never consider such points. We are of opinion, however, that, as a matter of natural justice, the editor has a perfect right to edit and to use in almost any shape, matter which is purchased, provided that

the author has not made stipulations to the contrary. Authors who do not love the pruning knife, and who have a contempt for journalistic exigencies, should mark their manuscript, "To be printed as written if used at all." Then the editor would know what was in front of him. . . . Generally speaking, we are of opinion that for the author to suffer under the editorship of his editor is an exception. He may suffer in his own feelings, but he seldom suffers in the public eye.

—These be tales the old folks told
Round the turf-fire long ago,
When the world was made of gold
When the magic trumpets blew.

Thus does Katharine Tynan introduce a collection of fairy tales for young and old, told with a true story-teller's art by Mr. John Hannon. In a preface to this charming book, which is entitled "The King and the Cats," Father Russell, S. J., says a good word for fairy stories and for those who are gathering the world's folklore into book-form for us. The illustrations are by Louis Wain, who has entered fully into the spirit of Prince Bawn and Princess Dhu; and no one can read without interest of Dhu who was "swallowed by Bawn as if she'd been a crum of butter on the edge of a churn." Any one who takes up this book will not put it down until he finds out all about the kings, the fairies and the cats, and the wise old woman of the Wicklow Hills. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The King and the Cats." John Hannon. \$1.
- "Humble Victims." François Veuillot. \$1.10.
- "The Life of Ven. Father Colin." \$1.25.
- "Ceremonies of Low Mass." Felix Zualdi, C. M. \$1.25.
- "The Duchess's Baby." Sophie Maude. \$1.
- "Holy Water and Its Significance for Catholics." Father Theiller, S. O. Cist. 50 cts.
- "The Book of the Lily, and Other Verses." A Sister of the Holy Cross. \$1, net.
- "An Impeached Nation; Being a Study of Irish Outrages." Henry W. Cleary, D. D. 4s. 6d.

- "The Master Motive." Laure Conan. \$1.
- "Report of the Nineteenth Eucharistic Congress. Held at Westminster." \$1.75.
- "Choice Morsels of the Bread of Life." Rev. C. Coppens, S. J. 60 cts.
- "Catholic Churchmen in Science." (Second Series.) James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$1.08.
- "The Path which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church." Peter H. Burnett. \$1.50, net.
- "Father Jim." J. G. R. 10 cts.
- "Graduale Romanum." Dr. F. X. Mathias. \$1.50.
- "The Great Problem." Rev. J. J. Burke. \$1.
- "The Decree on Daily Communion." Father Juan Ferreres, S. J. 75 cts.
- "Rules of Life for the Pastor of Souls." Rev. T. Slater, S. J. \$1.25.
- "The Preachers' Protests." Very Rev. D. I. McDermott. 25 cts.
- "Henry Charles Lea's Historical Writings." Mgr. Baumgarten. 90 cts.
- "The Divine Story." Rev. C. J. Holland, S. T. L. \$1, net.
- "The Catechism in Examples." Vols. IV., V. \$3.
- "The Lady of the Tower, and Other Stories." \$1.25.
- "The Cardinal Democrat. (Henry Edward Manning.)" I. A. Taylor. \$1.25.
- "A Friar Observant." Frances M. Brookfield \$1.50.
- "The Little Book of Humility and Patience." Archbishop Ullathorne. 60 cts.
- "The Life of St. Melania." Cardinal Rampolla. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Joseph Osborne, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. John Medinger, of the diocese of Cleveland; and Rev. Alphonsus Heimler, O. S. B. Mother Evangelista, of the Sisters of Notre Dame; Sister Callista, Order of St. Ursula; and Sister M. Christine, Order of Mercy.

Mr. S. I. Hammond, Gilbert Harmon, Esq., Dr. F. Roche, Mrs. Elizabeth Worthington, Mr. John B. Walsh, Mrs. Myrtle Fitch, Miss Katherine Welch, Miss Julia Holton, Mr. August Hauser, Mrs. Anna Kramer, Mr. Frederick English, Mr. Henry Garlach, Mrs. Thomas Dehey, Mr. Edward J. Jordan, Mrs. Mary Puzey, Mr. Charles E. Rohe, Miss Mary Dehy, and Mr. Henry Weinzerl.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Cymru.*

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

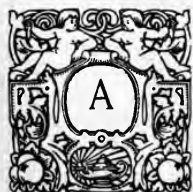
FLOWER of the Mountain, eldest and hardiest,
Flower of the Welsh, lacking one grace! What
pain
Hangeth on thee? What mystical strange unrest
Tarnisheth thy proud crown, and maketh it
vain?

Far in Armorica, yonder in Erin seen,
Blossom thy kindred, filling the peasant heart
Ever with hope all-smiling and hope serene:
Beautiful too, but sadder than death thou art.

Ah, poor jealous flower of less happy vales!
Lacking for thy hard sod old sprayings of dew,
Missing the lustre of joy from thine arch of blue.
Catholic wert thou once, my Celtic Wales!

Some Little English Books of Manners and Morals.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., PH. D., LL. D.



NUMBER of people have been surprised at how wonderfully modern were the form and the contents of "The Oldest Book in the World.—The Instructions of Ptah Hotep to his Son."† To most of us it seems quite out of the question that men should have thought about ethical subjects and matters of courtesy and politeness in the same way six thousand years ago as we do now.

* From "Strophes Galloises," par Louis Humblet, S. J. Liège, Spée-Zédis, Editeur, 1909, p. 31.

† THE AVE MARIA, Vol. Ixviii, No. 23.

We are prone to think that in the relations of man to man we are far in advance of the people of the olden time, and indeed are very much inclined to fancy that refinement is a matter of the last century or two. It is supposed to be a manifestation of that wide diffusion of education which is at least assumed to have been born of recent centuries, and is presumed to be a consequence of that stage of evolution in which we are at the present time. The whole question of progress and of evolution among men is quite unsettled. It is, of course, easy to be sure of its existence if you know nothing about history except the present, and not much about that. Just as soon, however, as you know enough about the past, and have sufficient information about any particular period to enable you to compare it detail for detail with the present, then the idea of evolution receives what in newspaper parlance is called a "bad jolt."

Perhaps the most interesting thing about "The Oldest Book in the World" was its use for teaching purposes. To find that copies had been set for children in the olden time just as we set them at present, that these copies should contain moral sentiments and advice very like those we set before children now, and that, after the children had copied them, there should be corrections in red ink in quite up-to-date fashion, is likely very seriously to discourage the idea of progress in teaching children. It might be thought, however, that possibly the Egyptians had, by some special dispensation, accomplished in their wonderful

anticipation of modern progress something quite out of the ordinary, which must not be taken to have any significance in the history of the race, since it was a freak or sport (as they call it in biology) rather than a regular manifestation of life. As a matter of fact, every nation seems to have done something like the Egyptian. The old Hebrew books of Wisdom, Proverbs and Ecclesiastes were really meant for the instruction of the young. Whether or not they were set as copies we are not sure, but it seems very likely. The sayings of the Wise Men of Greece were preserved in the same way. If we but knew enough about the early history of the nations, and especially if we had their books, we should probably find some such form of education common among all of them, as indeed it seems to have been among the Chinese, the Babylonians, and the Chaldeans, in addition to those which we have mentioned.

Perhaps the feature of this subject most curiously interesting for teachers is the fact that we have a whole series of these little books on manners and morals that were in common use in England in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. About forty years ago, Dr. Furnivall, the great Shakespearean scholar and student of early English, collected and published for the Early English Text-Society "*Divers Treatises Touching the Manners and Meals of Englishmen in Former Days.*" The original title of his publication was "*The Babees' Book,*" so-called because of the title of the first one of the treatises in his collection. Later, this appears in the list of publications as "*Early English Meals and Manners*"; while later still, another volume containing a similar collection appeared under the title of "*Queene Elizabeth's Achademy.*" From these two collections it is quite possible to illustrate the fact that, in the matter of manners, our English forefathers of five centuries ago were quite as far advanced as we are to-day.

Let us take for example some quotations

from "*The Book of Courtesy*" contained in this collection. Before its publication by Dr. Furnivall, it was No. 1986 of the Sloane Collection of Manuscripts in London. The copy is not a very good one, and has suffered many things from the copyists. There seems no doubt that it had passed through the hands of a number of people after the original was taken, and that probably some of these were young people to whom the task had been set of copying it as a work for school. It is easy to understand how corrupt might become a text that went through a number of hands in this way. The only copy that has been preserved for us, however, is this one. The date of the manuscript has been very carefully investigated, and seems to be about 1450. The author shows his familiarity with a custom that was instituted at the court of John of Gaunt. John of Gaunt was born at Ghent (of which his name is a corruption) in 1340, and died in 1399. The supreme power in England passed into his hands in 1376, so that it seems likely that this manuscript was written during the last quarter of the fourteenth century. When this date is kept in mind the rules of politeness which follow are indeed surprising:

Spare bread or wine, drink or ale,
Till thy mess from the kitchen be set in hall,
Lest men say thou art hunger-beaten,
Or all men know thee for a glutton
Look thy nails be clean in truth,
Lest thy fellow loathe them, forsooth!
Bite not thy bread and lay it down:
That is no courtesy to use in town.
As much as thou wilt eat that break,
The remnant left the poor shall take.

A little farther on, the advice is given:

Thou shalt not laugh nor speak nothing
While thy mouth be full of meat or drink;
Nor sup thou not with great sounding
Neither pottage nor other thing.
Let not thy spoon stand in thy dish,
Whether thou be served with flesh or fish;
Nor lay it not on thy dish aside,
But cleanse it honestly without pride.
Look that no dirt on thy finger be,
To defoul the cloth before thee.
In thy dish if thou wet thy bread,

Look thereof that nought be led
To drip again thy dish into;
Thou art ill-bred if thou so do.

Everything is thought of, even the use of the toothpick at table, and drinking with the mouth full,—the reasons against this latter practice being that it is dangerous to health as well as uncleanly:

At meat cleanse not thy teeth, nor pick
With knife or straw or wand or stick.
While thou holdest meat in mouth, beware
To drink; that is an dishonest chare;
And also physic forbids it quite,
And says thou may be choked at that bite;
If it go wrong thy throat into,
And stop thy wind, thou art fordo.

Even the eating with the knife, though there were no forks in those days, was as strictly forbidden as in our own time, and came in the same category of prohibitions as that regarding blowing on the food:

Also eschew, without strife,
To foul the board cloth with thy knife.
Nor blow not on thy drink or meat,
Neither for cold, neither for heat.
Nor bear with meat thy knife to mouth,
Whether thou be set by strong or couth.

All table manners were the same; for here is the question of the elbows on the table:

Lean not on elbow at thy meat,
Neither for cold nor for heat.
Dip not thy thumb thy drink into;
Thou art uncourteous if thou it do.
In salt-cellar if thou put
Or fish or flesh that men see it,
That is a vice, as men me tells;
And great wonder it would be else.

"The Babees' Book" emphasizes exactly the same points of table manners as were brought out in "The Book of Courtesy." Although the original is in verse, it is given here in prose from Miss Edith Rickert's "The Babees' Book: Medieval Manners for the Young," done into modern English from Dr. Furnivall's "Texts,"* in which are republished all the little treatises on manners and morals to which I refer here. The word "babees" is applied in this work to well-born chil-

dren, almost as the word "infant" is in law to mean young folk up to the time when they reach their majority. The manuscript of this treatise was in the Harleian Collection, and dates from about 1475. The most interesting thing about the book, from an historical standpoint, is the fact that it was apparently addressed to young princes; and the date of the manuscript is just the time of the unfortunate Edward V. and Richard of York, who were imprisoned in the Tower and put to death, in the saddest chapter in English history. It would seem probable enough that it was written for them:

"Look ye be not caught leaning on the table, and keep clear of soiling the cloth. Do not hang your head over your dish, or in any wise drink with full mouth. Keep from picking your nose, your teeth, your nails, at meal-time,—so we are taught. Advise you against taking so muckle meat into your mouth but that ye may right well answer when men speak to you. When ye shall drink, wipe your mouth clean with a cloth, and your hands also, so that you shall not in any way soil the cup; for then shall none of your companions be loath to drink with you. Likewise, do not touch the salt in the salt-cellar with any meat; but lay salt honestly on your trencher, for that is courtesy. Do not carry your knife to your mouth with food, or hold the meat with your hands in any wise; and also if divers good meats are brought to you, look that with all courtesy your assay of each; and if your dish be taken away with its meat and another brought, courtesy demands that ye shall let it go and not ask for it back again."

I would not wish to produce the impression, however, that these little old English books touched only the question of manners; for just as the old books of instruction of Egypt, such as the "Instructions of Ptah Hotep," touched on manners as well as morals, so our English forbears made their instructions for the young ethical as well as courtly. For instance,

* New York, Duffield & Co.

in the manuscript "How the Wise Man Taught His Son," also republished in Miss Rickert's collection, we have many moral and religious instructions. This manuscript was probably written at the beginning of the fifteenth century, but the material comes from early in the fourteenth century. This wise father, who, in the words of a poem in "The Exeter Book," was "a parent wise in mind, old in virtues, sagacious in words," thus instructed his dear son. He wanted him to begin the day well with prayer:

"My son, take good heed every morning, ere ye do worldly thing, lift up your heart to God, and pray as devoutly as you can for grace to lead a good life, and to escape sin both night and day, and that heaven's bliss may be your meed."

Then follow his instructions with regard to sloth and talebearing and tavern-haunting, the use of dice, and all the evils that naturally go with these,—*"lest you come to an evil end; for it will lead astray all your wits and will bring you into great mischief."* The first thing after prayer is to get to work and keep at it. Accordingly he says: "And, son, whatever manner of man ye be, give yourself not to idleness, but busy yourself every day according to your estate. Beware of rest and ease, which things nourish sloth. Ever to be busy, more or less, is a full good sign of honesty." As to talebearing: "And, my son, wherever you go, be not full of tales. Beware what you say; for your own tongue may be your foe. If you say aught, take good heed where and to whom; for a word spoken to-day may be repeated seven years after."

Here is a very curious expression that we might think more likely to come to the modern father's mind than to that of a medieval parent: "And, son, I warn you also not to desire to bear office; for then can it be no other than that you must either displease and hurt your neighbors, or else forswear yourself and do not do as your office demands, and get yourself maugré [in spite of yourself]

here and there, an hundredfold more than thanks."

While he warns him to get up early and to occupy himself much during the day, he is quite as urgent in warning him with regard to the evils of staying up too late at night; and all the dangers of it are pointed out in so quaint, naïve, and old-fashioned a way that his dicta have added interest: "And, son, sit not up too long at even, or have late suppers, though ye be strong and hale; for with such outrage your health shall worsen. And of late walking comes debate, and of sitting and drinking out of time; and therefore beware and go to bed betimes and wink."

The old Egyptian father, in "The Oldest Book in the World," is particularly wise—so many people seem to think—with regard to how to keep a wife in happiness after you have her; but the medieval father insisted very much on how important it was to choose a wife properly, and above all not to choose her because of her money. Some of the expressions that he uses have become commonplaces in our language. One of them—"It is better to have a meal's meat of homely fare with peace and quiet than an hundred dishes with grudging and much care"—has been often quoted in recent years. The old man's advice is well worth repeating here:

"And, son, if ye would have a wife, take her not for her money, but inquire wisely of all her life; and give good heed that she be meek, courteous, and prudent, even though she be poor; and such one will do you more good service in time of need than a richer. If your wife be meek and good, and serve you well and pleasantly, look ye be not so mad as to charge her too grievously, but rule her with a fair hand and easy, and cherish her for her good deeds. For a thing unskilfully overdone makes needless grief to grow, *and it is better to have a meal's meat of homely fare with peace and quiet than an hundred dishes with grudging and much care.* And, therefore, learn this

well: that if you want a wife to your ease, take her never the more for the riches she may have, though she might endow you with lands."

In the second book of "The Book of Courtesy," from which we have quoted the rules for manners in verse, there are some striking bits of advice that equally deserve quotation. The unknown author insists on care for people's feelings in general quite as much as on regard for their susceptibilities, by following the rules of politeness and not doing gross things at table. For instance:

If thou see any man fall in the street,
Laugh not thereat in dry nor wet,
But help him up with all thy might.

He warns his son also of avoiding foolish laughter in general:

Laugh not too oft for no solace,
Never for mirth that any man has
Who laughs that all men may him see,
A shrew or a fool him seems to be.

He is particularly emphatic in warning young men not to speak evil of women. The reasons given for his advice, one Scriptural and the other drawn from human nature, hold as good now as they did in his time:

Speak never wrong of womenkind,
Nor let it never run in thy mind.
The Book him calls of churlish face
That oft of women speaks villainly base.
For all we be of women born,
And our fathers us befor;
Therefore it is an unhonest thing
To do them any belittling.

Many of our modern proverbs are paralleled in the olden time with the wordiness of the verse-maker. For instance, our "If you have nothing else to give a beggar, give him kind words" becomes—

If a man ask thee goods for God's sake,
And thee want things whereof to take,
Give him debonaire words and manner fait,
With semblance glad, and pure good cheer.

Our "Two is company, three is none" becomes—

If thou shalt on a pilgrimage go,
Be not third fellow for weal nor woe;

Three oxen in plough may never well draw;
Neither by craft nor right nor law.

While he preaches the lesson of kindness and gentleness to all even to the animals—

By street or way if thou shalt go,
From these two things thou keep thee fro:
Neither to harm child nor beast,—

he does not believe in being too meek, and says so very candidly:

Be not too meek, but in mean thou hold,
For else a fool thou wilt be told.

These old writers knew human nature quite as well as the moderns; and they have reflections on the life of children, of youth, and of age, that are full of the wisdom of experience. It is a constant surprise to meet them; but it will not be astonishing to those who remember the wisdom of the Ptah Hotep in "The Instructions to his Son," or of the writers of various books of instruction in the Old Testament. How well one of these old writers knew the ways of children, how prone they are to quarrel, how little their quarrels may mean, and how foolish it is for older persons to take them up and give them a significance that they have not, may be read very well in the four lines of the manuscript which bears the title of "Stans Puer ad Mensam" (The Boy Standing at the Table), the original of which is a Lambeth manuscript of about 1430, although there are copies nearly resembling it among the Harleian Manuscripts, and at the Ashmolean. The writer said:

In children's war is now mirth and now debate;
In their quarrel is no great violence;
Now play, now weeping, and seldom in one estate;

To their complaints never give any credence.

Against one thing the old man particularly advises his son with more emphasis than almost anything else, and that is indulgence in newfangled ideas. To the young, the old have usually been old fogies; but, in return, to the old men the young have only too often seemed foolish. "If young men only knew, if old men only were able," represents this

state of affairs, which Stevenson has discussed very charmingly in "Virginibus Puerisque." It was a wise historian, however, who said that every generation since the beginning has always declared that the world had degenerated since their early days, and that the present was never as good as the old times. We have all been in Horace's trite phrase: *Laudatores temporis acti nobis pueris*. It is in striking expression of this that we have the old medieval father's advice to his son:

"And, son, if you be well at ease, and sit wary among your neighbors, do not get newfangled ideas, or be hasty to change or to flit; for if ye do, ye lack wit and are unstable, and men will speak of it and say: 'This fool can bide nowhere.' . . . The more goods you have, the rather bear you meekly; and be humble, and boast not overmuch; it is wasted, for by their boasting men know fools."

Perhaps with these quotations, which drive home so well the lesson which personally I consider to be the most important for the student of history to learn, this article may properly conclude. The newfangled things are not nearly so new as they are believed to be, and the old things are not nearly so old-fashioned and distant as we usually think them. As for the man who boasts about what we have accomplished in our time, and is proud of the advance that we have made, and of our marvellous progress and evolution, and of humanity's development, one may well repeat the words of the old writer, "And boast not overmuch; it is wasted, for by their boasting men know fools." I have said before, that if one knows only the story of his own generation, and not much about that, it is easy to conclude that men are making wonderful progress. It is even not difficult to think that, in practical wisdom due to the experience of life, men have learned much of their relations to one another, to the universe, and to the mystery surely beneficent that surrounds us. Just as soon, however, as we know enough about other periods, such

thoughts are sure to vanish into thin air.

Two years ago, Ambassador Bryce was asked to make the annual address before the Greek letter college fraternity, Phi Beta Kappa. His subject was Progress. He was talking to the men who are the flower of scholarship at our American secular universities; for it is a well-merited distinction to belong to Phi Beta Kappa, and only those who stand high in their classes are admitted. It might have been expected that, talking to American scholars, the English Ambassador, who has shown the breadth of his intelligence and the utter lack of insularity by writing one of the few valuable books concerning us that have ever come from a foreigner, would have had much to say in praise of the wonderful accomplishment of recent generations, and of the progress so easily to be seen in every line of human endeavor. Instead of that, he confessed very frankly that he was not sure that there was any progress. At the end of his address he said that the mists that hang around man's origin and his destiny are as thick now as they were at any time in history, and nothing that we have learned seems to dissipate them. Certain it is that these little studies of little books show that, in the practical wisdom of life, we are no further advanced than were the wise men in any generation in the past, whether it be six hundred or six thousand years ago.

- THE word "patriot" was taken directly from the French, where it was in use as early as the fifteenth century in the sense of "citizen," "fellow-citizen," or "compatriot." It occurs occasionally in the literature of the sixteenth century, at the end of which it was accompanied by such adjectives as "good," "true," or "worthy," which ultimately were imported into the meaning of the noun, until finally a "patriot" implied a good citizen and a true lover of his country.

—Joseph Chamberlain.

Monica's Victory.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

V.

BEFORE the little hostelry of the village the troopers all took horse again. Away they galloped down the street, riding at full speed when in the direction of Lindau, despite the many steep ascents and descents of the rough, ill-made road.

"That looks like flight!" the villagers said to one another, as, with rueful countenances, they stood at the doors of their pillaged houses watching the departure of the depredators.

And flight it was in reality. Just as the captain, who had been obliged to remain at the mayor's house during the removal of the treasure, was about to stop the plundering which, contrary to his orders, was going on in the upper part of the village, Ladurn, the notary, entered the street and approached him stealthily. The intelligence he whispered to the captain was of an alarming nature. The imperial troops were advancing rapidly from Algau in considerable force; they had been seen between Bregenz and Lindau.

Every moment of delay might prove fatal to the small detachment of Swedes in this mountain region. If Bregenz were retaken by the Austrians, and Wrangel was defeated, the peasantry would rise up against the invaders. Fear alone held them in check; and there was every probability that, were the restraint once removed, embittered as they were by the treatment they had received, they would wreak summary vengeance on the little band, isolated as it was from the main army. Nothing, therefore, but a speedy return to headquarters could insure their safety.

The captain saw no time was to be lost, and instantly ordered the recall

to be sounded. He did not even stop to take the last of the chests: it must be left behind. One of his subalterns told him of the woodcarver's flight, and that his men had bastinadoed a girl who knew his hiding-place but firmly refused to reveal it. An angry frown darkened Hedberg's brow. He could not tolerate the atrocities which went on behind his back, but he had to stifle his wrath: this was no time to punish the disobedient. Everyone must put spurs to his horse, and not draw rein until Lindau was reached. And on arriving at the camp, only a brief halt was made, in order to enable each man to take his belongings before continuing the retreat.

The captain, excited by the events of the morning and heated by exertion, rode slowly through the camp to his tent, before the door of which the lieutenant of his regiment was awaiting him. When Hedberg caught sight of him, he felt sure that Ladurn's information was correct. Doubtless this officer brought orders from headquarters to return to Bregenz with all possible speed.

"Our commander-in-chief has sent me," the lieutenant began, as soon as Hedberg got up to him.

"I know,—I know it already!" the latter said, cutting him short, as he flung himself out of the saddle. "We must leave Lindau immediately, as the enemy is advancing from Bregenz. There is nothing else to be done, or we shall be cut off."

The envoy looked at him inquiringly.

"Of what enemy are you speaking, Captain?"

Hedberg told him in a breath what he had heard. The other burst out laughing.

"You have been alarmed unnecessarily. It is an absurd mistake."

"But my informant was trustworthy, and the troops have actually been seen between Bregenz and this place."

"Certainly—no doubt about it; but they were not Austrians, only our own good Swedes."

"Our own men?"

"Assuredly. Only yesterday two full regiments marched out of Bregenz to lay instant siege to Lindau and take it by storm."

"Did the general send you to tell me this?" the captain inquired somewhat incredulously?

"That and something else besides. As we do not know how the expedition against Ingelstadt will turn out, and Bregenz is still to be the headquarters of operations, all the outposts in the forest are to be maintained. The general can not undertake to supply them with provisions; the officers must consequently make requisitions, at the cost of the refractory population, for the men under their command."

The captain was delighted at the new and unexpected turn affairs had taken. It went sorely against him to leave the vicinity of the forest without accomplishing that on which he had set his heart; for his was a strong, passionate nature. The fascination which the fair Monica had for him had not escaped the notice of the ensign and sergeant-major who had been of the expedition to Alsdorf; and when they accompanied him in the evening to the village tavern, they only awaited an opportunity to tax him with it.

There were scarce any of the villagers in the parlor of the "Green Dragon" that night. The habitual frequenters of the house passed it by with wrathful glances; and if they caught sight of one of the foreign soldiers within, they clenched their fists and muttered something that was far removed from a blessing. Only Michael, the old shepherd, who had business with the innkeeper, ventured to occupy a seat at a side table, where Ladurn, the notary, was also sitting, apparently intent on listening to the conversation of the soldiers.

The invaders cared little or nothing for the embittered feelings of the population. Shouts and noisy laughter rang

through the room, which was already filled with the pungent smoke of the strong tobacco that the men were smoking in their short clay pipes. It was a typical Tyrolese tavern parlor,—the drinking saloon of those days. Benches were fixed round the walls, the oak wainscoting of which was elaborately carved and decorated. In the centre of the room were massive oak tables, surrounded by really beautifully carved chairs of solid proportions. In each table was inserted a good-sized piece of slate, on which the innkeeper was accustomed to make his reckonings. The large stove standing out in the room was covered with finely glazed green tiles; and on the walnut-wood side-board was an array of pewter and copper drinking vessels, which were shining with mirror-like brightness.

The captain took no interest in what went on around him: he seemed engrossed with his own thoughts.

"Halloo, Axel!" the ensign, whose name was Rolf, called to him. "I believe you are dreaming with your eyes open."

"You are right," the captain replied, rousing himself; "but the dream must become reality. She is superb, the handsomest girl I have seen for the last eight years, in all our campaigns."

"The mayor's daughter at Alsdorf, of course? I thought you seemed very much smitten with her."

"She has a terrible temper; one sees it in her eyes," the sergeant-major interposed. "You will never get her. They are a queer race, I tell you,—the people of these parts."

"They are. The girl would sooner throw herself into the river Aach, or plunge a knife into your breast," the ensign said. "People talk of the weaker sex," he went on; "but one does not see much of that here. The murderous glances some of those wenches cast at one as they go by would be enough to frighten one. The men slink away quietly. Methinks here the women are far more formidable foes than the men."

"That is the ensign who was afraid of a little girl's nails!" sneered the big trooper. "A fine soldier for you! He would make a jolly good husband, I bet."

The captain, reminded by these words of the pillage carried on against his orders, and the atrocities perpetrated that morning, frowned angrily at the speaker; but he was too wise to reprove him before strangers. Rolf, however, started to his feet with his hand on his sword.

"Coward that you are, you might learn courage from the women!" he exclaimed.

This insult was more than the trooper could put up with; his sword leaped from the scabbard, and a fight would have ensued had not the captain, in a stentorian voice, commanded the men to keep the peace under pain of being tried by court-martial. This threat had the effect of quieting them for the time; but the angry looks which were exchanged between them announced that, later on, occasion would be found to settle the dispute.

The sergeant endeavored to renew the conversation that had been broken off. Turning to Hedberg, he said:

"You can not carry off the mayor's daughter by force, I am thinking. You will only fail if you attempt to coerce her."

"Who speaks of coercion?" the captain rejoined impetuously. "There are other ways than that, and I will stake my salvation on it that within three days that proud beauty will be mine."

Rolf smiled incredulously.

"Your salvation? That is a bet only the devil himself will take for any one. But, for the matter of that, we rough soldiers of fortune have little chance of saving our souls."

"Then the devil will have to work a miracle," the captain answered impatiently, as he rose to his feet to give the signal to return to the camp.

When they had finally left the tavern, he put his arm in Rolf's, and remarked in a low tone:

"I am not joking. I never was so taken with a girl as with that one. I assure you,

if she were one of our own people and of our religion, or would consent to leave her relatives, I would make her my wife."

"That does look like earnest," his companion replied, not a little astonished. "The girl certainly is very handsome, but—but—"

"If she refuses to marry me, she will have only herself to blame, and must take the consequences. If I can get her no other way, it must be as my share of the spoil. I swear that before three days are past she shall be mine."

(To be continued.)

A Birthday Greeting to Mary

FROM THE GERMAN, BY J. F. S.

SION'S daughters, rapt and gazing,
Who is she your lips are praising,
Clothed in heaven's celestial light?
Nought but sweetness, nought but pleasure,
Like a robe from God's own treasure,
Wraps that queenly form so bright.

Roses on her cheeks are glowing,
Lilies at her feet are growing,
Golden streams her waving hair;
Not the brightest orbs of morning
Match the diadem adorning
With its stars her forehead fair.

Angel hosts with awe surround her,
Like a garland they have crowned her,
Wreathed with blooms of Paradise;
Sounds like sweep of harp strings thrilling,
Or the sea's far murmur, filling
Those glad ranks, to heaven arise.

Fairest One in God's creation,
Ne'er has sin's contamination
Touched the glory of her state;
Angels' purity and splendor
Ne'er could like perfection render
As that Star Immaculate.

Flower in Salem's fields the fairest,
Midst all Juda's daughters rarest,
Thine own people's glory great;
Lily pure from all defilement,
Rose that knows not sin's beguilement,
Temple all-inviolatè!

Sir Stephen de Vere.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

V.—(Continued.)

FAMINE spread over the County of Limerick as over every other county in Ireland. It bewildered and paralyzed landlords as well as tenants; but in both cases it was those who were already involved in debt that were the first to feel the shock. The spendthrift habits of landlord ancestors had run estates deeply into debt; and the law, made by the landlords themselves in Parliament, that no debt was to hold a prior place to a claim on the land, which was meant to secure to them their rents, gave great freedom to them in the way of borrowing and mortgaging; and now, when rents were being unpaid, and creditors clamoring for their dues, it became for these same landlords a merciless and almost universal guillotine. The rates had furthermore swelled so abnormally, from poor law, public works, and emigration, that in many cases landlords were unable to pay even the rates on their unoccupied lands, and had to beg farmers to take the lands in order to save their own furniture or belongings from being "distrained," or seized for the rates due. It was a public calamity, in which, as at an earthquake, many a strange, many a sad, and many a discreditable thing took place; and the workhouse, the emigrant ship, and the public works were the theatre for many but not for all of these.

As soon as public works began, licenses for drink-houses were asked for near the places; and, to the eternal shame of the magistrates, who were at that time of the "upper ten," licenses were granted, and in such prodigality that Father Mathew was forced to complain of the scandal in a public letter to one of the Cabinet Ministers of the day. A license once got, is as irremovable as the walls

or rafters or foundation of the building to which it is attached,—nay, more so; for you may change the rafters or the wall, but you can not change the license; and down to this day (more than sixty years after) these licenses, secured when men were starving, hold good to do duty in their evil and hellish work when idle souls are thirsty.

Many a good-hearted man fell in those days; many a knave or sharper rose. A man in the County of Limerick, who held but a small shop in which Indian meal was sold, and one horse with which he earned a few shillings a day drawing stones, cleverly taking advantage of the times, brought in corn, amassed wealth, and his son filled one of the highest dignities in the county.

"In the year 1846," says Michael McMahon, "there was a committee formed in the parish of Stonehall,—Father T. Foley, Mr. Stephen de Vere, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, Mr. Fosberry, and other gentlemen. They got some money, and bought Indian meal for the poor, and gave it out at Mr. de Vere's farm-house, 'The Cottage.' Then Mr. Stephen de Vere had some works opened for the laborers on the roads; and himself was engineer, until coming to 1847, when he made up his mind to go to America. He made his assistant engineer, one Minahan, carry on the works for the sake of the poor people who were starving, until all the money that had been borrowed was expended. Mr. de Vere emigrated, then, in 1847."

Mr. A. de Vere, in his "Recollections," says: "The County of Limerick, in which I resided during the famine, was not one of those with the densest population or the most dependent on the potato crop. It, therefore, suffered less than many other portions of Ireland from the Great Famine, which has often been spoken of as if it lasted but for one year, whereas it lasted for large portions of four—namely, 1846–49,—while for several years later the enormous emigration proved that the

'Terror, 'though baffled, still retired with strife.' During these successive years the calamity assumed different characteristics, and was met by different remedies; all of them well-intended, and carried out with great energy, but, unhappily, not selected with equal judgment, or attended by equal success. . . . The first remedy applied was that of public works."

His brother, Stephen, as we have already seen, at once interested himself in the anxieties of the poor. Perhaps there was not one among the Limerick gentry who was in a better position to know their wants and anxieties. Mr. Aubrey de Vere gives a sketch of an Irish gentleman engaged in the relief works of the time, which, because the sketch was written by their cousin, Stephen Edward Spring Rice, father of the present Lord Monteagle, may be indeed a photograph of his brother Stephen:

"You might see him leaving home before daylight, that sunrise might find him within his relief district, into the destitution of which he had to inquire. Till sunset makes it impossible for him to continue his work, he has to pass ceaselessly from house to house, making every possible inquiry, and exerting all his ingenuity to detect the frauds attempted by those who wish to job. . . . Being well known, the people troop down from the hilltops to meet him, in their tens or twenties, threatening or imploring; and he has to use his best eloquence for soothing, cheering, or for checking and reproving them. Wearied at last, he returns in the twilight to his home, doubting whether he is not carrying to it the seeds of disease caught in the hovels he has visited. But he does not go home to rest. His whole night, and far into the next morning, is occupied in reducing into an available form the rough memoranda of each case which he has collected in the daytime.

"The next day, perhaps, he attends presentment sessions. Amidst roars of anger and cries of suffering, he has to attempt to work out a novel and com-

plicated system; sick at heart with seeing the realization of his worst fears — the famine, fever, and gradual demoralization of the lower classes, the ruin of the higher. Throughout the day little notes are showered in scores on the table; these are the petitions of the poor, materials for his work by night; for when he at last goes home, they must be all deciphered, classified, considered and prepared for the next meeting of the Relief Committee. . . . And what rest does he get by night? Every half hour he starts up from an uneasy sleep, haunted by one idea that still recurs. He dreams that he has lost a little scrap of paper on which he had recorded the name of one that required immediate relief, and that from his carelessness a family is starving."*

Several of the Limerick landlords acted kindly, even generously. Lord Monteagle expended up to eight thousand pounds on industrial works in Foynes. "Among those who worked hardest was Mr. Monsell, later Lord Emly. I accompanied him and Lord Arundel and Surrey (the late Duke of Norfolk) to Kilkee; and we passed the next day in roaming over famine-stricken moors and bogs in its neighborhood, then among the most severely tried districts of Ireland. I shall not soon forget one visit which, accompanied by the local inspector, we paid to a deserted cabin among the morasses. Its only inmate was an infant, whose mother was most likely seeking milk for it. On slightly moving the faded coverlet of the cradle, a shiver ran over the whole body of the infant; and the next moment the dark, emaciated little face relapsed again into stillness. Probably the mother returned to find her child dead. Mr. Monsell burst into tears. Nothing was said then; but a few days later, on Lord Arundel's return to England, the inspector at Kilkee received from him a letter enclosing a cheque for two hundred pounds, to be added to the local relief fund."†

* "Recollections of Aubrey de Vere."

† Ibid.

There was one thing not wholly unknown in the County of Limerick in those days, and it shames one's blood to mention it—"souperism" (proselytism). At the present time it will hardly be believed that, so late as the days of the Irish Famine, there was a society in Ireland formed for this purpose. "Seeing that there are entire districts in Ireland composed exclusively of Catholics; seeing that there is no other means of forwarding Protestantism in these districts than the substitution of Protestant for Catholic tenantry; that it is a clear duty to introduce Protestant tenants into these districts, and this society will do its utmost to get a charter of approbation from the government."* I can not myself believe that any man or woman could be so utterly depraved as to attempt to proselytize, unless he or she was convinced that the religion from which they tried to convert was false, and the religion to which they desired to attract was unquestionably true. It is, however, certain that in this vile system of "souperism," which flourished so rankly in '48 and afterward, there were some who *bona fide* believed that the tenets of Catholicity were damnable, and others who took part in the foul thing for filthy lucre.

Many Protestant clergymen acted as one that I know of acted. His own son told me that when the poor people from a congested district in the neighborhood were individually lurking about the place, and trying to look in at the windows stealthily, the parson would say to them: "Here now! I know what you want! There's a half-crown for you. Be off and mind your prayers!"

At Partry, in the County of Galway, the Protestant bishop of Tuam, Lord Plunkett, son of the famous Irish orator, was landlord. A school was built, put under the Church Mission Society; and the children of the tenantry were required

to attend. Absence of the children was to be followed by eviction of the parents. The bishop's own daughter was the most indefatigable child-hunter in this squalid and malodorous work. "I am one of the tenants," was the sworn evidence of a man named Prendergast. "I am a Catholic, and I go to Mass; and I mean to bring up my children the same. One day I saw the Protestant minister, the Rev. Mr. Townsend, and Miss Plunkett, coming toward my house. I put a bundle upon the top of a box, and I hid myself behind it. The minister came into the house and found me, and he told me that Miss Plunkett was waiting for me at the door. She asked me whether I would send my children to the school. I said that I would not. Immediately afterward I got a 'Notice to Quit' my farm. Then I was afraid; for I have a large family, and they are not strong enough yet for work. I sent my children to the school. But I took them away from it soon. After that, a bit I eat didn't do me good. I felt that I had acted against my conscience and against God."*

At last the society brought such infamy that it was execrated all over the land. The *North British Daily Mail* said:

"Lord Bishop Plunkett may be a very conscientious bishop, and a very decent man in private life, kind in his domestic relations, as well as anxious for the welfare of his poor neighbors' souls; but, looked at as a Christian minister or as a landlord, it strikes us that he deserves, for his conduct in evicting the poor people on his estate for the causes stated, all the censure and contempt that can be poured out upon him. As the priest of a religion that required human sacrifices, Bishop Plunkett would be just the man to grace the office. As lord over serfs, the cudgel or the thong would fit his hand....

"Under any circumstances this Act would have been an unjustifiable barbarity; just now it is almost equivalent

* The society was called "The Irish Protestant Tenantry Society." See Oulton's "Dublin Directory," up to 1841.

* Perraud.

to murder; and although there may be no law to punish such a crime, out of the general conscience a penalty should come to brand forever the man who committed so monstrous a wickedness. To be guilty of such an outrage on religion and humanity, simply because parents took their children away from his schools, is a stretch of wickedness which nobody but a bigot could conceive, and nobody but a savage perpetrate. It may be that Catholicism is a soul-destroying superstition. It may be that it fosters ignorance, laziness, and poverty. But, whatever it is, let us meet it openly and fight it fairly, by purer faith, higher knowledge, industry, and wealth. If we can not vanquish it by these means, we can not triumph over it at all. . . .

"Without going into the question of tenant-right, or any other question of Irish politics—leaving all such matters to find a legitimate settlement at the right time,—we can not refrain from entering our protest against such conduct as that of Lord Bishop Plunkett. And whilst doing so, we can not but express a hope that the newspaper press of the United Kingdom, of all shades of politics, would so speak as to convince the bishop, and fellow-bigots, that such wickedness as that which has been perpetrated will not be quietly tolerated by the liberal and humane men of the country."

In the County of Limerick occasional attempts of this kind were made. Hunger and the bit of land were the two sole factors by which it was sought to effect a change in the religion of the poor. "Good-bye, God, till the pratees grow!" is a saying that has obtained notoriety. And the "Notice to Quit" or, become a Protestant has dated from the days of Elizabeth. That Bible-readers and other such irritating creatures were poured in upon the people, trying to change them from their Faith, is a matter of public knowledge, and was for a time immortalized in a well-known ballad, "The New Lights of Askeaton." Askeaton is about

four miles from Curragh Chase, and is the burial-place of the De Veres.

The meeting at church on a Sunday morning to assist at divine service had, it is pitiable to say, some influence in disturbing the peaceable relations of landlord and tenant in the county. It was only to be expected, when the twenty or thirty, the *ridiculus grex*, of Episcopalians gathered around the church door or church gate, that they should feel the bonds of human friendship knitting them closely together, especially when they remembered the vast congregation that had rolled to the plain, perhaps thatch-covered edifice at the other end of the hamlet. It was in the nature of things that they should shake hands and smile and chat in the blessed Sabbath sunlight, as if they were but one family; though, *entre nous*, they had their own little differences. The great man of the petty assemblage was undoubtedly "his honor" the local landlord; and if he were an absentee, his place was worthily filled under all aspects by "his honor" the agent.

It does not need any reasoning to prove that, given two equal candidates for a bit of land, the one who was met at the church door on Sunday had a far better chance to be appointed as tenant than the person kneeling in the place of worship across the way. There was this, furthermore, that the clergyman at the Catholic "chapel" oftentimes was not a *persona grata*. In those days Catholic priests were not infrequently bold in their language and impassioned in their address. It is for others to say whether that was an advantage or a disadvantage. I simply state that they were so, and that they attacked secret societies among their own flock as freely and as boldly as they did tyranny or immorality in the privileged classes. It sometimes happened that scandals were denounced in forcible terms from the altar; and that phrases were used that were as stinging to the landlord or agent, or to the landlord's son or agent's son, as the command "Go and tell

that fox" was in the old days to Herod.

It is easily understood, then, that the hatred personally meant for the clergyman formed an atmosphere encircling all who gathered round him; and that, therefore, in the everyday intercourse during the week, especially in the matter of land, it was sure to affect the relations of agent and tenant. Looking back now over a distance of sixty years, one is forced to say that "Whiteboyism," while it could never have been lawful either in its organization or in its methods, yet because of the evil circumstances of the times and the peasants' unprotected position, and because moral force was to them as unknown as wireless telegraphy, it was, as a means of self-defence, a necessity and almost a legality.

In the matter of illegitimacy, it is useless for our present purpose to appeal to statistics; for no statistics will differentiate between the rich father and the poor. I am going to make an assertion; I can not say that it is a fact, but it certainly is my conviction. More than half the fathers of the illegitimate births in the early part of the last century could be picked from the little handful of 5000, and not even half from the multitude of the 280,000; although 80 per cent of the multitude had to live and lie in a house of one apartment.

Delightfully apart from all this were the De Veres. They could no more be brought near it than they could be led into the gates of the lower abyss. There were these two brothers, Stephen and Aubrey, bachelors to the end; and, though direct inheritance to the name and estates of De Vere of Curragh Chase hung on it, neither could, at the demise of their eldest brother, Sir Vere, who died childless in eighty-two, be induced to marry. Both lived virtuous and stainless lives in single blessedness to the end of their extremely long career, and were held in benediction by all. "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God."

(To be continued.)

A Heroic Page of History.

BY A. T. S.

SOME years ago it was my privilege to write in these pages of the fever-stricken exiles of the Irish exodus of the dark years of '47 and '48, dealing chiefly with all that related to the epidemic at Montreal, which became for a time the headquarters of the plague, and where priests and nuns in a holy emulation risked their lives, or in several cases lost them. The Bishop himself was stricken with the dread disease; but, happily, recovered. And, following his lead, the secular priests, not only of the city but from the surrounding parishes, hastened to the post of duty. Priests who spoke English were few, and were speedily exhausted. The Sulpicians closed their seminary to devote themselves to the work; and the Jesuits, headed by the venerable Father Duranquet (afterward so well known and so beloved as chaplain in the prisons of New York), flung themselves intrepidly into the arena. Their number was supplemented by the arrival from New York of Fathers Driscoll and Dumerle, the latter of whom fell a victim to the disease.

It will be remembered also that the Grey Nuns lost several of their number; being reinforced by the Sisters of Charity and the Hospitallers, who, by dispensation, broke the cloister to render their efficient aid. And just as the disease spread from one section of the country to the other, so did the holy contagion of heroism; for at Bytown, afterward the capital of the Dominion, there are records of devoted service on the part of Oblates and Gray Sisters of the Cross. At Kingston, Bishop Phelan and his priests were conspicuous in their ministrations; and at Toronto, Bishop Power lost his life at the bedsides of the afflicted.

It has been recently stated by speakers upon the subject that Protestant clergy-

men likewise distinguished themselves by courage and humanity. If such be the case, want of data alone prevents the present writer from recording the fact. There is at hand only one name, that of the Rev. Mr. Durie, a Presbyterian minister of Bytown, who died in that noble service. The names of all others should be made public and obtain the recognition they deserve.

If that spot at Montreal was marked by a stone taken from the central arch of the great Victoria Bridge and put into position by the workmen on the same structure, there remained another spot which for sixty years has been unhonored and uncared for, and yet which, as declared by a patriotic present-day Irishman, "is amongst the most sacred spots in America, since it contains the grave of thousands of our race." That reproach has now been removed, and a fitting memorial placed upon that melancholy island in the St. Lawrence where twelve thousand Irishmen and Irishwomen laid down their lives through heroic constancy to the Faith of Peter. The monument, of Stanstead granite, is forty-six feet six inches in height, standing at an altitude of one hundred and twenty feet above the water. Its base is sixteen feet in width, thirty feet in height, and the arms of the cross are ten feet wide. Its panels are of dark ebony, and each one bears an inscription—respectively in English, Gaelic, and French—which reads as follows:

"Sacred to the memory of thousands of emigrants who, to preserve the Faith, suffered hunger and exile in 1847 and 1848; and, stricken with fever, here ended their sorrowful pilgrimage. Erected by the Ancient Order of Hibernians in America, and dedicated on the Feast of the Assumption, 1909. Thousands of the children of the Gael were lost on this island while fleeing from foreign tyrannical laws and an artificial famine. God bless them! This stone was erected to their memory, and in honor of them, by

the Gaels of America. God save Ireland!"

And upon the monument is likewise a memorial tablet containing the names of the forty-two priests who labored in the fever sheds.

The history of the departure from Ireland of those exiles, and of the causes which led to that result, with all their pathetic, their heart-rending details, has often been written. It contains, as it were, an epitome of the material contrasted sharply with the spiritual, and of moral grandeur coexistent with physical misery. The people, with the agonizing cry of their race, "To the sea,—to the sea!" which seems to attract the Gaels with an irresistible force, saw in flight over the great ocean their sole relief from extortionate rents, and starvation in sight of fields overflowing with grain and fat herds of cattle. They saw their brethren dying round them by tens of thousands, all the beauty of their fair land turned into a bleak and spectral desolation; and pitifully their hollow eyes were strained toward the Eldorado of the West, America, which held the sole hope of their afflicted hearts.

With what must seem to the world at large an insensate policy, the government of that day made every effort to rid itself of the surplus population of that island so aggressively Catholic and patriotic. Hence it is estimated that one hundred thousand fled from that inhospitable soil, which would have been able to feed and maintain its children were it not for bad laws and a long-continued persecution. The harrowing scenes that were then enacted, the pitiful cries of human agony that rose to Heaven, can find scarce a parallel in human history.

Enfeebled by famine, starving, heart-broken, they crowded on board the foul, ill-kept and horribly unsanitary emigrant ships, fit breeding places for contagion. Little wonder that the epidemic of typhus in its most deadly form broke out in mid-ocean and "that many a tender rearing," as the homely, old phrase is,

was flung into the sea, unshriven and uncoffined. When the vessels arrived at Partridge Island, N. B., or Grosse Isle, Quebec, they were, of course, detained; and at the latter point held at anchor, because it was impossible to land so many. By the end of June, thirty thousand had arrived, and the mortality arose to the appalling figure of two hundred deaths a day.

At length some sort of arrangement was made, and they were landed. Many were drowned in trying to crawl ashore. There, as at Montreal, the conditions baffled description; the dead and the dying indiscriminately mingled; their sufferings excruciating, their physical surroundings such as to appall the stoutest heart. But over all brooded a wonderful patience and fortitude, and, as is described by those whose duties led them thither, a constant uprising of prayer and of acts of submission, which transformed that Inferno into the calm and peace of the Purgatorio.

Into that charnel-house came devoted physicians. The names of four of them are transcribed these many years upon a tiny monument on the island. And, above all, came the priests—forty-two of them,—at least a dozen of whom contracted the disease, while four lost their lives. The greater number of these were French-Canadians, including the well-known author, Abbé Ferland, and the future Cardinal and Archbishop of Quebec, Father Alexandre Taschereau. Though a young priest, so enamored was he of apostolic work that he declared his only regret was that he had not come to the island sooner, and his only dread lest he be compelled to leave it. He contracted the fever, but happily recovered. In that number were one or two afterward well known in the United States,—the convert priest, the Rev. Dr. Nelligan, author of a valuable work on Rome; and Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly, who survived to a ripe old age. There were also several Irish priests of more than local distinction, such as the Rev. Edward John Horan,

afterward Bishop of Kingston; and that father amongst the people of his race in Quebec, the Rev. Bernard McGauran. He it was who wrote to his Bishop: "I can assure you, my Lord, that I never in all my life experienced such consolation. The blessings of the sick and dying soothed all my pains."

In the archiepiscopal archives of Quebec are preserved similar records, which breathe a heroic charity, an apostolic zeal, that equals any missionary epoch in the Church of Christ. In fact, if the entire history of that epoch can be written, it will be shown that Canada has innumerable saints and martyrs, unknown but no less sublime. Now, for many years past the proposal has been under consideration of erecting upon that spot a fitting memorial to so much heroism, so much faith and constancy. Finally, through the representations of Father Eustace Maguire and some others, the matter was seriously discussed at the convention in Indianapolis of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The Hon. Matthew Cummings, National Director for the United States, proceeded to Grosse Isle, and chose a site, the most commanding in the environment, and which was since donated for the purpose by the provincial government; while the public-spirited and patriotic Hibernians, who have done so much to preserve the spirit of faith and the love of country in Irishmen and their descendants in America, voted the sum of five thousand dollars for the monument.

Therefore on the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, three weeks ago, there took place at Quebec what a secular paper justly characterizes as "a unique gathering, and possibly one of the most interesting and important in the history of the Irish race in America." It was no other than the unveiling of the Celtic cross which fittingly marks the common grave of those who had the Cross for their portion during life, and through it entered into eternal glory. Standing upon the height of Telegraph Hill, at an altitude

which permits it to dominate that portion of the St. Lawrence, and to be perceptible to all passing steamers, is that perpetual witness against wrong and oppression, that enduring testimonial of patience and fortitude, of heroism and of brotherly love on the part of an alien race.

In all the proceedings of that day, three several notes were dominant: pity for the hapless victims of bygone cruelty and misgovernment (now happily a thing of the past); admiration for their pathetic fidelity to the grand old Faith, and for the clergy who went into that arena of pestilence and death; and grateful remembrance of the benefits then conferred by the French-Canadian clergy and people on the children of Erin.

For, playing very often about the dead or dying bodies of their poor parents, or smiling in their arms, were a whole hecatomb of orphans, who made pitiful appeal to the charity of strangers. The Church, ever the tender mother of suffering humanity, took notice of this circumstance; and, when orphan asylums and other places of refuge were exhausted, at the suggestion of the Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX., the bishops appealed to their priests; and they in turn appealed from the pulpit to the laity, in behalf of the innocents. In many of the parishes of Lower Canada, then almost entirely French-Canadian, the people were poor, and their families large; therefore the priests scarcely expected that much could be done. How great was their astonishment and admiration when their parishioners came crowding to the sacristy after the appeal had been made, each family contending for one or more of the helpless waifs, whom they regarded as the gift of God! In one parish, ten orphans were left over; and while the pastor anxiously pondered upon that circumstance, a man—the father of a large family—approached him and charged himself with all ten, declaring that they would bring a benediction upon his house, and that the good God would provide.

As many of these orphans were mere infants, some idea may be had of the sublime charity of the good French-Canadians who accepted that burden for the sake of Christ. It is a remarkable fact that the majority of those adopted children, who were loved and cherished by their generous foster parents, arose to eminence in commerce or the professions; others became priests or nuns. It seemed as if a special blessing attended their career. One, the late Francis Cassidy, a distinguished Queen's Counsel, was also Mayor of Montreal.

All these elements entered into the celebration of Sunday, the 15th ultimo, which, as might be supposed, brought together so large a concourse of bishops, priests, and distinguished laymen, chiefly Irish, from various parts of the United States and Canada. On the arrival of the seven boat-loads of passengers at the wharf, all proceeded to the cemetery, where a temporary altar was erected, and beautifully decorated. On either side thereof, thrones were erected for the Papal Delegate, Mgr. Sbarretti, and Archbishop Bégin, of Quebec.

The sermon was delivered by Father Eustace Maguire, of Sillery. Choosing for his text, "As gold in the furnace, he hath proved them; and as a victim of a holocaust, he has received them; and in time there will be respect to them," he proceeded to show how those solemn words of Holy Writ had been verified in regard to the Irish. "This occasion," he said, "necessarily brings us back to one of the saddest chapters in Ireland's history under foreign rule—that which recalls the loss of two million of people, whether by death or exile." He paid tribute to the priestly laborers, many of them of the French-Canadian race, who had ministered to the fever-stricken; and made particular mention of that good Vicar-General who has been but recently called to his reward, Father Cazeau, who in those dark years well deserved to be called "the Father of the Irish."

The singing of the *Libera*, which was intoned by the Archbishop of Quebec, was thrilling, pathetic in the extreme, and drew tears from many of that multitude, who had gathered within a few feet of the spot where reposed thousands of their countrymen. At its conclusion, Archbishop Bégin spoke briefly, but beautifully and sympathetically, of the bonds which bound and should bind the two races, already united "in the baptism of faith." He bade the Cross stand as the symbol of their union, while it recorded "the names of those heroic priests who paid with their lives the privilege of their sacred calling, and gave to their afflicted brethren evidence of a 'love greater than which no man hath.'"

After Mass the whole assembly proceeded to the monument, where the opening address was made by Mr. Charles Foy, National Director of the Hibernians for Canada, and who gave a splendid review of the history of Ireland in its various phases, and the destiny of the Irish people, which has "been from the first a voluntary or involuntary exile."

The official unveiling of the monument then took place at the hands of his Excellency the Papal Delegate, who also made an address, expressing the hope that the union which had subsisted in the hour of affliction between the French and Irish would continue forever. He declared that he understood and appreciated the spirit which had prompted those connected with the erection of the monument to invite him to officiate at the inaugural ceremonies. "In the darkest days in the annals of the noble Irish race, the Holy Father had been its fast friend, and the devotion of that race to him has been second to none in history." Mgr. Sbarretti also made particular allusion to the late Cardinal Taschereau, and those others who had labored at Grosse Isle.

There was a movement of interest and expectation amongst the crowd when, after the unveiling, arose that large-hearted and patriotic Irishman, the Hon.

Matthew Cummings. From his Irish mother, Mr. Cummings said that he had heard a description of those scenes which rendered desolate the fair land of Erin during those mournful years. It was almost as if a voice from the grave spoke, and the impression upon his hearers was correspondingly great.

The Hon. Charles Murphy, Secretary of State for the Dominion of Canada, was greeted with acclaim; and it is scarcely necessary to say that his well-known eloquence, his wit, and power of holding his auditors, were fully equal to the occasion.

Mr. Murphy was succeeded by the Hon. Mr. Turcotte, who spoke in French; and by Major McCrystal, of New York. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that no gathering wherein Irishmen or Catholics are concerned could be complete without the presence and the eloquence of the Chief Justice for Canada, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick. Inspired by the occasion, his discourse was of the happiest character. He concluded by urging upon Irishmen to "remain true to that Faith that helped these unfortunates to die and cheered the survivors to live; to that Faith which has come down through the centuries, and which to-day shines as bright from the top of the Vatican Hill as it did from the hill of Golgotha. Ireland has not been persecuted in vain; and its people, though scattered through the world, have ever looked up to the steeple which points heavenward."

The monument was then crowned with wreaths by the St.-Jean Baptiste Societies of Montreal and Quebec, by the Provincial Government, and by the Brownlee family of Vancouver, British Columbia; also by James Harrison Brownlee, provincial surveyor; Arthur Graham Brownlee, mining engineer; and their sister, Mrs. Stanton; the grandchildren of Mrs. Graham, who had perished at Grosse Isle. The reading of the accompanying telegram and the depositing of those floral tributes drew tears from those assembled.

And so came to a close the ceremonies of that day, never to be forgotten, remaining to all time a reminder of that page in Irish and Canadian annals which so fully displays the solidarity of the Catholic Faith, the charity which it inspires and which causes men and women to soar above the pettiness of racial prejudice, and when the emergency arises to remember only those teachings which must unite all races and conditions of men in fraternal love. The story of that epoch, from whatever standpoint it is taken, shows the Church and its holy teachings at their best. Needless to recapitulate those qualities which on so many sides were then displayed: the history of that epoch speaks for itself. It is one in which Catholics of all nationalities may well feel a pride; while we of the Irish race must be conscious of a glow of sympathy, a tender, compassionate regard for those who suffered and died in the noblest of causes; and gratitude and admiration for those, in many instances of an alien race, who proved themselves at that disastrous era veritable angels of mercy.

The Most Important of Educational Institutions.

A SUGGESTION.

WE have so often insisted upon the importance of home training, and so frequently combated the notion that when children have been placed in Catholic schools their moral instruction may be left entirely to the teachers, that it was a distinct satisfaction to us to receive the following communication from one whose signature is purposely a concealment both of his high office and his prominence in educational work:

I did not attend the convention of the Catholic Education Association, to my great loss and regret. A teacher who was present tells me that the only drawback was the hot weather. The institutions discussed and studied were: The Elementary School, the High School, the Uni-

versity. In a convention of teachers, nothing is more natural than to consider this list complete; but, for future conventions of Catholic teachers, I venture to suggest an extension of the list,—to include an educational institution more important than any of the others. The list would then stand thus: The Home, the Elementary School, the High School, the University.

Nearly all our Catholic children graduate from the home. Only about one-third of them pass into Catholic schools. Recently the Holy Father advised mothers to study the art of teaching; and our Catholic educationists could help greatly to solve the pedagogical problems confronting the home. I think we are inclined to ignore the vast amount of educational work done in the home, possibly because it is done without system and almost unconsciously. The child comes to school for the first time with a very respectable sum of acquirements. He can speak one language, and often two. He has no opinions to speak of; but he has convictions, even in matters of high import; and he has habits, of which some are good and some need correction. He has practised, more or less, obedience, care for others, truthfulness, faith, hope, and charity. He can say some prayers, and at times he really prays. He is often well grounded in etiquette and manners. In a word, his education is not merely begun, but advanced several stages.

The home is an educational institution, and deserves separate consideration in an educational convention. It was not entirely overlooked at the Boston Convention. One of the resolutions adopted pledged the members of the Association to "renewed efforts to make the Catholic home the efficient co-operation of the Catholic school." That is, the education begun in the home should not be regarded as ended when the education in the school begins. The two institutions should carry on their work simultaneously and in co-operation. What I plead for is that the efficiency of the home be studied, not merely in its relation with the school, but in itself, as an independent educational institution. The more efficient our schools are, the more urgent becomes the need of stimulating home training, because parents are apt to draw the false inference that they can safely relegate their duties as parents to good religious schools.

JACOB BALDWIN.

Here is a suggestion worth noting; it is eminently wise and admirably practical. At all future meetings of the Catholic Educational Association, let the home have the first place and the best thought.

Notes and Remarks.

It is incredible that any Christian advocating what is termed undenominational instruction in public schools really understands what this makeshift means. At its worst, Undenominationalism is nothing less than the negation of Christianity, the soil of scepticism; and, in the opinion of the non-Catholic editor of the *London Academy*, undenominational teaching that is strictly and persistently undenominational, is one of the strongest non-Christian factors at work at the present time, and largely responsible for the increasing indifference to the claims of all religion characteristic of the present and the growing up generation. He says further:

Whatever Undenominationalism may at the outset have been intended by the idealists to represent, the name is wholly misleading. The antithesis of definite religion is indefinite religion, and if we call it by that name we realize better what we are talking about. Definite Christianity, founded, as its very name implies, on the Person of Incarnate God, preaches certain definite facts: the Fatherhood of God; the Incarnation and Virgin Birth; the Life of Christ as set forth in the Gospel narrative; the Passion of Christ and its atoning purpose; the Resurrection; the Co-equal Holy Ghost, and therefore the Trinity in Unity. These facts are reverently believed and cherished by all Christians, but neither severally nor in sum are they acknowledged in the Indefinite Religion usually named Undenominationalism. The supporters of Indefinite Religion may, and usually do, accept some or even all these facts, but can not suffer them to be taught to the children, because it is of the essence of facts to be definite; and, since non-Christian ratepayers deny these facts, the only way to be truly indefinite is to omit their mention.

Regarding the effect of indefinite religious instruction on the child's mind, this thoughtful writer has something to say which should cause Christians of all denominations to repudiate that negation of Christianity which the high-sounding polysyllable always may, and often does, actually cover:

The effect of indefinite religious instruction (when the indefinite character is strictly

observed) is either to inspire the child's mind with the conviction that religion is a very foggy, unreal, and superfluous matter, which concerns the sensible clever man not at all, since even his all-knowing "teacher" is obviously at sea on the subject; or, on the other hand, slipping into the strictly practical, it becomes synonymous with morality—a dull but necessary obedience to laws whose breach entails tangible penalties. . . . Undenominationalism, in a word, forbids the teacher to open up before the responsive spirits of his children those mysteries of God which become the inspiration of the whole life only when woven closely into the general material of the developing nature. Never in the after-years can definite religious education withheld in school-life be made good, because the spiritual vision of childhood is both farther and deeper than after the coming of adolescence. Among men and women, only one here and there may be met who retains in maturity the child's contact with all that the adult calls "invisible."

For definite religious teaching there is no possible substitute. Let it be said again that the surest way to turn young people away from any real faith is by the indefinite presentation of religion.

From the impressive discourse delivered by Archbishop Glennon at the dedication of the Salt Lake City cathedral we quote these notable paragraphs:

In truth, it is high time to call a halt, and, before it is too late, say to the neo-pagan—the destroyer of the home, the leaders in this ruthless revolution—that the homes we have builded are sanctuaries, and that none may enter, either by the decree of the court or the desire of the libertine, to desecrate these homes or pillage them of their treasures; that with all the strength of our Christian faith and devotion we shall uphold what has cost so much and so long to make a permanent institution and a foundation at once for all future progress and prosperity; that we shall honor and continue to honor the names of wife and mother, and will not allow to become broken links those we hold to be the golden chain binding our civilization together, uniting generation to generation in the solid bond of their devoted lives.

This new and hopeful land of ours has been specially dedicated to Mary under the title of her Immaculate Conception. It is our duty as Catholics, as well as citizens, to uphold that which Mary, our Mother, represents; to make her reign complete in the duty and strength of

her daughters, in the permanency and stability of our homes, and thereby in the ennobling and strengthening of our national life. For as the home is to-day so shall be the republic to-morrow; as life in the home is to-day so shall be the national life to-morrow. We build wisely, therefore, who build under the influence of the Blessed Mother; we worship wisely when we stand with her at the foot of the Cross; we pray wisely when we say, with the Angel, "Hail, full of grace! The Lord is with thee"; or when, kneeling with the sinners, we say to her, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death."

Devotion to Our Lady—more energetic and fervid devotion, exemplified in word and deed not less than in thought and aspiration—will be the provident safeguard of the individual Catholic home, and the heaven that will permeate, for its salvation, our whole national life.

It will probably surprise a number of our foreign readers, and possibly some of our domestic ones as well, to read the information imparted by Mr. Booker T. Washington at a convention of the National Negro Business League lately held in Louisville, Ky. When Negroes ceased as a race to be chattels, in 1863, they owned little land, and few owned homes. They had some churches but no schools. There were a few—a very few—Negroes in business or the professions. "Now," says Mr. Washington, "the Negro land-owners hold an acreage practically equal to the whole of the six New England States. Two hundred thousand Negroes own farms, and four hundred thousand own homes. In 1863, only 3 per cent of them could read and write; now 57 per cent can do so." Of the special development for which the Negro Business League especially stands, the best evidences are the ten thousand mercantile and industrial establishments owned and operated by Negroes, with their forty-seven banks and eighty-five insurance companies and societies.

While this material progress of the Negro since his emancipation is gratifying, it remains too true that only a

comparatively small number of the race have been brought into the Church. The devoted missionaries who labor for their spiritual welfare are severely handicapped by lack of both men and money; and the annual collections for the Indian and Negro Missions are pitifully small when compared with the needs they are supposed to supply.

Writing, in the *Fortnightly Review*, about "An Hour with the Pope," René Lara emphasizes the fact that Pius X. is endowed with an essentially liberal mind, and accordingly professes a keen admiration for nations that love independence and liberty, such as our own. Apropos of the exceptional marks of kindness that are the offspring of this admiration, we read:

For instance, two years ago a group of American pilgrims, who had come to Rome under the conduct of Cardinal Gibbons, obtained leave to visit the private gardens of the Vatican. The pilgrims, however, were not satisfied with this favor: they wanted, in addition, then and there to see the Pope. Cardinal Gibbons scribbled a few words in pencil on a card, which he sent to the Holy Father. But a few minutes elapsed before the Pope came down to the garden and walked straight to the Cardinal, who tried to kiss the outstretched hand, on which gleamed the marvellous sapphire of the Pontifical ring. Pius X., anticipating and preventing his Eminence's movement, opened wide his arms and gave a fraternal embrace to the Archbishop of Baltimore, subsequently entering upon a familiar talk with the American pilgrims, who gave him an enthusiastic ovation.

Of the farsighted statesman rather than the amiable and fatherly Pontiff, M. Lara has this to say:

"Governments have brute force on their side; the Church has time on hers," said the Pope lately to a bishop who was giving voice to his anxiety. I think that we may well seek in this profoundly true definition of the real power of the Church the explanation of the attitude of the Pope himself. Pius X. is persuaded that the crisis through which the Church is at this moment passing is a squall that will blow over, and believes that the Church will recover her strength and vitality, not by striving to guide the evolution of ideas into certain channels,

but, on the contrary, by repudiating it with all the energy at her command. That is why Pius X. never ceases fighting every manifestation of that Modernism which he considers the enemy of the Faith, and why he wishes gradually to bring Catholics back to the very principles from which the religion of fraternity, forgiveness, and love drew its inspiration.

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Of cognate interest, in this matter of the Pope's statesmanship, is a declaration recently made by Mr. John Dillon at a meeting in London:

If we, who are accepted not only as representative of Irish Catholics, but as leaders also, in a certain sense, of the Catholics of this country,—if we were to allow the political direction of Catholics to be taken out of the hands of political leaders, in my opinion the Catholic schools and the Catholic institutions of this country would be reduced very soon to the level of the Catholics of France. . . . I took the whole question before his Holiness Pope Pius X. three years ago in Rome. I put this question: "Your Holiness, am I empowered to say the Irish Party is entitled to lay down the policy by which Catholic interests in Great Britain shall be best defended?" He answered: "Most certainly. So far as policy is concerned, you are the judges; we are judges of the principle."

From which it would seem that now no more than in O'Connell's day are the Irish required to take their politics from Rome.

On the editorial page of a recent issue of the *Catholic Transcript* there is an unusually interesting account of a series of conversions operated in an ultra-Puritanical family of Connecticut. One of the converts, a simple, God-fearing woman who all her life had been a strict Protestant, sent for a priest when on her deathbed, and, announcing that she wished to die a Catholic, made this statement:

One day, when very young, being on a visit to New York with relatives, I was brought to a convent. I remembered but one thing about the place: it was the picture of a beautiful woman hanging on the wall. Its beauty fascinated me. I had no idea whose likeness it was or whom it was intended to represent, for there was no name on it. I looked particularly for the name and found none. I never forgot that picture, and carried away its image in my mind.

And now listen. Two nights ago, while I lay here sleepless, painless, thinking of nothing whatever, that picture, which I saw but once nearly forty years ago, passed before my eyes here in this room, across the wall from one end to the other. It entered there near the door, and vanished here at my right. And under it was written, in letters as bright as gold, a name. The name was this: "Mary, Mother of God." I saw it with these eyes of mine,—saw it as clearly as I now see you. No, it was not a vision, a brain-picture: it was a reality.

The *Transcript* adds that "she did not ask the priest what he thought of it, although he did not conceal his incredulity; she did not seem to care whether he believed it or not; met his explanations and objections with reiterated assertions; and on its truth seemed to wish to stake her eternal salvation; for she died two months afterward with the declaration on her lips, a Catholic of course."

Clients of Our Lady will have no difficulty in crediting the narrative, and will evince no surprise that other conversions in the same family rapidly followed.

The multiplication of manuals of instruction for the use of Sunday-school teachers, few of whom have the libraries or the leisure adequately to equip themselves for their work, is one of the most gratifying things that we know of. Not all of those books, of course, are satisfactory; but they are sure to be improved in all respects as time goes on, and the requirements of children nowadays come to be more clearly apprehended. There is perhaps most room for improvement in the illustrative matter of the manuals to which we refer. Illustrations should be apt, gleaned from a variety of fields, and couched in language not above the intelligence of the average child. The author of "Church Teaching for Church Children," a new book for the use of catechists of the Church of England who believe in auricular confession, is very happy in this respect. One instance will suffice for the purpose of suggestion. He is speaking of how forgiveness of sins is

obtained, and this is how he meets some common objections:

We may take a common-sense illustration of this. If you want a jug of water you generally go to the tap and draw it. The water does not come from the tap, though it does come through the tap; it comes *from* the waterworks. Forgiveness comes from God, through the priest. He only conveys God's forgiveness, just as the tap only conveys the water. Yet people often say: "I do not want any priest to come between my soul and God." Suppose they said: "I do not want any tap to come between my water and me. I shall stand my jug out into the back garden and wait till it rains. I prefer to get my water straight from heaven." We should think them rather foolish, though they could get a jug of water in that way.

The author has tried to perform for Anglican children such a service as was rendered to the little Catholics of France by Mgr. Dupanloup. The good example of opponents is not to be ignored; and there is something to be learned from "Church Teaching for Church Children," though the author of it is an Anglican parson.

While the normally unemotional reader of the daily press probably thinks that aeroplanes and aviation are receiving their full share of the headlines, the London *Times* opines that people generally are not displaying adequate enthusiasm about this latest prodigy of science. "Since the discovery of the New World," it says, "no material event has happened on this earth so impressive to the imagination as the conquest of the air, which is now half achieved. Indeed, the conquest of the air is likely to be more vast and bewildering in its results than even the discovery of the New World, and one is inclined to wonder that men should take it as calmly as they do. The conquest of the air may change the fate of nations as the discovery of the New World changed them. It may give vast new opportunities to some and take away old opportunities from others. It will be a curse or a blessing, according to the use which men make of it."

The foregoing savors somewhat of the

hyperbolic, perhaps; but the following statement of the celebrated engineer, Sir Hiram Maxim, is likely to have weight with most readers:

The passage of this machine [Latham's] across the Straits of Dover, carrying its own weight, including the petrol, the water, and the man, has demonstrated that aeroplanes are able to lift and carry vastly more weight per square foot than mathematicians have heretofore been able to account for; in fact, the lifting-power of a well-made aeroplane sailing through the air at a high velocity is greater than can be accounted for by any formula that I know of; and this machine has certainly lifted and carried more than twenty times what would have been supposed possible a few years ago by any one who relied implicitly upon Newton's law.

As showing the estimation in which the more ignorant and prejudiced anti-Catholic writers were held by men of culture more than a hundred years ago, the editor of *Catholic Book Notes* quotes the following extract from the preface to "A Sketch of a Tour on the Continent," by Sir James Edward Smith, published in 1793. It is now, of course, among forgotten books of travel, though the author was one of the leading scientific men of his age and founder of the famous Linnean Society:

There is one subject which commonly makes a conspicuous figure in all travels to Italy—the absurdities and abuses of the Catholic religion. On this head many a Protestant writer seems to think himself privileged to let loose every species of sarcasm, censure, and calumny, without any qualification or distinction. He censures a pretended infallible Church as if himself and his own mode or fashion of belief alone were really infallible; he condemns a persecuting religion, while he himself persecutes it more uncharitably and unrelentingly with his pen or his tongue than any churchman ever did a heretic with fire and fagot; and he execrates those who keep no faith with unbelievers, while he betrays the confidence of friendship and hospitality, and perverts the kindness of human nature (which gets the better even of religious antipathies) into a tool of ridicule against those who have exercised it in favor of himself. These errors, by far more disgraceful and blamable than errors of faith, the writer has earnestly wished to avoid.



The Blessed Virgin's Birthday.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

NE'ER before in the world such a birthday
was seen

As was this of Our Lady and Mother, I ween,
Since the stars sang the story
Of their Maker's high glory,
Ere even the angels knew aught of their Queen.

But the angels learned long before men of the
grace
That adorned one alone of the earth's fallen race;
Learned her sinless conceiving,
And, the azure depths cleaving,
Hailed her birth with a rapture diffused through
all space.

Oh, the sun shone its brightest that jubilant
morn,
And the earth lost forever its aspect forlorn;
Henceforth from each sorrow
Relief it could borrow,
Since Mary, the Promised of Eden, was born.

The Adventures of Ricardo.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I.

THE old woman was polishing her
apples by dipping a small cloth in
a pan of clean water, wringing it
out, passing it gently over the fruit, and
then wiping it briskly with a large square
of white cheese-cloth. It was quite early
in the morning—not much after eight,—
and business had not fairly begun; though
at intervals some passer-by would pause
to purchase an apple or an orange; and
with everyone who thus favored her the
old woman exchanged a pleasant word.

Her stand measured perhaps six feet
by four; it stood forward two feet on
the pavement; she sat in a very narrow

recess behind it. It had once been a
doorway, but had long been bricked up,
and might, with the aid of the large
umbrella which covered the stand, become,
in case of necessity, a shelter from both
sun and rain. So thought a tall athletic
young man standing not far away, who
had been an interested spectator of her
movements for several moments.

At length the fruit-vender, her labor
completed, and the pan and cloths de-
posited in a box under the stand, took
her knitting from a bag at her side and
seated herself behind the stall. She was
thin and bent; she wore a black calico
gown, a long, white apron, and a large
old-fashioned cap, from the ruffled edge
of which peeped out two or three curling
tendrils of very white hair. This, with her
bright, twinkling brown eyes, gave her the
appearance of being one of the happiest
and pleasantest old women in the world.

As her small and shapely though
withered hands made the knitting-needles
fly rapidly through the grey, fleecy web
they were manipulating; she suddenly
caught sight of the stranger; and, meeting
for the first time the steady glance with
which for some moments he had been
regarding her, she paused in her work
and made a reverence, her cap-crowned
head bristling in its fluted ruffles.

Leaving the column against which he
had been standing, he approached, smiling;
and, putting his hand in his pocket, drew
forth some coin.

"I breakfasted early," he said, "and
your fruit is very inviting. I should like
two of those apples."

"Yes, Father," she replied, reaching for-
ward to select the fruit. "These are fine
apples. There's no better in the town."

As he took them from her he asked:

"How did you know I was a priest?"

"'Tis joking me you are, Father. The

Roman collar would be enough without another token."

"But many Episcopalian clergymen wear Roman collars," he said.

"And some priests do not," she rejoined promptly; "though it's my opinion they all should. But it wasn't needed, Father. You have a Catholic face."

"Thank you for the compliment!" said the young priest. "You have a good opportunity here for studying human nature."

"I have, Father. It's better than a play, and sadder—and sometimes funnier," she rejoined.

"Were you ever fond of going to plays?" he inquired, with a mischievous smile.

"Indeed then I was, Father,—in my young days. And a circus—well, I'd walk ten miles to a circus when I was a girl. 'Tis the finest thing in all the world. I doubt did you ever see one?"

"And why not?"

"Well, some of you spend nearly all your lives in colleges and seminaries."

"And some of us do not—myself, for instance. I have attended the circus—well, perhaps two thousand times."

"Two thousand times! You must have been a wild lad and begun it early, Father. How was the miracle ever worked?"

"Of getting me to abandon circus-going, you mean?"

"Yes, Father."

"It's a funny thing, but I never liked it."

"What—the circus?"

"Yes."

"Och, Father, you have me bewildered! Do you like your apple, then?"

"Very much. I am going to eat the other. I am expecting a friend to meet me at the corner, and he seems to be a little late."

"This is a busy street about nine, and you'll do well to keep a sharp lookout."

"I shall," replied the priest. "Have you been long here?"

"At the stand, Father? Twenty years."

"Twenty years?"

"No less, Father. Everyone knows old Mary Callahan. I'm a favored creature.

They let me have my little stand two feet beyond the law; and in the winter time I have my fine hot bricks here in the corner, and I'm so bundled up that I never feel the cold."

"Do you sell fruit all winter?"

"No, Father: peanuts and popcorn in the winter time."

"And you make a good living?"

"Fairly good. I'm never wanting for anything. And I have always a large family."

"A large family? And why do they not support you, at your age?"

"I wouldn't be happy if I wasn't at the corner. My family is always changing—here to-day and away to-morrow, Father."

"I don't, understand."

"How could you, Father? There's a lame dog and a blind cat, and two little canaries I found at different odd times with the tails off them from being chased by cats; and an old man with a carbuncle that I took in not long ago, but he'll be going the latter part of the week,—the doctor's got him a bed in the infirmary; and an old woman that her daughter turned out,—I thought she'd die on me last night, but she's better this morning. She'll be leaving me shortly for the Little Sisters,—the first place that's empty. My house and my hands are full, Father; but I'm never lacking for the bit and the sup."

The priest looked at her in astonishment.

"You don't mean to tell me that you support all these people, and take care of all those stray animals?" he exclaimed.

"I do, then, Father. 'Tis a pleasure to me. Mine is a sort of halfway house, where they stop on the road to other places. And 'tis a duty no less, as I have no one of my own to take care of."

"You are the greatest woman I ever heard of," said the priest. "At your age you ought to be taken care of, instead of taking care of other people. You must be at least—"

"Seventy, Father," she replied, giving a little twitch to her neat white apron. "But God spare me the day when I'm of

no use any longer! I hope my time will be short then. Nothing frightens me like the fear of being a burthen to any one, or dying in the hospital (though I love the Sisters), or having to go to the Old People's Home, on account of the cross creatures — God help them! — that are there sometimes. And yet, if it be His holy will, I'll try to take it from His hand. Father John Clements tells me I'm too proud, too independent, and that maybe God will have me end my days in some of those ways, to try me whether I'm true blue or only a coward. But Father John doesn't mean more than half of what he says, dear man! He's a saint upon earth,—that's what he is."

"Father Clements is the very man I'm waiting for, and here he comes."

In another moment the friends had clasped hands, and the newcomer was bidding the old woman "Good-morning!"

"Of all things!" he exclaimed. "To think that my two best friends should have become acquainted without my assistance! Father Featherstone, this is Mary Callahan, my old nurse and boyhood's confidante; weren't you, Mary?"

"Indeed I was, Father John," she said.

"And, Mary, here beside me you see my college friend and greatest chum, who was ordained with me, and who has come all the way from California to spend his vacation here."

"God bless you both! You're a fine pair of friends and clergymen," said Mary.

"What do you think of Mary's cap?" asked Father Clements of his friend. "Isn't it beautiful? Do you remember how I used to watch you goffer the ruffles, Mary?"

"I do well, Father John. And that reminds me, there's a little Dago at my place that leans over the table, looking at me doing it exactly as you used in times gone by. Well, he's not in my place exactly, for I've no room for him; but I feed him. He's sleeping in Mrs. Claney's closet at present. And I've been wanting to talk to you about him."

"How old is he?"

"Ten, maybe."

"How long have you had him?"

"A week."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"That's what I wanted to see you about, Father John. He's the finest child you ever laid eyes on. He has hardly any English, and I can't understand more than one word in a dozen from him."

"Where did you find him?"

"That's too long a story. I'm too respectful of you both to keep you here in front of the booth while I'm telling you the tale of it. But I'm very anxious to have you do something for that little boy, Father John."

"Has he parents?"

"Never a one, by what I can make out."

"No relatives?"

"I think not, but many's the one would be glad to claim him."

"I thought you didn't like the Dagos."

"I was younger and more foolish then than I am now. I've lived long enough in New York to see them take their place in the wards that used to be all Irish; and, by the same token, not having moved from my old stamping-ground in twenty-five years, I've learned to like them, and to know the most of them as decent, God-fearing people."

"Good for you, Mary! And yet you can't have forgotten when you used to send me to bed in broad daylight for playing with Black Sam."

"That was before we got Aunt Martha, a woman with the blackest skin and the whitest soul the Lord ever made. Oh, I've learned many things in my seventy years, Father John! But I'm craving to speak to you about the little Dago. When can I go up?"

"I'll come down, Mary, and bring Father Featherstone with me. I want him to see your menagerie."

"And so do I," rejoined Mary, with a merry laugh. "I'll wager he'll say it reminds him of his circus days."

The priest started and looked inquiringly at his friend.

"What have you been telling her?" he asked. "I knew of old that Mary was irresistible, but I did not think she would have gotten around you so soon."

"I merely told her that I had attended the circus about two thousand times, and I don't think she quite believed me."

"I won't say that, Father," interposed Mary. "But 'twas your saying you weren't fond of it that puzzled me. The two things don't fit in with each other."

"True, they do not," said the priest.

"Don't let the puzzle bother you," said Father John. "The boys might steal your apples while you were trying to solve it."

"Isn't he the case?" exclaimed Mary, looking proudly at her nursling while she addressed herself to his friend. "But I'll engage you know him well."

"When shall we come down?" asked Father Clements.

"To-night, if it's convenient," rejoined Mary. "I'd like you to see old Flaherty before he goes to the infirmary."

"Very well, then; let it be to-night," replied Father Clements; and the two priests took their leave.

(To be continued.)

Schoolgirls Abroad.

BY S. MARR.

X.

One of Aunt Margaret's favorite writers declares that if he were a general literary Czar he would issue an ukase something like this: "No traveller shall print anything about any country whose language he can not speak." And these words served as a splendid text for some points that our wise chaperon felt were needed. Aunt Margaret never tired of assuring us that we were not really seeing the countries or cities we visited, and that we were not learning anything of the people. A flying trip, such as we were making, could give only a bird's-eye view, with high-lights on the show places. Of course we realized this in a general way,

as Aunt Margaret spoke of it on our journey from Cologne to Paris; but we realized it in a particular manner when we tried to shape impressions after our return home, and found our note-books the most unsatisfactory of guide-books, not even having the saving grace of accuracy which is supposed to characterize a Baedeker. Too often it is true, as Mr. Charles Lummis says, that the conclusions set forth by tourists might be termed the "uninspired guesses of a travelled bat." With this in mind, even schoolgirls abroad, their enthusiasm notwithstanding, must keep to the path worn smooth by the feet of tourists. So much for an introduction to our stay in Paris.

We reached this very human city, this heart of France, late Saturday night; and, driving to our hotel in the Quai d'Orsay, we got our first impressions of Paris under the gleam of electric lights. Late as the hour was, we stopped at the desk to inquire for mail, which Mary seized, refusing to let us see from whom the letters were until we had reached our rooms; there we sat around and had a real "home-news feast," almost forgetting that we were in Paris.

Sunday morning we directed our steps to the nearest church for early Mass, and it happened to be that of St. Clotilde, very beautiful and very impressive. The stained-glass windows, the paintings in the chapels, the bas-reliefs on the choir-screen, and the carved choir-stalls, called for more than passing notice. Having heard and read of religious conditions in France, we hardly knew what to expect in the churches; but we were agreeably surprised to see even the aisles crowded, and there were almost as many men as women at Mass. We noted also three different Orders of nuns in the congregation, and with them groups of young girls attired in uniform. Every day we were in Paris we saw priests, wearing soutanes in the street; and religious, alone or in twos, walking or riding in the omnibuses, or in the shops.

The faith and hope of the French nuns, as Aunt Margaret beautifully said, are excelled only by their love of God and their trust in Him. Their reliance on Providence is truly touching. We called on the Sisters of Charity in the Rue du Bac; and though, one after another, more than sixty of their schools had been closed, and any day orders might come for the Sisters to disband, they were as calm as if all were well. The superior whom we saw shrugged her shoulders, smiled peacefully, if wistfully, and said: "It is the will of the good God. What would you?"

But to go back to St. Clotilde's. During the Mass two collections were taken up. The ecclesiastic who carried the velvet receptacle for contributions was preceded by a vested major-domo-like official, who carried a staff as he led the way. The first round, at every few steps, he said: "*Pour l'Eglise!*" And before the second collection: "*Pour les pauvres!*" This seemed a custom in most of the churches. In one or two, ladies of the congregation took up the collection for the poor, and laymen that for the use of the prie-dieus, or for the church. After Mass we examined the choir chapels, and again we were surprised at the respectful bearing of soldiers and gendarmes, several of whom we observed genuflecting with the utmost reverence as they passed before the Blessed Sacrament.

For High Mass we went to the Madeleine, passing on our way the Place de la Concorde. The Madeleine faces a short street, the Rue Royale, and is Greek in appearance, though the guide-book says it is built in the style of a Roman temple. The church has no windows, and is surrounded by a colonnade of Corinthian columns ornamented with thirty-four statues of saints. The interior is a splendor of white and gold; paintings, sculptures, and side chapels are impressively beautiful. Napoleon wished it to be a temple of glory in honor of the French soldiers who fell in the Russian wars. Louis XVIII. thought it meet to be an expiatory church

in memory of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Such a memorial was erected on the site of the old cemetery of the Madeleine, where the remains of those two ill-fated rulers rested for a few years before they were finally taken to the royal vault at St. Denis.

The Place de la Concorde is an interesting court, or square. Standing in the centre facing the Madeleine, one has the Chamber of Deputies back of one; the Garden of the Tuileries leading to the Louvre on the right; the Champs-Élysées leading to the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, on the left. In the square itself is the great red granite Obelisk of Luxor, on each side of which is a large fountain. Around the Place, on high pedestals, are eight groups in stone, representing the chief cities of France, that standing for Strassburg draped in mourning. The Place de la Concorde is fitly named, when we look at it to-day and see the peaceful crowds lingering near the sparkling fountains; but not so long ago it was called the Place de la Révolution, and appropriately; for here was raised the guillotine on which were executed Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, Robespierre, and many, many others. There were streams of blood to be seen then. Indeed, everywhere in Paris one comes upon scenes that are fraught with memories. We thought we knew our history of France when we studied at St. Rose's, but we learned it in a very different way when in Paris.

The Garden of the Tuileries (so called because tile factories once occupied the site), between this historic square and the Louvre, is a great park, with fountains, terraced lawns, flower beds, statuary, and winding paths under noble trees, with benches and chairs here and there. Old soldiers are custodians of this beautiful park; and they, or members of their families, are always on hand to collect the small fee asked for the use of the chairs. The benches seem to be free for the public; the chairs are enjoyed at

a cost of fifteen centimes (three cents).

Near the Arc du Carrousel—modelled after the arch of Septimus Severus at Rome, and on which were placed the famous horses from St. Mark's, Venice, which in 1814 were returned to the little Republic,—crowds are to be seen at almost all hours, watching with interest "the sparrow-man," as Katherine named him. In some way this man has charmed the sparrows, and at his command they flutter about him, perch on his hand, fly down when he tells them to do so, "play dead," and go through wonderful evolutions for birds. Of course the sparrow-man's hat is passed around frequently; but that is to be expected, and it is worth half a franc to see English sparrows made to mind.

The Champs-Élysées, on the other side of the Place de la Concorde, is a small park opening into a broad avenue. It is a place of promenade, and on both sides are *cafés-chantants* and restaurants. Here and elsewhere in Paris people sit at small tables arranged out of doors; and to see and hear them one would think Paris had never known a Reign of Terror. The Avenue des Champs-Élysées leads to the Arch of Triumph, a massive structure commemorating the military prowess of Napoleon, who dominates Paris to this day. From the Place de l'Étoile radiate twelve avenues; and to stand at this point for a few moments is to see all Paris pass,—at least all that figure in the "Who's Who" of the city; for beyond the arch stretches the Avenue du Bois-de-Boulogne, the Rotten Row or the Riverside Drive of Paris. This beautiful park covers more than two thousand acres, is densely wooded, and parts of it are laid out in flower beds; it includes several small lakes, an artificial cascade, the race-track, hothouses, etc. Through it are fine roadways, cycle and foot paths; and it is little wonder that all Paris flocks to this setting for a modern "As You Like It."

Every day for a week we went sight-seeing, usually taking a cab in order to

expedite matters. Horses, cabs and drivers are among the interesting objects in Paris. Two or three times we used a taxicab, one in which a metre confronts the occupants of the conveyance, who thus witness their bill mounting up. Mary finally objected, declaring that watching the needle register one franc, two francs, three francs, etc., kept her from enjoying the beauties and wonders that we passed; and she further declared that she noticed the needle calmly moving on when our cab had been brought to a stand to wait the passing of a procession. However, we found the drivers courteous, especially when they knew Aunt Margaret would remember in paying to add the expected *pour boire*.

One of our first visits was to the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, which, from its foundation in 1163, on the site of a church dating back to the fourth century, down to the present day, has had a varied history. In 1793, the Goddess of Reason was set up for worship in the sanctuary of this church, and our Blessed Lady's statue was replaced by one of Liberty. The façade presents subjects for study in the three portals, with pointed arches, rich in carving; the row of statues just above, with over them the central rose-window, flanked by two lateral windows, "like the priest and his deacon and subdeacon"; the gallery of pointed arches, ornamented with gargoyles, that forms the third section or story of the front; and, lastly, the two incompleting square towers. Just within the vestibule we came upon two kneeling figures,—one a nun, the other a lady richly attired; they knelt facing the aisle, each holding a velvet bag marked "For the poor"; and so impersonal did they seem, so utterly motionless as they knelt there with eyes downcast, one might take them for statues.

The interior of the cathedral is imposing, with nave and side aisles marked off by rows of columns, sixty-one on each side. The choir and sanctuary are cut off by an iron railing. The high altar of Parian

marble, the choir-screen and stalls, the tessellated pavement, the side chapels (thirty-seven in number, most of them commemorative of former archbishops of Paris), the old statue of Notre-Dame de Paris, the Pietà in marble, known as "the Vow of Louis XIII.,"—all are interesting in themselves, and doubly so by reason of associations, historical and otherwise. Standing in front of the choir, one could easily, in imagination, see Napoleon I. placing the imperial crown on his own head and then on the head of the Empress Josephine, in presence of Pope Pius VII. Did the stately Empress on that fateful day hear no prophetic minor chords sounding from the great organ as it rang forth, or in the "Jubilate" of the deep-toned "Bourdon," the great bell, as it thundered over the city?

Not far from the cathedral is the Sainte Chapelle, a gem of Gothic architecture. It was erected by St. Louis for the reception of sacred relics brought from the Holy Land in 1239. In its present restored form, it is a marvel of beauty. As one stands at the entrance in the rear of the chapel, the walls seem sheets of topaz, ruby and emerald, as the light shimmers in through the fifteen large windows, 49 by 13 feet each. Mary waxed poetic in this spectrum shower, and declared that it was a chapel of imprisoned rainbows.

Where else did we go? Where do all visitors in Paris go? We visited St. Etienne du Mont, where we knelt at the tomb of St. Genevieve; Notre-Dame des Victoires, commemorative of the capture of La Rochelle; the Church of St. Roch, in front of which Napoleon won his first military laurels; the Church of the Sorbonne, in the transept of which is Richelieu's tomb; St. Germain des Prés, one of the ancient churches of Paris, containing, among other relics of centuries gone by, a marble statue of Notre-Dame de Consolation, given to the Abbey of St. Denis by Queen Jeanne d'Evreaux in 1340. These are only a few of the churches

marked in our guide-book and cherished in our memory as places of special interest. Two others—the Pantheon, and the Sacré Cœur on the summit of Montmartre—must later be spoken of at greater length.

Meanwhile, as we drove or walked on our errand of sight-seeing, we came to know the streets and bridges, those scenes of human activity; and we became more or less familiar with the outdoor life assembled in the parks and squares, around the monuments and along the curbs where the flower-markets are held. Among the monuments of special significance are, of course, the Colonne de Juillet, the Colonne Vendôme, and the triumphal arches before referred to. In addition to these, there are innumerable statues in honor of celebrities as widely separated in spirit as Danton and Pasteur, the Abbé de l'Épée and Voltaire, Joan of Arc and George Sand. Needless to say, our weary emotions rose to the occasion when we saw a statue of Washington and one of Franklin. We moralized, of course, over the equestrian statue of Henry IV. erected in 1818 to replace one which in 1792 had been melted down and converted into cannon. Louis XVIII., in retaliation, caused the statue of Napoleon on the Vendôme Column to be melted down in order to provide metal for this monument!

One of the most satisfactory ways of seeing the panoramic streets of Paris is to drive from point to point on top of an omnibus. Soon one becomes a part of the moving picture, with its light and color, sound and movement. It is a fascinating picture, full of such contrasts as only France can present. The book-stalls along the Quai d'Orsay served as another place of vantage for observation; and one evening, after we had exhausted Aunt Margaret with questions, and ourselves with superlatives in the way of admiration and exclamation, trying to voice our impressions, Mary summed it all up in these words: "My, but the French people certainly are Frenchy!"

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A volume of essays by Sir William Butler entitled "The Light of the West," is among new publications of Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son.

—An admirable lecture on Newman, delivered by Prof. J. S. Phillimore before the Caledonian Catholic Association, has been published as a pamphlet by the C. T. S. of Scotland.

—Discussing the claims of Francis Bacon as a poet, Sir Edward Sullivan, in the *Nineteenth Century*, gives the following couplet from Bacon's translation of the 104th Psalm as a specimen than which "bathos could hardly go lower":

There hast thou set the great Leviathan
That makes the seas to seethe like boiling pan.

—The current issue of the *Catholic Educational Bulletin* gives a brief account of the recent convention in Boston, with the resolutions passed thereat. It also contains two fine papers: "Education and Religion," by the late Father Pardow, S. J.; and "Necessity and Means of Promoting Vocations to Teaching Orders," by the Very Rev. B. P. O'Reilly, S. M.

—The "Pocket Lexicon and Concordance to the Temple Shakespeare," prepared by Marion Edwardes, contains in its 273 pages a wonderful collection of comments by the best authorities on words and passages which are likely to cause difficulty to the reader. There are also a number of carefully selected illustrations, which show, for instance, what a beadsman, a bombard, and a copatain were like. The little volume is sure to be received with gratitude, especially as exact references to passages are given throughout. J. M. Dent & Co.

—"Cousin Sara: A Story of Arts and Crafts," by Rosa Mulholland, is one wherein we follow the fortunes of Sara and Arno with the interest with which we enter into the affairs of next-door neighbors. Colonel Stevenson, Sara's father, Kitty Canavan, her nurse, and the Montgomery family,—all are pleasant book friends with whom to associate. Sir Jonah we should like to meet in the flesh; while Harvey Durrant, the heavy villain of the story, is one we should wish to avoid. India, Florence, and Ireland furnish the setting of the action, which is made up of all sorts of complications. The tangles are finally resolved, but it takes fifty-six chapters and three hundred and ninety-four pages in which to tell the story. There is a pleasantly realistic atmosphere about the Florentine scenes, and the illustrations are effective. Perhaps a little more

of the religious element in the repentance of Harvey Durrant might not have been out of place, even though the book is not professedly Catholic. Its garish cover is not in keeping with the excellence of the story. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—"A Garland of Pansies," by George Mark Jameson (Benziger Brothers), is a dainty little volume of eighty-six pages. The "pansies" are thirty-eight lyrics and three prose selections. The latter are suggestive; and the former, while not of transcendent merit, are good Catholic verses.

—Librarians and others who are so fortunate as to possess complete sets of the *Month* will welcome an index to this excellent Catholic magazine, founded in 1864. It makes a royal octavo volume of 108 pages, and may be had of the manager of the Manresa Press, Roehampton, London, S. W. Only a limited edition has been printed.

—From Pustet & Co. comes "The Candle as a Symbol and Sacramental in the Catholic Church." A neatly printed and bound little volume of ninety-three pages, it is replete with interesting, instructive and edifying information which can not be too widely diffused among the faithful. The original German work by the Rev. Henry Theiller, S. O. Cist., has been excellently translated by the Rev. J. F. Lang; and its different chapters make useful reading for pastors as well as people.

—"Rose Kavanagh and Her Verses," by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. (M. H. Gill & Son), a slender volume of seventy pages, is better worth while than many a work seven times its size. The first part of the little book, "Herself," is a tender and sympathetic tribute to a personality of exceptional grace and charm and loveliness. Miss Kavanagh died in 1891, in her thirty-second year, a thoroughly Catholic Irishwoman and a thoroughly Irish poet. Her verses, "a very little bundle of songs," constitute rather the blossoms than the ripened fruit of poetic genius; but the delicacy and color and perfume of these blossoms will appeal to all lovers of the beautiful and the true, and will awaken a feeling of regret that the author died so young. We quote the last stanza of her poem entitled "In Exile":

It may be Change hath laid his hand
On homesteads that I knew
Along the level vales of green,
Among the mountains blue;

But well I know what even Time
Will neither change nor tame—
Thy hills and streams, my Ireland,
Are evermore the same!
They beckon me like kith and kin
From out the stranger's land,
They draw me back with loving force
That I can not withstand;
They fill my fancies of the day
With hope and love and light;
'Tis of their coming liberty
I dream the livelong night.

—The children who are fortunate enough to take their elementary lessons in reading from the First Reader and the Second Reader of the "Standard Catholic Readers," by Mary E. Doyle (American Book Co.), will probably be delighted with the pictures, some of them colored, with which the books are profusely illustrated; their parents will rejoice at the substantial binding, which will resist a considerable amount of inevitable ill-usage; and their teachers will presumably approve of the methods proposed by the capable author. As prevention is better than cure, let us suggest that the selections for the readers intended for more advanced pupils may justify the "Catholic" of the title.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Cousin Sara." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.50.
 "A Garland of Pansies." George Mark Jameson. 30 cts.
 "The King and the Cats." John Hannon. \$1.
 "Humble Victims." François Veuillot. \$1.10.
 "The Life of Ven. Father Colin." \$1.25.
 "Ceremonies of Low Mass." Felix Zualdi, C. M. \$1.25.
 "Holy Water and Its Significance for Catholics." Father Theiller, S. O. Cist. 50 cts.
 "The Book of the Lily, and Other Verses." A Sister of the Holy Cross. \$1, net.
 "An Impeached Nation; Being a Study of Irish Outrages." Henry W. Cleary, D. D. 4s. 6d.

- "The Duchess's Baby." Sophie Maude. \$1.
 "Report of the Nineteenth Eucharistic Congress. Held at Westminster." \$1.75.
 "The Master Motive." Laure Conan. \$1.
 "Choice Morsels of the Bread of Life." Rev. C. Coppens, S. J. 60 cts.
 "Catholic Churchmen in Science." (Second Series.) James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$1.08.
 "The Path which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church." Peter H. Burnett. \$1.50, net.
 "Father Jim." J. G. R. 10 cts.
 "Graduale Romanum." Dr. F. X. Mathias. \$1.50.
 "The Great Problem." Rev. J. J. Burke. \$1.
 "The Decree on Daily Communion." Father Juan Ferreres, S. J. 75 cts.
 "Rules of Life for the Pastor of Souls." Rev. T. Slater, S. J. \$1.25.
 "The Preachers' Protests." Very Rev. D. I. McDermott. 25 cts.
 "Henry Charles Lea's Historical Writings." Mgr. Baumgarten. 90 cts.
 "The Divine Story." Rev. C. J. Holland, S. T. L. \$1, net.
 "The Catechism in Examples." Vols. IV., V. \$3.
 "The Lady of the Tower, and Other Stories." \$1.25.
 "The Cardinal Democrat. (Henry Edward Manning.)" I. A. Taylor, \$1.25.
 "A Friar Observant." Frances M. Brookfield. \$1.50.
 "The Little Book of Humility and Patience." Archbishop Ullathorne. 60 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Very Rev. Eugene Laussie, of the diocese of Hamilton; Rev. Charles McGlynn, diocese of Helena; Rev. Anthony Pradzynski, archdiocese of Milwaukee; and Rev. Thomas Ducey, archdiocese of New York.

Brother Lucian, C. S. C.

Mr. Charles Howard, Mr. Samuel F. Wood, Mr. John Kearns, Mrs. Margaret Holmwood, Mrs. P. Harrington, Mr. Joseph Dissette, Miss Grace Chambers, Mr. John Breslin, Miss Margaret Egan, Mrs. J. E. Hasburg, Mr. Michael J. Dunn, Miss Regina Warner, Mr. John Cleary, Mr. Stephen Ignatius Hammond, Mrs. P. K. Walsh, Mr. Harold Reese, Mr. John O'Grady, and Mr. William Zink.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXIX. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 11, 1909.

NO. 11

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The Moon of Pity.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

BLEST MARY, Virgin ever kind!
To thee we lift our woful cries.

For evermore in sorrow blind

We grope with weeping and with sighs,

While dark the world around us lies,—

Yea, where we stumble on the sod,

Life's Moon, to thee we turn our eyes;

For thou wert Mother of our God.

We look to thee for helpful light,

Thou glory so full-orbed and whole!

Calm thou with glances of delight

The troubled waters of our soul.

And when the heavens like a scroll

All wither in the spaces broad—

Bright Moon of death, light still our goal;

Ah, lead us to the feet of God!

Under which Supremacy?

BY H. P. RUSSELL.

THERE are three books* which treat of a period of tragic interest to Catholics, and of which, until recent years, comparatively little has been published on the Catholic side. Catholic writers are only now obtaining a hearing; and, in the light of documents that for centuries have been hidden away, are at length giving to the world the true account of that dark page in English history. It is much to be desired that

English-speaking Catholic readers everywhere should do all that lies in their power to further the good and most necessary work of these writers by obtaining for their books the widest possible circulation. English-speaking Catholics now number more than a tenth of the Catholic world, and their numbers are daily increasing. They have it in their power—and it is a duty—to reverse the verdict of history in relation to the so-called Reformation period, and to bring about a complete revulsion of feeling toward the Protestant records by which the English-speaking populations have for so long been deceived.

The three volumes before us narrate, in a form as interesting as any popular work of fiction, the tragic events of the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth; with the additional advantage that they narrate what really happened, and are not, therefore, as is the popular novel, so much fiction, the characters of which, whatever their appeal to the imagination, can not appeal to the heart as persons who have really lived, done, suffered, triumphed, and died.

The events which these three volumes relate find their interpretation in the answer to the question which heads this article—"Under which Supremacy?" We can not serve two masters in the things that appertain to God. A choice was inevitable, and was made by those who clearly understood that, to walk in the old paths, it was necessary to their salvation to remain under the supreme authority and guidance of the Vicar of Christ, and

* "Reginald Cardinal Pole," by C. M. Antony; "William Cardinal Allen," by Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.; "Blessed Edmund Campion," by Louise Imogen Guiney. (St. Nicholas Series.)

that on no account could they consent to transfer their spiritual allegiance to the temporal sovereign, who, having renounced that authority, usurped its prerogative, and then, by force of fierce penal laws, set up a new form of worship. The issue was clear and simple. "Continuity" meant then, as it means still, a continuity of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction that for a thousand years had held England in unity of religion with the Church Universal. They who remained faithful to Christ's Vicar preserved continuity with the pre-Reformation Church of England, and communion with the Church throughout the world; while they who renounced or suffered themselves to be severed from his jurisdiction lost continuity and, with it, Catholic communion.

"Under which Supremacy?" has ever since that time remained the question in the great controversy. They who at this day are subject to the Pope find themselves—as were their forefathers in the centuries preceding, and likewise the faithful in the centuries following, Henry's usurpation—in communion with the Church of all nations by virtue of this same Papal allegiance; while they who, on the contrary, are outside the pale of Papal jurisdiction—their profession of continuity, theory of "Catholic consent," and appeal to the Churches of the East notwithstanding—find themselves, in matter of fact, outside the pale of Catholic jurisdiction and Catholic communion. And, meanwhile, in vain do they cast about for some other than the Papal form of Catholic jurisdiction, since no approach to another is anywhere to be found. The renunciation of Papal Supremacy by the Churches of the East resulted in their enslavement under the supremacy of the State. They number now some sixteen national churches, all of them Erastianized, and no two of them possessed of a common legislative or administrative ecclesiastical authority.

So likewise has it been with the Anglican communion ever since its establishment

under the Crown of England. Nationality has all along been its boast, and a mere national church it remains, isolated from all Christendom beside, and as powerless as the Eastern Churches to decree or act except by authority of the Crown. There is no instance of a church that has renounced the Pope's Supremacy and has not straightway fallen out of Catholic jurisdiction and Catholic communion, and under the dominion of the temporal sovereign. To renounce Papal Supremacy has always meant the choice instead of State supremacy. Now, as in the days of the Tudor martyrs, the test of continuity lies in the answer to the question, "Under which Supremacy?"

"In condemning us," cried Edmund Campion at his trial, "you condemn all your own ancestors,—all the ancient priests, bishops and kings; all that was once the glory of England, the Island of Saints and the most devoted child of the See of Peter. For what have we taught (however you may qualify it with the odious name of treason) that they did not uniformly teach? To be condemned with these old lights, not of England only, but of the world, by their degenerate descendants, is both gladness and glory to us. God lives. Posterity will live. Their judgment is not liable to corruption as that of those who are now going to sentence us to death."

"The history of Cardinal Pole is the history of the great schism and great reconciliation of England," observes the author of the book on "the Angelical Cardinal," in her "prefatory note." It has been her endeavor to seek to outline, as far as possible, his personality and character by means of contemporary records and letters, quoted or translated from the original. Yet so intimately is his history bound up with the history of the events that necessitated his twenty-three years' exile from England, that she has found it impossible to write of the one without the other.

Second cousin to Henry VIII., beholden to him for his education, held by him in highest estimation, and possessing therefore the most coveted prospects in life, Reginald Pole was yet destined to become the King's unwilling but most fearless opponent as regards both the royal divorce and the Royal Supremacy.

After the passing of the latter, "Henry sent for him to Greenwich Palace, in the firm conviction that he would accept the archbishopric [of York]. But the moment they came face to face, the Spirit of God seemed to descend upon the future Cardinal, and for the first time for many years Henry VIII. listened to the truth from the lips of one whom he respected in spite of himself. All Pole's doubt and hesitation were gone; he felt no fear of the passionate man, who walked up and down the long gallery, fingering his dagger, with which, he afterward declared, he was strongly tempted to stab the speaker. Nothing, he confessed, but his fearlessness and simplicity saved Pole, who spoke as one delivering a message from God, and who afterward drew up his reasons for declining the dignity in a letter to the King which caused Henry to say his cousin had added insult to injury; though he retracted this later, and certainly respected Pole more than ever."

Four years later, Blessed John Fisher, Henry's former tutor, was beheaded; and a few days after him Blessed Thomas More, Pole's lifelong friend, both of them for denying the King's supremacy. Now was the time to demand of Reginald Pole his opinion,—now when to oppose the King meant death; Fisher and More were quoted to terrify him. But Pole saw in their deaths "the strongest motives to support with an unshaken resolution the cause for which they had laid down their lives." He would rather renounce everything than compromise with the King; and what strengthened him most in this attitude was the blood of the martyrs. "That divine truth has always so manifested itself we are assured, first by His

death who was very truth. . . . These considerations banish all my dread, arm me with generous confidence, and give me to understand what are the true objects of fear and hope." He decided to answer Henry's questions at length, and his famous work, "*De Unitate Ecclesiæ*," was the result.

"There lives not a more sincere man on earth than Master Pole," wrote Starkey, the King's chaplain, to Cromwell, the King's minister; "and whatever he thinks in these causes the King will be sure to know shortly." The King did know, and Christendom was set on fire by Pole's great masterpiece. "*De Unitate Ecclesiæ*" was divided into four parts. In the first, the writer boldly refutes the error of the King in proclaiming himself head of the Church of England, and rebukes him for the sin of schism. In the second, he declares the supremacy of the Apostolic See of Rome over the whole world. The third is a solemn warning, reminding the King of the righteous blood he has shed. In the fourth, he apologizes frankly if he has said too much or spoken too strongly, begging the King to believe that every word has proceeded from the highest motives of zeal and affection.

In the same year, by earnest desire of the Catholics of England, though greatly against his own wish—for he was anxious to avoid angering the King,—Pole was created Cardinal, and, in the following year, Legate de Latere to England. "His appointment, it was felt, would keep up the courage of those who were fighting to the death for their Faith" in that country; and Pole himself burned with enthusiasm to reconcile King Henry. He considered, indeed, that the contract between the King and the nation was void by the breach of faith of the former, and the renouncing of that supremacy which for nine hundred years both sovereign and nation had professed, for which Fisher and More had gladly died, and for which he himself was an exile. Despite the fierce efforts of Henry by

overtures—in defiance of all national law—to the King of France, the Queen Regent of the Netherlands, and the Emperor Charles, to obtain possession of Pole's person as a traitor, as also by means of hired assassins in various places to murder him, the Cardinal remains always resolute at his post. He is well aware of the price of £100,000 set by Henry upon his head, but he has no fear for himself; his one fear he expresses in words prophetic: "If . . . the present generation transmit their opinions to their children, England will be forever lost to the Church."

But the reader must turn to the Cardinal's Life for the account—so well given—of all that he suffered on behalf of Church and country, both in his own person and much more by reason of the sufferings and martyrdom of his relations, particularly of his mother, the aged Countess of Salisbury, nearest of kin to King Henry, and the last in the direct line of the Plantagenets who had ruled England for so many generations.

In the reign of Queen Mary there came a change—all too brief, as the Cardinal himself probably clearly foresaw. He wrote to the Queen "congratulating her warmly on overcoming so many obstacles and enemies, rather by supernatural than natural means; for '*Spiritus Sanctus supervenit in corde hominum.*' He points out how all the evil had originated in the King's divorce, and speaks of himself as one 'who of all these yet living . . . has suffered the most, both on this account . . . and for the Queen's cause.' He then tells her plainly of the necessity of reunion with the Apostolic See, of which he has been appointed Legate, asking her pleasure as to the time and place of the reconciliation; for 'in this point of obedience to the Church consists the establishment of her crown and the entire welfare of her kingdom.'"

In a second letter "he speaks of the joy with which Catholics everywhere have received the news of her accession; and

the fact that all eyes were fixed on her, who had power to 'render the title of the primacy of the Church on earth to him to whom the Supreme Head both of heaven and earth has given it'; and reminds her of those who had shed their blood for it, and of her own youthful sufferings in 'the same school in which the Divine Providence which educated you educated me likewise; I entering at the same time as you, and learning the same lesson from the same Master.'"

The Cardinal's reception in his native land after so long an exile is admirably described, and was of a nature such as to leave "no doubt as to the passionate thankfulness of England as a whole." In his address to the Houses of Parliament "he was heard in thrilling silence, broken now and then by sobs. After so many years the awful strain was loosed. To the aching hearts of those who had sinned through pride or terror, ignorance or fear, came a passion of repentance for their sins as a nation, which rose like a sea, the beating of whose waves might almost be heard." And in the "Supplycation" for pardon from the nation to the Legate, the Lords and Commons, representing the whole realm, plead: "We dooe declare ourselves very sorye and repentante of the scisme and disobedyence . . . agaynste the . . . Sea Apostolyke, either by making laws against the Supremacy of the sayed Sea, or otherwise dooing or speakynge that might impugn the same." And they pray "that we maye, as children repentante, be received into the bosome and unitie of Christe's Church."

After the Reconciliation, Bishop Gardiner, in his sermon at High Mass, in the presence of the Cardinal Legate, the King, Queen and court, in St. Paul's Cathedral, "informed his hearers of facts which few to-day perhaps realize. He told them that Henry VIII. had twice intended to make his submission,—the first time eighteen years before, at the time of the northern rising; and, later on, sending Gardiner himself to the Emperor, to ask him to be

his intercessor with the Pope. 'But it tooke none effecte because the time was not.' At the beginning of Edward's reign, again there was talk of submission, to which the council did not agree, lest it should be said the realm was unable to defend itself during the King's minority without the Pope's assistance!" "Syns the day of whiche sermon all things . . . occupye their auntyente and accustomed places,"—such being the idea of continuity at that time.

"My belief," says the compiler of the Venetian Calendar, after "the Angelical Cardinal's" death, "is that he did more to maintain the repute of his country for high breeding, scholarship, integrity and consistency, than any other Englishman I ever heard of"; and this seems to have been the universal contemporary opinion. All who knew him loved him.

"In the chapel of St. Thomas of Canterbury, the body of the last of his successors was laid to rest; with the simple inscription, *Beati mortui qui in Domino moriuntur*, over the words *Deposuit Cardinalis Poli*."

In the preface to his short Life of William Cardinal Allen, Father Bede Canm observes: "Allen was a man of one idea; that idea was the conversion of England. For that he labored unceasingly; for that he endured voluntary exile, poverty, trials, calumnies, persecution; for that he undertook the great work with which his name will be forever associated; for that he lived, and with that hope in his heart he died." And the author says that "this little work has, for the most part, been written within those walls [the venerable English College in Rome], where Allen's presence still seems to linger, where his work is still perpetuated, where his portrait is still seen and venerated, and where his sacred remains still, as we hope, rest in peace."

William Allen, who became, "under God, the preserver of the Faith in England," was born in 1532, when Reginald

Pole was thirty years of age. It was the year in which "King Henry VIII. defied God's law, Christ's Vicar, and his own conscience; . . . the year, too, when Thomas Cranmer, unworthy successor of St. Thomas of Canterbury," was consecrated by authority of a Papal Bull, and took the oaths of obedience to the Pope, which he secretly protested he never meant to keep.

"As he [Allen] grew older, and began to serve at Holy Mass, he would not have known that there was any change in the sacred rite. And yet there was a change, all the more terrible that it passed so unperceived. If the boy had looked through the old Missal that lay on its cushion during the Mass, he would have found the name of the Pope scratched out of the Canon, the prayers, and the calendar. And at High Mass on Sundays he must have noticed the grave looks of his family and friends when, after the Gospel, the priest read the bidding-prayer, in which the people were exhorted to pray for the King's Majesty as Supreme Head of the Church of England immediately under Christ. Still more significant of evil was the news which came from time to time of the . . . martyrdom of those who remained faithful to the Holy See."

Allen was fifteen when he went up to Oxford, where he remained "during two reigns, to witness momentous changes there, to advance step by step to one of the highest posts in the University. But Oxford was to be to Allen, what it afterward became to John Henry Newman, the inspiration of his whole life. Allen, like Newman after him, had to tear himself away from the breast of the Alma Mater which he so passionately loved, in order to follow whither God and conscience led him; but he never forgot her. Like Newman, he was to exchange the doctor's gown for Rome's imperial purple; and yet he, too, might have inscribed over the picture of Oxford which was engraved on his heart, the haunting legend, 'Son of man, shall these bones live? O Lord

God, Thou knowest!' And, by a strange coincidence, the college which will be forever associated with the glorious name of Newman, was also the college to which this future Cardinal attached himself, in the last year of Henry VIII., Our Lady of Oriel. . . . And so wholly and entirely did he become a son of the old Catholic Oxford . . . that he was able to perpetuate her life in a new form, and himself to become the father of a new Oxford,—an Oxford in exile, an Oxford persecuted and despised, and yet a truer offspring of the old mother than the Oxford of the Reformation which was about to be born."

After the accession of Elizabeth, in consequence of the offence given to the civil authorities by his zeal in winning back the lapsed and encouraging the steadfast to persevere, Allen had to quit the country, and took refuge at Louvain, where he found many of his old Oxford friends and quite a colony of English Catholics that was being constantly recruited from England. Among them were many illustrious exiles—martyrs and confessors of the English race,—whose memory lives there still. With these Allen united in writing works in defence of the Catholic Faith, which were sent into England.

Compelled by serious illness to return for a while to his native land, though at great risk, he sowed in Lancashire the seed that has borne such abundant fruit to this day and made Lancashire the most faithful county in England. In after years, indeed, he was able to write with pride and joy that the country of his birth was still Catholic to the core.

By reason of his success, however, he had to quit Lancashire and went into the neighborhood of Oxford, where the fruits of his work were both remarkable and enduring, the long fidelity of the University and the county being in great measure due to him. Thence he was compelled to seek refuge in Norfolk, where he wrote his "Certain Brief Reasons Concerning

the Catholic Faith," which obtained a wide circulation and necessitated his leaving England again.

Keenly alive to the terrible need of the afflicted Church in England, hopeful that the present tyranny would one day be overpast, Allen foresaw the difficulty that would confront the restorers of the Faith there. "The learned Catholic divines who had been expelled from the English universities and churches would be old, or perhaps dead, and there would be no means of providing them with successors. . . . It would be a magnificent thing, therefore, to gather together into one or more great colleges the learned exiles who were now scattered over the Continent, that they might revive the glories of Oxford on a foreign soil, and instruct their young countrymen who would come out to them from England. Such a college would be . . . a seminary or seed-plot of future theologians and doctors, who would be ready, when God's time should come, to return to England and direct the great work of the restoration of religion."

The famous College of Douay, the College at Rheims, and the English College at Rome, were the result of this his forethought and zeal; and they were destined in God's good counsels to be not merely seminaries of divines and scholars from all parts of England, especially from Oxford, but of martyrs also,—of a glorious band of missionary martyrs, headed by Blessed Cuthbert Mayne.

Very pathetic is Allen's appeal to the Catholicism of the world in his famous "Apologie of the English Seminaries": "Thou knowest [good Lord] how justly we have bewailed our heavy cause, that so many strange nations having their churches with freedom to serve God after their manner in our country, only Catholics—which in our fathers' days had all, and for whom and by whom all Christianity arose—can by no intercession of foreign princes, nor no sighs nor sorrows of innumerable loyal subjects, obtain one

place in the whole land to serve their Lord God after the rites of all other good Christian princes, priests, and people in the world. . . . We are forced by manifold coactions to those rites which we never knew or gave our assent to. . . . Very lamentable it is to think upon all the distressed consciences that throughout the realm repine with inconsolable sighs and groans against their receiving, hearing, and using of the pretended sacraments, service, sermons, and other actions, whereunto they be involuntarily and against their will driven, and especially for the oath of the Queen's sovereignty in spiritual regiment,—a thing improbable, unreasonable, unnatural, impossible; and yet the form thereof so conceived in statute and so tendered that the takers must swear upon the Evangelists . . . that they acknowledge, even in their conscience, that which never learned man of any sort or sect did ever think to be true, and which they know every Catholic man to condemn in heart. . . .

"And . . . whither should we rather flee . . . than to the head, or, as St. Jerome speaketh, *to the most secure port of our Catholic communion*, to the rock and refuge in doubtful days and doctrines, to the chief pastor and bishop of our souls on earth; to the Vicar-General of Christ, out of the compass of whose fold and family no banishment can bring us; . . . to him whose predecessors gave us our first faith in the time of the Britons, restored it afterward in the days of the English, . . . and who have received of all our princes, prelates and people, all dutiful and correspondent honors and good offices for so many hundred years together? . . . It is the turpitude of our nation through the whole world whereat we blush before strangers . . . that in one man's memory . . . we have had to our prince a man who abolished the Pope's authority by his laws, and yet in other points kept the Faith of his fathers; we have had a child who by the like laws abolished

together with the Papacy the whole ancient religion; we have had a woman who restored both again, and sharply punished the Protestants; and, lastly, her Majesty that now is, who by the like laws hath long since abolished both again, and now severely punisheth Catholics, as the other did Protestants; and all these strange differences within the compass of about thirty years."

That the continuity of the Church in England was to be found under the ecclesiastical régime of Henry, Edward, and Elizabeth, and was lodged in the party of Cranmer, Parker, and Grindal, rather than in that of Pole and Allen, no one for a moment dreamed. There lived near Cardinal Allen's College in Rome an old saint, who added his testimony to that of St. Ignatius, and indeed of all Catholic Europe, in favor of the position that united the Cardinal of England and his followers with the Catholics of England's past and the Church of all nations. St. Philip Neri (for it was no less a one than he) would often, on his walks through the city, meet his young neighbors from the English College. And when he saw them, "he would smile on them, and, baring his head, . . . would bow low before the lads, saluting them tenderly with the greeting of the ancient Christian poet, *Salvete flores martyrum*. And at the completion of their course, ere leaving Rome for the perilous mission in their native land, these young English priests would go to crave St. Philip's blessing as well as that of the Vicar of Jesus Christ."

And the immemorial tradition of the Cardinal of England's College tells us that those of them who received the saint's embrace were sure to win in England the crown of martyrdom. Thus, though the Cardinal, in his humility, on his deathbed bewailed that he was not found worthy to be numbered with them in the glorious roll of martyrs, yet was he the father and guide to whom, under God, they owed their crowns.

But Father Bede Camm's delightful book must be read for the full account of the devoted life's work by which the great Cardinal of England preserved the Faith in his native land.

Louise Imogen Guiney, in her book on Blessed Edmund Campion, well observes: "There was no affection for 'continuity' in those days except among the Romans. The attitude of their persecutors was that of men in a fury that any Englishman should dare to connect himself either with the world at large or with his country's own disclaimed yesterday. . . . The 'received religion,' or, as it was quite as often called, the 'Queen's religion,' was simply the new idea of nationalism torn away from relationship to the arch-idea of nations, which is the law of God. . . . Was it unreasonable that she punished the men who tried to spoil her dream? Almost the chief of these men Edmund Campion was destined to be, though years were to pass before he lent his whole heart to the work God willed him to do."

It was Dr. John Storey's example that eventually decided Campion in his choice of the old paths. Storey had spoken out in the House of Commons against the new Liturgy in the first Parliament of Edward VI., and against the Supremacy Bill in the first Parliament of Queen Elizabeth. Edmund Campion was present at his trial in Westminster Hall, and there a spark was kindled in him which made him "... ready for the utmost hazard of war." "He was animated by that blessed man's example," says Father Parsons, "to any danger and peril for the same Faith for which the doctor died."

Campion was thirty-one years old when he set out for the nearest stronghold of apostolic souls, the English Seminary at Douay. There he became very dear to the heart of William Allen. Eventually he joined the Society of Jesus; and, later on, in response to Allen's appeal to the General of the Society that the English Jesuits might be allowed to join the

English secular priests in the pressing redemption of their distracted country, he was sent with Robert Parsons on the English mission. "My father, brother, son," wrote Allen to him, "make all haste and come, my dearest Campion! . . . God, in whose hands are the issues, has at last granted that our own Campion, with his extraordinary gifts of wisdom and grace, shall be restored to us. Prepare yourself, then, for a journey, for a work, for a trial." Then it was that yet another saint bore testimony to the Catholic conception of the continuity of the Church in England. At Milan, Parsons, Campion, and the rest of the band of English missionaries, were received and hospitably entertained by St. Charles Borromeo. Like St. Philip Neri, "much affectioned" toward them, St. Charles asked the English College to send him more relays of such guests in the future.

For the story of Edmund Campion's ministry and writings, so fruitful in recovering the lapsed and confirming the faithful in England; of his thrilling adventures, capture, sufferings, trial and martyrdom, the reader must turn to the account so admirably given by the author of the book here but briefly noticed. The martyrdom of the English missionaries made the deepest impression abroad. "At home, a great tidal wave of conversion to the old Church, sweeping in at Campion's death, last and best of his wonderful missionary labors, bore most astonishing fruit. The long storm of persecution raged at its full fierceness after 1581, and it burst over the heads of not only a far more numerous but a far more heroic body. Edmund Campion's spirit had been built in good time, as it were, into the unsteady wall." And William Allen, writing of these English martyrs, observes: "Ten thousand sermons would not have published our apostolic Faith and religion so winningly as the fragrance of these victims, most sweet to God and to men."

There was in those days no way of escape, by means of the modern High

Church continuity theory, between a choice of the Pope's Supremacy in religion, on the one hand, or the temporal sovereign's on the other. The Anglican historian, J. H. Blunt, with reference to "the extinction of the Papal Supremacy" on the accession of Elizabeth, admits that a void was made; and that, while "it is possible that an ecclesiastical authority might have been created, by the ingenuity of legislators, which would have been accepted by the country, it is certain that none such was already in existence, nor was any such proposed at the time. Hence the void made by the extinction of the Papal Supremacy was almost necessarily filled up by the revival of the Royal Supremacy."

"Under which Supremacy?" has, in fact, remained the question in England to this day in respect of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The Anglican Establishment never has possessed an ecclesiastical jurisdiction free of State supremacy. The High Church assumption of the oneness of the Anglican communion with Rome and Oriental Christianity takes no account of the circumstance that these communions can not be said to be one by virtue of a common jurisdiction; that there exists, in fact, no jurisdiction save that which is found under the Pope's Supremacy, which unites Catholics of all nations in one ecclesiastical body politic.

CONSCIENCE punishes our misdeeds by revealing to us our guilt and ill desert. It will not permit us to enjoy the love of one whom we have secretly betrayed. It will not suffer us to take pleasure in the esteem of our fellows, when we have fallen below the standards which they cherish. It can not be put off or cheated or bribed. For it is inside us; it is an aspect of ourselves; and to get away from it is as impossible as to get away from or around ourselves. Repentance, confession, and attempted restitution are the only offerings by which offended conscience can be appeased.

—William de Witt Hyde.

Monica's Victory.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

VI.

IN order to make it easier for her parents to wait upon Angela, she was carried down into the sitting-room, where a bed had been made up for her. Her swollen, bruised and lacerated feet were extremely painful, and probably several weeks must elapse before she would be able to use them again. While she lay perfectly still, the smarting was somewhat relieved; but now she raised herself on her cushions in order to talk to her friend, who had sat up all night by her side.

"Do not indulge thoughts of hatred and revenge, Monica. That is not meet for us Christians," she said.

"But if all the men are absent, who is to defend our holy Faith, who is to protect our homes?"

"God and His Holy Mother, in whom we hope and in whom we put our trust."

"And if they do protect us," Monica rejoined bitterly, "it is still our duty to fight for them. As long as these Swedes remain in our country, no one is safe. Any day, any hour, one or other of us may be served in the same way you have been. Are we to tolerate such treatment? Are we not strong enough and brave enough to overpower a handful of these foreigners?"

Angela's gentle character did not respond to her friend's warlike, unfeminine suggestions. In spite of all she had undergone, she felt calm and even happy. The statue of Our Lady had been rescued from the conflagration almost uninjured; and Angela knew the Blessed Virgin had helped her to bear the torture, and granted her what she most desired. Her lover had been saved by her fortitude and courage, and her joy on this account was so great that thoughts of hatred

and designs of revenge found no place in her heart.

"No, Monica," she said gravely; "we should do better to forgive them, as Our Lord forgave His enemies. They are strangers to the Faith, and do not know how wicked it is to act as they do."

"Forgive them!—I forgive them!" the proud girl exclaimed, her eyes sparkling with just anger. "Forgive them what they have done to Our Lady's statue? Forgive them for burning St. Leonard's Chapel? Forgive them for all the cruelty and crimes of which they have been and will be guilty? Never, never! All the women and girls here and elsewhere think as I do. Death is better than dishonor; and if death is to be our lot, let us at least sell our lives as dear as men do."

Monica raised her voice as she uttered the last words, and the old shepherd, as he passed by the open window, heard them. He stopped, and, putting in his head, said in a low and troubled voice:

"Young lady, if I may advise you, fly from here as soon as you can. There are bad days coming for you. The Swedes have designs on you."

"On me?" cried the girl, who, despite her boasted courage, was filled with terror. "What do you mean, Michael? How do you know that?"

"I know it out of their own mouth. I heard it yesterday evening, when they were talking together in the tavern at Lindau. Ladurn, the notary, was sitting there too, at the same table. The captain—"

The color faded from Monica's cheeks. She stepped hastily up to where the man was standing.

"The captain did you say? That one—the one who was in command of the horsemen yesterday,—the one who rescued my father?"

The old man nodded assent.

"He declared that you are the most beautiful girl in all the country round, and swore with oaths and curses that he would have you for himself. He let his

blasphemous tongue loose so far as to say that, if it was necessary for the devil to work a miracle for him to get you, he would give his soul for it."

The girl staggered back, and caught at a piece of furniture for support; her lips quivered.

"That man," she stammered,— "that man! And, for a moment, I really thought him generous and noble! No: I hate him as I hate all the rest of them."

Yet the sudden disillusionment seemed to cause her bitter grief. A violent struggle went on within her breast, while she considered what course she should pursue. Should she take Michael's advice and seek safety in flight? No, far be it from her—the daughter of the old, much-respected mayor, the head of the village—to set an example of cowardice. And if she escaped, would not the ruffians hold her father responsible for her flight, and visit it upon him? A shudder ran over her as she thought of how they threatened to torture the old man only yesterday. Angela had sacrificed herself for her betrothed: she would not forsake her father. Whatever might happen, she would put her trust in God, who never abandons those who are faithful to their duty. After all, Heaven might open a way of escape for her.

The old shepherd seemed to have more to say; but just as he was putting his head in again, steps were heard, and a rough hand thrust him back.

"Be off, Michael! Hold your stupid tongue. I shall discuss the measures to be taken with my affianced bride."

The shepherd went on his way muttering. Monica stood speechless, while Angela raised herself on her couch and looked with astonished eyes at her friend.

"You—you his affianced bride! How could you conceal it from me?"

A hot flush of anger suffused Monica's countenance; she drew herself up and went to the door with no very friendly expression on her handsome face.

Ladurn was standing on the threshold.

He greeted her with an ugly smile, and held out his hand boldly as he bade her good-day. The girl tossed back her head.

"Who gave you the right, may I ask, to speak of me as your betrothed?" she said, with flashing eyes.

"The troublous times and the evil fortune awaiting you, which I alone am capable of averting."

She retreated a step, taken by surprise.

"What! You know it,—you know—"

"All that Michael has told you. No power can save you from being carried off to the Swedish camp unless I do."

"You! What can you do?" she retorted scornfully.

"Now, Monica, what is the use of pretending?" he said passionately, pressing close up to her. "You know how I love you. Do be sensible and say 'Yes,' and no one shall venture to touch you when you are my betrothed, my wife. The Swedes respect me; they know me from the negotiations carried on in Bregenz, and the captain would be afraid lest I should report him to the field marshal. It is the only means of safety for you. You must be my bride,—you will be!"

She let him go on without interruption. But when, confident of victory, he put out his arm to draw her to him, she thrust him away with all the force of deadly detestation, almost screaming:

"I know now what you are, Ladurn, and how you deceived my father with fair but false words. You are a miserable traitor. You brought the enemy into our house. And the answer I give you is this: I would rather fall into the hands of the most merciless foe than owe my safety to a wretched coward like you, who has sold his faith and his country for paltry pelf, as Judas did Our Lord."

Ladurn fell back, his face ashy pale.

"A traitor,—a traitor? Who says that? No one can prove it."

"God will prove it!" Angela cried from her couch. "He will take vengeance on you for all the sorrow which you have brought upon our peaceful village."

Meanwhile Monica had left the house in wrath and indignation; and, as Angela's father came up at that moment, Ladurn judged it wise to take his departure. He hastened after Monica, and overtook her on a narrow path between the orchards at the back of the house, which was the nearest way to the residence of the mayor. She would have run away, but he stood before her and would not let her pass.

"So you reject my help!" he said viciously. "Very well; it is your own doing. But I must have one kiss before the Swedes—"

He stopped suddenly and let go his hold on the struggling girl, who cried aloud for help.

The clatter of horses' hoofs was heard on the road, and a rider leaped to the ground. The next moment Monica saw to her horror the captain at the entrance of the path. His companion remained behind with the horses.

"Let go of that young woman, you rascal!" Hedberg shouted, pushing aside the notary, who gave Monica a triumphant glance, as if to say: 'There, you see I was right! Take the consequences of spurning me.' Then he disappeared.

The words of thanks for her rescue died on the girl's lips; for she knew that in the place of one pursuer another and a more formidable one had come on the scene.

"What do you want?" she asked in a faint voice.

"What do I want?" he cried in accents quivering with eagerness. "How can you ask? I want nothing and no one but you, fairest, finest maiden of these mountains! You see in me," he went on, for the girl, trembling from head to foot, could not utter a word,—"you see in me only the enemy you hate; but I am not an enemy of your country, your people. I bear arms only against the Emperor."

At last she found courage to speak:

"If you are not an enemy at war with our people, let me go my way."

"I will if it will bring you back to my

arms,—if you come back voluntarily," he retorted boldly.

And before the girl, crimson with shame and anger, could answer, he continued:

"Listen to me, ere you scorn me, dear Monica. If I am an enemy, I am an honorable one. I respect your sentiments. The first moment I saw you I fell in love with you; I swore in my heart that I would win you for my own. What could have prevented me had I carried you off to the camp as my share of the booty? But I never entertained such a thought. I have come here to-day as an honest suitor. I wish to take you with me as my wedded wife. Many of my comrades have their wives in their tents. And when peace is made, you shall come with me to my distant home, where my parents will welcome you and love you as a daughter."

He drew nearer to take her hand. Her color came and went, and for a minute she stood motionless as if rooted to the spot. Conflicting emotions stirred within her breast. Was love or hatred to get the mastery? An inward conviction told her that the man before her, who had rescued first her father, then herself, spoke the truth, and that he would not deceive her. Was the first feeling he inspired the right one? She looked around as if for help; her eyes fell on the cross surmounting the church steeple, the symbol of her holy faith, gleaming brightly in the sunshine against a background of dark clouds. That decided her to resist the temptation.

"If I believed you, and left father and home," she said with forced composure, "who would unite us in marriage?"

"The priest, our chaplain, who is in our camp,—I swear it to you on my word of honor," Hedberg answered, his hopes rising high.

"A minister of your religion? Would you make me give up my faith and lose my soul? I do not hate your nation because you are strangers, but because you have abandoned the true religion,

because you despise and persecute the Church in which alone is salvation. You overthrow and destroy all that we hold most holy and sacred."

• She spoke with ardent enthusiasm, but the captain's brow clouded as he replied:

"Do not speak scorn of the religion in which I was born. And remember: it belongs to the conqueror, not to the conquered, to make conditions. I must claim my right. I have sworn to make you my own, one way or another. Your defiance, your refusal, will not alter my resolve."

But Hedberg's threats did not intimidate the girl: they only strengthened her in her resistance. She now saw plainly what would have been her fate, and was ashamed of her momentary weakness.

"For the last time I ask you, will you come with me?" urged the Swede.

"Neither of my free will nor by compulsion," she retorted, irritated by his insistence.

"Very well. You have made your choice," he said. "You refuse to come as my wedded wife, but you shall come all the same."

Enraged at her resistance, and more than ever enamored of her beauty—she looked so handsome in her anger,—Hedberg, led away by passion, would have carried her off there and then; but she slipped from his grasp and turned on him like a wild animal at bay.

"One of us two must die before I will go with you," she cried; and, drawing a long, dagger-like hairpin from her tresses, she brandished it before him.

Although the captain, who wore chain armor beneath his leathern doublet, had nothing to fear from this strange weapon, he sprang aside, startled and somewhat dismayed to perceive that he could not, alone, get the better of this girl. The next moment he called to his comrade: "Here, Ensign, come and help me tame this wild cat!"

But the ensign could not obey the call.

Deep Wounds.

BY E. F. GARESCHÉ, S. J.

WHEN tender limbs are rudely torn,
 A-many friends there be
 To soothe the hapless wight forlorn
 With gentle sympathy.

But, ah, the wounds the heart that tear
 Nor any hurt appears,
 One Friend—but one— can heal thee there
 Beneath the springs of tears!

Sir Stephen de Vere.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

VI.—EMIGRATION.

IN 1847, Mr. de Vere sailed for Canada, taking with him eight young bachelors, and two old married men and their wives," says Mr. MacMahon, one of the emigrants. "It was supposed he would take land there and have those young men cultivate it. He set sail from Gravesend in England, was seven weeks on sea, and went as steerage passenger to see how the emigrants were treated. When he landed in Quebec, he told the captain that he would go to law with him for the bad flour he gave the emigrants. He settled with him by getting ten pounds, which he put into the poorbox at Quebec. Before that time, the emigrants had not half room in the ships; Mr. de Vere brought this before the authorities, and there was a great improvement.

"Sir Stephen never made his conversion to the Catholic religion known to his mother until he wrote from New London, Upper Canada. She answered, saying she had no objection. She settled an annuity upon every widow about Curragh Chase, dating it from the time of her husband's death. There was a good account then from Ireland, and he made up his mind to come home. His father was dead since 1846."

Mr. John McDonough, another of the emigrants, whose godfather at baptism Sir Stephen was, writes:

"Sir Stephen left Curragh Chase for America on April 25, 1847, taking with him Stephen and John McDonough, John and Tom Hanly, John Fitzgerald, Rodger Kennedy, Patrick O'Neil and his wife, and Michael MacMahon and his wife and sister. They travelled from Curragh Chase to Cork, Cork to Bristol, Bristol to London, London to Gravesend, Gravesend to Quebec, Quebec to Montreal, Montreal to Toronto, Toronto to Hamilton, Hamilton to New London. Staying there for the winter, in the spring of 1848 they travelled from New London to Port Stanley, Port Stanley to Buffalo, Buffalo to Troy, Troy to New York, New York to Liverpool, thence home to Curragh Chase, arriving there on August 11, 1848."

It is John McDonough's opinion that "Sir Stephen reported the captain and mate of the emigrant ship to the authorities, and got them broken for their cruelty to the emigrants." Mr. Aubrey de Vere, in his "Recollections," gives us further details of this work:

"Another Irishman who labored in a special manner for his suffering fellow-countrymen at that time, and did so with great success, was my brother, Sir Stephen. Emigration had then assumed enormous proportions. In 1845 the emigrants were 74,000; in 1846, above 108,000; in 1847 they had reached 215,444. It was attended by extraordinary sufferings and an immense mortality. The emigrant ships were then sailing-vessels; the voyage to the United States and Canada occupied about six weeks and often much longer. The accommodations had from the first been insufficient, and, by the sudden increase in the number of emigrants, had become incomparably worse. Remonstrances were in vain. The grievances were denied by interested parties; the emigrants were flying for their lives, and had to accept whatever was offered to them. My brother was resolved that at

least an accurate knowledge of the facts—a knowledge derived from personal experience—should be supplied to the public and to Parliament.

"On the sudden cessation of the public works, he took passage for Canada with a considerable number of those who had been employed on them under his supervision, and conducted them to Quebec, sharing with them all the sufferings and perils which then belonged to a crowded steerage. Those who escaped fever on their sea passage frequently caught it on landing, the dormant seeds of disease becoming rapidly developed by the stimulus of better air and food, and by infection. It was so on this occasion. They reached Quebec in the June of 1847; and in a short time nearly all whom he had taken with him and lodged in a large, healthy house, were stricken down in succession, during a period covering about eight months, and received from him personally all the ministrations which they could have had from a hospital nurse. After their recovery, they found work in Canada, and later on settled chiefly in the United States. Stephen returned to Europe in the autumn of 1848, bringing home with him a few for whom the American climate was unfit. But the aim for which he had toiled was accomplished. His letter describing the sufferings of the emigrants was read aloud in the House of Lords by Earl Grey, then Secretary for the Colonies; and the 'Passengers Act' was amended, due accommodations of all sorts being provided in the emigrant vessels.

"Most of those emigrants who, on reaching Quebec, went into the crowded and infected hospitals, died there. It is impossible to guess how many thousands of emigrants may have been saved by this enterprise [improving the emigrant vessels]; for the enormous Irish emigration continued, and even increased, for several years after the famine. In 1850 the emigrants were above 209,000; in 1851, they exceeded 237,000. The deaths

on the voyage to Canada had at one time risen from five to sixty in the thousand; and the deaths while the ships were in quarantine, from one to forty in the thousand. Still larger numbers died at Quebec, Montreal, and the interior, according to Sir Charles Trevelyan's official record. . . .

"A second detachment of emigrants, sent out wholly at the expense of my brother, followed during the next autumn, and were also received and provided for in his house, until the natural fear of infection had abated, and it became possible to procure employment for an Irish emigrant restored to health."

Sir Stephen had to keep hammering at the improvement of emigrant vessels for years before the conditions were changed. It is hard to move public opinion, hard to move the government, and exceedingly hard to move the two Houses of Parliament. In the carriage of Passengers' Act by Sea, 1854 and 1855, most salutary regulations were at length passed. Witness this synopsis:

"Whereas on the 27th day of November, 1847, her Majesty was pleased to appoint certain persons therein named under the style of 'The Land and Emigration Commissioners,' * . . . for the waste lands of the Crown, . . . be it enacted that the said commissioners be empowered to carry this Act into execution. . . . The master of every ship intended for the carriage of passengers shall afford the emigration officer every facility for inspecting the ship, . . . and for ascertaining that the provisions of this Act have been complied with. Penalty not exceeding fifty pounds. Ship not to clear out until inspected. No ship intended as a passenger ship can clear out or proceed to sea until the master has obtained certificate from the emigration officer that all the requirements have been complied with, . . . and that such ship is seaworthy, . . . and that

* Here at once we see the result of Sir Stephen de Vere's letter, read by Earl Grey in the House of Lords.

county, he founded the great monastery of Llanelwy, called in after days Saint Asaph's. Rich and poor, noble and peasant, flocked to this monastery; but Saint Kentigern returned to his original See of Glasgow soon after the death of Saint David of Wales, taking with him many of his spiritual children.

This return of Saint Kentigern to Glasgow must have taken place prior to 565; for in that year Saint Columba visited Kentigern at his monastery at Glasgow. For upward of thirty years longer he governed his diocese, and on several occasions visited Rome. His last visit was during the pontificate of Saint Gregory the Great, who bestowed many gifts and relics on him. It was at this last visit that Saint Kentigern brought from Rome his famous bell, which for centuries rang at sunset to remind the people to pray for the faithful departed. Up to the year 1500, the trees planted by the saint were referred to in the deeds of the city, and its arms perpetuate a legend of Saint Kentigern.

The saint died, at an advanced age, in the year 603. His remains were laid to rest in his church, and are supposed still to lie in the crypt of the now Protestant cathedral of Glasgow.

Notes and Remarks.

Everyone has heard of the German professor, a searcher of the Scriptures, who, referring to St. Paul's Epistles, declared with unnecessary emphasis that he had read "the little book of Paulus." Dr. Gustav Krüger, another German professor, who has been studying the history of the Papacy, has produced a little book on its development, an English translation of which is among new publications by Mr. Unwin. Considering that the Papacy is an institution not far from 2000 years old, and that Prof. Krüger's work contains less than 300 short pages, we can not feel deeply interested in it; we are interested, however, in what the non-Catholic critics have had to say about the little book of Krüger. A reviewer in the *Academy* writes:

It is truly remarkable that, even in this age of precise and accurate historical scholarship, men are found capable of the widest and most impartial liberal judgments, except in the direction of the Catholic religion, when their outlook appears immediately to become narrowed. . . .

Whether we regard the growth of the Papacy as the result of a divine inspiration or (with Prof. Krüger) of "skilful human calculation," matters little to the impartial historian. The fact remains that it has been, and always will be, a most powerful agency in maintaining the unity of the Roman Catholic Church. When Döllinger wrote, some fifty years ago, on the Temporal Power, he pointed out "how firmly the attachment of the people to the See of St. Peter is rooted." But Prof. Krüger is so dominated by his idea of the arrogant personality of the Popes that he altogether misses this devotion of Roman Catholics throughout the world as a permanent factor in determining the position of the Papacy.

He is at a loss to account for the great increase in power and consideration gained by the Papacy since 1870, except as a reactionary movement. He passes by the loss of the Temporal Power, forgetful of the fact that the Church existed for seven centuries without the territorial possessions of the Popes. In short, although he alludes over and over again to the Apostolic commission of Our Lord, his view of that commission, as a mere fable worked up for unscrupulous ends, prevents him from having the least grasp of the

THE great work of our perfection is born, grows, and maintains its life by means of two small but precious exercises: aspirations and spiritual retirement. An aspiration is a certain springing of the soul toward God; and the more simple it is, the more valuable. It consists in simply beholding what He is, and what He has done and is doing for us; and it should excite the heart, as a consequence, to acts of humility, love, resignation, or abandonment, according to circumstances. Now, these two exercises have an incredible power to keep us in our duty, to support us in temptation, to lift us promptly after a fall, and to unite us closely to God.—*St. Francis de Sales*.

spiritual conception of the Church and Papacy. Hence he constantly refers to the human and worldly side of the Papacy, unmindful of the fact that even an aggregation of the sins and errors of the Popes (who are human like their critics) can not affect the present position of the Church. As Lord Acton once observed, "The Catholic may be sure that as the Church has lived in spite of the fact, she will also survive its publication."

Which is well said. Although Prof. Krüger quotes Macaulay's well-known prophecy of the probable abiding permanence of the Catholic Church, he is firmly persuaded—and misquotes the Scripture in support of his contention—that the downfall of the Papacy in the near future is assured. "The wish is evidently father to the thought," remarks the critic above quoted.

If all those persons who accept as Gospel truth every statement made in the name of science could know how often scientists are at disagreement among themselves, there would be a great deal more caution and a great deal less credulity in the world. Differences of a few million miles in the case of astronomers and of a few hundred years in that of archæologists are common enough. Mr. R. N. Hall contends that the famous Conic Tower in Rhodesia is of "very high antiquity." Dr. Randal MacIver, another eminent archæologist, pronounces it a mere "Kaffir freak" of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, possibly later. The learned Doctor shows scant respect for distinguished opponents; and Mr. Hall retorts by charging him with numerous ethnical and archæological blunders, and accusing him of lack of first-hand knowledge of subjects on which, nevertheless, he wrote as one having authority. Thus do the scientists oftentimes disagree and their statements conflict.

Mr. Cunninghame Graham, an estimable, if slightly eccentric, Englishman who apparently has the courage of his suspicions, has been writing about the

Spaniards. Among other things, he says: "To-day—I think I am right in saying so after a lifetime's experience of the country—religion is hated by the lower classes in Spain, and priests and nuns loathed. I do not say that this is a good thing: I only state what I believe to be a fact." The editor of the London *Catholic Times*, however, questions the alleged fact. He says:

Now, it seems to us that in this matter there is a simple and sure test by which people who have not spent a lifetime in Spain can judge quite as well as Mr. Cunninghame Graham. If the Spanish peasant dislikes religion at home, he will abandon it when he goes abroad. But he does nothing of the kind. The Spaniard who emigrates, whether high or low in the social scale, is, as a rule, a faithful Catholic; and that fact is a sufficient disproof of Mr. Cunninghame Graham's statement.

Reputable foreign dwellers in Spain have been singularly blind to the "fact" which impressed Mr. Cunninghame Graham so forcibly; we have read in our time considerable testimony that points to an entirely opposite fact.

The facility with which serious writers sometimes jump at conclusions that are altogether unwarranted is shown by the reason assigned by De Quincey for the great popularity of the "Imitation" from the day of its publication. "At that time" (1453), he writes, "the Bible itself was a fountain of inspired truth everywhere sealed up; but a whisper ran through the Western nations of Europe that the work of Thomas à Kempis contained some slender rivulets of truth silently stealing away into light from that interdicted fountain. . . . It was the denial of Scripture fountains to thirsty lands which made this rill of Scripture truth so passionately welcome."

This is fine, of course, but it is also false; and its falsity is pointed out by a non-Catholic critic, Mr. W. E. A. Axon, writing in the *Manchester Quarterly*. From information supplied by Hain's "Repertorium Bibliographicum," he shows that, in the

fifteenth century, at any rate, there were published more than twice as many editions of the Bible as of the "Imitation." "Leaving aside three Hebrew Bibles," he writes, "Hain records ninety-seven editions of the text of the Latin Bible, and twelve more in which the text is accompanied by commentary,—a total of one hundred and nine Latin Bibles. He also records eleven versions in German, three in the Saxon dialect, four in French, eleven in Italian, one in Spanish, one in Dutch, and two in Bohemian. The total number of fifteenth-century Bibles, still excluding the three in Hebrew, is one hundred and forty-four. Of the 'Imitatio,' Hain notes the existence of fifty-eight editions. Of these, thirty-six gave the Latin text, four were in German, one in the Saxon dialect, four in French, nine in Italian, two in Spanish, and two in Portuguese. Probably his list of the editions of *À Kempis* is not exhaustive; but, then, the omissions in the list of Bibles are probably quite as numerous. There were then one hundred and forty-four editions of the Bible, and fifty-eight editions of the 'Imitation.'" Mr. Axon concludes, "Hain's testimony is decisive that in the fifteenth century the Bible, so far from being a fountain sealed up, was one that flowed much more freely than the rivulet of *À Kempis*."

Notable among the participants in the labors of the Plenary Council now in session at Quebec is Bishop Grouard, of Athabaska. Forty-seven years of a life that has reached the allotted span of three-score and ten he has spent in the far north of Canada,—so far north that, in order to reach Quebec for the opening of the Council, he was obliged to leave home two months beforehand. His long journey was made by steamer, skiff, fishing-smack, and wagon, as well as by the railroad trains of the more settled districts. On his arrival at Winnipeg, he contrasted the luxurious railway coach of the last

stages of his journey with the ox cart in which he first visited Fort Garry away back in 1862.

Apropos of the twelfth International Congress on Alcoholism recently held in England, the London *Catholic Times* observes that there are in particular two means by which the temperance cause may be promoted—the teaching of temperance principles in the schools, and the decrease of the facilities of drinking. Carried to the *n*th power, decreasing the facilities of drinking is Prohibition, the best brand of which is thus discussed by the *True Voice*:

There is one kind of Prohibition that does hold out hope for the future. It is the law of the individual for himself. Each one can be a Prohibitionist as far as it concerns himself, and no one can find fault with him for his views. The State laws may prohibit the sale of intoxicants, but that does not make the individual a total abstainer or even temperate. Until each one becomes an advocate of Prohibition for one, State laws will avail but little in the cause of temperance. The best Prohibitionist is the total abstainer. He puts in practice what others preach, and he does it without the aid of laws and without inflicting his views upon others. We sincerely hope that the number of Catholic total abstainers will increase tenfold within the next ten years.

• From an informative article in which *Rome* discusses what is practically a new programme for the Catholics of France—a programme inaugurated by Pius X. through a letter from the Cardinal Secretary of State,—we quote the following interesting excerpts:

Governments headed by men like Combes, Clemenceau and Briand, and kept on their feet by French Freemasonry, can not expect, and obviously do not even wish, that the Holy See should put a strain on the loyalty of French Catholics to Rome by insisting, in season and out of season, that they should abandon their old political ideals and work with all their might for the Republican form of government in France. All the success that could have been hoped from the intervention of Leo XIII. has been realized before, now, and Pius X. was obliged to take cognizance of a France in which a great number of the very best Catholics in

the country were invincibly opposed to a régime which in their eyes has been associated with misrule and persecution . . .

What the new directions have done for the Royalist parties in France is equally clear. They have received no approval whatever from the Holy See; but their existence has been recognized, and the species of ban that was laid on them by Leo XIII. has been in a certain sense lifted. The Pope does not say to them as he continues to say, if not in words, certainly in fact, to the Catholic Republicans, "Your organizations are blessed and encouraged by the Holy See"; but rather, "The Holy See recognizes your existence, it prescinds from your political theories, it knows that there are numbers of good Catholics in your ranks, and it wishes you to throw all your energy and zeal into the task of defending religion in union with the Catholics of all political parties.

It is practically immaterial to the Church whether France be a republic, a monarchy, an empire, or an autocracy; her concern is to save the souls of the French people.

The moral value of the confessional to society at large has frequently been commented upon by the most serious of non-Catholic, and even infidel, authors who have written on the subject of public morality. In line with the declarations of such writers are these extracts from a work on "Heredity and Morals," by Dr. Scott, a non-Catholic:

The private spiritual and hygienic directions which are given in the "confessional" by men who are usually intelligent and saintly are undoubtedly of great value to certain classes of people who are incapable of judging rightly for themselves. . . .

In fairness to the Roman Church, it must be said to its glory that its women rarely resort to this crime [abortion], the priests giving the soundest of teaching to their parishioners on these vital points. . . .

The Special Committee on criminal abortion believes that if the Protestant clergy would properly present the subject to their congregations, . . . the crime would soon become as rare amongst Protestant as among Catholic women. But these clergy claim to be ignorant on the subject. They must therefore be instructed and urged on to their duties.

It is somewhat surprising, when one stops to think of it, how invariably those

doctrines and policies of the Church which her enemies were wont to reprobate with perfervid indignation, become eventually recognized by those outside the Fold as in the highest degree sane and salutary. The celibacy of the clergy, religion in education, the cult of the Blessed Virgin, prayers for the dead, the confessional,—all are now coming to their own again.

In the course of a paper entitled "Mass in Penal Times in Ireland," read at the recent Eucharistic Congress in Cologne by Father Coleman, O. P., occurs this notable passage:

A pathetic instance of the hardships borne by priests of the time is that of an old Dominican Father who, during the Cromwellian period, had to hire himself out to one of the English planters as a shepherd. Exposed in this occupation to all the vicissitudes of the weather, he completely lost his sight; and then, attired as a common beggar, with a wallet on his back, and led by a little boy, the poor old man, revered as a messenger from God, made his way from house to house, spending the last days of his life hearing the confessions of the people and consoling them in their afflictions.

Another and a remarkable reminder of the faith of the Irish was the announcement in the *Kölnische Volkszeitung* that, on one of the days of the Congress, Mass would be celebrated in the Church of St. Martin, "the old Irish church which was built by Irishmen in the seventh century."

One does not ordinarily look to the daily paper, even the Sunday paper, for counsels of spirituality; but the following, equivalent to such a counsel, is from the *New York Sun*:

Imagine a man who should abstract himself from the world and immerse himself for fifteen minutes every day in "The Imitation of Christ." He might not attain to much of the detachment and mystic joy of the religious, but vulgarity would be washed from him. That reader would be "liberally educated."

Educated, even though practically uninstructed in the "isms" and "ologies" of profane science.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS



The Adventures of Ricardo.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

II.



OW, while the roar of traffic was reverberating through the tunnel-like streets, with their tall buildings, the priests threaded their way along the narrow sidewalk. Presently they came to a bank, where Father Featherstone transacted his business. After it was finished, they prepared to go uptown by the elevated road. A short ride brought them to the parish house, where Father Clements was assistant curate. It was in a populous if not fashionable quarter of the city, the dingy brown-stone rectory having once been the dwelling of a fallen politician who had made and unmade many fortunes, including his own.

They ascended the two long flights of stairs to Father Clements' room, where he threw open the three windows to their utmost expansion; for it was a warm day in early June.

"Good news!" he said, pointing his friend to an easy-chair, while he threw himself on the sofa. "We have three days of vacation together, secure and uninterrupted, unless something unforeseen should occur. Father Dow has kindly offered to do all my work for me while you are here. He's a splendid fellow. You'll see him at dinner."

"You have a very comfortable, not to say luxurious, room here," observed the other, glancing around at the walls papered in sage green, on which hung a few fine engravings of landscapes and sacred subjects; at the solid, leather-cushioned furniture, and splendid bookcases filled with choice literature. A pair of heavy

portières concealed the bed in an alcove. "This is really a fine room," continued the visitor,— "far above the noise of traffic and the rattle and bang of the street cars,—bright, airy, and well-furnished. You are in clover, John."

"Yes, I like it," answered Father John; "though the others prefer the second floor. I don't mind climbing the stairs, and I am fond of the outlook. My father furnished it for me, when he found I wouldn't join the Society. He always hoped for it, you know, even until I was ordained."

"I do not know when I have met any one who has interested me more than that old woman," remarked Father Featherstone, when each had lit a cigar and had been smoking some moments in silence.

"She is a universal benefactor and a living saint," said his friend. "She is constantly performing heroic deeds of charity, while entirely unaware of it. Her heart is full of the milk of human kindness; her soul, of genuine, unobtrusive piety. After God, it is to Mary Callahan that I owe my vocation. She guided and guarded me, without coddling me. My father left me in her charge, with the most perfect confidence that she would take the right kind of care of me, which she did. It was only when I began to go to school that I passed out of Mary's hands. Then she made an unfortunate marriage, to please her only sister, and spent the money she had saved in taking care of a sick and worthless husband. She brought him back to the practice of his religion, however; and for her that reward was exceeding great. Everyone on the street knows and respects her. She is as shrewd as she can be, with all her gentle kindness, and a fine reader of character. Oh, yes, we must go

down to-night and see Mary's menagerie!"

Eight o'clock saw the friends once more on the elevated road. After they left it, Mary's domicile was but a few moments' walk. It was one of many apartments in a large tenement house consisting of one good-sized room and a very small kitchen. The old woman, hearing their footsteps on the stairs, opened the door and met them on the threshold.

"Welcome, Fathers!" she said, her lips and eyes smiling. "I can tell the tread of the priest and the tread of the doctor on the stairs every time. And they're not alike, either."

"What is the difference, Mary?" asked Father John, as they seated themselves.

"Well, there is a difference," she said. "If the doctor is a heavy man, he comes along like a general,—quick enough, but ponderous. If he's young and active, he comes up two steps at a time, and sometimes stumbles at the top. But the priest, be he stout or slender, heavy or light, old or young, has a gentle tread and a measured one that I never mistake. I think it's because of the One he has with him nearly always, praise be to God!"

"I think you are right, Mrs. Callahan," said Father Featherstone.

"She is *always* right," rejoined Father Clements.

The strange priest looked around the room. It was the most comfortable one he had ever seen in a house of the kind,—a bright rug on the floor, shining zinc in front of the polished stove, neat paper on the wall, and cushioned sofas everywhere they could find room. To be sure, the cushions were of cheap stuff, but it was clean and bright.

"You are wondering at my sofas, Father," said Mary, following his glance. "They're my beds at night, you know. I'm awfully sorry. I wanted you both to see my old man and woman, but they both left unexpectedly this afternoon. Queer it was that something made me close up early, and when I got here I found two wagons below,—one from the

infirmary, and the other from the Little Sisters. And here were Sister Paula and Sister John Francis Regis (the queerest-sounding saint I ever heard of, and she's the mildest-mannered woman you ever met), and the old lady ready and starting. But the poor old man with the carbuncle didn't like to leave me at all, the poor creature! And I wouldn't mind either, but he'd have to go some time, and why not now when they came for him? Besides, this hospital isn't for the incurables (I suspect his case is a cancer); and I have an idea of another old man that's coming in for a day or two, waiting for the cataract to be removed from his eye."

"And where do you sleep when your house is full, Mrs. Callahan?" inquired Father Featherstone.

"I have a fine big closet with a window. It used to be a kitchen for the other room, but they don't use it,—the two old bachelors on the other side. They have their meals at some restaurant."

"And the little boy, Mary,—where is he?" asked Father Clements.

"Well, well! I was forgetting all about him, and that's why you came—to talk about him. He's at Mrs. Claney's room, though he's going to sleep here now, while the place is idle. I'll call him in a moment. And, Father John, I may as well tell you first as last that you'll have to get him out of this and into some good home."

"Can't he go to an asylum?"

"Oh, no!" rejoined Mary, with great decision,— "no asylum for him! He's got to be put into some nice Italian family to be adopted; and it's up to you to do it, Father John."

"But, Mary, you know there are very few Italians in my parish. I am not personally acquainted with any of them."

"Oh, you can manage it all right! You'll be as loath as myself to put him in an asylum when you see him. He's a darling, that's what he is; and to put him into an asylum would break his heart."

"Where did you find him, Mary?" asked Father John.

"On the street, with his little bundle in his hand, and he crying fit to drop his eyes out,—not loud, but sobbing so deep and mournful that it would make the tears come to your own eyes."

"What tale did he tell you?"

"No tale at all," replied Mary, severely, thinking she detected a note of incredulity in the tone of the young priest. "He couldn't,—he has no English. All he knows is 'Yes' and 'No'; though he understands some if you talk to him."

"Send him in," said Father Clements. "I'm sure he must be a prodigy, Mary. I never saw you so carried away before."

"And you'll be that yourself, Father John," answered the old woman, opening the door and disappearing into the long corridor, on which opened between twenty and thirty apartments similar to her own.

"This is a very decent, homelike place," remarked Father Featherstone. "And the building is far from squalid."

"It is one of Mr. Bradley's new tenements," replied his friend. "It really looks as though some of our rich men are beginning to realize and alleviate the condition of the poor."

"Mary would make a home out of a cellar," said Father Featherstone.

The door opened again, and, her brown eyes beaming, her whole face irradiated, Mrs. Callahan ushered her protégé into the room. He was indeed a beautiful and remarkable-looking child. Large, soft, dark, appealing eyes looked out from a curtain of long, thick, curling black lashes; above them curved delicately-pencilled brows as dark as the lashes underneath. A mass of wavy brown hair crowned the well-shaped head. The nose, a little large, would later give character to the childish face; the mouth and chin were also strong and firm. The boy's skin was of a delicate olive; his lithe figure was well-knit and compact; and as he crossed the room in front of the visitors, Father Featherstone noticed that his movements were unusually graceful.

"He has probably been with an

acrobatic or dancing troupe," he thought. "He would be a desirable acquisition to such a company."

"Shake hands with the gentlemen—the good priests, Cardo dear," said Mrs. Callahan.

Apparently the boy understood her, or perhaps it was in response to the extended hands that he put out his own.

"'Cardo' did you call him?" asked Father Clements, who had been in Italy for several years. "I do not think I have ever heard that name."

"Yes, I call him that for short. He says it's 'Ree-cardo,' and he showed me the saint he's called after in the calendar. It's the same as Richard."

Then Father Featherstone took both the little hands in his own.

"'Tis just Dick," he replied. "It is my own name, Mrs. Callahan."

The child was smiling and looking up trustfully into the face of the priest.

"You understand me?" he inquired.

"*Si, Padre,*" answered the boy.

The priests placed him between them on one of the sofas, Mrs. Callahan seating herself in a low rocker in front of them.

"Now question him, Father John. You, who lived long in his own country, ought to be able to find out something about his friends and relations."

"I will," replied Father John, and forthwith began to question the boy in the "purest Tuscan," as he said afterward in relating the story to his fellow-curate, Father Dow.

But the child looked up at him blankly, shaking his curly head in a bewildered manner; when suddenly, taking one little brown hand in his, Father Featherstone asked:

"*Hablas Español, Ricardo?*"

The boy answered immediately, with joy in his eyes:

"*Si, mi Padre,—si!*"

"He is a Mexican or Cuban!" exclaimed the young priest, smiling at his companion. "I've got ahead of you this time, Father John; and now I'll have it out with him."

"Go ahead," was the reply; while old Mary beamed upon the group, delighted to know that at last Cardo had found some one whom he could understand and who could speak his own tongue.

Meanwhile Mary and Father Clements withdrew a little apart, and Mary said:

"Isn't it a miracle like, Father John?"

"What, Mary?"

"That, of all times, the young priest should drop down on us when no one knew a word of his language, not even yourself?"

"I know some Spanish," he answered, laughingly. "And if I'd only had time I would have found out what he was; and you needn't be making a miracle of it, Mary."

"Knowing stray words of Spanish wouldn't help much with the Mexican or Cuban language," retorted Mary in the same vein. "What good would talking that language be?"

"It is his own language. The Spanish tongue is spoken in Mexico and Cuba."

"Oh, is it? And when did the young priest learn it?"

"He was down there in Cuba after the war for a year. And now he is stationed in a part of California where a good deal of Spanish is spoken. So he knows it very well."

"'Tis a miracle all the same," protested Mary. "I'll stick to it, and I know something good will come of it for the boy. I've hardly had my Beads out of my hands an hour since he came to me, praying he'd fall into a good home."

"Where did you find him?"

"On the street, as I told you. 'Twas God sent him."

"I hope so."

"But, Father John, your comrade is a great joker, isn't he?"

"Sometimes he jokes, yes. Why do you think so?"

"From his telling me he was two thousand times at the circus."

"It is a fact, Mary."

"And he said he never liked it!"

"That is a fact also."

"Well, there's only one conclusion I can come to concerning that state of affairs."

"What is it, Mary? You are shrewd enough to reach the right one."

"Not demeaning him in the least, nor wishing to, Father John—for he is a fine young levite, God bless him!—there can't be but one answer to that riddle. Somebody kidnapped him from his people when he was a small child and had him going round with the circus till they found him again."

"You're partly right and partly wrong, Mary. Don't you remember the boy I told you about,—the boy that went to school with me, whose grandmother ran away from her home when she was young and married a circus-rider?"

"Yes, I do."

"And how later she met with a young lady who was kind to her, and when the grandmother died she got her father to take the boy into her family?"

"Yes, and he had some misfortunes and he was accused wrongfully, and it was all found out, and him discovered by an old grand-uncle, who took care of him after?"

"Yes, Mary, that is right. And there you see him before you catechising the little fellow."

"The Lord be praised! And so he's a priest now, too?"

"And more than that: the young lady who became a Catholic, as I told you years ago, has become a Sister and is teaching in a convent not far from where Dick—Father Featherstone I ought to call him, perhaps—is stationed."

"Well, well, well! What a tale! And thinking of them two, God forgive me, I thought often maybe they'd be married."

"No, no, nothing of the kind!" said the priest. "There was but one vocation for that boy, and Sister Mary Ambrose is a born nun. I did not know you were so romantic, Mary."

"For the land sake don't tell him!" said

the old woman. "It almost seems like sacrilege now that I even thought of it. And what became of the young lady's father? Was he ever a Catholic?"

"Never, Mary: he died outside the Faith, but we hope within the pale."

"And will Father Featherstone be long here with you, Father John?"

"Only a few days, which we mean to make the most of."

"You'll do that. But what a long time they're talking in that strange lingo! How can either of them understand it at all, Father John?"

The priest replied by a peal of laughter, for which he had to account to Father Featherstone, who joined in his merriment when he heard what Mary had said.

And little Ricardo, looking very happy, pressed closer up to his new friend, who sat with his arm around the little boy's shoulder.

(To be continued.)

Schoolgirls Abroad.

BY S. MARR.

XI.

The story of the Pantheon in Paris is the story of the vicissitudes that France has suffered in the last century and a half. In 1764, the church known as the Pantheon was erected on the ruins of an old edifice dedicated to the honor of St. Genevieve: Clovis and his Queen built the original chapel on this site; Louis XV. raised the present majestic temple. In 1791, the cross was removed by the "Convention," and a pagan bas-relief was substituted. The Pantheon was the new name given the Church of St. Genevieve, which was converted into a sort of hall of fame, or memorial temple for France's "illustrious dead." Mirabeau and Voltaire were the first to be interred here. In 1806, the building was restored to religious uses; in 1830, it was again secularized; in 1851, it was once more

consecrated, only to be seized for military purposes in 1870, when the vaults of the church were used as storage places for ammunition; and it was finally given over to the secular authorities in 1885, when Victor Hugo was buried within its precincts.

The Pantheon is in the form of a Greek cross and is surmounted by a dome. A colonnade of twenty-two fluted Corinthian columns gives it the appearance of a Grecian temple. Under the portico are two significant groups in marble: St. Genevieve imploring Attila to spare Paris, and the Baptism of Clovis by St. Remigius. The interior is unlike other churches because of a colonnade and a gallery-like elevation on each side. The paintings illustrate the religious history of France, and include representations of every phase in the beautiful life of St. Genevieve, the martyrdom of St. Denis, Joan of Arc, St. Louis administering justice, founding the Sorbonne, etc. Because of our acquaintance with the mural decorations in the Boston library, we were especially interested in the works of Puvis de Chavannes in the Pantheon, among them the childhood of St. Genevieve, St. Genevieve watching over besieged Paris, and St. Genevieve bringing provisions to Paris.

From the Pantheon we drove to Père-Lachaise, the famous Parisian cemetery, named after Lachaise, confessor of Louis XIV. It covers about one hundred and ten acres, and is a very crowded City of the Dead. The principal avenue, bordered by cypress trees, leads to a general memorial, titled Monument aux Morts, carved out of a block of limestone, and representing a tomb toward which a multitude presses. We wandered here and there along the narrow walks, noting names we knew or ought to know. Among them were Faure, Thiers, and Marshal Ney; Rosa Bonheur, De Musset, Balzac, Daudet, La Fontaine, and Emile Souvestre; Chopin, Corot, Daubigny, and of course Abelard and Heloise. Pretentious monuments and simple headstones are

neighbors in this quiet place. The roses planted within iron railings that enclose the resting-place of some great man creep out and deck the humble, unmarked grave adjoining. Everywhere are there signs of Catholic faith and hope; the cross is carved in stone, wrought in iron and woven in flowers in Père Lachaise. France is Catholic at heart and always will be.

As we left the cemetery we met a party whom we had encountered three times in our short tour: at a stop near the Vatican, at the Uffizi in Florence, and at the Academy in Venice. Among them were a dear little American lady and her husband, and it was like meeting old friends to see them in Paris. We stopped long enough to exchange a few amusing experiences, and to renew promises of keeping in touch after the summer. Mary's grievance, as told to Mr. and Mrs. W——, was of her disapproval of Paris telephones. The first day at the hotel she saw what she supposed was a telephone; there was a receiver, but no visible mouthpiece, the receiver being attached to a panel of perforated wood. Her tendency to research work, as she called it, led her to investigate; and, taking up the receiver, she heard a response. In dismay, she asked us what she should talk into, whereupon the clerk in the office replied: "Talk to the board." So she asked that a maid be sent to the room. "What is wanted?" persisted the voice.—"To arrange for a bath," was the answer.—"What kind of a bath, large or small?" was the next query, to which Mary told the board, "Large." And lo! before we had finished laughing and comparing our telephones and those used in Paris, a maid announced, "The bath waits."

We spent some interesting hours in the Bon Marché, which we found like some of our large department stores,—not the best ones, however; for Macy's in New York, Marshall Field's in Chicago, and Wanamaker's in Philadelphia, we decided are superior in many ways. We surely

met the World and his wife at the Bon Marché, and they preceded us to the Magasin du Louvre; for there we found a like crowd. This Louvre displays art creations that appeal to many who find little of charm in the Louvre gallery. We indulged in Paris finery, having one eye on our purse and the other on a prospective New York Custom House inspector.

We did not pretend to see a tithe of the art treasures of the Louvre; Aunt Margaret noted a few not to be missed, so we gave our time to getting a general appreciation of the wonderful collection, and a special appreciation of pictures such as Leonardo da Vinci's "Virgin of the Rocks," and his "Mona Lisa"; Raphael's "La Belle Jardinière" and his "St. Michael"; Correggio's "Marriage of St. Catherine"; Titian's "Madonna with the Rabbit"; Murillo's "Immaculate Conception"; representative paintings by Van Dyck, Memling, Rubens, Frans Hals, Teniers, Rembrandt, Gainsborough, Constable and Romney; Poussin, Le Brun, Claude Lorrain, Greuze, Corot, Daubigny, Scheffer, and Millet. We spent hours in the Louvre, and might have spent as many weeks to advantage. The Luxembourg art treasures also called for several visits, but our time-schedule was inexorable.

One thing that impressed us all in our passing study of the art collections in Italy and in France—after Aunt Margaret had called our attention to it—was the fact that the best art has ever been the outcome of religion, and no subject has appealed more to true artists than has our Blessed Lady. We could not help thinking how much those who do not know her or love her lose in the churches and art galleries of Europe. Of course, true art always awakens a certain reverence. Walt Whitman once said: "I could not stand before a Millet picture with my hat on." But there is a higher, nobler reverence than that, and only the Catholic heart truly feels it when before a work of art that has a spiritual significance.

Versailles was the objective point of our sight-seeing one day, and this included the Palace of Versailles, the Grand Trianon, and the Petit Trianon. These three structures in a vast park or series of parks are marvels of beauty and are full of historic interest. The Grand Trianon was built for Madame de Maintenon by Louis XIV.; the Petit Trianon was a favorite resort of Marie Antoinette. The garden adjoining is where this queen played at dairymaid. The Palace of Versailles, with its memories of Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI., is a place to dream in because of its beauty, and to meditate in because of its tragic associations. The royal apartments, with exquisitely ornamented ceilings, tapestried and panelled walls, and furniture especially designed, are magnificent indeed.

The Galerie des Glaces is a miracle of beauty; it is 235 feet long, is lighted by seventeen large windows, opposite which are as many mirrors in Venetian frames. The gilded cornice is a setting for a richly painted ceiling. Another wonderful apartment is the Galerie des Batailles, adorned with thirty-four large paintings of scenes from the history of France, and busts of eighty celebrated men of France who fell in defence of their country. It was with something of sadness that we stood in the gallery from which Louis XVI. and his queen looked upon the mob which clamored for the blood of the royal family. Poor France, never so poor as now, since she has thrown away the crucifix!

The tomb of Napoleon I. is a place of pilgrimage for all visitors to Paris. Under the dome of the church of St. Louis des Invalides, his ashes rest. In the centre of an open circular crypt is a sarcophagus hewn out of a single block of Siberian porphyry; within is an ebony casket containing all that remains of him whose name caused cheeks to blanch and whose power was felt throughout Europe. The pavement of the crypt is of mosaic, repre-

senting a wreath of laurels, while on an inner circle are inscribed the great victories he won for France. Battle-flags, reliefs and statues tell the story of his life. The entrance to the crypt is guarded by soldiers of the Legion of Honor, and they are proud to stand at the great doors made from cannon taken at Austerlitz. From the top of the dome filters down God's light in golden glory upon the high altar and upon the tomb that is at once a monument to Napoleon and a lesson to all who look upon its lonely grandeur.

Fortunately, the relics of forgotten glory do not depress one for long. We felt their impressiveness, but we had experiences in between that kept us normally cheerful. To sit at a dainty table, in front of a *café*, and enjoy an ice, rested us after a strenuous afternoon of sight-seeing; while to hear one of our countrywomen talk of having ordered some "Louis Cart-horse" furniture for her Cincinnati house made us forget even our feet, which is saying a great deal, as any one knows who has spent hours walking in slippery galleries or on the hard mosaic floors of churches. Worth and Laferrière are not to be neglected in a visit to the French capital, and our little party did not neglect them; for just to see superbly graceful models wearing gowns offered at fabulous prices is an object-lesson in itself. Lubin and Pinaud also are an attraction to Americans, and the boxes in which we brought home their wares are yet a fragrant memory of Paris.

The afternoon before our departure we visited the Church of the Sacred Heart, Montmartre. High up over the city this basilica towers, a monument to the faith and piety of the French people, and a constant prayer to God for France. The temple was built by popular subscription; and flags, sodality banners, and other votive offerings tell of pilgrimages from provinces near and remote. The great bell of the church, weighing thirty-two

tons, was the gift of the people of Savoy, and was christened "Savoyarde." There is perpetual exposition of the Blessed Sacrament at the *Sacré Cœur*; and when one looks from the portal of the church over the city, one feels an assured hope that Our Lady will not forget the land that has so honored her and her Divine Son.

That evening—our last in Paris—we determined on a drive in the Bois; and, trusting to the fact that it was an American product, we took with us, unknown to Aunt Margaret, a box of Huyler's that Mary had found in a shop in the Rue Daunou. The box looked antique enough to insure it a place in the Luxembourg; but it was Huyler's, and even Aunt Margaret enjoyed it, after we got to a quiet side road in the Bois. Katherine had hailed the carriage, and it was not until we were on the *Champs Élysée* that we noticed our steed. Horse and driver looked as if they had taken part in the retreat from Moscow. Smart equipages, elegant family carriages, gorgeous automobiles swept by us; but our Pegasus ambled along, with no sign of equine pride in his bony old frame. In vain we urged our driver to take a less public road; unperturbed, he drove on and on, until the humor of it came to the rescue and we leaned back and took our pleasure, not even minding when he stopped to rest the horse opposite the Cascades.

Our last morning in France, we went to the Madeleine to Mass, called at the *Herald* office to see if by any chance there were letters for us, stopped for a fragrant moment at a flower-market (Mary investing in a *boutonnière* for each of us); and then, having exchanged our French francs for English shillings, we took train for Calais. We had seen Paris the beautiful, the fascinating; and when our coin of the Fountain of Trevi brings us again to Rome, we are coming back to Paris.

(To be continued.)

Tiberius and the Jester.

When Augustus died, he left (according to Tacitus) to the Roman people, by way of legacy, 400,000 great sesterces; to the populace, 35,000; to every common soldier of the *Prætorian Guards*, 1000 small sesterces; and to every soldier of the Roman legions, 300. But when Tiberius succeeded to the Empire, he was not so much inclined to give as Augustus was to bequeath, in consequence of which arose the following jest and the severe punishment it entailed.

A jester, seeing a dead body being carried to the grave, accosted the bier, and, pretending to whisper in the ear of the deceased, spoke aloud: "Remember to let Augustus know that the legacies which he left to the people are not paid." This pleasantry having come to the ears of Tiberius, the jester was commanded to be brought before him; and the Emperor, having paid him his legacy, caused him to be immediately put to death, telling him that he should go to Augustus, since he could "give him fresher accounts than the man just deceased."

The Baptistry.

In the early ages of the Church, the Sacrament of Baptism was solemnly administered in a building separate from the church proper and called baptistry. The Latin word *baptisterium* was originally applied to a pool, a basin, or some other place for bathing; and when adopted by Christians it at first denoted indifferently the baptismal font and the building in which the font was placed. Later on, it referred to the building alone; and, still later, to that part of the church proper set apart for the administering of Baptism. The earliest type of baptistry extant is to be found in the catacomb chambers, in which were situated the baptismal pools.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Thomas à Becket," by Mgr. Demimuid, is a new volume of "The Saints" Series, published by Duckworth & Co.

—All who have read "The Lady of the Decoration" will be glad to hear that the author has written a new book. "Little Sister Snow" is its title, and it will appear next month.

—The Very Rev. C. H. McKenna, O. P., has compiled, for the use of Tertiaries of St. Dominic's Third Order of Penance, the "Dominican Tertiaries' Guide." It is a compact, neatly bound volume of 425 pages, containing all the usual features of a good prayer-book, and in addition such devotions as are peculiar to those for whom it is specifically designed. The Rosary Press Company, Somerset, Ohio.

—From Dunedin, New Zealand, there comes to us a stout pamphlet of 200 pages, "Secular versus Religious Education: A Discussion," edited by the Rev. Dr. Cleary, of the *New Zealand Tablet*. The discussion was carried on in the columns of the *Otago Daily Times* (Dunedin), a non-Catholic journal, and the major part of the pamphlet consists of Dr. Cleary's contributions thereto. We have read the arguments with much interest—and incidental profit. Many of them are as applicable in this country as at the Antipodes. The discussion was conducted, by the way, as one between Catholics on the one side, and, on the other, Christian (*not* agnostic or materialistic) advocates of the exclusion of religion from the State system of public instruction. An attentive perusal of the pamphlet will justify, in the mind of the reader, the discriminating eulogies prompted a few months ago by the author's reception of the doctor's degree from Rome.

—The crowding of the school curriculum with a multitude of useless studies, and the phonetic spelling fad, have resulted in a generation of perverse spellers. It is estimated that not one educated man in a thousand, or one educated woman in—we had better say some hundreds, can be trusted to write common words like "separate," "privilege," and "reminiscence" without consulting a dictionary. In a statistical analysis of the spelling of his students, Professor William B. Bailey, of Yale, makes some startling revelations. Of 171 essays written by seniors and juniors, only 25 were orthographically correct, while 14 per cent contained each ten or more misspelled words, and one heterographic

genius achieved 31 mistakes of this sort. There were as many as 443 misspellings in all. Apropos of these revelations, the editor of the *Dial* observes: "Certainly the later years of a course in a great university are not the occasion for remedying the deficiencies of elementary studies in the common schools. Ill fares the school, to latest fads a prey, where courses multiply and the Three R's decay."

—"The Mistaken Master not Mistaken," a pamphlet by the Rev. M. J. Murphy, S. T. B., O. S. A., is a by-product of Harold Bolce's much-discussed papers in the *Cosmopolitan*. In one of those papers, a professor of philosophy in the University of Michigan was stated to have said that "when the Master, as recorded in the second chapter of Mark, and twenty-sixth verse, quoted from the ancient Scriptures, He cited the wrong high-priest." This pamphlet clearly shows that it was the Michigan professor, not "the Master," who made the mistake.

—Those who like their fiction in large doses, and are, moreover, partial to the specific brand of intellectual pabulum furnished by Mr. Hall Caine, will have little fault to find with "The White Prophet" (D. Appleton & Company). The book is 613 pages long, and is neither so much better nor so much worse than Mr. Caine's previous novels as to occasion surprise, agreeable or the reverse. The story is one of Anglo-Egyptian policy and politics, considerably involved at times, and rather unnecessarily protracted. The title-hero, Ishmael Ameer, bids fair to develop into a veritable Mahdi, but is saved from that culmination. The author's delineation of this "prophet" suggests the thought that he has been struck by the rationalistic explanation of the character of Christ given by those who deny Our Lord's divinity; and the resemblance between portions of Ishmael's career and that of our Saviour (even to the raising of a dead child to life) detracts from rather than enhances such artistic value as the book possesses. The publishers have brought out the work in their usual admirable manner, and R. Caton Woodville has supplied eight good illustrations.

—Among the most interesting contributions to the Tennyson centenary celebration are the personal recollections of him by Colonel T. W. Higginson, who visited Farringdon in 1872. He has conscientiously refrained heretofore from publishing an account of the event, by reason of an assurance he had given the poet that he

had not come for the purpose of gathering literary material. The narrative is presented in the *Boston Transcript*. Mr. Higginson describes the laureate as "the very most un-English looking man" he had yet encountered, and adds: "He was tall, high-shouldered, careless in dress and in attitude, yet most striking and commanding in figure. With an unusually high and dome-like forehead, he had beneath it brilliant black eyes and tangled grayish hair and beard, which, as I find recorded in my diary, 'gave him the air of a partially reformed Corsican bandit or else an imperfectly secularized Carmelite monk rather than that of a decorous and well-groomed English citizen.'" After a momentary dissatisfaction at failing to persuade his visitor to smoke with him in his study, the host led the way to the garden, where the two "sat down beneath a large tree, and he talked quite freely about his own books, reciting little passages here and there. He reminded me," says Colonel Higginson, "of descriptions of Wordsworth, whom I had never seen; that is, of a man rather too isolated in his daily life and too much absorbed in his own fancies. I observed that, when speaking of other men, he would mention as an important trait in their characters the fact whether they liked his poems or not." Tenyson had weaknesses and unamiable failings, no doubt; but the statement, so often repeated in literary circles, that "a strong vein of coarseness belonged to the very nature of the man" is declared to be unwarranted by some who knew him intimately.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Cousin Sara." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.50.
- "A Garland of Pansies." George Mark Jameson. 30 cts.
- "The King and the Cats." John Hannon. \$1.
- "Humble Victims." François Veuillot. \$1.10.
- "The Life of Ven. Father Colin." \$1.25.
- "Ceremonies of Low Mass." Felix Zualdi, C. M. \$1.25.

- "Holy Water and Its Significance for Catholics." Father Theiller, S. O. Cist. 50 cts.
- "The Book of the Lily, and Other Verses." A Sister of the Holy Cross. \$1, net.
- "An Impeached Nation; Being a Study of Irish Outrages." Henry W. Cleary, D. D. 4s. 6d.
- "The Duchess's Baby." Sophie Maude. \$1.
- "Report of the Nineteenth Eucharistic Congress. Held at Westminster." \$1.75.
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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Thomas Joynt and Rev. Joseph Culkowski, of the diocese of Hartford; Rev. William Boex and Rev. Leopold Bushart, S. J.

Brother John of the Cross, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Sister M. de Pazzi, of the Order of Mercy.

Mr. Robert Rutledge, Mrs. Thomas F. Dean, Mr. John Dynan, Mrs. Elizabeth Hollinger, Mr. J. Doran, Miss Alice Mason, Mr. Peter F. Boyle, Mr. William Black, Mrs. Catherine Sheehan, Mrs. Elizabeth Shaw, Mr. Michael L. Hart, Mr. H. C. Hamilton, Mrs. Catherine Daguin, Mr. Charles Burkhardt, Mr. Henry J. Papke, Miss Mary Driscoll, and Mr. John Cagney.

Requiescant in pace!





MOTHER OF SORROWS.
(From an Old Print.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXIX. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 18, 1909. NO. 12

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In Nazareth.

BY MARY KENNEDY.

HOW cooling the winds are that sweep o'er
you, Nazareth!

How vivid the blue of the Palestine skies!
What beauteous anemones bloom by the way-
side!

Your youths hold what splendor of truth in
their eyes!

What artist can picture the morns you give
birth to!

What brilliance can equal your sunsets of gold!
What singer can rival the notes of your warblers!

O wonderful Nazareth, what mem'ries you
hold!

And fain would I think that the breeze sweeping
o'er you

Has in it the breath of the Mother of God;
The blue of your heavens is but the reflection
Of the Maid-Mother's eyes, the child of your
sod.

And fain would I think the anemone fragrance
Is perfume that stole from her radiant hair;
That the marvellous tints of your dawns and
your twilights

Are gold of her tresses that sought refuge
there.

And fain would I dream that the songs of your
warblers

Are echoes of lullabies sung to her Child;
The innocent eyes of your own beloved children
Are purer for reason of Mary so mild.

O fairest of cities, O wonderful Nazareth,
How blessed your name for the story that's
told

In sunsets and breezes and fragrance of flower!
O City of Mary, what beauties you hold!

The Materials of the Holy House of Loreto.

BY THE RT. REV. ALEXANDER MACDONALD.



SINCE the appearance of his now
widely known "Notre Dame de
Lorette," Canon Ulysses Chev-
alier has written, in reference
to the materials of the Holy House of
Loreto, as follows. I quote his words from
the *Catholic Fortnightly Review*:

"If it be proved that the materials
from which the Santa Casa is constructed
come from quarries in the neighborhood
of Loreto, it is superfluous to discuss the
subject of the destruction or permanence
of the Holy House at Nazareth. Beginning
in the month of July, 1905, Dr. Schäfer,
of the Institute of the Görresgesellschaft,
examined the walls of the Chapel of Loreto,
in behalf of Dr. Hüffer, and decided
absolutely against the legend. Now the
Marquis Nembrini Gonzaga has proceeded
to a new verification on the spot, with the
following results. First of all, the state-
ment, reiterated by the defenders of the
legend, that there are no stone quarries
in the environs of Loreto is false, since
Monte Conero, a few miles distant, con-
tains many of them; and from the
materials obtained there the towns of
Ancona, Recanati, and Loreto itself were
paved. From these same materials the
houses all along the seaboard of the prov-
ince of the Marches have been built,—
at Poggio, Sirolo, Umana, etc.

"Walking recently through the building
sheds of the Humberto Primo Hospital,

now in course of construction at Ancona, Marquis Nembrini Gonzaga was struck with the remarkable resemblance between the stones cut for the edifice and those of the Holy House at Loreto, which he had just examined attentively. Here was the same reddish color which has deceived so many people since Suriano into thinking that the Holy House was built of brick. Here also was the same very fine grain; and, a feature even more characteristic, the stones were naturally cut in the form of irregular parallelepipeds, like those seen at Loreto. A chemical analysis of this stone has been taken by Dr. M. Casseti,* who finds it to be composed of carbonate of chalk, carbonate of magnesia, and ferruginous clay. This agrees with the analysis of the material of the Holy House, made in 1857 by Professor Ratti, on behalf of Cardinal Bartolini."

This seems decisive. But I am in a position to affirm, from knowledge based on personal investigation, (1) that the materials of which the Holy House of Loreto is built are of Palestinian origin; and (2) that the stone taken from the quarries at Monte Conero, though, equally with the stone in the walls of the Holy House, of the species known as limestone, yet, in its physical characteristics, is altogether different from the stone of the Holy House.

About the middle of last January, just before leaving Rome to visit the Holy Land, I went to Loreto for the express purpose of examining the Santa Casa. I found the walls to be of stone for the first ten feet or so, beyond which they appeared to be largely of brick. The stone is in the form of brick, but very irregular in size, varying in length, and varying much more in thickness,—some of the stones being several inches thick, and some few not much more than an inch. It is very hard and very compact, of a reddish yellow color, and remarkably fine

grain. These are its distinctive physical qualities, and to me they served to mark it off from any stone I had seen elsewhere up to that time.

Some two weeks later I was in Jerusalem, and from thence went to many parts of the hill country of Judea. But though little else except stone is to be seen there, I could see none that closely resembled the stone of the Holy House. Shortly after, I went to Nazareth, and there for the first time came upon the object of my quest. I have now in my possession specimens of stone from Nazareth, picked up near the Russian High School, and taken, by kind permission of the Father Guardian of the Franciscans, from the upper grotto, supposed by some to have been the Virgin's kitchen, which are absolutely identical, in all the physical characteristics above described, with the stone in the walls of the Holy House at Loreto.

The upper grotto, I may remark in passing, is, like the lower one, hollowed out of the soft whitish limestone of the hill. On entering, you see in the opposite wall, inserted no one knows when, a reddish yellow stone in the form of a cross. As soon as I set eyes on it, I said to my companion, who had been with me at Loreto: "That is the stone of the Holy House." Closer inspection served but to confirm the first impression. There was the same fine grain, the same compactness and almost flinty hardness, the selfsame color. I have now before me as I write, a copy of the report published in Washington nine years ago by Father Benedict Vlainck, O. F. M., concerning excavations made by him in and around the sanctuary at Nazareth. Of the stone in question he observes, in a footnote: "This stone, called at Nazareth *sultani*, is identical with the stone used in the construction of the Holy House."

In and about Nazareth there are to be found two kinds of limestone. One, quite soft, of whitish color and of somewhat coarse grain, is known to the Arabs as

* "Appunti Geologici del Monte Conero Presso Ancona," Roma, 1905.

"nahari"; the other, very hard, of very fine grain, and of a blended white and yellow color, is known as "jabes." Of this latter the stone called "sultani" is a variety, differing only in color, which is a yellow mixed with red. This color it takes from its environment. Where the soil is red, the stone assumes a reddish tinge. About two miles beyond Nazareth, on the way to Mount Thabor, we passed through a field where the soil was a dark red, and the stone, which was very plentiful, as it is in all parts of Palestine, was of the yellowish red color now so often referred to. It was identically the same as the stone in the form of a cross placed in the wall of the upper grotto, and I said to my companion: "Here are plenty of the stones of which the Holy House is made." But I noticed in many of these stones little round holes, of about the size of one's finger, where a softer substance had worn away in course of time. I had not observed these holes in the stones of the Holy House at Loreto, and this gave me pause. After my return to Rome, however, I went a second time to Loreto and examined more closely the walls of the Holy House. I found not only that the stones were identical in all physical qualities (in hardness and compactness, fineness of grain, and color) with the stones I had brought from Nazareth, but also that in several of them there were the same little holes I had noticed in the stones of the field near Nazareth. I may add that the stones in the walls of the Holy House appear, from their smallness and lack of uniformity in size, to be field stones, or, at any rate, stones from the thinner layers of a quarry near the surface.

I am neither chemist nor mineralogist, but one need not be the one or the other to attest the identity of the stone of Nazareth with the stone of the Holy House. One need only have eyes to see and hands to feel. There are some things that are quite evident to one's senses without the aid of physical or chemical

experiment; and the identity of the stone I brought from Nazareth with the stone in the walls of the Holy House of Loreto was quite evident to my senses,—so evident that I simply could not doubt it.

On my second visit to Loreto, I drove to Monte Conero, in company with Signor Avvocato Pietro Gianuzzi, archivist of the Santa Casa, appointed by the Italian Government. I had asked him if it was true, as the Marquis Nembrini Gonzaga had stated, that stones of the same kind as those of the Holy House were to be found in the quarries of Monte Conero, and he had said "No." But he had never been there, and wished to see for himself. (I may remark here that the quarries in question can hardly be said to be in the environs of Loreto; for they are twelve or fifteen miles distant, and difficult of access.) We went first to Umana, a little town at the foot of Monte Conero, and there were fortunate enough to meet the man who quarried the stone up on the mountain. The quarries are on the mountain-top, and the stones are rolled down the steep slope to the seashore, whence they are carried in boats. I showed the quarryman some samples of the stone from Nazareth that I had with me, and asked him if such stone was to be found in his quarries. He first answered in the affirmative. But, on bringing some specimens, and setting them side by side with those that I had, he himself saw at once and freely owned that the stone was not the same.

I have now in my possession samples of the stone he brought. It is much less compact than the stone of Nazareth and of the Holy House, of a coarser grain, and the color is whitish, or of a rose-red tinge. One has only to apply the senses of sight and touch to note at once the difference between the two kinds of stone. Chemically considered, they are no doubt the same; for both are limestone, and chemical analysis of the limestone of any part of the globe will yield about the same results. But the physical qualities

are quite different; and this difference is due, as already said, to difference of environment.

Farther up the mountain, in the town of Sirolo, we found, in the wall of one of the houses, stone much more compact and of finer grain than that taken from the quarries. But the color was whitish; and the "weathering" of it, as geologists term it, was quite different from that of the stone of Nazareth, as may be seen from the specimen of it that lies before me. In Sirolo also we saw a very old house, which my friend the archivist, judging by the style of it, thought might be of the fourteenth century; for it was of the fourteenth-century style. But it was made wholly of brick, which goes to show that even up the slope of Monte Conero, near the quarries which exist to-day, houses were built, not of stone but of brick, later than the time when the Holy House is said to have come to Loreto.

Not only is the stone of the Holy House Palestinian, but the mortar is also. This was shown some fifty years ago by Monsignor (afterward Cardinal) Bartolini, who got some of the mortar analyzed by Professor Ratti, of the Sapienza. It was found to consist of soft white limestone mixed with small bits of charcoal. Now, charcoal is mixed with the mortar in Palestine, but not in Italy—not anywhere in Europe, so Signor Gianuzzi assured me. He also told me that he was present himself when Dr. Schäfer made the examination of the walls of the Holy House spoken of by Canon Chevalier, and that he saw with his own eyes the tiny bits of charcoal in the mortar.

As both the stone and mortar of the House are Palestinian, it follows that the whole fabric must have come from Palestine. That it was not built on the spot where it stands to-day, and where it has stood for more than six centuries, appears also from the character of the building itself. It is plainly an ancient structure, of rude workmanship, and stands without

foundations on what was once a public road, as is attested by authentic papers now in the archives of Loreto. There was a church of St. Mary of Loreto *in fundo Laureti* long before 1294, the traditional date of the miraculous translation. But it was a parish church, having, as an ancient document still extant shows, "its meadows, its pastures, its water-mills, its parishioners." It was situated, not on the high hill where stands the Holy House, but in the plain near the river, as the cited words clearly imply; it was not a shrine nor a place of pilgrimage, nor is there the least trace of any pilgrimage to Loreto till the opening years of the fourteenth century, when all of a sudden the shrine now known as the Holy House comes into prominence. In 1313 it was plundered of its votive offerings by a band of Ghibellines, and a document that has come down to us contains the sentence that was passed upon them two years later. About the time of its first appearance on the hill of Loreto, it was encased in walls of brick, as Teremanus relates, and as we gather also from the testimony of Jacques le Saigne, cited by Canon Chevalier at pages 287-290 of his book; for Le Saigne was at Loreto just before the old brick walls were pulled down in 1518 to make way for the beautiful casing of marble that now encloses the Holy House.

All this serves to bear out the conclusion that the House was not built on the spot. It must have been old and frail-looking when it first appeared on the hill of Loreto, else it would not have been encased in walls of brick. On the other hand, at the date of its first appearance there (about the end of the thirteenth century or beginning of the fourteenth) houses in the district of Loreto, and even on the slopes of Monte Conero, as we have seen, were made, not of stone but of brick, as was also the casing built round the Holy House itself at that time.

I have said that I am neither chemist nor mineralogist. But one who was a

distinguished chemist and mineralogist, Professor Faller, of the University of Oxford, did, in 1858, subject to scientific tests the materials of the Holy House at Loreto, and, within the same year, the stone and mortar used in building at Nazareth, with the result that he became a convert to the Church. Father Alphonsus Mary Ratisbonne, the Jew who was converted in the church of Sant' Andrea delle Fratte, Rome, by an apparition of the Blessed Virgin, tells the story of Professor Faller's investigations and subsequent conversion, in the *Annals of the Mission of Our Lady of Sion*.* I quote the concluding words:

"Translation of a soul from the region of pride and darkness to that of humility and light. A new miracle,—a miracle, though diverse, as striking as that of the translation of the Holy House. After having made his abjuration in the sanctuary itself of Nazareth, the Rev. Doctor Faller came to Jerusalem, where for some months he served my Mass. Now some one else serves his Mass, for he is a Catholic priest in England."

I, who have examined on the spot the walls of the Holy House of Loreto and the stone in and about Nazareth, can realize the cogency of the evidence that brought conviction to Professor Faller's mind and led to his conversion. "Touch and see" is a test of identity commended in the Gospel. I have touched and I have seen the stone of Nazareth, and I testify that it is identical with the stone of the Holy House; I have touched and I have seen stone taken from the quarries of Monte Conero, and I testify that it is not identical with the stone of the Holy House.

* Vol. iv, n. 10, 1858.

THE Mother of God is our Mother; the Mother of Him in whom alone we hope and whom alone we fear, is our Mother; the Mother of Him who alone can save or destroy is our Mother.

Monica's Victory.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

VII.

WHEN Angela saw Ladurn follow Monica, and immediately afterward heard the tramp of the Swedish horsemen, she became alarmed for her friend, and begged her father to call the neighbors to help her should she need succor. The request was soon made, and eagerly responded to.

When the villagers saw that only two soldiers had come, they were not afraid to venture out of their houses; and, finding that those two had separated, their angry feelings got the upper-hand, and Rolf the ensign was surrounded by a few men and a crowd of women, who poured forth reproaches and execrations upon him as he waited in the road with the horses. And when his captain's call fell on his ear, he in vain endeavored to get free from the hostile circle formed around him.

At the same time the attention of his besiegers was diverted, by the sound of voices, to what was passing in the lane; and when they saw the mayor's daughter pressed hard by the officer, they were almost maddened with rage. In fact, Hedberg, bold as he was, felt a little uneasy when the angry women surged up round him, screaming and gesticulating; he recognized the impossibility of carrying off the coveted beauty by force, and ground his teeth in impotent fury.

"It will do you no good," he whispered hoarsely to Monica. "I will have you yet. The whole village shall pay for your obstinacy. Every house shall be a torch to illumine our bridal night." Then, raising his voice so that the others should hear, he added: "I promise you that before sunset to-morrow there shall not be one house standing in Alsdorf. There shall

be no more peace for you. You shall suffer in life and limb; all you possess shall become the property of the conqueror. We shall see each other again, Monica."

The girl met his eyes unflinchingly; her features were lighted up with joy. For the present at least she was free, and before the Swedes came again many things might happen.

The terrible threat had, however, taken effect on the bystanders. The nearest fell back involuntarily, thus making space for Rolf to bring up the horses. The captain sprang into the saddle and put spurs to his horse, crying:

"Forward, Ensign! Let those who do not give way be ridden down."

The chargers reared and plunged, the terrified villagers made way, and the two invaders galloped down the street at a furious pace.

A momentary lull followed. Then the silence was broken by bitter wailing and lamentations. The old shepherd Michael had received a severe blow on the back of his head, and lay on the threshold of the nearest house, bleeding profusely from the wound.

Confused cries arose:

"The devils that they are, we ought not to have let them go!"

"Now they will fetch their comrades, as bad as themselves, and set all our cottages on fire."

"Why did we not pull them off their horses and serve them as they served us, the scoundrels?"

"We will do so!" Monica exclaimed excitedly. "We will trample them under foot rather than let them carry us off to their camp and treat us like the offscouring of the streets. They shall not desecrate our churches any more, and bring misery into all our homes."

The girl said these words proudly and confidently; then stooping over the shepherd, she endeavored to bind up his wound as well as she could, saying at the same time:

"Never mind, Michael! For every drop of your blood theirs shall flow."

The injured man opened his eyes and murmured:

"What do you mean, Monica? Our men are all away, and you women can do absolutely nothing."

"We will act for the absent. When the men come back, they shall find our dear country clear of these Swedish scoundrels. We are all of one mind: better death than dishonor."

"You can do nothing," he repeated faintly. "Where a dragoon falls a musketeer springs up. These Swedes are doubly-armed with sword and gun; they are invincible."

"Valor and trust in God are better weapons than steel and shot. Feeble instruments often work wonders," the girl replied.

Monica's words were taken up and repeated as if they were an assurance of succor. Her enthusiasm communicated itself to all who were present; the cry, "Death to the thieves and murderers!" resounded on every side. All the men and some of the women drew out and brandished aloft the long clasp-knives which at that time most of the mountaineers were accustomed to wear hanging from their belts.

During a brief pause which followed, a woman's voice was heard singing, to a plaintive melody, the last stanza of a patriotic hymn against the Swedes:

By weakest means the God of might
Can put the strongest force to flight.
Let Him but speak, of hosts the Lord,
And armies vanish at His word.

The singer was a quiet, shy girl, who was engaged to a stalwart young forester. On the eve of their marriage, he joined the Austrian army as a volunteer, and was cut down by a Swedish dragoon. Since the destruction of her happiness, Margaret had been a prey to melancholia, and was possessed by one idea—that her hand was destined to wreak vengeance on the enemy for her lover's death.

The words sung by the otherwise timid, silent girl seemed like a message from Heaven. Monica determined to take advantage of the impression made on her countrywomen, and to strike while the iron was hot.

"We will go and drive out the invaders before they come back to our village!" she cried.

Amid the uproar and confusion that ensued, an authoritative voice was heard commanding silence. It was that of the aged priest, who, with uplifted hand, spoke thus to the excited multitude:

"Listen to me, my children. I am a man of peace, yet I would fain see the impious enemy driven out of our land at the point of the sword. But it ill becomes women to fight and shed blood; it is the task of the sterner sex to take up arms in defence of the fatherland, of the Emperor. Were it not that, unfortunately, our sons and brothers are all absent on military service or on the mountains, I would forbid you, my daughters, to entertain so warlike a design as marching against the Swedes. Women have, I must acknowledge, been instrumental in God's hand in delivering their country. Witness Judith, who went alone into the hostile camp. But we durst not imitate such exceptional conduct. Yet we read in Holy Scripture that 'the wicked fleeth when no man pursueth'; and in the annals of war we sometimes read of victory won without striking a single blow. Who knows but that, if it be God's will, this may be the case with you? Go, then, my daughters; arm yourselves if you will, but strike not unless forced to do so in self-defence. And the Lord of hosts be with you! I give you my blessing, and will pray constantly for your success."

These words decided the matter. In vain the mayor implored his daughter and the other women to desist from their unwomanly purpose, to wait at least until the enemy should return to the village; in vain he warned them that they were but courting the danger they desired to

avert; that it was folly to imagine they could inspire veteran warriors with fear. His words were unheeded. Maids and matrons alike turned a deaf ear to the dictates of prudence. They refused to allow the few old men to accompany them, bidding them remain to guard their homes as best they could, and to protect their children should the expedition prove unsuccessful.

All who were to take part in the expedition hastened to attire themselves in their Sunday garments—the picturesque national costume of the Tyrol. Over all they donned a white apron and an embroidered belt.

When Monica found herself alone in her room, her valor suddenly deserted her; the timidity natural to her sex asserted itself; momentarily her heart failed her. Had she overrated her powers? Was that right which she proposed to do, which she had urged others to do? Tortured with doubt and hesitation, she threw herself on her knees before a statue of the Blessed Virgin, and besought of her a sign from Heaven. At that instant she heard a man's voice below singing in low tones:

In God a fortress strong we see;
His sword our sure defence will be.

The voice was that of a cripple on whom her father had taken compassion,—a young man whose legs had been fractured by a shot from a Swedish musket. The words revived Monica's courage. She rose up and dressed quickly. As she descended the stairs the clock struck eleven,—the hour when the Amazons were to meet in the church. The worst trial was still before her,—bidding her aged father farewell. Who could tell whether they should meet again? Tears ran down the good man's wrinkled cheeks as he gave his beloved daughter his blessing. As she crossed the courtyard, the crippled youth limped forward with a lance he had been sharpening, begging her to take it and revenge his injuries on the enemy.

The adjacent villages had sent their quota of feminine combatants, and the church was filled to overflowing. The white-haired priest commended them to the merciful protection of Heaven in the hour of peril before them, adding a fervent prayer for the destruction of the enemies of the land and of Holy Church as Pharaoh's warriors were destroyed in the Red Sea. All knelt to receive his blessing. Then they rose up and set out on their way, animated by strange, vague hopes and purposes, but above all by confidence in the guidance and guardianship of the Most High God.

(To be continued.)

Sir Stephen de Vere.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

VII.

FROM 1854 to 1881 is a long term; this world progressed greatly within the time; humanity grew intensely civilized, and, as was fitting, had come to watch jealously over cruelty to animals. But within that period emigration does not seem to have improved much in detail, so far at least as the steerage was concerned. We quote the most authoritative Irish witness on this matter, Miss Charlotte G. O'Brien, the daughter of William Smith O'Brien. In a private letter to the present writer, dated June 8, 1881, she says regarding emigration:

"If you could know what I read to-day! Papers Mr. W. sent me. They would make your hair stand on end. I have asked him to send copies to the bishops. We may be able (even if the English Government will not help us) to move the American Government, where Irishmen are powerful. . . . *You see, the ships ply under both English and American law*; so, practically, whichever law is the stricter is the one they must work under [that is, the ships could be prosecuted under the stricter law]. My [public] letter was only

a shadow of a shade to the brutalities which Mr. W. has been the means of revealing. I have sent them on to Father B., and I have been urging him to throw his whole strength into this matter."

* In the same month she writes:

"I must tell you of my downfall. The — Line was true about the beds being divided, and I was not; that is the answer of the emigrant girls. But at the same time they confirm the main question—that 142 men, women (married and single), and children were in the same room. I am apologizing to them [the — Line] publicly. I can't but feel glad that in one way it makes a great clearance of a cloud of falsehood. That is good."

And on the 23d of the same month:

"I send you three letters. You see, we must go down to the coarsest details, before these men will believe what is before their eyes. I have since sent in several unmistakable letters. The worst, a most fearful letter, is about the sister-ship to the —. It goes straight to the heart of the matter,—describes actual scenes. I sent it to Archbishop Croke, and begged him to make the priest take this man's deposition before witnesses. The letter is so bad, I should be afraid to put it forward unsupported by a sworn deposition. A former officer on that Line is a principal officer on Board of Trade. There is the explanation of all my difficulties.* I have written to an officer on the — Line, saying to him: 'You asked me to send you emigrants' letters about your Line. I have one now so awful I can not send it to you. If Mr. N. does not make this reform, I have members in [the Houses of] Lords and Commons determined to go on with this matter; and twenty American papers will print requests for information. Every priest in Ireland is stirring. Use your influence

* The duty of inspecting vessels going to sea lies in the hands of the Board of Trade in the British Empire. There lay the vulnerable point of the whole emigrant system. Laws were splendid, but inspection bad.—R. O'K.

to make this change quietly, or every scrap of information I receive shall come before the public.' I think the Line will. It is their interest to work with me, not against me."

We go back to the Forties and Fifties of the last century. The numbers that in those years left Ireland were appalling. There was then no strong public opinion to draw attention to the criminality of emigrant ships; there were charitable societies and charitably-disposed individuals on the embarking and landing shores, but there were not then the strongly-banded and vigilant friendly companies that, especially in the United States, afterward sprang up. And if in the broad daylight of the Eighties the American and British laws might be so evaded, with all those advantages to boot, what might not be supposed to have happened in the terrible gloom of the famine days, and from that to the year 1881, when, under the hands of Miss O'Brien, a permanent reform took place.

By good fortune, very interesting figures and statistics are available for 1905 and 1906, which have been available for no previous year. In order to lead up to them, we ask the famous "Three Questions" of M. de Beaumont, the eminent French writer on emigration: (1) To what extent ought emigration be carried out so as to effect a material change? (2) Would it be possible to carry it out to that extent? (3) Would such, if practicable, be a final solution?

There is no doubt that Sir Stephen de Vere looked to emigration as a remedy, and the only practicable remedy. Clear proof of this is to be found not only all through Mr. A. de Vere's "Recollections,"* but is laid down as a truth self-evident, and for ignorance of which other people are pitied. "A remedy for this [surplus population and consequent misery] must

have begun with emigration to the colonies, where aids, both before and after their arrival, should have been provided for the early settlers."

It has been asked how many of the "surplus population" should be emigrated, in order to create a vacuum of such extent as would enable the remainder to live in comfort. The number of 2,000,000 was suggested,—that is to say, every fourth person of the then census. A great friend of Mr. de Vere's, Mr. John Godley, brought forward a scheme which ran: (1) a million and a half of Irish emigrants to be located in a settlement to be made in Canada with the assistance of the State. (2) From the first, a religious provision was to be made for them and their pastors. (3) To help the emigrants to settle on the land, "aids to location" were to be provided. (4) The enterprise was to be under the management of a "joint-stock company," entitled "The Irish-Canadian Company." (5) The government was to lend a certain sum in aid of this scheme. Unfortunately, it was opposed both by the government and Sir Robert Peel and rejected by Parliament."*

Let us suppose that Mr. Godley succeeded in convincing Parliament, would the remedy have been successful? Two men—M. de Beaumont, a Frenchman, and Jonathan Pim, of the Dublin Society of Friends,—answered it immediately in 1848; and the figures I shall presently give will prove whether they were right or not. They both answered decidedly that it would not be an effectual remedy. In impressive language, M. de Beaumont finishes the argument:

"Open the annals of Ireland; . . . calculate the number of souls that perished in the religious wars; count the thousands of Irishmen that fell under the sword of Cromwell; to all that the victor massacred in Ireland, add the myriads that he transported; think of the hundreds of thousands who sank under famine, the

* Page 9. See also the whole chapter on "The Great Irish Famine," and part of the chapter treating of "Political Changes between 1848 and 1895."

* "Recollections."

number of whom exceeded in one year [1740] forty thousand; do not forget the thousands carried off by the plague and national wars; take into account those who died of sickness and misery; do not overlook the [formerly] considerable number who yearly died by the hand of the executioner; in fine, to this add the twenty-five or thirty thousand individuals who emigrate from the country every year; and when, having laid down these facts, you look for their consequences—when in the midst of these different crises you see Ireland always and at all times the same, always equally wretched, and always crammed with paupers; ever bearing about with her the same hideous and deep wounds,—you will then recognize that the miseries of Ireland do not arise from the number of her inhabitants; you will conclude that it is in the nature of her social condition to generate unmitigated indigence and dire distress; that, supposing millions of poor were swept out of Ireland by a stroke of magic, others would be seen rising up in abundance out of a wellspring of misery which is never dried up; and that thus the fault does not lie in the number of her population, but in the institutions in force in the country.”*

Now, from the year 1831 to 1861, there emigrated from Ireland about three million one hundred thousand. That ought to have given “verge and room enough.” It was twice as much as the advocates of emigration were calling for. In 1841, the population was 8,196,597; in 1851—6,574,278; in 1861—5,798,564; in 1871—5,412,377; in 1881—5,174,836; in 1891—4,704,750; in 1901—4,458,775. Surely Ireland ought to be wealthy now, and be able to live in comfort. Here, however, our interesting and sadly instructive figures come in.

The Board of Trade up to the year 1904 was not keeping separate statistics for Ireland as distinct from those of England. In that year the Irish Agricultural Depart-

* Perraud.

ment began to do this work. It partially succeeded in 1904, 1905; but its figures are all but reliable for 1905, 1906,—that is, after sixty years of a drain, which might have satisfied the most requiring advocate of emigration. Here are the statistics of the Irish financial position. The value of the imports 1905, 1906, was £55,148,206; and of the exports, £46,606,432; “so that the value of the imports exceeded the exports,” says the English economical journal, the *Statist*, “by £8,541,774,—an enormous excess upon so small a total.” In the same article, this able journal observes: “As Ireland is not a great trading country nor shipping country nor investing country, *it follows that she is living on her capital*, unless the Irish abroad send home surprisingly large amounts to their friends.”

In a paper read by Dr. Hancock before the Statistical Society of Ireland in November, 1873, these remittances were reckoned to have reached, in the twenty-one years from 1852 to 1872 inclusive, £14,830,000, or an average of £706,190 each year. In 1906, on the other hand, the remittances were approximately, through banks, £1,209,797; through the post office, £900,000; making a total of £2,109,797. A splendid sum,—nearly ten shillings to every man, woman and child in Ireland; but a small set-off to the deficit between exports and imports of £8,541,774. So that Ireland is eating into its capital at the rate of £6,431,977 yearly, after all the millions of the “surplus population” that have gone.

(To be continued.)

Mater Misericordiæ.

BY H. G. H.

MOTHER of Pity! In thy wounded Heart
Sank deep the sword of sorrow. Smart for smart
Each pang that Jesu suffered thou didst feel,
That henceforth, pity-struck, our wounds thou
mightest heal.

The Gamekeeper's Story.

BY SYLVESTRE PERRY.

"AND you tell me Father Angus MacDonald is dead! God have mercy on his soul! There is a good priest gone, and a fine Scotchman too. It is forty-five years since he first came to this parish, and we were both young men then. Now you tell me he is dead! Ah, well! Our time is getting short, and it behooves us to use the little that is left in preparing for death."

The speaker was Donald MacAllister, better known in the settlement of Baillie's Cove as Donald Ban the Hunter. Born in Moidart, one of the most beautiful and romantic districts in the Scottish Highlands, at the age of twenty he was already a gamekeeper in the service of his landlord, Sir Allan MacDonald of Clanranald. Ten years he remained in this service; then he emigrated to America.

I had not been long in Baillie's Cove, when I knew enough of his story to make me wish for more, and I determined to lose no time in making his acquaintance. Accordingly, on the very first Saturday after opening school, I took with me a friend who knew the old hunter well, and went for a day's partridge shooting, taking care to follow, on our return, a path which led straight to his house. There we were received with genuine Highland hospitality.

The ice once broken, my acquaintance with Donald Ban rapidly ripened into something like intimacy. He seemed to take a liking to me,—partly, I suppose, because I showed such interest in the legendary lore with which his mind was so well furnished; but I suspect it was principally because he knew my people well and had always been their loyal friend. Indeed, I found that he and my grandfather had known each other in the old country, and had emigrated together.

On the occasion of my visits, I always

took care to lead the conversation toward his gamekeeping days, in the hope that he might tell me the story (for I felt sure there was a story) of how he came to give up his pleasant life in Scotland for what was at best an uncertain existence in a new land. But Donald Ban always carefully avoided that subject. I had almost begun to despair of ever getting to the bottom of it, when one evening I brought him the news that his friend and former parish priest was dead. Then, after speaking the words with which my story opens, there was silence between us for a long time. Finally I said:

"You knew Father Angus in the old country, I suppose?"

"I did indeed. He was a lad of fifteen, living with his uncle, Father John Cameron, in Arisaig, when I entered the service of Clanranald. A fine, likely-looking lad he was too, and grew up to be a handsome man. Many a time he crossed Arisaig Bay to go hunting with me. Clanranald was very fond of the boy, and would have made a soldier of him. He offered to buy him a commission in the Cameron Highlanders; but Angus, though he was fond enough of sports and adventure, would have none of it. He was determined to be a priest, and Father John encouraged him."

"How was it that he left Scotland?" I asked. "I know that priests were scarce there at that time, and it is strange that they let him go."

"Well, that's a long story. I have never told it to any one, and there is no one here who knows just why Father Angus MacDonald left the old country. I know, for we left together and for the same reason."

Here Donald Ban paused to settle himself more comfortably in his chair, and to light a stumpy clay pipe of most venerable appearance. Scenting a story, I maintained a discreet silence. After a little he continued:

"You may be surprised at my telling you the story, but your people were always

the friends of my people; and, besides, it concerns your own flesh and blood, so that you have, in a way, a right to know it. Of course you do not remember your grandfather, for you were but a child when he died. As you know yourself, he was nephew to Donald Mor* of Kinloch, who had a little estate at the eastern end of Loch Moidart. This Donald Mor's wife was a cousin of Sir Allan. She died very young, leaving him with one son, Ronald Og,† the bravest and handsomest lad in Moidart. He was a lieutenant in the Black Watch (the Forty-Second Highlanders), which at that time was stationed at Fort William in Lochaber. Fort William is only a day's ride from Moidart; so whenever Ronald Og got leave of absence, which he did quite often, he always came home to spend it.

"He never came alone either. One or other of the officers was always with him. The one who came oftenest, however, was Captain Norman MacLeod, a son of MacLeod of Lewis. A fine young man he was too, though his father was the blackest Presbyterian in all Scotland. Many a fine day's sport I had with these two, Clanranald was very fond of them both, and used to make them spend the greater part of each furlough at his own Castle Tirrim. And, to tell the truth, they were willing enough to do that. There was no better hunting ground at that time in Scotland than Moidart, and they had it nearly all to themselves.

"Then there was Miss Annie, Sir Allan's only child, the bonniest lass in the Highlands; and her companion, Alice Lindsay. Alice was a Lowland lass of good though poor family, and bonnie after the Lowland fashion, with snow-white complexion, soft blue eyes and flaxen hair. She had a voice like a mavis, and could play well on the harp. Men said it was their pretty faces, and not the laird's whisky nor the good hunting, which made the young men so willing to come to Castle Tirrim. For my part, I

always believed Ronald Og would marry Annie. It seemed the most natural thing in the world; for he was the nearest male heir, and would inherit the title and estates, and Annie would have her father's money. So, you see, it would have been a splendid match.

"Well, things went on in much the same way for a couple of years. The two young men paid their regular visits to Castle Tirrim; and as regularly your grandfather came up from Kinloch Moidart, and Angus MacDonald crossed from Arisaig. There was many a merry time at the castle during these two years. Then one day, about the middle of May—a cold, dreary May it was, too,—they came from Fort William on their last furlough. The regiment had been ordered to Jamaica. Everyone on the estate, from Clanranald down, felt sorry. We had come to look on their visits as such pleasant breaks in our dull life that we could not imagine how we were to get on without them. For me and the rest of the gamekeepers, their going would mean the end of our pleasant hunting parties; and for Clanranald, the loss of the boon companions who had listened to his stories with unfeigned delight. As for the two lasses, they seemed to take it very differently. Annie looked downhearted enough, but Alice Lindsay seemed gayer than ever.

"That was in the morning. About midday the three of us—Ronald Og, Captain MacLeod, and myself—were to go deerstalking. Just as we were ready to start, Clanranald's gillie came down to request Ronald Og to go up to the castle, as the chief wished to see him. At any other time I would not have noticed such a thing, but now the thought struck me at once that he was going to speak to Ronald about leaving the army and settling down. Settling down, of course, meant marrying Miss Annie. Something of this I said to Captain MacLeod. He gave a start and said:

"Why do you think Clanranald is

* Big Donald.

† Ronald the Younger.

going to speak to my friend Ronald about such a thing?’

“‘Well, you know, sir, he would like to keep Ronald with him, and a match between him and Miss Annie would be very suitable. She will have the money, and he will have the title and estates.’

“‘And do you think Ronald MacDonald is the man to sell himself for money, or that Miss Annie is likely to marry a man just because it would be suitable, as you say?’

“‘Why, no, sir,’ I answered; ‘but neither do I see why the bravest lad and the bonniest lass in the Highlands should not love each other.’

“‘When I had said this he remained silent, but I could see that he was troubled in his mind. The reason why was not hard to understand. He loved Annie. I could not but feel for him; for he was a fine lad, open-handed, high-spirited, and as good a sportsman as ever carried a gun. But I knew there was no hope for him. He was not a black-hearted bigot like his father, but I did not believe he would forsake his religion even for love’s sake. Besides, if he did, his father would certainly cut him off without a farthing.’

“‘About an hour passed, and I was becoming impatient, when Ronald suddenly burst into the lodge. He seemed greatly excited, and in his eyes there was a fierce look which meant trouble for any one who might attempt to cross him. He did not notice me, but said something in a low tone to MacLeod, and they went outside together. Another hour passed before they came in. When they did, Ronald Og was a good deal calmer, and there was a cheerful look on Captain MacLeod’s face.’

“‘Donald Ban,’ inquired Ronald, ‘has Angus MacDonald or my cousin Allister’ (that was your grandfather) ‘been here to-day?’

“‘No, sir,’ I answered. ‘I suppose they do not know you are here, as you were not expected till next week.’

“‘Well, Donald, we will not hunt to-day.

You must ride to Kinloch Moidart with a note for Allister. But wait. Where is Rory Beg?’

“‘Gone to Gleaun-na-Sithe yesterday evening, sir.’

“‘Then send some one after him at once. I must cross Arisaig Bay to-night.’

“‘Very well, sir. But the wind is blowing a gale now, and you know that Arisaig Bay is more treacherous in a storm than the open sea.’

“‘I know, — I know! But if there is a man in Clanranald’s country who can take us across, that man is Rory Beg. So away! Take my horse, and don’t spare him; and Captain MacLeod will give his to the messenger who goes after Rory Beg.’

“‘In a few minutes I had the horse saddled and was on my way to Kinloch Moidart, wondering much what had happened to upset Ronald Og so. I could not doubt that there was some misunderstanding between himself and Clanranald; and the only explanation I could think of was that Clanranald had asked him to sell out and settle down, and that he, wishing to see some foreign service, had refused. I knew that this alone would be enough to throw the old chief into a terrible rage. He had the hot temper and haughtiness of his clan; and you know *their* pride lost a king his crown, and themselves the lordship of half Scotland.’

“‘If I found Allister at home, and gave him Ronald Og’s note. He questioned me closely about the doings at Castle Tirrim, but I could tell him nothing beyond that Ronald had been very much upset after having a long interview with the chief. In a few minutes he was ready, and we started back to Castle Tirrim. On arriving there, we found Ronald Og, Captain MacLeod, and Rory Beg standing on the steps of the boathouse. Allister talked a moment with his cousin. Then I heard him exclaim, ‘I will stand by you. Ronald!’ And he sprang into the boat, followed by Rory Beg, who at once began to step the mast. Ronald then turned to me and said:

"‘I want your help too, Donald Ban.’

"‘Surely you may depend on me,’ I answered. ‘What do you wish me to do?’

"‘To-morrow night, about this hour, the sloop will be coming back from Arisaig. She will carry a light. Watch carefully, for it will be extinguished when she is about half a mile off. Then go at once to the little gate in the eastern wall and show a light. You will be joined by some one. Then come back here and wait for the sloop.’

"Well, the boat sailed away; and I went back to the gamekeeper’s lodge, and to bed, but not to sleep. I lay awake till daylight, puzzling over the events of the day. Then I got up, took my gun and tramped through the hills till evening. The wind was blowing even harder than on the day before; and as I took my stand in the lie of the boathouse, and thought of the miles of treacherous water that lay between me and Arisaig, I doubted whether even Rory Beg would attempt to cross. I was soon undeceived; for as I turned my eyes toward the north, I saw a faint glimmer far out on the bay. For about a quarter of an hour I watched it. It became brighter and brighter. Then it disappeared, and I knew for certain that Ronald Og’s sloop, with Rory Beg at the helm, was nearing the Moidart shore.

"By the time I reached the gate in the eastern wall, I was so excited that my fingers could hardly push back the slide of the dark lantern I carried. In a little while I saw two figures coming swiftly from the direction of the castle. This was more than I had bargained for. There was another surprise in store for me, however; for as they drew near, I saw that they were both women. One of them was muffled in a long cloak and had a Tam O’Shanter bonnet on her head. I did not know until she spoke my name that it was Alice Lindsay. The other, it was easy enough to see, was Annie. She wore no cloak or cap, but had a tartan plaid over her shoulders. She did not say

a word, but made a sign to me to lead on. Too much surprised to speak, I led the way to the boathouse, and got there just as Rory Beg was bringing the sloop up beside the steps. There were two men with him. One of them was in the bow (it was your grandfather), and he was holding the boat close against the steps. The third was Ronald Og himself. He sprang up the steps, but stopped short when he saw Annie, and exclaimed:

"‘I never expected to see you here!’

"‘I could not let Alice go alone,’ she answered.

"At these words Alice, who had been clinging to her companion all the time, began to sob. Ronald stood back, his head bowed down. Not till then did I understand it all; and when I glanced at Miss Annie and saw her sweet face looking so sad, I cursed Ronald Og in my heart.

"It was Rory Beg’s voice that broke the silence.

"‘Come!’ he shouted, for he was now getting impatient. ‘If you want to reach Arisaig alive, you had better be moving. The wind blows harder every minute.’

"Ronald then led Alice into the boat. As he seated himself he turned to me:

"‘Donald Ban, are you coming with us?’

"I hesitated, not knowing but that I ought to attend Miss Annie back to the castle. She decided for me.

"‘Go!’ she said. ‘He may need you, and I am not afraid to return alone.’

"I saw that she wished to be left alone, and took my place in the boat.

"Rory Beg certainly maintained his reputation that night of being the best boatman in Clanranald’s country. Many times nothing but the steadiness of his hand at the helm saved us from foundering. Ronald supported Alice, and she never once raised her head from his shoulder till the boat struck the Arisaig shore. MacLeod and Angus MacDonald were waiting for us. Angus led a horse, on which Alice was placed, and we were

soon in the shelter of Father Cameron's house.

"Father Cameron was not at home, the housekeeper told us. He had gone on a sick call some miles away, and would not be back for a matter of three or four hours at least, as the travelling was very bad. So Rory Beg and I made ourselves comfortable by the kitchen fireplace till midnight. We were up at daylight the next morning. Father Cameron had not returned, and Ronald was very much troubled. It seems he had got a promise from the priest, in view of the circumstances, that the marriage ceremony should be performed at once; and now he feared that Clanranald might discover their flight, and follow them before the knot was tied. So he sent me down to the shore to watch for the boats from Moidart.

"I had not been there long when I did see a boat put off. I watched her a little while. There was no mistaking that craft. It was the *Heather Bell*, a swift little pleasure boat that Clanranald had bought the year before. I ran every step of the way back. Ronald fairly tore his hair. In that wind, with every stitch of canvas set, the boat would make the passage in half an hour. A quarter of an hour more would bring Clanranald to the house. The minutes passed till I had counted twenty-five of them. Clanranald had landed, no doubt. Then Rory Beg gave a shout and pointed up the road. Father Cameron's little brown mare was coming on at a gallop, and Father Cameron himself was on her back.

"In another minute Ronald was urging on him the necessity of performing the ceremony at once, if he wished to avoid an encounter with Clanranald. So they hurried into the church,—all excepting Angus MacDonald and myself. We stayed at the door. I could well understand why we were placed there, the better that I could make out a broadsword hidden in the folds of Angus' plaid. He did not seem to care for the work. With all his strength, he was as gentle as a lamb. Besides,

Clanranald had been kind to him, and he did not like the idea of raising his hand against him. He would not do it, he told me, only that he knew the old man's temper, and that he was likely to do something desperate, even in that consecrated building, in his rage at the failing of his plans.

"It turned out that the fears were well grounded. Clanranald soon came up; and when he heard of what was going on in the church he swore that he would put a stop to it, and ordered us to stand out of the way. Angus stood his ground and spoke up boldly.

"‘Sir Allan,’ said he, ‘you had better not enter. If you think a moment, you will see that you can not put a stop to the ceremony, since both Ronald and Alice Lindsay are of age.’

"‘And do you, whom I have treated as a son, dare to speak up for the man who has insulted me, and the Lowland hussy who, like a viper, has stung me after having been warmed in my bosom?’

"‘Sir Allan,’ answered Angus, ‘I am too grateful to you for your kindness to wish to offend you. Believe me it is for your own sake I wish to keep you from entering. I know what will happen if you do; and what I would not do for Ronald Og I *will* do to protect the House of God from desecration.’

"If you could only have seen how grand and manly he looked standing there in the doorway! It was only then it struck me—perhaps because I had known him since boyhood—that he was the most splendid-looking man I had ever seen. Even Clanranald was impressed, and looked at him a few moments in silence. Then he broke out more furiously than ever.

"‘So you dare to preach to me—to *me*, the chief of Clanranald! By Heaven, in the days of my ancestors men have had the noose round their necks for less!’

"Before Angus had time to answer him the door opened and Father Cameron appeared. Clanranald turned on the priest, and I heard such language as fairly made

my hair stand on end. He swore that he would report the matter to the bishop; that Father Cameron had had no business to marry the couple out of hand; that no tenant of his should enter the church while such a priest was in charge; and a great deal more to the same purpose, and all mingled with blood-curdling oaths and curses. Father Cameron listened quite calmly till he had finished, and then walked away without saying a word.

"As he turned to leave, Clanranald's eye fell on me.

"'You too, Donald Ban!' he said. 'But when my own flesh and blood can show such ingratitude, why should I expect anything better in my hired servants? You are in my service no longer.'

"I had not a word to say. To tell the truth, I felt rather ashamed of the part I had played. I remembered all Clanranald's kindness—for he was a kind master, peace to his soul! And I thought it was indeed hard that the one thing on which he had set his heart in his old age should be denied him. At any rate, I could not feel angry with Clanranald, even though he had turned me away from his service; and I felt sad enough as I followed Rory Beg into the kitchen of the priest's house.

"In a little while Angus came down and began to speak to me about my plans for the future. He said that Ronald Og had promised, since I had lost my position through him, to get me another as good. Then he began to tell me about America. He told me that he himself was going to Cape Breton, where thousands of Catholic Highlanders had found homes. In one of the French colleges of Canada, he would pursue his studies for the priesthood, and then come to Cape Breton to minister to his countrymen. So for a long time he talked, until he set my blood on fire, and I had promised to leave Scotland with him.

"So it was all settled, and in a month after we left the old country forever. It was not till the day we sailed that I knew

your grandfather was coming. It did my heart good to think there would be one old friend beside me in the new country.

"On the way out Angus told me all about the quarrel between Ronald Og and Clanranald. It was just as I had suspected. Clanranald began to hint about it's being time for Ronald to settle down; and Ronald, too honest to attempt to hide his feelings, confessed his love for Alice Lindsay. This was enough. The heather was on fire, and Clanranald ordered Ronald out of the house, swearing that he would send Alice home at once. Hence it was that Ronald was so desirous of having the ceremony performed without delay. He knew he would not have time to follow her to the Lowlands before the regiment left.

"Well, I don't think there is any more to tell. You have heard often enough of the life the early settlers led, and of Father Angus' work when he came here first,—to a parish fifty miles from end to end and almost without a road."

"Yes, yes, I know all that, and how Ronald Og became in time chief of Clanranald. But Annie, his cousin,—what of her? And Captain MacLeod?"

"Well, Father Angus told me all about them, too. MacLeod came to see her before he left Moidart, and pleaded with her to marry him. Her father was so angry at being insulted as he said, by Ronald Og, that he gave his consent, and urged her to accept him. But she refused, and soon after joined some Order of nuns in England. Indeed, Father Angus told me she had made up her mind years before to enter the religious life, and would have done so much sooner had it not been for Father Cameron, who wished to satisfy himself fully as to the genuineness of her vocation. The loss of her nearly broke Clanranald's heart, and he was a changed man ever after. He died ten years later, a few months before his daughter,—died a good death, with Father Cameron and Ronald Og and his lady praying at his bedside.

"Captain MacLeod was much disappointed at the loss of Annie. He could not understand how any young girl could choose to spend her days in a convent; so he concluded the priests were at the bottom of it, and came to upbraid Father Cameron for deceiving her and luring her away from her friends. Whatever passed between them, MacLeod went away a good deal calmer than he came, and with one of Father Cameron's books in his pocket. He read that, and read others, and finally was convinced of the truth of our holy religion; but he did not become a Catholic till many years after, when he caught yellow fever in the West Indies, and a Sister of Charity nursed him, when no one else would go near him excepting the regimental doctor. It is about fifteen years since Father Angus told me of his death."

"Did he never marry?"

Donald Ban did not answer. His pipe was out, and he slowly refilled it and smoked it halfway down before he spoke again. When he did speak, he seemed to have forgotten my question altogether.

"Do you remember telling me a story that you heard from Father John MacPherson, about a monk who guided him through some monastery among the mountains over in Europe?"

"Oh, yes! That was at St. Bernard's, among the Alps. The monk said his farewells in Gaelic."

"What did he say his name was?"

"His name in religion was Brother Andrew. That was all Father MacPherson knew about him."

"Well, in other days he was called Norman MacLeod."

PLACE in one of the scale-pans of Justice the evils resulting from the acts of criminals, and in the other the grief and tears and suffering resulting from the crimes of respectability, and you will start back in amazement as you see the scale you thought the heavier shoot high in air.—William G. Jordan,

Forestalling Socialism.

THE prestige acquired a few years ago by the Rev. Dr. John A. Ryan through the publication of his "A Living Wage," furnished an antecedent probability that his subsequent deliberate utterances on economic problems and their solution would be both measurably interesting and definitely instructive. Accordingly, we are not surprised to find in his study, "A Programme of Social Reform by Legislation," contributed to the July and August numbers of the *Catholic World*, an argument that will convince many, and arrest the attention of all, thoughtful students of present-day politico-industrial movements. Premising that the actual trend of things is toward Socialism, and away from either individualism or voluntary co-operative action, Dr. Ryan considers the practical question, "Shall this movement toward a wider State intervention in matters industrial continue until it has embraced the full programme of Socialism, or shall it be confined within the bounds of feasible and rational social reform?" Any reasonable plan of reform must, of course, fit the conditions to be reformed:

What are these conditions? What is the Social problem for which a solution is sought through legislation? The Socialist answers that the problem arises out of the private ownership of capital, and can be solved only through the substitution of collective ownership. We reject both statements as based upon unproved and unprovable assumptions. That the wage system is wrong, that the masses grow unceasingly wretched, that capital will continue to be concentrated in fewer and fewer hands until collective ownership of industry becomes inevitable, that collectivism will bring about universal justice and universal happiness,—all these assumptions are unwarranted by any concrete and adequate view of the facts and tendencies of our industrial life. We seek, therefore, some other statement of the problem. . . . The laborer must be protected against unjust exploitation, and the entire community must be protected against extortionate prices.

Having thus stated the elements of the social problem to be twofold, the author

groups the legislative solutions under two headings also. The first comprises those measures designed to better the condition of the working classes directly; the second, those which aim at benefiting the whole body of consumers by limiting the power of exceptionally favored industries and capital to obtain excessive prices and excessive profits.

It is obviously impracticable, in so brief a summary as this, to give much more than a mere enumeration of the proposed measures. Readers desirous of learning Dr. Ryan's views as to their feasibility, utility, and morality, must be referred to his papers in the *Catholic World*. Legislative measures directly affecting the working classes, and recommended by him, are: a legal minimum wage; an eight-hour law; restriction of the labor of women and children; industrial disputes statutes; relief of the unemployed; provision against accidents, illness, and old age; and housing the working people. Anent the fourth of these measures, this clerical economist (who is also a professor of Moral Theology) does not hesitate to say:

Legislation is needed to legitimize peaceful picketing, persuasion, and boycotting. The principle of the boycott is employed now and again by all classes; and within certain limits it is entirely lawful morally. Even the so-called secondary boycott, although peculiarly liable to abuse, is not essentially immoral. On this account, and because it is not often likely to be employed, it ought not to be prevented, either by statute law or by "judge-made law." Well-meaning persons who oppose any limitation of the power of the judiciary in this matter, commonly forget that practically the only legal warrant for the exercise of such power is a very general principle of the Common Law concerning conspiracy, and a body of precedent created by judges who have attempted to apply this general principle to labor disputes. As applied by English judges, the principle has been called by Thorold Rogers, "the most elastic instrument of tyranny which can be devised"; as applied by judges in the United States, it represents merely an attempt to enforce their own conceptions of natural equity.

As for legislative projects of the second class, those benefiting the whole body

of consumers, we have: public ownership of public utilities (railroads, express companies, telegraphs, telephones, gas and electric lighting, waterworks, and street railways); public ownership of mines and forests; adequate control of monopolies; income and inheritance taxes; taxation of the future increase in land values; and prohibition of speculation on the exchanges.

As will be seen, Dr. Ryan's plan of forestalling Socialism is both definite and comprehensive,—so comprehensive, indeed, that amateur economists may possibly identify the plan with Socialism itself. Others, as the author has foreseen, will not improbably say that his programme is at least "Socialistic." Let us conclude by giving his own answer to readers who thus designate it:

They have a right to do so if they have the right to construct their own definition of Socialism, or to apply the term to every extension of the industrial functions of government. But if they are reasonable and reasoning beings, they will not forthwith condemn it on this sole ground. A proposal may be discredited, but it can not be refuted by the easy and indolent device of calling it a bad name. On the other hand, if Socialism is to be understood correctly, in the sense in which it is accepted not only by its advocates but by all who try to think and speak precisely, none of the measures outlined above is Socialistic, nor do all of them together constitute Socialism. They fall far short of collective ownership and management of all the means of production.

Another reason why these measures are not Socialistic is because they are not to be introduced by the Socialistic method. Indeed, the genuine Socialist would probably treat this programme with more contempt than the doctrinaire individualist. For the first principle in the Social platform of method is that the system can never be realized until the control of government has passed into the hands of the working class.

Hence the contempt of the thoroughgoing Socialist for what he calls the "capitalistic State Socialism" of New Zealand. He does not recognize these State activities even as steps in the direction of genuine Socialism. And he would pass the same judgment upon the present programme, so long as it was to be brought about by a government not in the control of the working class.

Notes and Remarks.

An illustration of how Catholics who live up to their religion impress outsiders is afforded by the following extract from a private letter addressed to the editor of the *Lamp*, and published, with the permission of the writer, in the current number of our Anglo-Roman contemporary:

On the boat from Montreal, I met a French family consisting of a father, mother, and three boys, the eldest of whom was seventeen. . . . There are thousands of American Protestants (so-called) exactly like them in essence. But the boys have been at the Sulpicians' college in Montreal; and such sweetness and fineness, such devoutness coupled with genuine boyishness, one would have to go far to seek among us. They were the first boys I have seen in many a day who are really being *trained*. They liked sport, but they were enthusiastic about their studies and their teachers. One little fellow of twelve talked to me a whole afternoon about the best ways of rendering Latin fables into French; he talked about the Classics as our boys do about Henty. But they are being made into Christians and gentlemen as well, — and, alas! where shall we find the combination? I think — indeed I know — that if I could be born again and “born different,” I should choose to be born a Catholic and to be trained by the Sulpicians.

To make good Christians and true gentlemen out of the young men entrusted to their care should be the constant endeavor of Catholic educators. The material may often be rough, but it seldom fails to yield when solid instruction is supplemented by shining example.

The column furnished to the *Pilot* by “A Looker-On” is always readable and not infrequently eminently quotable as well. Here, for instance, are two suggestive paragraphs from a little essay called “Keep on Cheering”:

The poor need encouragement more than bread. Money may help them for a time, but their great lack is courage. They must learn self-reliance and self-support if they are not to be a burden on society. Social movements that do not get down to the psychology of the individual are little more than organizations to

stave off starvation and bury the dead. The spirit of the poor must be energized. Hence the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul are worth more than all the charity bureaus; for they go back of the condition of the individual and teach him how to live. The poor sink to destitution as the spent swimmer drowns, become outlaws and people the slums. He who will save them must cheer them on.

The miserable beings who throng the “great white ways” of the world are grappling with despair. Their rouged gaiety is more bitter than tears, their forced laugh sadder than a sob. They are life exiles in the midst of mankind. They have stepped over the line and no hand is outstretched to bring them back. In sheer abandonment they rush into deeper excesses and shameful death. The unhappiest women in the world are the “daughters of joy,” fallen angels whose degradation is intensified by the sight of their happier sisters. The nuns of the Good Shepherd have saved thousands of souls by teaching these frail ones that their sins may be washed away, and that redemption is better than despair.

The gospel of cheer, of sympathy and kindly smile and encouraging words and cordial appreciation, is less generally preached than it should be. Not merely the poor and the outcast, but all men and women are the better for sympathetic recognition of their work or their worth; and there is no prohibitive tariff on a seasonable word of cordial praise.

“Are we coming,” asks the Dublin *Weekly Freeman*, “to the end of that long lane which has witnessed the dwindling of the Irish people in the land of their fathers? Already we have called attention to the remarkable decrease in Irish emigration during the year 1908. From the figures, it was easy to deduce that the net result would be a report from the Registrar-General announcing, for the second time only in nearly seventy years, that there was an increase to be recorded in the population of Ireland. Since 1845 such an increase had been only once recorded for a single year. That was in 1876-7, when a balance had, apparently, been struck between the resources and the population of Ireland.”

The *Freeman* is not unduly optimistic,

however, as to the continued decline in the number of emigrants. With conservative caution, it says:

It is, however, as we have suggested, far too soon to conclude that the end of the period of decay has been reached; but it is a reasonable conclusion that we are approaching the end of that period. The signs certainly encourage a continuance of the efforts that are being made to change the conditions under which the flight of the people from the land proceeded. We are far from the period when emigration statistics were welcomed as statistics of improvement, and when at viceregal banquets figures were quoted with satisfaction which, in Isaac Butt's phrase, showed the growth of bullocks and cattle in substitution for those of the homes and habitations of men. All parties in the country will now rejoice that even for a year the forces of recuperation overcame the forces of decline; and there are few Irishmen who will fail to remember 1908 as one of the brace of years, in a sad three-quarters of a century, which encouraged patriotic endeavor with the hope that labor to save the national existence was not all labor in vain.

In the meantime the student of history can not forget that the emigration which more or less depopulated Ireland was a good thing for other countries, including our own. Let us hope that the cessation of her exodus may be a still better thing for herself.

Another member of the irrepressible faculty of Chicago University has delivered himself of a weighty declaration. Professor Starr is quoted as having said: "The modern mind easily believes in the impossible and the phenomenal. The limits of credence to-day are very extensive." Whereupon the *Inter Ocean*, with characteristic sanity, observes:

The charge is largely true, and Professor Starr might have illustrated its truth from fields much wider. "Science" has its superstitions no less than religion. One of them is that all kinds of truth are of equal importance. This leads men of "science"—in some narrow specialty—ridiculously to pose as "authorities" on all sorts of subjects. . . .

But the credulity of the present age is chiefly illustrated by the number of people who are ready offhand to accept as "authoritative" the dogmatic decisions of our Starrs and other

specialists on all sorts of subjects, without question whether they really know anything about the subject in hand, and merely because they are conceded to know a great deal about some wholly unrelated subject.

As a matter of fact, the more noted and capable the specialist, the more enthusiastically and engrossingly is he wrapped up in his specialty, and the less likely is he, on general principles, to be an authority on subjects outside his chosen field. A large number of educated people nowadays need the courage frankly to avow their ignorance of very, very many things.

There is a twofold lesson—in clerical finance and in suffrages for the departed—in this extract from the will of the late Bishop Murray, of Maitland, Australia:

Having no means at my disposal for the celebration of Masses for the repose of my soul, I trust myself unreservedly to the charity of the priests of the diocese to say some Masses for me, and to remember me always in the Holy Sacrifice. I cherish an earnest hope that the faithful people of the whole diocese will not fail to offer their fervent prayers, their Holy Communion, and frequently recite the Holy Rosary for me in their homes as well as in the church. Lastly, the nuns and the children attending their schools in all parts of the diocese were devoted to me during my life, and I am sure they will ever remember in my behalf the words of St. Ambrose: "We have loved him in life, let us not forget him in death."

It is safe to say that the clerics and the laity who formed the flock of so exemplary a shepherd will prove entirely worthy of the confidence reposed in them; and that, precisely because he had "no means at his disposal" to provide for Masses, those Masses will be celebrated all the more frequently.

The *Messenger of the Holy Childhood* is authority for the statement that, among the students of the Propaganda recently ordained to the priesthood at Rome, was a young Zulu, the son of a prominent chief, who is still a pagan. He made a brilliant course in theology, and speaks fluently, besides his own language, French,

Italian and English,—the last, however, with a pronounced Southern drawl. He will work among his own people in South Africa. He is the fourth of his tribe to be elevated to the priesthood in the past eleven years. Ordained with him were three Chinamen, who also speak English.

Apropos of the drawl with which this Zulu cleric speaks English, we are reminded of a young countryman of his who a few years ago took high honors as a public speaker in one of our Eastern universities, distinguishing himself as a commencement orator. As for specific accents acquired by foreigners in learning English, we remember an Italian churchman of eminence who spoke (and presumably still speaks) our language with a very noticeable Irish brogue.

The discovery of the North Pole continues to be the wonder of the world, and the merits of Cook and Peary the subject of heated discussion in all circles, wise and otherwise. Two questions remain to be settled; and the advisability of referring them to some authoritative body, like the National Geographical Society, and of suspending judgment meantime as to honors due, has been suggested by a few individuals here and there,—persons in the habit of thinking before they speak. The questions are, whether Cook or Peary, or both together, are to be honored as discoverers, and what importance attaches to the discovery. It may turn out that many lives have been sacrificed and many millions of dollars expended in an enterprise as barren of benefits as the Pole is of vegetation.

Apropos of the shocks of earthquake recently experienced in Siena and Florence, *Rome* observes: "It was curious to note that in the first panic of the Tuscan shock which drove the people of Florence and Siena in fear and trembling into the streets and kept them there for the next twenty-four hours, the newspapers, even

of the most anti-clerical dye, turned to a number of learned priests for information calculated to calm the people; and in their special issues after the shock it was, 'Father Alfani says this,' and 'Father Monacesi says that,' and 'Father Melfi says so-and-so'; for it is well known that the clergy have practically monopolized the science of seismology in Italy."

The anti-clerical journalists should not be convicted of sanity on such grounds as the foregoing. Their action during the lucid interval occasioned by the earthquake has probably been atoned for ere this by eloquent denunciations of the Church and churchmen as the sworn enemies of science and progress.

Under the caption, "Angels in Real Life," "Medicus" contributes to the *Monitor* (Newark, N. J.), a notable tribute to Hospital Sisters in general, and to Sister Rose, of Trenton, in that State, in particular. Portions of this tribute read like the testimony given in a "Cause" tending to show the "heroicity" of the virtue displayed by a candidate for canonization. For instance:

She has had diphtheria two or three times from direct contagion. More than once the emergency has arisen when, to save a child from choking to death, Sister has put her lips to the tube and sucked out the poisonous membrane that was keeping the necessary air from the child's lungs.

"Medicus," by the way, is not particularly enamored of the contemporary assistant, not to say partial supplanter, of the nursing Sister:

People often accuse me of being an old fogey because of my lack of enthusiasm in the modern nurse, with her readiness to answer any question, whether it concerns the origin of cancer or the disposal of typhoid stools. It is my long acquaintance with nursing nuns of the type of Sister Rose that has given me this doubt. Does this smattering of science do harm, or is it preferable to the knowledge of the oldtime practical nurse who does a thing because she has found its value from experience, not because she can give a lame scientific theory for its use? Sister Rose could not tell the difference between a Klebs-Loeffler bacillus and a Widal reaction;

but put her with a child suffering from diphtheria or typhoid fever, and she would have her patient comfortable while waiting for the doctor.

Many others besides "Medicus" prefer the low-voiced, gentle-handed, peaceful-visaged Sisters, whose very presence is a benediction, and whose prayers are the best of composing draughts or anesthetics, to hired nurses, so many of whom, with only secular training, are very professional and very perfunctory.

The late Marquis of Ripon has been eulogized no less highly in India than in England. We have already quoted from the funeral sermon delivered by Father Bernard Vaughan. Preaching at a Requiem Mass celebrated in Bombay, the Rev. A. Seither exclaimed:

What do you think of a Viceroy saying his Rosary before entering the council-chamber, or serving Mass before setting out on a day's hunting expedition? Lord Ripon was a man of prayer, with his fixed hours for spiritual reading and meditation; a daily hearer of Holy Mass and a frequent communicant. Did he not bring with him to India his private chaplain, the saintly Father Kerr? Did he not tread the floor of this very cathedral and kneel before this very altar? And, my Catholic brethren of India, sons of St. Francis Xavier, can you forget that our only Catholic Viceroy, when he left Bombay, sailed for Goa, to hear his last Mass on Indian soil before the shrine of the Apostle of India? Were not those two hearts akin? There burned in both the same all-embracing love for the people of this country, and one benefactor of India knelt for a blessing from another.

Only one short extract from the address delivered by Governor-General Earl Grey, of Canada, at the inauguration of the Woman's Club of Vancouver on the 8th inst. appeared in some of the leading Canadian newspapers. If it was all like the concluding sentence; it deserved to be reported in full, to the exclusion of vapid vaporings about the North Pole. The Governor-General said: "I would close these few remarks by reminding you that that woman is rendering the greatest

service of all to the State who rears the largest number of happy, healthy, righteous, and God-fearing children."

The Rev. Peter McQueen, a Congregational minister of Boston, in a letter to the Rev. James Walsh, of the same city, editor of *The Field Afar* and director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in the archdiocese of Boston, pays this generous tribute to the Catholic missionaries of Africa:

All over Africa wherever I found a Catholic missionary, I found an earnest, unselfish, consecrated man or woman, doing God's work in a true and practical way. The missions and the missionaries were faithful, earnest, sincere, and successful. They were teaching the untaught tribes of the Dark Continent the way to God, and exalting and dignifying all the inner sanctities of life.

This is not the first time that Mr. McQueen has spoken in favor of Catholic missionaries. When the Protestant press of this country was reviling the Philippine friars, and Protestant pulpits everywhere were ringing with all sorts of calumnies against them, Mr. McQueen was their outspoken defender. He had spent some time in the Islands, and knew that the reports so eagerly received and zealously circulated were false; and he was not afraid or ashamed to say so, in season and out of season.

The oldest priest in the world at present is, most probably, Canon Charles Cadenne, born at Lille, France, April 10, 1806, and ordained seventy-seven years ago. And he is still in active service as pastor of Raches, near Douai,—a position he has occupied since 1846, the year of the accession of Pius IX.! Five years ago, when the venerable priest attained his ninety-eighth birthday, the dean of the district, in a congratulatory letter, ventured to suggest thoughts of his retiring from the active ministry. Father Cadenne read the letter; then, seizing his hat and cane, proceeded on foot to interview his superior—and he hasn't retired yet.



The Thief.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

NAUGHTY fox! my goose you've stolen!

Bring it back again,
Or you'll rue it: my big brothers
Are two hunting-men.

That fat goose was for Thanksgiving,
Stuffed with thyme and sage,
Onions too, with rich brown gravy
(Oh, I'm in a rage!);

Apple-sauce and mashed potato—
Bring it back again,
Or you'll rue it: my big brothers
Are two hunting-men.

When they see your brush-tail drooping
And your sneaking head
Through the bushes, they will shoot you;
Then you will be dead.

Naughty fox! put down my goose now;
Go home to your house,
Where, if you are very hungry,
You can eat a mouse.

The Adventures of Ricardo.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

III.

FATHER FEATHERSTONE drew the boy closer to him as they sat side by side on the sofa.

"*Hijo mio*," he said gently, "tell me your name."

"Ricardo," replied the child.

"And your other name?"

"Beurrier."

"Where were you born,—where is your home?"

"I do not know where I was born, *mi Padre*; but not in Havana, where we lived. Mamma would always say that she must

come back some day to her home in the United States."

"Your father was French?"

"I do not know."

"He died when you were very small?"

"I do not know."

"Did your mother ever speak of him?"

"Never."

"Were there any others but you and your mother?"

"None, *mi Padre*."

"No brothers or sisters or aunts or uncles or grandmothers,—no relatives or friends at all?"

"None, *mi Padre*."

"Tell me all you know, from the beginning, my child, and how you came to be here."

"*Si, mi Padre*."

"How did your mother live, Ricardo? Did she have money, or was she obliged to work?"

"She sang in the theatre in the evenings, and taught some ladies to paint and embroider in the daytime. We lived with Marcelle in a house with many others."

"Who was Marcelle?"

"She cooked and went to market, and she used to take care of me when mamma was away."

"Did you like her? Was she good to you?"

"I loved her; she was good to us,—very good. One day she died. She was not sick at all. And then we went to stay with a woman who used to pinch me when mamma was gone and kiss me when she was there. And when mamma found that out, she sent me to the orphan asylum; but I cried so hard there that again she took me away, and we lived with some other people that sang and danced and were good and kind. One day we all came in a big boat to New York; and they sang some nights, and then the women were

all crying because the man would not pay them."

"And after that?"

"Mamma and I went away from the rest. She said to me one morning very early: '*Ricardo mio*, I can not bear it: we will go by ourselves.' So we went, and every day we walked through the streets and looked for a place where mamma could sing. When we found one, I used to go every night with her and wait till she was through, and then we would come home together and have chocolate and biscuits."

"You liked that, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes! I was so happy that time, and so was mamma. But one day a man came and he wanted her to join his troupe, and me too, to dance; but she would not. He came often and he scolded her, and at last she said maybe, because the *café* was closed and she could not sing there any more. Then she was sick, and they took her to the hospital, and the priest came, and then she died."

"Did she know she was going to die, Ricardo?" asked the priest. "I do not want to make you feel sad, but I must learn all that I can about you and your mother."

Tears were glistening on the long lashes of the boy as he answered:

"She was not in her right mind, *mi Padre*; she did not know me. She said nothing, only died. And then the man came again and took me to his house, where there were other boys and some girls. And he taught us to dance."

"Was he cross to you?"

"Not very cross; but I was always very tired, and after a while he said I was no good. And one day he told me to go away, and I went."

"Did he give you any money?"

"No, *mi Padre*. I was so very hungry I walked on till I came to the apple-stall, and the good old woman gave me an apple, and she brought me here."

"Did your mother ever speak of her early home?"

"Often, *mi Padre*."

"What did she say of it?"

"That there were many trees of oranges and lemons there, and many big places where cattle fed, and some little streams of water that were never dry. And the sun was always shining there, she said, and everybody was happy."

"Did she intend to go back there, do you think?"

"No, *mi Padre*; for once, when I asked her if she would not take me to that nice place, she said: '*No, Ricardo mio*; for my mother is dead; and my brothers and sisters, if they are living, do not want me.' And when I heard that, I did not wish any longer to go there. But I can not see why they did not love mamma, she was always so sweet, so beautiful, so kind to everybody."

"Ricardo, would you like to come to California with me? I live there."

"And stay with you?"

"I do not know. Perhaps. But I have friends there who would be very happy if they had a little boy like you. They have no children, I would not be afraid to take you with me, feeling sure they would be glad to have you. And if they were not, I could find you another place."

"California!" repeated the child, "That is where my mamma lived when she was a little girl. Yes, *mi Padre*, I will go there."

"And are you willing to come with me to see the man who taught you to dance? He may know something more than you have told me."

The promptness with which the boy assented to this proposition convinced the priest that his story was entirely true,—not that he had doubted it, but he had more than once seen arch-deceivers in the guise of angels.

"Where does the man live, Ricardo?" he inquired.

"I do not know the name of the street, but I can take you there. Always in the morning we can find him."

"What is his name?"

"The Signor Alberto Ferucci he is

called. He lives with the dancing boys and girls, who he says are of Syria, and of one family, which is not true."

"I am a stranger here myself," said the priest. "But Father Clements knows the city well. He will accompany us to Signor Ferucci in the morning."

After he had imparted the information he had received from the child to Father Clements and the old woman, without revealing his intention regarding the boy, Father Clements asked to see the lame dog and the battered canaries to which Mary had given shelter. The dog was lying under the stove, from which he came forth, a sorry-looking beast, at the command of his mistress; but the tailless canaries, each with its head tucked under a wing, were not roused from slumber when the cloth was lifted for inspection.

While the guests were drinking the cup of tea and eating the sponge cake which Mary had made for their special entertainment, it being a favorite with Father John, Father Featherstone said:

"I have a plan for the boy, which I hope I may be able to carry through. It will result in giving him a good home."

"In California, Father?" asked Mary.

"Yes,—not far from where I live."

"God grant it may come to pass!" said the old woman. "This is no common child,—this little Cardo."

"And they are no common people with whom I hope to place him. They have no children, and would like to adopt a boy. I believe they will take him on my recommendation, though they are very particular. Offer up a fervent Rosary for it to-night, Mrs. Callahan, won't you?"

"Indeed I will, and two of them," was Mary's hearty response.

After arranging for the morning, the two priests left the house.

"You must be in very good favor with your friends to believe that they will take the boy at your request," said Father Clements when they were in the street.

"I am," rejoined his friend. "The man had weak lungs, like mine, but was

treating himself on an altogether antiquated plan till I persuaded him to use my methods. The result is that he has grown quite well and strong, and there is nothing he would not do to please me. I have taken a fancy to little Ricardo. I believe he comes of good parentage; and when I have told them his story, I think they will be ready to receive him. He is all right, Father John."

"Yes, I believe he is," replied Father Clements, who would have done exactly the same under the circumstances. "Shall you telegraph them?"

"I hadn't thought of it, but it wouldn't be a bad thing to do."

"Telegraph in the morning. But what if they say 'No'?"

"Then I will take him myself. I will either keep him or find a home for him somewhere."

"Very well; we shall see to-morrow."

Father Clements had read in the papers about the Acrobatic Family. Under the direction of little Ricardo, the two priests went to the Signor Ferucci's house next morning. He confirmed the boy's story in every particular, with some additional facts. The mother had been a refined and respectable person, he said, though occupying the position of chorus girl in an Italian company from Havana, which had gone to pieces in New York. He had thought the child would be an addition to his troupe, and had arranged that the mother should undertake the position of accompanist, if she had lived. But later he had decided that the boy was not strong enough for his purpose.

"And did you think it was a very humane thing to turn him out as you did, Signor Ferucci?" asked Father John.

The man laughed. "He did not belong to me," he said. "Why should I have been responsible for him? If so, then my house might be full of stray little animals all the time. And I see that through my action he has found very good friends."

"Good-morning!" said Father Clements briefly and they left him.

"Shall I telegraph at once?" asked Father Featherstone.

"Yes," replied his friend, "I think it would be well to do so."

Accordingly they sought the nearest Western Union station. Then, having filled little Ricardo's pockets with peanuts and candy, they sent him back to Mary with the message that they would see her soon again. After lunch they went down to Long Island to visit an old school friend, who prevailed upon them to remain all night and a part of the next day.

When they returned, Father Featherstone found a reply to his telegram, saying:

"Bring the boy at my expense.—Carlos Miramonte."

"Good! I'll 'bring the boy,' but not at his expense, lest he should not be pleased with the goods when delivered. Later on we can settle all that."

"Now, I'll tell you what we've got to do," said Father Clements. "You are going to stay here for a fortnight, and during that time we'll have the little fellow fitted out in some kind of decent garments."

"I think he looks very picturesque as he is, in his brown velveteen toga and red cap," was the reply.

"That's all very well, but your friends in California may not think so."

"You're greatly mistaken: they would. Ricardo's appearance will appeal to them strongly."

"Oh, well, they can deck him out as they please when they get him, but you're not going to carry him across the continent looking like a bedizened monkey! I have an aunt living on Fifty-Second Street that would delight in preparing him to travel and to make a good appearance, for your sake as well as his own."

"You mean you are going to ask her to do it at your expense," said Father Featherstone. "Isn't that it? I know you of old."

"Well, what if I am? I know she would enjoy nothing better than doing the whole job through and through. And

she will make a success of it, I assure you. Besides, I want to have a finger in the pie. You mustn't be selfish, dear old fellow!"

"Be it so!" answered his friend, who was well aware that Father Clements had ample private resources for the various charities in which he indulged. His father had been a wealthy man. "What do you propose?"

"That we take the boy up to Aunt Grey's—after we have communicated with her, of course,—and leave him with her until you are ready to go home. She will see that he has everything he needs; and, though he doesn't look or act like a savage, there will be opportunity there to teach him manners, if he needs teaching. I never saw a woman who could tame a bear, male or female, as quickly as Aunt Grey. And, though I think he's all right, that tenement house is not a fit place for him to be in alone, as he must be when Mary is absent."

As Father Clements descended the stairs to telephone to his aunt, he was met by the housekeeper.

"Father Clements, Mary Callahan wishes to see you at once," she said. "She has telephoned several times since you have been gone. It is something about a little boy."

"I wonder what it can be?" he replied, retracing his steps. "Perhaps I'd better not bother Aunt Grey till I've learned."

When he went up to his friend again, they both concluded that it would be well to go down to Mary's house as soon as dinner, now ready, was over.

They found her in the corridor talking to a group of women who dispersed when they saw the priests.

"What is the matter, Mary?" asked Father John, as they followed her into the room.

"Do you know anything about Cardo?" she asked, her face pale and anxious.

"I think we know all that is necessary," replied Father Clements. "Has some one been telling you his history?"

"I meant about where he is?" she replied. "What has become of him?"

"Why, isn't he here with you?" asked Father Featherstone.

"No, Father; he never came back since the day you took him out."

"Whew!" ejaculated Father Clements. "Has he run away?"

"No!" exclaimed the other priest. "I can't believe that."

"No," echoed the old woman sadly; "I don't think little Cardo has run away. I'm afraid some one has stolen him. God pity the poor little lamb! But how can we find him? What can have become of him?"

In the anxious days that were to follow, the two young priests often asked each other the same question.

(To be continued.)

Schoolgirls Abroad.

BY S. MARR.

XII.

At noon we left Paris for Calais, but not even an express train can take one's thoughts from the fascinating French capital; so we thought Paris and talked Paris for a long time, to the neglect of the beautiful and historic country through which we were speeding. A remark of Aunt Margaret's, however, had the desired effect; and soon Katherine was talking like a book about the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," the Battle of Cressy, Henry V. and Agincourt, until Mary, in martial measure, recited:

Upon St. Crispin's Day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay

To England to carry.
O when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen?
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

None of us were in sympathy with the sentiments of this poem; and Mary, to show that she had learned Drayton's

ode by rote rather than by heart, sided with us and gave us Arnold's sonnet on Calais Beach.

At four we reached Calais, where *The Queen* was waiting to take us across to Dover, twenty-six miles distant. In the bustle of changing from train to boat, we had little time to think; yet we dimly remembered that England held dominion over this French port for two hundred years; and, further, we recalled Queen Mary's declaration that, when she died, Calais would be found written on her heart.

The channel was choppy, so we were glad to have a cabin to ourselves. The passage took only an hour and twenty minutes, but there was not much hilarity in the crossing. Everyone on board was engaged with his own thoughts and—but why record unpleasant memories? Mary's one comment was: "It is a wonder the soldiers of Henry V. didn't throw up their allegiance and their arms before they reached France!" We had intended to enjoy the approach to Dover; and Katherine had reminded us to observe the Cliffs, of which mention is made in "King Lear." But we sat in chastened quiet until the boat was moored, when with due alacrity we transferred ourselves and our baggage first to *terra firma*, then to the train which was to take us to London. Dusk had fallen by the time we started, so we did not see much of the country through which we passed; and at 8 p. m. we arrived in great, seething, wonderful London.

The next morning, Sunday, we hied us forth early in search of a church, and to our delight we found that our hotel was only a short distance from the new Catholic Cathedral of Westminster. Here we embraced the opportunity offered, went to confession, assisted at Mass, and received Holy Communion in the Lady Chapel. Later, we returned to examine at leisure this monument to the zeal of the late Cardinal Vaughan.

Perhaps it grows on one, but, somehow,

none of us admired the exterior of this great mother church of the English Catholic people. It is early Christian Byzantine; and its campanile, turrets, minarets and four domes, as well as the material of the structure—red brick with white stone in transverse layers,—give it a showy, Oriental appearance, in striking contrast with the noble Gothic cathedrals we had visited. The interior, however, is very impressive; and, when finished, Westminster will be a magnificent temple. The sweep of nave and aisles, the splendid sanctuary and choir, the spacious chapels of the Blessed Sacrament and of Our Lady,—all give an impression of vastness and of strength; and the beauty of the finished parts gradually makes itself felt. The immense columns are marvels in themselves. Among them are monoliths of *verde antico* from Thessaly; of *cipollino* from Switzerland and Eubœa; of *breccia* marbles, purple and grey and yellow, from Verona; of red marble from Languedoc, and of grey granite from Norway. The walls of the sanctuary are of exquisite marble, varying from dark Levanto to white Carrara. The high altar is one solid stone, weighing twelve tons, of grey Cornwall granite. A rich baldachino is planned. From the chancel arch hangs a great crucifix, the shaft thirty feet long, the figure eighteen feet. The majesty of this sign of salvation dominates the whole church. There are to be eleven chapels in all; and, as planned, each one will be worthy its setting in the cathedral which marks a new era in the history of the Church in England. But it is sad, sad, to think of the majestic cathedrals and abbeys, once the pride and glory of the Church in England, now lonely ruins without the warmth and glow of the Living Presence.

The London cabs are as famous as those of Paris, and we found it very pleasant going about just seeing the streets, the driver acting as guide and information bureau. The very names of the streets were of interest: Piccadilly

and the Strand, Hyde Park and Rotten Row, Brompton Road and Soho Square, Pater Noster Row and Ave Maria Lane, Fleet Street; Chancery Lane, The Temple, Charing Cross, etc. The name Piccadilly was not satisfactorily explained, but Rotten Row might in the beginning have been *Route du Roi*. Pall Mall was, it is said, *Paille Maille*, from ball and mallet used in a game from which our croquet is derived. Pater Noster Row took its name from the shops where prints of the "Our Father" and other prayers were sold. Pudding Lane was where bakers sold their wares. In our tours we learned that Milton once lived in Bread Street, and Sir Thomas More in Milk Street; while it was in Mitre Court that Boswell had his first appointment with Johnson. Katherine nearly lost her appetite trying to decide what Soho Square connoted to her American mind. It eluded her, until one morning, driving along the Victoria embankment, she saw across the Thames an establishment bearing the sign "Cross & Blackwell"; then it flashed upon her that she had seen Soho Square on "chow-chow" bottles; and all along we had thought it must be some great historic event she was trying to recall.

In the district called Chelsea, we made a sort of literary and artistic pilgrimage; for there, in the vicinity of Cheyne Row, we saw the homes of George Eliot, Leigh Hunt, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Turner, Whistler, and Thomas Carlyle. On Brompton Road the church of the Oratory was pointed out; and in our visit to the Divine Master there we did not forget dear Father Faber, its first rector. Facing the street at this church is a statue of Cardinal Newman. In the other cities we had visited, Catholic churches were in the majority; but in London we learned that there are more than eight hundred and fifty Anglican places of worship, and the directories say there are six hundred "Nonconformist" churches, this number including "about fifty Roman Catholic churches and chapels." A guide

gave us this piece of information one day as we stood in front of St. Paul's; and it was a positive relief when an American tourist near us, evidently a Catholic, said: "Wouldn't that jar you?" We had all we could do to keep Mary from thanking him.

St. Paul's Cathedral was founded in the seventh century as a monastery by Egbert of Kent. This was destroyed by fire soon after the Norman conquest, and was replaced by a fine Gothic structure, which, in turn, fell a prey to the flames in the great fire of 1666. The present building is very large, and is interesting in many ways. The whispering gallery runs around the inner dome of St. Paul's; and a whisper on one side is audible on the other, a distance of one hundred and eight feet in a straight line. Among the noteworthy monuments to be seen are those of Wellington, Nelson, General Gordon, and Lord Leighton; and the tombs of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's, Turner, Landseer, Reynolds, Laurence, Millais, Dean Milman, Lord Napier, Charles Reade, and several others.

Buckingham Palace, the King's London residence, and St. James' Palace, the home of the Prince of Wales, are of interest to tourists, as are also the Houses of Parliament. The site of the present buildings is associated with such names as King Canute, William the Conqueror, William Rufus, Henry II., and Thomas à Becket. In the House of Commons, Mary found out where the Irish members sit; Katherine wanted to try the seat of the Speaker of the House; while we all wondered when the Bill changing the Oath of Office, prescribed for English rulers, would be brought up for discussion and passed in the affirmative!

The National Gallery was well worth a visit; but we could not give a tithe of the time necessary to see the best pictures. The arrangement is excellent; for one can easily see and study the different schools of painting, finding representative paint-

ings of each country and age grouped together. Aunt Margaret liked the Italian painters best, Canaletto's "Grand Canal," Guido Reni's "Christ and St. John," and Titian's Madonnas. Murillo's "Holy Family," too, appealed to her. Katherine took to Gainsborough, Reynolds, Teniers, Constable, and Laurence. Rembrandt, Rubens, Hals and Van Dyck attracted me; while Mary Johns revelled in Turner's broken spectrums. "The Temeraire," "Venice," "Dido and Æneas," and "Fire at Sea" she declared her favorites. The Landseer pictures recalled to our minds a talk that Father Burke once gave us at school. He was speaking of Catholic homes, and he said he hoped when we had homes of our own that we wouldn't have Landseer's dogs, Rosa Bonheur's horses and Greek goddesses all over the house, with no room for a picture of our Blessed Mother. Of course we admired the dogs and horses; but the more we saw of art, the more we were drawn to pictures inspired by religion, and the more we felt their power for good.

A half day was all we could give to the British Museum; but we devoted most of our time there to the Grenville Library, where there is a priceless series of illuminated MSS., arranged chronologically; and in the King's Library, where one can trace the history of printing from the days of the Mazarine Bible down to the present time. We passed through the various departments of the Museum, taking a lot of mental kodak pictures; but most of them under-exposed, so not worth developing. Of course we went to the Tower, and on the way there discussed the probable origin of the game that all children play—namely, "London Bridge is Falling Down." But when we reached the Tower we had other things to think of.

This great prison of bloody memories is really a series of towers and keeps beside the Thames. We felt the shadow of the past fall over us as we walked along the outer ward, its grey stones covered with ivy, and toward the Bloody

Tower, so called because of the murder there of the little sons of Edward IV. Beneath this tower is a great arched passageway, guarded by an iron portcullis; opposite this entrance is the famous Traitors' Gate, through which prisoners who were brought by water entered the prison place. How many hapless victims passed through this 'Traitors' Gate and under the arch of Bloody Tower,—the little princes, Lady Jane Grey, Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, Sir Thomas More, Bishop Fisher, and many, many others! As we looked down into the moat and across at the Traitors' Gate, grey doves with iridescent breasts were nestling there, cooing softly in the shadows cast by iron spikes and stone buttresses. It was a picture to be remembered.

Passing within the enclosure of the Tower grounds, we followed our guide, whose grotesque costume seemed in keeping with the surroundings, noting, as we passed, the objects of interest in the Oriental Armory, the Horse Armory, the parade ground, Beauchamp Tower, Tower Hill, where so many executions took place; the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula, where many of the victims—the saintly Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More among them—are buried; and Wakefield Tower, where the crown-jewels are kept. Among the treasures are the crown used at the coronation of all the rulers of England since Charles II.; the Imperial State Crown made for Queen Victoria in 1838, embellished and enlarged for Edward VII.; the Prince of Wales' crown; the Queen Consort's crown, made for Mary of Modena; St. Edward's staff, carried before the monarch in the coronation ceremony; the Royal Sceptre, which the Archbishop of Canterbury places in the sovereign's right hand; the Sceptre of the Dove, placed in the left hand; the Swords of Mercy and Justice; the coronation bracelets and spurs; the anointing vessel and spoon, etc., etc. The diamonds studding these treasures gave

back red glints of blood as we looked at them; and we left the Tower grounds thinking of Anne Boleyn, Katherine Howard, Sir Walter Raleigh, and those prisoners of later date—the English martyrs,—whose offence was loyalty to the King of kings. All the waters of the Thames turned through those ancient gateways could not make them clean.

Still under the spell of the shadows, we walked out into the sunlight of the broad road and down toward the street. A coach was starting for Westminster, our destination; so we took our places. And Mary broke the chain that bound us to the past by calling our attention to the signs posted everywhere inside and outside the coach—"Use Mellin's Food." London and life are full of just such contrasts.

(To be continued.)

The Samaritans.

The Samaritans were a people of mixed origin, partly Jewish and partly Gentile. When Salmanasar, the Assyrian, defeated the Jews and drove them into exile, a few escaped punishment by hiding. These joined the colonists who came from Babylon and other places to repopulate the land of Israel. When Esdras returned, and the work of rebuilding the Temple was begun, the Samaritans wished to have part in it, for they had taken up some of the tenets and customs of the Jews; but their aid was refused, hence they became enemies of the Jews. They kept part of the Mosaic Law, however, and do so even to this day.

Chapter and Verse.

To give chapter and verse is to cite the exact authority of a statement, as the name of the author, the title of the book, the date thereof, the chapter referred to, and any other particular which might render the reference easily discoverable.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Rev. J. MacLaughlin's well-known work, "Indifferentism; or, Is One Religion as Good as Another?" many times printed, has been reissued by the International Catholic Truth Society. This new edition, which is edited by the Rev. L. A. Lambert, makes a pamphlet of 154 pages, and is a decided improvement over other cheap editions of the work.

—In "Songs and Ballads: Walter and Lillian," a paper-covered booklet of some fifty pages, Edmund Basel gives to a world which we fear will prove unappreciative, some bits of verse not always conforming to strict technique, and a narrative poem which we have found wanting in most of the qualities that render such poems worth while. Nazareth Trade School Printing Department. Farmingdale, L. I.

—The seventy-fifth anniversary of the burning of the Charlestown Convent, an epoch-marking event in the history of the Church in New England, has given the Boston *Sunday Globe* the occasion to publish a most interesting historical sketch ("Burning of the Convent.—A Study of the Dead Past") by Mary Boyle O'Reilly. It is a study well worth preserving, and one that might well be reproduced in pamphlet form by one of our historical societies.

—Almanacs, like Christmas numbers of the monthly magazines, are prepared many weeks before the date they bear on their cover pages. We are already in receipt of an excellent one—"St. Michael's Almanac," published in German as well as English by the Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill. Its contents are varied and interesting, and so extensive that a table of contents or an index is a desirable convenience. The profits from the sale of this year-book are employed for the maintenance of the excellent charitable institutions at Techny.

—The Brewers' Association in this country held its forty-ninth convention in Atlantic City, N. J., three months ago, and the printed "Proceedings" thereat make a pamphlet of 279 pages. We have been particularly interested, while glancing through it, in the address of Mr. John A. Koren, of Boston, the author of several volumes on the Liquor Problem. Mr. Koren's concluding word to the brewers was:

Of one thing, however, we may rest assured: There will be no return to the ancient order of things. Neither in business nor in social intercourse do we tolerate the beastly drinking customs of the olden times. In like manner does

society demand that drink-selling shall be made cleaner. The low dive, the crossroads bar and the village saloon are marked for extinction. What shall remain of the traffic must be defensible. The problem is not one that can be worked out easily; it requires a tolerant spirit on the part of those who would bring about reforms, and open-mindedness to public welfare on the part of those whose personal interests are concerned. The issue is plain and much of its fate lies directly with you.

—The Rev. Michael J. Phelan, S. J., the author of "The Young Priest's Keepsake" (M. H. Gill & Son), gives youthful clerics the benefit of his personal experience as a student in ecclesiastical colleges, and a missionary for almost a quarter of a century in Australia and Ireland. The slender volume (102 pages) has a chapter on culture, one on English, three on sermons, and a final one on elocution. They are all suggestive, and some of them will prove not unprofitable to priests who can no longer be called young.

—The following remarkable specimens of the King's English are from a new novel, published by Mr. John Lane:

The rest of her money went in clothes, fares, light, and concerts. Illness—she smiled and shrugged her shoulders, and fortunately kept, with the exception of an occasional cold, well.

The days had passed over her head with quite, to an outsider, astonishing sameness.

Quite oblivious to this, Miss Paul took the tea things into the kitchen, and washed them, as the phrase is, up.

His benevolence had been born of his pleasure in reading in his Sunday paper the review of a rival's book, in which his rival's work had been measured by the standard of the reviewer's opinion of the pre-eminent scholar, Dr. Paveley's work.

Relieved of the mouse-trap, Dr. Paveley became gradually more, as they say, himself.

She went up and dressed, and came down again without, to her extreme satisfaction, however, meeting Dr. Paveley.

We venture to say that if nine out of ten of the novelists on both sides of the Atlantic were to retire at once, English literature would not suffer in the least.

—In a neat volume of 200 pages, published by the James H. Barry Co., San Francisco, Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M., sets forth the life, virtues, and miracles of "The Holy Man of Santa Clara." Father Magin Catalé, O. F. M., the holy man in question, was born in Spain in 1761, arrived at Santa Clara, California, in 1794, and died there in 1830. The preliminaries essential to his being pronounced "Venerable" were completed at the beginning of the present year, and his Cause now rests with the Sacred Congregation of Rites. Father Engelhardt's book makes very interesting reading,

and incidentally furnishes considerable information as to what is comprised in the making of a saint. Fourteen good illustrations enhance the value of the work, to which is added an adequate index.

—Were it not for the whimsical comparison suggested by Oliver Wendell Holmes himself, no one would have thought of mentioning him in the same paragraph with Dr. Johnson, unless to note the strange accident of birth that brought the two authors into the world within a month of precisely one hundred years. True, Johnson was editing the *Idler* and Holmes was contributing to the *Atlantic* within an exact century of each other, but their lives seem to bear no further similarities. No two men could have been more unlike in experience, acquisitions, temperament or appearance. Both were gifted with a strong mother-wit, but it was of quite a different kind. Many of Dr. Holmes' best sayings would have been considered flippant by Dr. Johnson; and the Autocrat would probably have called Goldsmith's friend a boor, had he overheard such bits of his conversation as this, related by Boswell:

Johnson.—Nay, sir, it was not the wine that made your head ache, but the sense I put into it.

Boswell.—What, sir! will sense make the head ache?

Johnson.—Yes, sir, when it is not used to it.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The Young Priest's Keepsake." Rev. M. J. Phelan, S. J. \$1.10.
- "The Holy Man of Santa Clara." Rev. Z. Englehardt, O. F. M. 75 cts.
- "Cousin Sara." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.50.
- "A Garland of Pansies." George Mark Jameson. 30 cts.
- "The King and the Cats." John Hannon. \$1.
- "Humble Victims." François Veuillot. \$1.10.
- "The Life of Ven. Father Colin." \$1.25.
- "Ceremonies of Low Mass." Felix Zualdi, C. M. \$1.25.
- "The Duchess's Baby." Sophie Maude. \$1.

- "Holy Water and Its Significance for Catholics." Father Theiller, S. O. Cist. 50 cts.
- "The Book of the Lily, and Other Verses." A Sister of the Holy Cross. \$1, net.
- "An Impeached Nation; Being a Study of Irish Outrages." Henry W. Cleary, D. D. 4s. 6d.
- "The Master Motive." Laure Conan. \$1.
- "Report of the Nineteenth Eucharistic Congress. Held at Westminster." \$1.75.
- "Choice Morsels of the Bread of Life." Rev. C. Coppens, S. J. 60 cts.
- "Catholic Churchmen in Science." (Second Series.) James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$1.08.
- "The Path which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church." Peter H. Burnett. \$1.50, net.
- "Father Jim." J. G. R. 10 cts.
- "Graduale Romanum." Dr. F. X. Mathias. \$1.50.
- "The Great Problem." Rev. J. J. Burke. \$1.
- "The Decree on Daily Communion." Father Juan Ferreres, S. J. 75 cts.
- "Rules of Life for the Pastor of Souls." Rev. T. Slater, S. J. \$1.25.
- "The Preachers' Protests." Very Rev. D. I. McDermott. 25 cts.
- "Henry Charles Lea's Historical Writings." Mgr. Baumgarten. 90 cts.
- "The Divine Story." Rev. C. J. Holland, S. T. L. \$1, net.
- "The Catechism in Examples." Vols. IV., V. \$3.
- "The Lady of the Tower, and Other Stories." \$1.25.
- "The Cardinal Democrat. (Henry Edward Manning.)" I. A. Taylor. \$1.25.
- "A Friar Observant." Frances M. Brookfield. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB. xiii. 3.

Rev. Aloysius Hoeffel, of the diocese of Cleveland; and Rev. Dennis D. Leyden, C. M.

Sister Teresa (Molesworth), of the Order of Mt. Carmel.

Mr. Charles Kirschner, Mr. William Blake, Mrs. Christine MacDonald, Mrs. Mary Martin, Mr. Francis B. Cahill, Mr. Julius Johnson, Mr. Hugh Halligan, Mrs. Julia M. Weld, Mr. Thomas Gallagher, Miss Katherine Deniston, Mrs. Anna McKernan, Mr. Joseph Ardner, Mr. Andrew Miller, Mrs. Nora Devine, Mr. James O'Leary, Miss Catherine Bell, Miss Mary Dempsey, and Mr. August Matzner.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Sonnet.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF VITTORIA COLONNA,
BY J. G.

THANKS to Thy sovereign grace, O God, if I
Am grafted in that true vine a living shoot,
Whose arms embrace the world, and in whose
root

Planted by faith our life must hidden lie.
But Thou beholdest how I fade and dry,
Choked with a waste of leaf, and void of fruit,
Unless Thy spring perennial shall recruit
My sapless branch, still wanting fresh supply.

O cleanse me then, and make me to abide
Wholly in Thee, to drink Thy heavenly dew,
And watered daily with my tears to grow!
Thou art the Truth, Thy promise is my guide;
Prepare me when Thou comest, Lord, to show
Fruits answering to the stock on which I grew.

Echoes of the National Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

BY M. M.

THE great annual concourse of pilgrims coinciding this year with a triduum in honor of Blessed Jeanne d'Arc, the Catholics of France seemed especially gathered to obtain the conversion of their unhappy country, or rather its deliverance from the clutches of Freemasonry. Besides Monseigneur Schoepfer, head of the diocese, six bishops enhanced the solemnity of the celebrations, officiating and preaching at the various functions; and at other hours blessing

and comforting the sick at the hospitals.

Pilgrims who are in the habit of paying Our Lady of Lourdes an annual homage meet familiar faces. No official was better known than the Marquis de Laurens-Castelet, late deputy for the department of Aude, founder and president of the litter-bearers. After thirty years of devoted service, he has resigned his office, and on January 1, 1910, Monsieur Armand Mérillon will take his place. The retiring president, a true knight of Our Lady, and one who has long proved a practical friend and servant of the sick poor, relates thus simply the beginning of the institution of the *brancardiers*:

"In the first years of the National Pilgrimage, up to 1879, the removal of the sick from the station to the hospitals and from the hospitals to the piscinas—a service quite voluntary and without any organization whatever—was extremely slow and difficult. With Dom Du Bourg, the Benedictine, I took up a stretcher one day in 1879, while my wife attended the sick we carried. The next day I induced a few friends to join us: Comte de Combette, Comte de Verclos, Comte de Lespinois, and Comte de Boussy. At the end of forty-eight hours we were literally spent, exhausted. Then Comte de Combette evolved the idea of relieving our arms by cords passed round our shoulders and fastened to the litters. This worked beautifully for the first morning, but our shoulders were soon cut by the cords. 'Eureka!' at last exclaimed Dom Du Bourg. He hastened to a shoemaker's, and returned with leather straps,—the same

kind of straps which you see upon the backs of *brancardiers* nowadays.

"After the pilgrimage we met at the feet of Our Lady and decided to form a corps of litter-bearers. Each of us promised to recruit at least six adherents, preferably among former officers. I felt convinced that such an organization as I planned must be based upon rigorous discipline. I was myself, like Dom Du Bourg, a former cavalry officer; and, most of those who entered our corps having belonged to the cavalry, the *brancardiers* were organized as a cavalry regiment.

"We are divided into six squadrons, with various grades. Promotion with us is stricter than in the army; it is never due to favor or birth. I can affirm that in thirty years, not a single promotion has taken place without being justified by seniority and services. I exact military obedience, respect for orders in the military spirit; and this in every rank. The *brancardiers* must arrive on the eve of the National Pilgrimage and leave only on the day after its departure. Service is obligatory, annual, and personal; and absentees who miss for three years, even for serious reasons, are irrevocably excluded from the lists."

On being asked why he resigned while still so hale and active, the Marquis de Laurens-Castelet replied:

"I am sixty-five years of age. Now, the older one grows, the more attached one becomes to one's work. If generals were not forced to retire, the army would be headed by old fogies. I am setting the example by retiring in full possession of health. My first lieutenant, Monsieur de Sarret, who is as old as myself, for the same reason refused to succeed me; therefore, my second lieutenant, Monsieur Armand Mérillon, who is only forty, takes my place. But I don't mean to leave off completely: I am only passing into the reserve division."

The determination of the brave and benevolent Marquis causes deep regret to his associates.

"Lourdes," declared Professor Duret, of the Catholic University of Lille, "is the greatest, most interesting, most exceptional and most marvellous clinique the world possesses." And, apropos of the crowds attending this clinique, Dr. Boisserie observed, laughingly, the other day that Lourdes owes its present notoriety to Zola. Before 1892, the Investigation Office received annually from twenty to thirty doctors. From that date onward, the number has ever been on the increase. From one hundred and twenty in 1893, it went up to two hundred and forty in 1899, three hundred and twenty-eight in 1901, and six hundred and twenty-five in 1908, aggregating four thousand within the last seventeen years.

Among those present this year was Dr. S. E. Jelliffe, professor of psychiatry in Fordham University, New York. This physician, though a teacher in a Catholic University, is a Protestant. He had not yet formed a definite opinion upon the cures of Lourdes, but deemed that they deserved a serious inquiry. He readily admits that things are carried on with perfect honesty, and in a manner that excludes the faintest suspicion of fraud. Another medical man to attract attention was Dr. Carrel, a Frenchman, for six years a resident in the Rockefeller Institute. The lectures he has recently given in Paris upon the result of his labors in America, his new methods, etc., single him out as an audacious if clever practitioner. He, too, felt interested in supernatural cures, and said he wished to study them on the spot; adding that he would bring no preconceived opinion, no systematic negation into his researches.

It is noteworthy that these scientists have been favored by Our Lady this year in a manner unprecedented in the annals of the shrine. The suddenness of a cure, especially the healing of a wound, has always baffled every effort of medicine, and such cases have ever been the most remarkable phenomena at Lourdes. Madame Rouchel's is generally known.

There was another in 1907, that of Marie Borel, a young girl who, on the morning of August 21, had six open fistulas in the abdomen dressed, and the same evening found all the fistulas closed up, the bandages showing only a few stains of dried matter. Up to the present year, however, no doctor had yet been able to watch the transformation of the healing flesh. Now, here is a fact perfectly well authenticated by Drs. Carrel and Sable.

Fernand Delahaye, aged twenty-two, from Bonneville-le-Louvet (Calvados), has been suffering for ten years from osteitis of the left femur, with two fistulous wounds, as stated by a certificate of Dr. Bernard. In vain did he submit to various treatments; in vain did he seek his cure at Lourdes in 1905: the bone remained inflamed and painful; the wounds, *four inches deep*, showed no sign of healing. "The lesion," said the last doctor, "has rather a tendency to increase; the fistulas emit a great quantity of matter." The young invalid decided upon a second pilgrimage to Lourdes, promising Our Lady to return home on foot if he obtained his cure. On August 21, after a first bath in the piscina, he went to the Investigation Office. One of the wounds was closed, the other continued to run profusely. On the 23d, further progress was noted; the last fistula gave out scarcely any pus. That morning, a careful medical examination proved the cure not yet complete. "The fistula still shows at its orifice a protuberance of flesh all round it, that emits some matter; a deep pressure still brings up a big drop of pus." These lines are signed by Dr. Ockynzie, the eminent physician of a Paris hospital, who examined the patient and wrote the report on August 23, 1909, between eleven and half-past eleven in the morning. Several other doctors, among them Dr. Sable, also witnessed the wound at that moment, and noted the small round of raw flesh, with flowing matter.

Accordingly, Fernand Delahaye was not quite cured at half-past eleven. At

a quarter-past twelve, however, the wound was closed, dried up, covered with new skin. Within the intervening space of forty-five minutes, Drs. Carrel and Sable observed the transformation taking place under their very eyes. About eleven forty, they photographed the wound with a view to have an important document in case of a definite cure. During the few minutes so spent they noticed a slight change in the wound. The small lump of red flesh, in the centre of which the fistula opened, seemed to be modified; it became almost dry, growing paler all round. Greatly interested, the two doctors observed the phenomenon, closely watching the gradual process of nature upon this little surface, about the size of a lentil. Soon the skin covered over the circle. In the centre still existed a small damp orifice; this diminutive hollow was drying and tending to fill up. A little later, it also was covered with fresh epidermis. The clock marked a quarter-past twelve. The aspect of the circle now presented merely the tiniest eminence, differing in no way whatever from the rest of the scar; there was the same pink skin with whiter parts. The wound of a few minutes before could be touched, pressed down. All was dry, all covered with epidermis, all perfectly healed.

Dr. Cox, arriving at the Investigation Office just at a quarter-past twelve, was able, like Drs. Carrel and Sable, to observe the marvel. In less than one hour had been accomplished the healing, the epidermization which every medical man will admit requires, in the natural order of things, at least several days. The two physicians above named have taken notes and intend publishing their observations. Needless to add that this case excited particular interest among the medical men present at the Pilgrimage.*

* A letter from Dr. Boissarie, written subsequently to this narrative, states that this second fistula has again opened,—a fact which, while proving that the cure was incomplete, does not affect the prodigy of the rapid skin-formation described.

Another very remarkable cure is that of Armandine Roux, aged twenty-three, residing at 148 Avenue Parmentier, Paris. She had a certificate from Dr. Deschamps, dated August 12, 1909, declaring her to be affected with round ulcer of the stomach, the cause of several hemorrhages. Her stomach has been delicate since she was twelve years old. About May, 1908, the sufferings became more acute, and she vomited almost daily. On February 17, 1909, her appendix was removed by a surgeon of the Catholic Hôpital Saint Joseph, Paris, his idea being that it might be the cause of the gastric trouble. The appendix was found in a bad state; but, in spite of the operation, the sufferings continued, and no solid nourishment could be administered. The invalid was then sent to Mai-sur-Marne, and put upon milk diet, unsuccessfully. Toward the end of April, blood appeared in the milk ejected, and then came vomiting of pure blood. During two months every mode of nutrition was vainly tried, and the invalid returned home. Hemorrhages took place upon July 30 and August 18. The various treatments attempted by Dr. Deschamps proved failures.

She left Paris for Lourdes on August 18, and performed the journey lying upon a mattress. Bathed in the piscina on the 20th at three o'clock in the afternoon, she experienced a strange burning in her stomach, rose out of the water and dressed herself unaided. All pain had vanished, and the pressure of the epigastric region caused no suffering whatever. She felt able to walk, and was present, sitting, at the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. Then the *miraculée* took two cups of milk, and ate two pieces of bread that were retained. In the evening, her dinner consisted of soup, omelet, bread, jam and cakes, and resulted in no vomiting or suffering. She appears radically cured.

Madame Robert, aged forty-five, from Troyes (Aube), was affected during several years with a fibrous tumor that brought on frequent and very severe

hemorrhages. The patient's weakness was extreme, and dyspeptic ailments of a serious nature which had developed added to the sufferings of the poor woman. On August 21, during the procession, Madame Robert felt a sudden sensation of ease. From that moment all the symptoms vanished, her appetite returned, and her strength improved rapidly. The medical examination did not detect any trace of the disease.

Marie Boutier, aged forty-three, was an inmate of the hospital of Le Mans (Sarthe). The certificate of Dr. Bolognesi states she has been treated for many years for bacillose and chronic ulceration of the great intestine, and for chronic intestinal dyspepsia and constipation. Her chest has been delicate from the age of eight, and subject to various pulmonary affections. Ten years ago she had purulent pleurisy; eighteen months later she was taken with peritonitis and obstruction, causing fecaloid vomiting. Laparotomy was practised without delay. A fortnight later an abscess appeared on the right side of the abdomen, giving out a profuse discharge for fifteen days. She journeyed to Lourdes upon a mattress, arriving on August 17 in a pitiable state of weakness. Her immersion on the following day effected a marked change. In the two baths of Saturday, August 21, she suffered for a time excruciating pain in the stomach and abdomen. Then it seemed to her as if she could walk, which was impossible before on account of arthritis in both knees. She now walks with perfect ease and is free from any pain. The Bureau des Constatations verified the cure.

Many other instances of God's mercy appeal to our notice; but instead of dwelling upon them at present, we shall relate briefly—and conclude our article with—one effected at the National Pilgrimage of last year.

Joseph Cottin, aged thirty-two, who resides at Route de Grasse, Cannes (Alpes-Maritimes), came to Lourdes this year in thanksgiving. Some four years ago he

swallowed, by mistake, a spoonful of caustic potash. In consequence his tongue, lips, mouth and pharynx became inflamed and swollen. For a long time he could absorb nothing but a small quantity of milk; then, later, some vermicelli in the milk. No solid food could pass; when the invalid made a trial, the food was instantly rejected. After six months, Dr. Vaudrenne tried dilatation of the throat, and at the end of two years gave up the case as hopeless. Joseph Cottin came to Lourdes in 1908; the first glass of water he drank at the Grotto went down without difficulty; he felt something torn asunder in his pharynx, and the same day, August 20, 1908, began to eat like a man in sound health. Dr. Vaudrenne testifies to the malady and also the perfect cure.

Monica's Victory.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

VIII.

NOTHING was now left in the villages round about Lindau for the Swedes to plunder. They had ransacked the houses and laid hands on all the provisions; forced all the women who had not taken refuge elsewhere to do menial work in their camp; driven the children away to the forest, and put to death every one of the men who ventured to offer any resistance to their depredations. Consequently, orders were given to break up the camp and push forward to Hittisau, one of the largest and most flourishing towns in the mountain regions. The soldiers promised themselves rich booty there and abundance of comestibles.

Before leaving that morning on his abortive expedition to Alsdorf, Captain Hedberg had placed his sergeant-major, Eric Wallerius, in command of the troops, with instructions to make a halt about noontide, halfway between Lindau and

Hittisau, for the midday meal, and to rest the horses; he also desired to ascertain, by sending out scouts to reconnoitre, whether they could proceed farther, without fear of encountering formidable resistance on the enemy's part. The captain intended to rejoin his company before that time, and himself determine where the halt should be made.

All that occurred at Alsdorf, however, detained Hedberg longer than he expected; and when he and his companion, riding at full speed out of the village, reached the banks of the Aach, they had to dismount and lead their horses down the steep declivity. Then they found the water was too deep and the current too strong to admit of swimming across; so they had to make a long circuit, and spend an hour in searching for a place where the river could be forded. And when the opposite bank was reached, they lost their way in the dark forest, and were, besides, alarmed to hear the clash of arms and some shots exchanged in the ravine below. Was it possible that the dragoons had also gone astray, and fallen into an ambush of the enemy?

Hedberg felt terribly anxious; for he knew that if any misfortune had happened, he alone was to blame for his imprudence in leaving his men for the sake of a village maiden. All was quiet again; yet he spurred on his horse in order to reach the Subersach, a tributary of the Aach, the course of which his company were following.

The warlike sounds had really come from the dragoons, though not from the main body. In consequence of the reports that had gained currency that the Imperialists were advancing toward Lake Constance, the captain had ordered a small escort of dragoons to convey to the field-marshal the treasure belonging to Count Hohenem which had been taken at Alsdorf, and which was destined to replenish the military exchequer. The little band, pursuing an opposite way to the others, were suddenly attacked by a

few desperadoes, who sprang upon them out of the thicket, after the manner of highwaymen. A few shots soon ended the conflict, and those of the assailants who were not shot were cut down with the sabre.

Meanwhile the sergeant-major, with the men under his command, slowly proceeded along the river-bank. Hour after hour passed, yet the captain and his companion did not make their appearance. The day was sultry, and a white mist, rising out of the valley, caused by the heat of the midday sun, almost concealed the heights beyond.

Hungry and thirsty, oppressed with the weight of their steel breastplates, the men began to grumble. Military discipline was not very strict in those days, and Wallerius judged it imprudent to tax their patience any longer. The opposite bank, green and shady, behind which were wooded hills, seemed suitable for a quiet resting-place; so they crossed the shallow water of the stream, and he called a halt for the camp to be pitched. The *vivandière* set up her canteen; the officer's tent was erected, the silken standard scarcely moving in the heavy air; some of the men stretched themselves idly on the ground, others busied themselves in preparing a meal.

Before long the tramp of horses was heard; the sergeant-major felt relieved: the absentees were returning. But what was his astonishment, when the oncomers emerged out of the heat-haze, to see his own comrades, the horsemen who were in charge of the treasure, and only four out of the six! After them came the heavily-laden wagons. Well, at least the treasure was safe.

The foremost of the men—the big trooper we saw at Alsdorf—leaped from his horse, and, wiping the sweat from his brow, explained how they had been attacked, and lost two of their number. "The rogues all paid for it with their lives," he added, "except this one, whom we discovered lurking in the wood."

The sergeant-major had not noticed a miserable-looking individual, pale and trembling, who, his hands bound behind him, was roped to one of the wagons. Blood was trickling from a slight wound on his forehead.

"Why, that is the Alsdorf notary!" the officer exclaimed. "What are you thinking of? He is our ally."

"So we thought, but now we know better. The sly knave has been playing a double game," the soldier replied. "He tried to slip away; and when we caught him, he declared it was only by chance that he had come that way. I knew he lied, so we searched him, and look what we found on him!"

So saying, he handed a roll of parchment to the sergeant, who uttered an indignant exclamation whilst running his eye over it. It was a letter from the town council of Bregenz to the commander-in-chief of the Imperial forces, which were already advancing with rapid strides against the Swedes.

"This is very important. You have done a good stroke of business," he said. "And you think this attack—"

"Was made at the instigation of that traitor, who meant to get the booty from us and share it with his mates. The rascally trick has cost us two of our men. I thought it unsafe to go on through the forest, so we turned back and followed in your track, in order to give up this rogue and get a stronger escort."

Before the sergeant-major could say more, Captain Hedberg and the ensign appeared on the scene. On hearing what had occurred, the captain eagerly took the parchment.

"Then it is true: the Imperialists are approaching! It is high time we were recalled."

Springing from the saddle, he turned to the prisoner with a look that boded ill for him.

"Heaven knows I never trusted that fellow! A man who is false to one is false to all. The gallows are the traitor's meed."

How did you come by this document? Speak, scoundrel!"

"I am innocent, sir,—upon my soul I am. I did not know what it was. A man, a stranger, gave it me. Perhaps he wished to ruin me."

"You have done that yourself. We know what those subterfuges are worth," Wallerius said contemptuously.

It suddenly occurred to the captain that this was the very man who had figured that morning as his rival when he sought the hand of the mayor's fair daughter. Stamping his foot on the ground, he said:

"The man knows his fate. Let us make short work of him."

The unhappy notary begged for mercy, but Hedberg was relentless; and the delinquent, trembling in every limb, was dragged away by the executioner to be hung on a tree in the wood.

The summary execution of an offender was no uncommon event in those days, and few of the soldiers followed to witness the scene of hanging. The majority felt more interest in the stew pot; and many, to while away the time until the meal should be ready, played cards or threw dice or slaked their thirst by deep draughts of beer.

Meanwhile Laurence Ladurn struggled violently in the hands of the hangman and his assistants. The cold sweat stood in great drops on his brow, his teeth chattered. When his hands were bound and the halter placed round his neck, the hangman, whose hunger brooked no delay, bade him say a prayer, if he was afraid of hell fire. But Ladurn was not inclined to pray; he cursed his fate, he cursed the Swedes, he cursed himself; for now he had lost all,—the gold he coveted, the girl he desired to marry, his own life. He howled in terror and despair when the signal was given and he was being hauled up to the top of a fir tree. But before the branches were reached, a sudden movement was seen in the camp, and the cry resounded from one end to the other:

"The enemy is upon us! The Austrians! We are betrayed! To arms,—to arms, or we are lost!"

It was now the turn of the executioners to be terrified. They let go the rope and ran to rejoin the soldiers, as if the foe were already at their heels. The culprit fell heavily to the ground, on a bed of moss and turf. For a moment he lay motionless; then, recovering himself, with a violent effort he raised his hands and tore from his throat the rope that was strangling him. Half choked, he gasped for breath, and stared around, scarcely able to believe himself to be alive. But the instinct of self-preservation returned. Rising to his feet, he fled up the slope into the wood as if evil spirits were pursuing him.

No one had a thought to give to the prisoner: for in the camp the greatest consternation and confusion prevailed. None knew who had been the first to descry the large body of infantry which had appeared, as if by magic, on the hills behind. Pausing for an instant on the crest of the fir-clad height, the moving phalanx then began to descend the declivity like a white cloud into the vapor which filled the valley, and for awhile shrouded them from sight. "They are coming,—the Austrians! See their white uniforms! A whole army is after us!" Such were the cries which were heard on all sides.

Captain Hedberg saw, as he thought, the realization of the fears which he had long entertained, and which had been confirmed by the letter found on the prisoner. The enemy had turned their flank. Resistance was impossible; the only hope lay in an instant return to headquarters.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE is a first-rate piece of furniture for a man's upper chamber, if he has common-sense on the ground-floor.

—Lecky.

With Falling Leaves.

BY MARION MUIR.

WHO should regret that roses die
In the sweet grasp of June?
Or murmur when the western sky
Meets the cold hunter's moon?

The round earth, dreaming through the dusk,
Wheels toward the dawn divine,
And blossoms fall before the musk
Of grapes can load the vine.

There is no triumph left for Sin,
Like falling cloud of night;
But Joy her lasting place will win
And teach the might of right.

Sir Stephen de Vere.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

VIII.

IF, instead of making emigrants of the "surplus population" of Ireland, the Government had employed the millions thus wasted in so simple and ready-to-hand a work as reafforesting the waste lands, the saplings set (sixty years ago) would be giants of the forest now. "It is noteworthy," says Lord Castletown,* "that only about $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the total area of Ireland is under woods, while there is over 23 per cent of uncultivated land,"—that is to say, $21\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the land of Ireland is going for nothing.

Dr. Schlich, in a report of the afforestation of Ireland in 1885, estimates that "at least 2,000,000 acres of waste land could be made available for plantations." Lord Castletown's calculation of the scheme is "1000 acres purchased for £9000; interest paid at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent for thirty years; timber sold at the end of that time would leave a balance to credit of £20,000." It is, then, a simple sum; if every acre in thirty-five years returns a profit of twenty, what will ten million

acres return in sixty years? Between sixty and seventy millions of money.

There is a homely saying in Ireland—"It is useless to cry over spilled milk." Although various works might have been taken in hand with benefit to the nation, we are not to sit down by the waters of the Boyne or the Shannon and weep because they were not. And, though the closing chapters of several Irish histories, notably (what one would not expect) Mitchell's, wail with the pathos of a Jeremias over the irreparable ruin of our race, I can not at all accept that view. From every calamity and every disaster, I have seen that race providentially arise; and I believe it will arise from the death-drain that seems now to threaten it. To me, there is a something in the recuperative power of our race, a something in the emerald green of our land, a something in the delightful tints of our skies, a something in the happy temperature of our climate, a something in our being set in the gateway between the Old World and the New, a something in our very hopes, a substance even in our undying and ever-clinging affections, a power in our insistence of nationhood, that forbids extinction. I know not how it shall arise, but I look to the return of the exiles, and their effect on our destinies, as one of the most potent and auspicious elements for the future of our race.*

Sir Stephen, as remarked elsewhere, returned from Canada to Ireland in 1848. We have not the purpose wherewith he set out expressed in his own words, so that we can not say whether or not he succeeded. We have what others thought was his purpose, and what most likely they have said or insinuated was his purpose. Of this at any rate, we may rest assured: that the motive liveliest in his breast was the protection and advantage of his poorer and therefore weaker fellow-countrymen. And the evils that

* The emigration statistics for 1905 were the lowest since 1846: 1905—31,172; 1906—35,918.

* Address at Limerick Exhibition, 1906.

lay in their way rested with the sailing-vessels and with the wiles of sharpers in a new country. Both these evils were met, and in the end, it may fairly be said, successfully met; but it took a long time before that desired end was compassed.

When he came home, he found the nation's hemorrhage as virulent as ever. It never occurred to him that emigration was an unmixed evil; that such was his opinion we have seen. Its surroundings were evil; of that he was convinced; and he set himself to remedy those evils, so far as they could be remedied. He was the one man in Ireland at that time who was looked upon as an authority on this question. His actual experience, his literary abilities, his high social standing and connections, and his severe and unquestioned probity, easily marked him out as a guide and an authority. His time and thought in the ensuing years were mainly centred upon this grave question.

About the year 1851 there took place a politico-ecclesiastical quarrel which for a very short while exclusively engrossed the minds of churchmen and politicians. It was the notorious "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill," by which it was made illegal for any Catholic bishop to take his title from his See. Some men, such as Mr. Gladstone (then rather young), spoke vehemently and sincerely against it. Some who were not politicians, such as Sir Stephen and his brother, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, the poet, wrote able and convincing pamphlets against it. But it will perhaps be admitted that "the most unkindest cut of all" came from the west coast of Ireland. On the morrow of the passing of the bill, the *Dublin Press* contained a letter challenging the Prime Minister, Lord John Russell, to prosecute, if he dare. The writer, who gave his signature openly and above board, was "John of Tuam," the great Dr. MacHale. No prosecution followed; and, like many another venerable thing, the Bill was laid in its tomb.

All this while, during the Fifties, the

emigration went on at a lamentable rate. The Crimean War came in 1855-56, and the price of corn rose to an extraordinary figure. This set tillage in motion, and for a time it acted as a "break" on the machine that was carrying away the people. Sir Stephen de Vere became a member of Parliament for the County of Limerick, and attended the House of Commons from 1855 to 1859. Parliamentary work was not, however, his forte. He entered Parliament with the purely philanthropic purpose of remedying the evils of emigration, and his time there was all but entirely devoted to that purpose.

It was about this period that he built for himself a very handsome house, in a bright, sunny spot, on the verge of the rocks in Foynes island. This stands half-way down between Limerick and the sea, more than thirty miles from the Atlantic Ocean, and somewhat less from the once prosperous Limerick of the lace and glove trade. The hill on the island shelters the house from the severe northwest winds, and a screen of wood at closer proximity renders it still more snug. The temperature of the Shannon is sub-tropical, if only the gales from the west and northwest can be warded off. He called the house Monare,—that is, the place of the loamy soil and the velvet grass. Here he lived his solitary bachelor life, devoting himself to good works, literature, and an academic interest in politics.

Sir Charles Gavin Duffy, when setting out for Australia, said he left Ireland a corpse on the dissecting table. During the early Fifties, she was truly a corpse. New life, however, began to stir her members toward the end of that decade; and with the beginning of the 'Sixties she was asserting herself once more. The Tenant-Right Agitation was uniting North and South, Orange and Green. Mitchell's saying began to be on Orangemen's lips: "The Pope serves no writs"; as much as to say, there is no reason why on this question of the Land, North and South should not unite. The platform of this

gaitation contained the "Three F's" — Fixity of tenure, Fair rents, and Free sale.

We have travelled a long distance from that, now when we have Peasant Proprietary; but the "Three F's" were looked upon as an emancipation in those days, and it marks the degradation and slavery of the times. Among the substantial farmers of the country, that agitation held first place in politics until the early Eighties, when it received its death-blow in one short cry from Parnell. While discussing the demand for the "Three F's" at a Land League meeting, he happened to remove his overcoat, when, stamping his foot, and denouncing it, he cried aloud: "I did not take off my coat for this!"

Early in the Sixties there were very stormy elections. The Farmers' friends were being pitted against the Landlords' nominees. It was the day of open voting. The Ballot Act had not yet come in. The democrat was everywhere the popular candidate, and was surrounded by the whole countryside. Popular zeal and (it must be sorrowfully added) free porter made the election booths places of life and death for those who, from their position as tenants-at-will, and not from their choice, were found to vote against them.

It was quite the usual thing to send the rent-warner or bailiff on the estate some days before the election, to tell the tenantry for whom "his honor" the landlord or "his honor" the agent wished them to cast their votes. There were some landlords who, because they were naturally good, or that they did not "care a — for the fellow," or that they were English and rich, left their tenants free to vote as they wished. But Irish landlords, and especially those of the same county, were tabooed at the county club if they did not bring every force, moral and physical, to bear on the unfortunate tenantry. If a tenant held a lease, he was bullet-proof (at least so long as his lease lasted) against "his honor's" indignation. But if he were a tenant-at-will, a rise of rent was put upon him, which was the lesser pun-

ishment; or he was served with a "notice to quit" his home and his land, and go out with his wife and children into beggary, which was the greater punishment.

The amusing thing is that when tyranny like this was practised for the whole of the nineteenth century, and for centuries before it, the landlords should be astonished at the unleashed fury of the century-maddened tenantry, when in the Eighties, under the guidance of Davitt and Parnell, and remembering their wrongs, they swept the position at a rush.

In those days of the early Sixties, the tenantry were no longer the unthinking herd that they were a score or even a decade of years previously. Farmers' clubs became the order of the day; and these clubs or associations began to talk of wrongs, and to tell, through the popular press, that they had grievances. Now, what steam and turbines began to be on the waters, education and the press were to men in politics.

It was no unusual thing in those days for some one in a whole townland or district to get a Dublin weekly paper, — price one penny. You smile at the extravagance; but when I tell you it was only one in a district that used to get it, I state a fact. If you press me and ask, "Was it that each man was too poor to get one for himself?" I answer, "It was not." And if you ask me, "Why didn't they get it, then?" I will tell you what was said of a chimney.

In a congested district some visitors were one day rambling about; amusing themselves with the strange things they saw. Finally their attention was attracted to a poor low little hovel, with blue peat smoke issuing from the humble doorway and the porous roof of straw. "I declare," said one of the visitors, "there is a house and it has no chimney! Did ye ever see the like?" — "Aye!" said a native, who overheard; "a chimley is a convainyance." — A newspaper was a "convainyance," but one that could very well be dispensed with.

At any rate, on the Sunday after Mass, all the old heads gathered at the house where the paper was received; and one old man, a pupil of the rude but useful hedge-school, read out the news for the rest. They made comments, shrewd enough, on what lay within their grasp; and thus it was, as papers became more general, the people grew more self-dependent.

(To be continued.)

A Dream Come True.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.—*Ps., cxx, 1,*

SOME there are who, knowing and loving villages like my Hilltop, will be content to read what I shall say; some there are, too, who, never having gazed upon so fair a place, will kindly try to see it with my eyes; and there are others who will talk with scorn of the decadence of New Hampshire hill towns, and have scant patience with my words. For all of these I write.

There have been several Hilltops. There was, first, that of my childhood, forgotten through many changing years. It was peopled with gentlefolk who kept their Old-World manners, and with quaint beings who used the rustic vernacular; and it was carpeted with wild strawberry leaves and the glossy green of the checkerberry. Through it ran a stream that rippled and gurgled and shone; and there were places where the sweet-flag grew, and a kitchen where the root was made into the most delicious confection by a shy and graceful girl named Fanny. I remember, too, a grandfather who sang old Jacobite songs about going "Over the Water to Charlie"; and a maiden aunt who tried to instil in my mind the principles suited to little Puritan girls. And there was a great peacock, called

King Solomon, that at certain hours strutted about and spread his many-eyed tail. There was a white "meeting-house," with green blinds and a high steeple, where, in the gallery over the door, my uncle played the bass viol when the congregation turned around to sing; and there were long sermons, during which the old ladies nibbled sprigs of green caraway and the small folk dozed.

"In my young days," said my grandfather, "the tithing man tapped on the children's heads if they fell asleep at meeting."

"But these are not your young days, grandfather," I would answer: "they are ours."

"So they are," he would agree, and relapse into pipe smoke and dreams of Bonnie Prince Charlie; for he came of a family that furnished many adherents to the hopeless cause of the Stuarts.

Surrounding the village, as if it was in a bowl, were mountains, one considerably higher than the rest; for Hilltop was, and is, a mountain town, not only high itself, but hemmed in by greater heights, where ever lies repose.

From the very old people I heard of another Hilltop where my mother's maternal grandfather, the village doctor, dwelt when English traditions governed the adventurous spirits who hewed the great pine trees and made a home in the wilderness. It required men and women with wills firm as the granite of their hills to be content with the hardships of the ancient days. The men of New Hampshire stood between hostile Indians and the more sheltered colonies for more than a century; and, between the incursions of the red-men and the long and pitiless winters, there was little leisure or inclination for the amenities of life. But common interests bound the infant communities together, and in some wonderful way they found time for many simple joys that kept all sweet and tender the hearts and natures of a sturdy race. But even in those strenuous times there was a well-

defined distinction between the gentry and the yeomanry, traces of which may be discovered to this day if one knows where to look; for New Hampshire was loyal to English rules and customs until the guns of Concord awakened it and made it a hotbed of justifiable rebellion.

And so the years rolled on, and the time came when the Hilltop of my forbears and that of my childhood melted into one.

"Let us go and find Hilltop," I said to my comrade.

"What is there to find?" he asked, being always somewhat sceptical regarding my fancies.

"I don't know that there is anything," I was forced to admit. It had been so many years since I picked the wild-strawberries!

"Who but you," he went on, "would suggest going a thousand miles on a wild goose chase?"

"Let us go," I persisted meekly, and we went.

As we drew near, my own courage began to vanish. What if, as my comrade suggested, my Hilltop had disappeared? What if, instead of the hamlet with the white meeting-house and the old mansions and the dear people, we should find but deserted crossroads and some crumbling gravestones? And then—and then—the train moved slowly—stopped—and at our right hand was the loveliest village that ever nestled beside a mountain or slept on the borders of a shining river. I should not have been a woman if I had not said, "I told you so!"

Even the railway station was as unlike one as possible, and the smoke from the locomotive disappeared gaily in a passing cloud. And Hilltop was intact; changed, but the same. How can I tell of it? Not by statistics. What cared we of the height of the mountains or the number of people who called the hamlet home! It sufficed that the strawberries were hiding on the hills, that the same river rippled over the stones, that the aged

mansions were more stately than ever, and that the mountains still shut out the world. The peacock was dead, but—will it be believed?—my friend Fanny, not much changed, was still dipping the roots of the sweet-flag.

Then came long days, when we wandered in lonely graveyards where the forefathers of the hamlet slept, or searched in the garrets of kindred for manuscripts with the dust of a century upon them, or gathered flowers like none that bloom elsewhere, or took long drives on winding roads that began nowhere and went nowhere; and always there were the mountains, serene, majestic, unchangeable.

Tidings from the outside keep the Hilltop minds alert. I could tell you of old mahogany tables which hold the latest theories of psychological research, and of gentlewomen born long ago whose intelligence and culture are of the rarest, and whose manners would adorn the court of kings as they wander in their gardens, tending the damask roses that grow on bushes set out, perchance, by ancestors who fought against King George.

We were climbing a hill road one day, stopping now and then to gaze across the valley at old Kearsarge, when we spied an elderly man busy with a hoe. Could this be one of the quaint survivals of a plainer period—the "Yankee" of books and the stage?

"Pretty fine view," he said.

"Indescribably fine," I answered. "And such scenery must be uplifting. I don't see how any one who lives in sight of these mountains can ever do anything really wrong."

He leaned on his hoe and smiled.

"Wall, they do. Human nater busts out here jest as it does in a flat country. I don't know but it busts out wuss, not having so much room to bust in. If you light a firecracker and put it in a bottle, it'll make an awful fuss. It's like that with folks that are shet up between mountains. Things is jest terrible here sometimes."

"Dear me!" I exclaimed. "What can you mean?"

"Jest what I say. The night before the Fourth of July some young fellers broke into the meeting-house and rang the bell like all possessed, and Sam Chase sez he's had as many as a dozen squashes stolen from his garden patch. Yes, human nater will bust out."

"There be pranky lads ofttimes," I quoted to my comrade.

"Ah, I see you know your William Morris!" remarked the man with the hoe.

"Without always approving of him," I replied. "He who knew so much should have known more. He missed the vital truth of all. But tell me, if you please, how a farmer manages to keep his hands so white?"

He laughed merrily.

"You have found me out. It amuses me to play the old-fashioned Yankee farmer now and then. A tourist gave me half a dollar the other day and called me 'grandpa.'"

"But, if I may inquire, what are you?"

"Oh, sort of a schoolmaster! I've been spending my summers on this farm up here on the mountain-side for thirty years. There's no place on earth like it. By and by the automobiles will find it out, and I shall come no more. People are already talking of a trolley up the side of Kearsarge and of a big hotel at the village. And there was once a man who killed the goose that laid golden eggs."

We made inquiries at the inn concerning our schoolmaster. He was, we learned, professor of Sanscrit at H—, and considered a good neighbor, but something of a "crank."

The dream has come true, and I know now that, far away, the everlasting mountains of granite shut in close and safe my Hilltop, village of peace.

The Memory of a Catholic Master.

BY BEN HURST.

DURING the last fifty years the fame of Joseph Haydn has been steadily increasing, until this pre-eminent Catholic composer stands recognized as a leading light for all time in the musical world. The centenary of his death gave occasion for public manifestations in his honor throughout the globe; and Vienna, the home of harmony, had the happy inspiration to combine the Haydn celebrations with the International Congress of Music that met this year within its walls.

Not so long since there had been a universal, spontaneous commemoration of Mozart,—Vienna, of course, leading the way. But Austria went a step further for Haydn, the State itself doing homage to its great son by an officially organized programme of celebrations. At a moment when the Dual Empire had made a decisive step southward on its self-appointed march toward the Ægean Sea, while national ambition exulted over the successful seizure of the two Slav lands, Bosnia and Herzegovina, it was natural that enthusiasts should seek to direct the Haydn celebrations into patriotic channels.

But the greatness of the master could not be dwarfed nor restricted to one nationality. The English race claims him by right of the earliest recognition of his genius; Italy claims that she was the inspirer of much that is delicate and profound in his subtlest measures; Hungary claims him by a right of birth that may be disputed, but also by strong associations and easily traceable Magyar rhythm and intonations. Although Haydn is often the faithful reflector of Austrian folk characteristics, and his classical "*Gott erhalte*" is the finest national hymn in existence, giving the full measure of his devotion to sovereign and Fatherland, this sound Catholic citizen of Vienna belongs to universal humanity. His

EXPEDIENCY is man's wisdom; doing right is God's.—George Meredith.

oratorios, Masses, and symphonies, are loved and studied from Moscow to Mexico.

The wondrous inspiration that grew younger and more cheerful with age—Haydn's latest works are his liveliest and brightest—proceeded from a deeply religious spirit. This grand apparition in the realm of music, king of composers, is distinguished by an optimism that Faith alone can give. No woful resignation, but calm and joyous thankfulness, sings to us from the serried pages where industry and imagination went hand in hand to build up his inimitable oratorios.

Haydn was humble. He did not disdain to acknowledge his debt to a line of obscure forerunners that mark the road from Bach to himself. He was original, and took his stand boldly as an innovator. The composer of the majestic strain, "And there was Light," brought, himself, light into the domain of music. "Haydn opened the windows for us," said Gounod. His outlook was wide as his fancy. By gathering flowers of folk-music into his themes, he rendered possible the development of new forms and new elements in the hitherto stereotyped routine of technical construction. Like all true artists, he went to Nature for knowledge, and in hearkening back to primal founts discovered a precious guidance in the peasant's artless song.

But he stooped to soar. Like Milton, in daring flight, he sought to portray the grandest epic known to man, the marvel of the origin of the world. The noble conception could arise only in a master mind, and well has Haydn succeeded in conveying vast and sublime thoughts by the magic harmony of his "Creation." His own firm and simple faith, his profound veneration for each sacred word in the Book of books, his eager straining toward the God of harmony, make the work not only a prayer but a lesson. His rejoicing in the promise of the Word, his confidence in the Omnipotent Hand that holds destiny, his heartfelt worship of divine grandeur, are strangely commu-

nitive. Praise and gratitude ring in the ecstatic outburst, "There was Light." Remorse for sin and terror at impending annihilation are equally expressed in the plaint of the culprits. None but a soul of lofty, beautiful thoughts could have created this majestic partition.

It is, however, commonly considered that the most effective of all Haydn's compositions are the seven sonatas on the "Seven Last Words of the Saviour on the Cross." Each is detached, perfect in itself, in slow tempi; and all are united by the tremendous finale which describes the revolt of Earth at the sacrilege to its Maker.

Haydn was at his best in church music; but other branches owe him their extension and development, and one its very origin. He is the father of the symphony, and in this *genre* has never been surpassed. Polyphone instrumental music owes him everything. He taught how to evolve from a simple motive the richest, widest theme. But his operas, from which his pupil, Mozart, learned so much, are not apt for the stage. This *genre* was estranged from his childlike soul. His oratorios—"The Seasons" and "Creation"—remain his chief glory; and his "Kammer-Musik," for two violins, viola and 'cello, keep him popular with the everyday lovers of good music.

One wants no deep "tone-culture" to understand and appreciate the great Joseph Haydn. His soul speaks freely to the inner feelings of his hearers. How many know and love his fascinating strains, ignorant of the composer! For gems are extracted from his wealthy pile, translated and travestied, to serve as new among the newest. There is no discrepancy between Haydn's music and his even, well-ordered life. The man possessed the same qualities as the composer. A strong religious sense and the discipline of quiet, hard-working days are reflected in the full, rich passages that have become classical for all time.

Born at Rohrau, on the Austro-

Hungarian frontier, two races dispute the ownership of his birthplace, and still wrangle over the division of his mortal remains. The skull of Haydn was removed from his first grave by two disciples of the phrenologist, Dr. Gall; and is the greatest treasure of the museum attached to the conservatory of Vienna. The Esterhazy family, who count an ancestor among his earliest protectors, succeeded in disinterring the headless body and taking it to Eisenstadt (Hungary), where it is an object of interest to visitors from all parts. At the time of the disinterment, the abstraction of the skull, say the Viennese, was not yet publicly known; and a gravedigger, summoned to produce it, substituted one close at hand.

Hungarians, on their side, deny the authenticity of the skull preserved in Vienna, and this unseemly squabble is likely to continue while they claim as a national hero of Magyarland one whose genius certainly assimilated the fruits of German culture and was directed by it. He who could have been a link of empire has become a cause of feud. Nevertheless, the parish priest of Eisenstadt, in his speech at the reception of the various deputations who recently came to lay wreaths on the composer's tomb, demonstrated gracefully and convincingly that Haydn was the first to introduce Magyar melodies in classical pages; that his most brilliant works were composed on Hungarian soil; and that his mortal remains fittingly repose therein. Upward of four thousand guests of Prince Esterhazy, descendant of Haydn's first patron, applauded more or less discreetly, cognizant of the fact that politics in the Dual Empire invades even the exalted domain of music; and that Dr. Lueger, Mayor of Vienna, was waiting impatiently to deliver the inevitable protest in an academical reply.

This doughty champion of Catholicity and Imperialism, leader of the "Christian Associated" (often erroneously translated as "Christian Socialists"), pointed out

that Haydn's intellectuality was essentially Viennese; that the Austrian national hymn was his grandest inspiration; that the hymn styled "National Song of the Magyars" was not duly authenticated as Haydn's; that, although he loved London with reason, he elected to settle down in Music's capital, Vienna, where, absorbed in his creative faculty, as a father among children, he lived and died. "The small suburban house impregnated with his memory is a national treasure, and the receptacle of his mighty brain belongs to the city on whose atmosphere it fed." Dr. Lueger's eloquence and tenacity triumphed over concerted arrangements, and, from fifth on the list, Vienna was admitted to lay the first wreath on the master's tomb.

The commemoration in Vienna itself, although it included royalties, statesmen, poets and savants, was mainly under ecclesiastical direction. Haydn is, undisputably, a great glory of the Church, which, gladly taking the initiative, designed the Bishop, Dr. Laurence Mayer, to preside at the inaugural meeting convened to decide on the best means of honoring the memory of the master. It was resolved that the musical education of youth on the sane, lofty, yet tender and cheerful measures of Haydn would be the most fitting tribute to the composer.

It is a mistake to confound the solemnity of his glorious Masses with the sweet gravity of his symphonies, most attractive, besides, to youth of all climes. There is a fund of romanticism and humor in his lighter strains. From his last symphony (in D Major) Wagner drew the most fascinating bars of his "Flying Dutchman." A gaiety of rhythm and a playful fantasy charm the student who approaches him in the expectation of finding impressive majesty and effects of power beyond all else. Haydn was a true poet, capable of imparting pious devotion in a supernatural theme, and delicate humor in the gayest of *menuets*.

Son of a wheelwright who played the harp while his wife sang peasant ditties, Joseph Haydn grew up in an environment of wholesome music. In his latest years he warbled the simple tunes that had first charmed his infantile ears. He was the eldest of twenty children, fourteen of whom were at one time living. His brother Michael also composed, and the Gradual of one of his Masses is still popular in many German churches. At the Memorial Mass for the centenary, fragments by Michael Haydn were included, and won the appreciation of the Abbé Perosi, who had come from Rome to assist in the celebrations. At six, Joseph Haydn learned singing, as well as his alphabet and the catechism, from a harsh teacher, whose strokes he forgave; "for he taught me the wonders of harmony."

Good conduct and quiet behavior, as well as his musical bent, made him chorister in St. Stefan's Church, Vienna. When dismissed after he had lost his voice, he supported himself by playing in orchestras. His miserable lodging had no stove, and the rain found an entrance; but in after years he wrote: "Seated before my worm-eaten old piano, I envied no king." He had come across Bach's six earliest sonatas. He played them all through with bated breath at the first essay, then turned back and repeated them, "as a thirsty man returns twice to taste the cold spring." Thenceforward he studied Bach, who learned to know him and complimented him on his comprehension. At sixteen he was taken by Prince Esterhazy to be organist in his private chapel. At eighteen he composed his first quartette. "Nobody interfered with me, and I was free to be original." But when discharged, owing to the reduction of the Prince's court, he was thrown on his own resources for a livelihood.

It was now that his genius asserted itself. Solomon of Cologne, engaged in professional concerts at Hanover Square, persuaded him, in spite of his ignorance of English and inexperience in travelling,

to accompany him to London. There he was recognized at his true value, and it was hence that his glory spread over Europe. He had many happy years in his English home, where he composed unremittingly; but it was during visits to Vienna that his *chef-d'œuvres*, the oratorios, "The Creation" and "The Seasons," took life and form. He kept a diary while in London, but it contains only outer facts; however, much of the inner workings of the musician may be gleaned from it. It was Lidley, an Englishman, who furnished the text for the "Creation." Haydn took it with him to Vienna, where he got it translated. The text for "The Seasons" was Thomson's celebrated poem.

Haydn's productive power was limitless. He composed as he breathed. Fifteen Masses, one hundred and twenty symphonies, and seventy-seven quartettes do not complete his splendid pile. *Te Deums*, *Stabat Maters*, concertos, and marches, besides a theatre piece, fill up the interstices of the lofty erection. His genius grew mellow with time, and mind triumphed over body. He was seventy when he composed the delicious love idyll of Lucan and Hannchen in "The Seasons," and many bewitching accompaniments to old Scotch tunes.

It is said that Haydn was unhappy in his domestic life, and that the spectre of discord made him often regret he had not followed his early idea of embracing a monastic life. He had married a Miss Heller, daughter of a wig-maker, his neighbor and friend, who was incapable of rejoicing in the music that absorbed her husband's entire being. It is but fair to remember that the wife of a genius has an almost superhuman task before her. Tact, comprehension, appreciation, devotedness and self-effacement are all requisite for the rôle. We must remember Jane Carlyle's irritation at the theft, by his admirers, of the particular pens she took pains to provide for the lion who exacted meticulous attention to his wants.

If the paper on which deathless scores were inscribed found its way to envelop cakes and cheese laid by for the author's delectation, surely we may attribute a share in the disaster to the carelessness of Haydn himself. Whatever the unsuitability of the union, it lasted for full forty years, and is a precious record of constancy and mutual forbearance.

Gentle, pious, humorous, kindly, unambitious in a worldly sense, living only for his beloved art, the rare soul of Joseph Haydn passed on earth, enriching us for all time with masterpieces which not even his giant successors, Mozart and Beethoven, have thrown in the shade.

The Curse of the Golden Goblet.*

THE settlement of Tintay, situated on a spur of the Pachachaca, in the province of Aymaraes, was, in 1613, capital of the district of Colcabamba, Peru. Close upon six thousand Indians dwelt in the village, the importance of which will be understood when it is known that it boasted four churches.

The cacique of Tintay complied, in January of each year, with the obligation imposed by the conquerors—i. e., to go to Cuzco and deliver to the magistrate the tribute that had been collected. His return was celebrated, on the part of the Indians, by three days of feasting and license.

In February, 1613, the cacique returned to his people, full of complaints against the Spanish authorities, who had, it seemed, treated him with little or no consideration. Perhaps for this reason, the feasting was more animated than usual; and on the last day, when the rioting had reached its height, the cacique gave free rein to his anger in these words:

"Our forefathers were wont to make their libations in goblets of gold, while

we, degenerate sons, drink from earthen cups. The *viracochas* are our masters, and lords of all that is ours, because we are weaklings, and the courage to throw off the yoke has died within our breasts. Slaves! dance and sing to the rhythm of your chains. Slaves! drink from rude vessels of mud, for those of precious metal are not for such as ye."

The revilings of their chief roused the Indians, until one of them, shattering the earthen cup which he held, cried out:

"Follow me, ye who would drink from a golden goblet!"

Like a river which overflows its banks, the people rushed forth, and, bursting into the churches, seized the golden vessels destined for the Holy Sacrifice.

The *cura* of Tintay, a venerable old man, presented himself at the door of the parish church with a crucifix in his hand, admonishing the profaners of the holy place, and attempting to block their entrance. But the Indians, frenzied by drink, trampled him down, and, ignoring his prostrate form, rushed with hideous screams into the sanctuary. There at the high altar they desecrated the chalice consecrated to the Holy Sacrifice. But in the midst of their fiendish dances and wild hurrahs, the voice of the minister of the Most High was heard vibrating through the temple, tremendous, irresistible, as it thundered forth:

"Accursed! Accursed! Accursed!"

The sacrilegious orgy was prolonged until midnight; but at last, overcome by exhaustion, they gave themselves up to the stupor of the impious. At dawn many awoke with an all-consuming thirst, and the wives and children hurried forth to the neighboring streams to obtain water. But a miracle of God—the creeks were dry!

To-day (1880) Tintay is a poor village of sorry aspect, having three hundred and forty-four inhabitants, while its outskirts are little more than a desert. The water of the creeks is slightly salt to the taste and unhealthy for the traveller.

* From the Spanish of Don Ricardo Palma; translated for THE AVE MARIA by C. B.

A City of Practical Catholic Works.

By J. McC.

MÜNCHEN-GLADBACH has acquired a reputation for Catholic social work in Germany. It is the home of the Volksverein organization; at its central bureaus, under the present direction of Dr. Brauns, with his able staff of collaborators, is given a yearly summer course of lectures dealing with the ways and means of the Christian Social Labor Organization. The attendance is made up of students from various Catholic universities—Louvain, Innsbruck, Bonne, Fribourg in Switzerland, and its sister university of Freiburg in German Breisgau. Among the enrolled appear also the names of not a few editors who, weary of inky battles, leave the sanctum to draw new inspiration, and be abreast of the times in the way of practical ethics and the freshest problems of labor and sociology. Thus to keep informed is a necessity for the Continental editor, whose paper must present *ex-professo* tracts on religion, science, and moral conduct,—weighty topics which in this country we are content to leave to the monthly periodical and the quarterly. To see the truth of pure principle in the midst of the confusion of erroneous and rationalistic theory in the domains of faith, thought, and action, is a task sufficiently arduous to say the least; and the Continental editor may well seek assistance therein.

München-Gladbach is an example of charity begun at home. Its orphan asylums, home for the aged, hospitals, nursery for infants, elementary and higher schools, are under State support, and are satisfactorily conducted. Throughout the laboring population—a large number, as Gladbach is a city of 70,000—there rules an admirable organization. The city is divided into districts, each district entrusted to one director, and the directors, in turn, under one central authority.

Meetings, both of the men of the districts and of the directors, are frequent, and in them questions of the day are discussed and rules of future polity outlined.

On the occasion of our visit to the city, we were interested especially in the training school for the education of the children in domestic art and management. Our reception was courteous, and our impressions of the practical value of this work most favorable. We were from America. Might we be permitted to go through the buildings? With no further ado, we found ourselves in the midst of the busy workrooms; and were ourselves more embarrassed, I fear, than the little housewives flitting about at the different commands of their directress. The children were divided into fours, each four constituting a separate "family." The family had the use of a full set of kitchen and table utensils, a place at the range, shelves in the cupboard, a table to set and serve. Commands were given by numbers, each four having the numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4 respectively. "Number 1's will prepare the vegetables. Number 2's will arrange the dishes in their cupboard places." Thus, easily and without friction, the day's program continued.

Thorough instruction is afforded in principles no less than in practical application. The walls are lined with charts; this one indicative of the relative food-strengths in nourishing qualities; that one, of infections, their spread and counteraction. The training school is part of the city system, and, like the other institutions, is State-supported.

As the hearty farewells of the children sped us away, the thought presented itself that the elementary domestic training school was a possibility capable of further realization in our own country of practicalities,—a means that, if developed, would prove helpful in staying the tide of divorce, intemperance, and domestic infelicity, insuring wider extension of the peace and happiness found in the Home of Nazareth.

A Procession of the Blessed Sacrament in China.

THOSE who were so fortunate as to be in Cologne last month while the Eucharistic Congress was in session, speak enthusiastically of the faith and piety manifested by all who took part in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. It was, of course, the most notable event of the Congress, and is described as a scene of such deep impressiveness that even non-Catholics who looked on were spell-bound. Solemn and beautiful as this procession was, however, we should have been no less impressed, we feel sure, by a procession of the Blessed Sacrament at Wei-Hai-Wei, in pagan China, during the Octave of Corpus Christi. We are indebted to a Chinese friend for a short account of it. He writes:

On the Sunday following the feast of Corpus Christi, a procession in honor of the Most Blessed Sacrament was got up here. It was the first in the history of this mission. The garden attached to the mission was the place suitably selected for the procession. Apart from the number of attendants, it had every resemblance to those grand processions held in parishes with large congregations. Two altars set up in the garden were profusely and artistically decorated with flowers and otherwise ornamented by the mothers; while the gay appearance of the garden itself was enhanced by a considerable number of paper flags of a variety of colors, and by the rows of vines growing alongside the walks,—a fitting representation of Our Lord's parable of the vineyard. Several local Chinese tradesmen were so good as to lend their canvas tents for the garden altars. We had four baptized Catholics to carry the canopy over the Blessed Sacrament, another to act as cross-bearer, and another as thurifer. Three others besides myself held lighted tapers enclosed in a glass shade. The singing went off very gratifyingly. We sang the *Pange Lingua*, *Sacris Sollemniis*, *Verbum Supernum*, and finally the *Te Deum*. Chinese crackers were sonorously fired off, to the amazement of the neighboring inhabitants, during the three Benedictions—two in the garden and the other in the church.

All who had the happiness of assisting at this interesting procession, which indirectly helped

to make Our Lord better known among our pagan neighbors, were much delighted at this form of devotion (new to many), and felt a certainty of its acceptability to Him whose glory they had assembled to promote. Some little Japanese girls, pupils of the Sisters' school, nicely dressed and with cheerful faces, scattered flowers before Our Lord, who at the same time received the homage of the flowers of their innocent piety. They seemed remarkably serious in performing their part, and it was a very touching and edifying sight.

On the whole, the procession proved a full realization of the devotional desires of the Reverend Father and the religious, whose love of the Holy Sacrament was the secret which crowned their efforts with success. It was due also to the hearty co-operation of the Christians and catechumens present on the occasion. We hope the friends and benefactors of our mission will continue to pray for its development, so that we may have a large body of Christians to co-operate in paying public homage to Our Lord on a wider and more solemn scale.

The reader may be interested to know that this communication, written in English and printed with a few verbal changes—no additions whatever,—is from the pen of a young Chinaman who has never been outside of his country. His parents are Chinese,—one a Christian, the other a Confucian. His conversion to the Faith, which took place several years ago, resulted, he informs us, from a friendly visit to a Catholic missionary with whom he had thought to argue on comparative religions.

THAT no change in religion has been made with that calmness, caution, and moderation which religion itself requires, and which common prudence shows to be necessary in the transaction of any important affair, every nation of the earth can sufficiently attest. Rage has been called in to the assistance of zeal, and destruction has joined with reformation. Resolved not to stop short, men have generally gone much too far; and, in lopping superfluities, have wounded essentials.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Notes and Remarks.

The fact, disclosed by the latest census statistics, that in as many as sixteen States of the Union Catholics outnumber non-Catholics, seems to have occasioned general surprise, though we venture to say the politicians were already well aware of it. In consequence, the growth of the Church in this country is now being variously commented upon, from London to Los Angeles. The *Times* of the latter city thus explains it:

In the first place, Catholics are not given to race suicide in this or in any other country. The Church distinctly frowns on the practice—in fact, it will not tolerate it. As a consequence, Catholic families are generally large families. In the next place, the enormous tide of immigration flowing into this country is largely Catholic.

There was a time when this wonderful increase of Catholics in America would have caused intense uneasiness. But, happily, the American people have passed all that. Our Catholic fellow-citizens are good Americans, and the nation has not only nothing to fear but much to expect from them. The Catholic Church in America stands like a stone wall against Anarchy and Socialism and the divorce evil, and it always upholds law and order. For these reasons alone no right-minded American can find cause for alarm in the growth of the Catholic Church in this country, no matter what church he may belong to himself.

The progress of the Church in the United States is hardly more remarkable than the change of sentiment in regard to it that has come over non-Catholics in recent years. Less than a decade ago such an expression of opinion as we have quoted from the Los Angeles *Times* would have cost it numerous subscribers.

One good result of discussions as to the discoverer of the North Pole has been to revive interest in the study of geography. Globes and maps are everywhere in demand, and all sorts of questions are being put to those who are supposed to be authorities on subjects geographical. The reason why, after 1493, the opera-

tions of the Portuguese explorers were confined to the Eastern hemisphere is easily explained. In that year Pope Alexander VI. issued the famous Bull which granted to the united crowns of Castile and Aragon all lands discovered and to be discovered beyond a line to be drawn from the North to the South Pole a hundred leagues west of the Azores, with a reservation of all lands which had been before that date occupied by any other Christian nation.

It is by no means an untimely statement of a perennial truth that the Rev. John A. Ryan gives in the following extract from "The Church and the Workingman," in the current *Catholic World*:

The Church is not merely nor mainly a social reform organization, nor is it her primary mission to reorganize society, or to realize the Kingdom of God upon earth. Her primary sphere is the individual soul; her primary object to save souls,—that is, to fit them for the Kingdom of God in heaven. Man's true life, the life of the soul, consists in supernatural union with God, which has its beginning during the brief period of his earthly life, but which is to be completed in the eternal existence to come afterward. Compared with this immortal life, such temporary goods as wealth, liberty, education or fame, are utterly insignificant. To make these or any other earthly consideration the supreme aim would be as foolish as to continue the amusements of childhood after one had reached maturity. It would be to cling to the accidental and disregard the essential. Scoffers and sceptics may condemn this view as "other-worldly," but they can not deny that it is the only logical and sane position for men who accept the Christian teaching on life, death, and immortality. Were the Church to treat this present life as anything more than a means to the end, which is immortal life, it would be false to its mission. It might deserve great praise as a philanthropic association, but it would have forfeited all right to the name of Christian Church.

The opportuneness of the foregoing can scarcely fail to impress readers who keep abreast of the various sociological and philanthropic movements of the day, even those conducted under Catholic auspices. The oldtime danger of mistaking what is

merely the means to an end for the end itself is not less, if indeed it is not more, apparent in this twentieth century than it was in the two or three centuries preceding it.

One of the minor by-products of the great Eucharistic Congress in London seems to have been a recrudescence of "No-Popery" literature in England,— "literature" in the sense that "a book's a book, though there's nothing in't." The *Church Times*, an Anglican publication, is not especially impressed by what it styles the "No-Popery small thriller," and says of a particular specimen:

Given the stock elements, the plot constructs itself,— wily and ubiquitous Jesuit; lovely Nonconformist heiress immured in convent and forced to sign will; clerical fledgling, who falls into the clutches of Jesuit and Popes. There is as little action and as much talk as in an Ibsenite play. A flavoring of "Modernism" brings the thing up-to-date and displays the author's ignorance of the subject. Of course the youthful couple escape the machinations of the Society, and get married; and we leave the heroine with fortune intact, of course, endeavoring to lead the hero to the "Light" through mazes of nebulous Protestantism.

At this distance from London we can not be sure of our facts, but we venture the statement that the prolific Hockings— Silas K. and the Rev. Joseph—have their typewriters working overtime at the manufacture of just such "literature."

While not all the friends of President Taft—his Eastern ones more particularly—appear to be satisfied as to the political expediency of his present tour, we do not suppose that the country generally will suffer from being told by its chief magistrate such truths as are embodied in these paragraphs—from his initial address in Chicago:

Nothing I have said or shall say should be construed into an attitude of criticism against, or unfriendliness to, those workingmen who for any reason do not join unions. Their right to labor for such wages as they choose to accept is sacred, and any lawless invasion of that right

can not be too severely condemned. All advantages of trades unionism, great as they are, can not weigh a feather in the scale against the right of any man lawfully seeking employment to work for whom and at what price he will. And I say this with all the emphasis possible, even though the fact is that, if I were a workingman, I should probably deem it wise to join a union for the reasons given....

There is no subject upon which I feel so deeply as upon the necessity for reform in the administration of both civil and criminal law. To sum it all up in one phrase, the difficulty in both is undue delay. It is not too much to say that the administration of criminal law in this country is a disgrace to our civilization; and that the prevalence of crime and fraud, which here is greatly in excess of that in the European countries, is due largely to the failure of the law and its administrators to bring criminals to justice.

Readers of these columns will detect a familiar ring in these latter sentences, emphasizing as they do a point which, especially as regards criminal law, we have often made. It is gratifying to have the President's assurance that an effort is to be made to remedy our defective legal procedure. If the effort proves measurably successful, lynching will be deprived of its most effective argument.

The time is coming when painstaking research and familiarity with original documents will be demanded of all biographical and historical writers. Extracts from contemporary memoirs strung together without a due regard for scholarship have already declined in value. The truth—the whole truth and nothing but the truth—on every subject is now the cry on all sides. Many books must be rewritten and many a monument must be laid low in answer to it. A striking illustration of this spirit is afforded by a review in the *Athenæum* of a work by Mr. William Andrews on "Old English Towns," mostly historic centres, concerning which general readers want trustworthy information. The reviewer says:

Hutton in his entertaining, gossiping, but inaccurate "History of Derby," issued in 1791, described, with many remarkable details, a

visitation of the plague at Derby in 1665,—the same year as the Great Plague of London. To prevent famine, as he states, the inhabitants erected on the outskirts of the town, at Nuns' Green, a stone called the Headless Cross, where the market people brought their goods, and where the buyers deposited their money in a vessel filled with vinegar. Some sixty years ago, Mr. Joseph Strutt presented to the town a large and well-planted recreation ground known as the Arboretum. Here, soon afterward, the Corporation moved this Headless Cross, placing it on a mound, and affixing to it a brass plate as a memorial of the "Visitation of the Plague in 1665." A long extract from Hutton's history is engraved on the plate.

Now comes the curious sequel to the story. Hutton was absolutely wrong, though writing not much more than a century after the alleged event. The registers of the five parishes into which Derby was then divided are all extant for that date, and the death-rate for 1665 did not exceed the normal. Hutton, though notoriously inaccurate, could scarcely have drawn on his imagination for all the details of this alleged grievous outbreak of plague. The town was very heavily visited in 1593, and Hutton may have gleaned some particulars of that event, and postdated them by seventy years. At all events, the long inscription set up by the Corporation, and cited at length by Mr. Andrews, tells an untruth, and ought to be removed.

"Ought to be removed" will some day be said of innumerable books now doing duty in public libraries as "sources," and classed as "works of reference."

Of all the preposterous charges which misinformed, or uninformed, Protestant journalists flippantly bring against Spain, the most ludicrously inexact is that in Spain there does not exist freedom of the press. The real truth of the matter is that the Spanish Government not only grants full freedom, but tolerates unbridled license, of the press. Says the London *Catholic Times*:

A member of the staff of our Madrid contemporary, *El Universo*, has had an interview with a representative Catholic of Catalonia, the Count de Santa Maria de Pomés, and has asked him what was the cause of the revolution in Barcelona. His reply was to point to a passage in *La Rebeldia*, which is published by the Deputy Alexander Lerroux. Our Madrid contemporary reproduces the words; and on reading them we

are not at all surprised that the classes amongst whom such literature circulates commit atrocities. The advice openly given to them in *La Rebeldia* is to rebel against everything, to destroy property, to burn down churches and monasteries; and, wherever they go, to mark their track with ruin. Such appeals by the press to the worst passions of the populace should not be permitted in any country.

The eloquent foreign advocates of fuller freedom for the Spanish press would probably "moderate their transports" if similar latitude were taken by the anarchistic journalists of their home-countries. Punishment far more drastic than that meted out to the rabble might congruously be dealt to the editors of *La Rebeldia* and similar inflammatory sheets.

A few years ago, our separated brethren, while recognizing the extraordinary efforts of Catholics in this country to advance the cause of secondary education, were wont to sneer at Catholic schools, declaring their teaching to be inferior, their methods antiquated, their equipment inadequate, and so on. But of late, sneers have given place to tributes: critics have become friends and defenders. Generous praise of Catholic educational work on the part of Protestants is now reported on all sides. Mr. Leigh Mitchell Hodges, writing in the Philadelphia *North American*, declares that "it is only a statement of fact to say that the advantages offered by this branch of the Church's activity are on a par with those obtainable at the foremost secular institutions, while none who has made close study of the matter will dispute their supremacy as moral mentors." In support of his statement, the writer presents evidence which will be least questioned by those best informed. He says in part:

The convent-bred girl has long been accepted as a model of sweet, useful womanhood, possessed of refinements and accomplishments which add a distinct charm to her natural attractions; and it is a consideration of the first importance that the development of her domestic traits is singularly complete. The convent-bred girl, while well grounded in the

Classics and mentally cultivated in every way that may be of service to self or fellow-beings, is primarily a home-maker; and, in this age of increasing common-sense, we are coming to a right realization of woman's place and power in this her highest estate.

Of the boy or youth who is armed for the battle of life in a Catholic institution, as much may be said in regard to matters of equally great assistance to him in playing his allotted part. While necessary emphasis is laid upon the mental training, the physical welfare and development are by no means neglected; and this proper regard for the upbuilding influence of clean sports and athletics has given the students and graduates of Catholic colleges place in the front ranks of athletic endeavor.

So pronounced are the advantages set forth by some of these centres of instruction that many non-Catholics, aware of the completeness of the training and the good influence of the surroundings, make choice of them; particularly since it is generally understood that no effort is made to interfere with personal religious beliefs.

The further fact that Catholic schools are, as a rule, more reasonable as to cost of board and tuition than secular institutions of similar standing, has also led to the notion that the reason for this must rest in limited opportunities and advantages. But the real explanation lies in the fact that Catholic schools are largely in the hands of teaching Orders—either Sisterhoods or Brotherhoods, or monastic Orders. These men and women are vowed to devote their lives to education. They have no social relations with the world, can own no property and receive no salaries. This makes the cost of operating the schools much less than secular institutions of similar grade, and the student receives the benefit in lower charges.

All of which we should suppose parents would think it well to consider.

To those church-goers who object to frequent sermons on the Four Last Things, and to those preachers who hold that the subject of hell should be reserved for missions and retreats, we commend this bit of homely wisdom from a short story contributed to the current *Month* by Alice Dease:

"Father Angellus is the great speaker. O acushla dear, 'twould do your heart good to hear the sermon he gave on hell!"—"I think I'd rather hear him preach on heaven," I said. "Wouldn't you sooner hear about God's mercy

than His justice?"—"Wisha, haven't we His mercy with us every day of our lives?" she replied, contemptuous at my stupidity. "It's not the likes of us that needs to be put in mind of God's mercy; for where would we be at all without it? But the fires of hell! God help us, don't we forget them in our sins?"

A Chicago monthly with a curious name is publishing a series of articles, by contributors of various creeds, on the general subject, "What My Religion Means to Me." The first paper is by Annie Elizabeth Bradley, and gives the Catholic interpretation of religious significance to "the devout feminine sex." The editor of the periodical is not chary of praise in her introductory note to the paper. She says:

In the article that begins this series, there is no cant nor bigotry: it is the sanest and most beautiful exposition of the oldest Christian religion that has ever come to my notice. Of whatever creed, philosophy, or belief, no one can read in this number of the splendid teachings of the Catholic Church—its great ideals, its ever-widening influence, and its beautiful work for the betterment of humanity—without an increased respect, not only for what it accomplishes, but for its tenets as well. The calm and assured faith in her religion of the woman of Catholic belief must surely make her envied by those who subscribe to no creed, and consequently, like Mahomet's coffin, hang suspended between the Heaven of Promise and the Earth of Doubt.

"As a people," remarks a secular journalist, "we seem to be prone to the delusion that to live comfortably means spending a lot of money, and that pleasures which may be enjoyed without great outlay are not worth while." This is a common enough delusion, truly, and yet an almost inexcusable one. In comforts and pleasures as well as in more important matters,

A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet.

Which reminds us that a physician of our acquaintance says that walking as an exercise, is unpopular because 'tis too cheap. If it cost twenty-five cents to walk a mile, the number of pedestrians would rapidly increase.



The Adventures of Ricardo.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

IV.



WHEN little Ricardo left the two priests, he had no thought in his mind but to return as quickly as possible to the house of Mary Callahan, where he had been told to remain until the time should arrive to accompany Father Featherstone to California. He was a timid boy, and instinctively sought the inner side of the pavement, where he would be least likely to be pushed or jostled aside by impatient pedestrians, or molested by small urchins, always ready to torment their weaker neighbors.

Many of the houses had basement entrances, having been the abode in former days of well-to-do citizens. The windows of these oldtime basements possessed a fascination for the child, filled as most of them were with stale candles and half-decayed fruit, with an occasional display of toys more or less battered, but which were the desire of many a ragged street gamin, to whom the possession of a penny was almost unknown.

In one of these basement-shops lived and worked an old cobbler—a Syrian,—who had several times noticed Ricardo when he was a member of Ferucci's troupe, and on these occasions smiles and even a few words had been exchanged between the old man and the dark-eyed boy. Sidi Belai—or "Old Sid," as his neighbors called him—was a gentle, harmless person, who had drifted to the shop he had now occupied for several years from a colony of his countrymen settled in New York. While some of these had become prosperous, others had failed to find in America the golden goal which

had been their aim in the first period of their emigration from home.

Long ago, in Syria, Sidi had had a little brother, to whom he thought he traced a resemblance in the attractive boy who seemed to him out of place in the troupe of Signor Ferucci. He had gone to the performance the first time because the children had been advertised as Syrians; but, having been speedily undeceived as to their nationality, he would not have returned again had it not been for little Ricardo. He was quite disappointed, therefore, to miss him from the group one night, and went sadly away from the hall when informed by Ferucci that the child had been dismissed.

"But where has he gone?" the old man had asked.

"I know not," was the response. "I am not his guardian."

"To a certain extent, you were," rejoined the old cobbler. "You might at least have given him in charge to some one. I would have taken him."

"And what would you have done with him? Made a cobbler of him? He is a little too young to begin to learn the trade."

"Not that, Signor; but I would at least have kept him till I could have found a place for him. I liked that boy well."

"You are very soft-hearted," said the Italian. "Ricardo will find friends; he has a pretty face."

"Perhaps; but he is shy, and who can tell what kind of friends? Maybe those who will teach him evil."

"Likely enough, in this part of the town," replied Ferucci, indifferently. "He would not long be content in your cellar, old Sid. He would soon have run away from you."

"That may be," said the cobbler, as he turned away. "But I believe I could have found something for him."

On this eventful morning, as Ricardo was walking leisurely along toward the tenement where his benefactress lived, the cobbler had been out to take home a pair of shoes to an old woman who was unable to walk through the streets. He was a kindly man, and, instead of waiting for her granddaughter to come and fetch them on her way home from work, he thought he would go for a stroll and a chat with his neighbor, who lived up five pairs of stairs, in a court behind his own dwelling, in a tenement which had been erected in what was once the garden of the former mansion.

As Ricardo passed the basement shop of Sidi he remembered who lived there, also that the old man had been kind to him and that he could speak Spanish. (Sidi had boarded with a Cuban family when he was younger, and had acquired a good knowledge of their language.)

"I will tell him to what good fortune I have come," thought the boy. "He will be glad, and there is no need for me to hurry; the day is long, and it will help me to pass the time. I will go down."

He had never been in the shop, as Ferucci had kept him very close; but toward evening, seated on the top step, the cobbler had often chatted with him for a moment. Now that he was free, Ricardo experienced a sensation of delight in feeling that his time was his own; that he did not have to cast a backward glance every moment to see whether his master might not be behind him; that he might at his leisure pay a visit and tell the good news to the old man who had given him so many pleasant, encouraging glances, and occasionally such friendly words.

As he went slowly down the crooked steps, he realized that he could not hear as usual the short, sharp sound of the cobbler's little hammer, nor see his bent head as he sat enveloped in a long leathern apron on a bench just inside the grimy window. And when he reached the bottom, and swung open the heavy

door, the old man was not visible. But the bench with the round sagging leather seat was there; also the tools, with rows of mended boots and shoes on the shelf opposite, and on the floor on the right hand a pile of footgear in various stages of dilapidation.

Ricardo had never before been in a shoemaker's shop; it seemed to him very interesting. The skins of soft morocco hanging on the walls; the roll of sole leather in the corner; the scraps of leather of all shapes and sizes on the floor in a disorder that was order, because they were in sorted little heaps; the various hammers, brads and awls; the wooden pegs and nails in their different compartments; the reels and hanks of coarse thread; the lump of beeswax on the bench, and the pail of water beside it; the musty, yet clean, odor of the place, with the smell of leather predominating,—all were novel to Ricardo. Opposite the bench stood two camp-chairs that had lately been re-covered with canvas; and into one of these the child sank, to await the return of his friend.

Ricardo had walked quite a distance that morning. As he sat comfortably in the deep camp-chair, tilted back as far as it would reach, he alternately glanced about him at the red, green and black morocco skins upon the wall, the cobbler's paraphernalia, and a buzzing fly. Then little by little his eyes began to close; try as he would he could not keep them open. The buzzing of the fly seemed farther and farther away; a pleasant drowsiness came over him; his curly head began to nod this way and that, till finally it rested in delicious comfort on the yielding canvas of the chair.

When, after a long chat with his neighbor in her room, and a few delays upon the stairways, where he lingered to say a cheerful word to several tired-looking women, and pat the cheeks of the babies they held in their arms, he hurried down his own steps and pushed back the door of his shop, Sidi Belai stood for a moment

on the threshold in pleased astonishment. For there, lying back, fast asleep, in one of the camp-chairs which the cobbler had bought last week for a trifle, was the boy that Ferucci had turned into the street.

The old cobbler softly closed the door, and did not resume his occupation: the noise would have waked Ricardo. Instead he sat on the leathern seat at one end of his workbench, and looked steadfastly at the boy calmly sleeping.

"But he is beautiful!" thought the cobbler. "Even so was our little Hassan—alas! And he does not look so bad; no indeed. Better than when with the Italian,—far better. His face and hands are clean; his cheeks are not so pinched. Maybe he has already found friends and has come with shoes to mend to old Sidi."

Bending forward, he looked at either side of the sleeping boy for some evidence of such an errand, but could find none. And still Ricardo slept on.

But suddenly the window was darkened by stooping forms, and two mischievous boys on their way home from school began to beat with sticks on the iron railing of the area, and to shout at the top of their small lungs,

"Old Sid, Old Sid,

Has money in his cellar hid!"

and then ran away as quickly as they had come.

Ricardo sprang up and looked about him. The cobbler kept his seat, still regarding him with a smile of welcome. The boy smiled also.

"I came down. I wanted to tell you—to tell you—" he began. "And you were not here, and I fell asleep."

"Yes, yes! I am very glad you came," said the old man. "I was sorry that you went without letting me know. And I was vexed at Ferucci for sending you away. Where have you been wandering, *Hijo mio?*"

"I have not been wandering," replied the boy. "I went—into the street when the Signor sent me, and a good woman saw me crying and she took me home to

her house. And there I am still living."

"That must be a *very* good woman. It was well that you found shelter with one so kind. And what is she going to do with you? Is she not herself poor?"

"Oh, a good thing has happened!" answered Ricardo. "Two *Padres* came, and Mary thought I was Italian, and one of them spoke to me, and I could not understand, but only a few words. And the other—so nice, with fine eyes and black curling hair, like mine, and named Ricardo like me—began to ask me, and in Spanish. And I am to go with him far away—to California,—to live with some good people. This morning I went with the two *Padres* to see Ferucci; and, coming back to the home of the kind friend, I thought of you—to tell you."

"Good news,—good news!" responded the cobbler, rubbing his hands. "It will all turn out well for you. And you thought of old Sid! You are a good boy. So would my little Hassan have done,—just so. And when do you leave?"

"I do not know. In not a long time, I think." Then, turning toward the door, he added: "I think I must go now."

"Have you work to do?"

"No work. I stay there while Mary works. In the evening she comes home."

"Are there others there?"

"I am alone till night, when she comes."

"And then you have dinner?"

"Yes, we have dinner."

"Stop now, *Ricardo mio*, and eat with me. Behind that leather curtain is my stove. There I will prepare something, and we shall have a little feast."

"Yes," replied Ricardo, sitting down again. "That will be nice. I shall like to eat with you, Sidi."

"Wait, then, while I go out to buy a little dessert for the feast,—a few nuts, a few raisins, perhaps some oranges."

"Yes, I shall like it," rejoined the smiling boy.

The old man picked up his round cap and clapped it on his head, at the same time pulling off the long apron which he

had resumed after his return to the shop.

"In the flash of an eye I shall be here again," said he.

He was gone perhaps fifteen minutes,—not longer. A desire for a certain kind of sausage seized him as he ascended the steps. This delicacy was to be purchased only in a Hungarian restaurant two blocks away. He also made several other purchases, and ran down the uneven steps, crying:

"Here—here we are, Ricardo, with a fine *menu!* In ten minutes all will be ready."

But no childish voice greeted him in reply. The camp-chair was empty, the boy was not in the shop. The old man drew aside the curtain which concealed his kitchen utensils and the cot in which he slept. There was no sign of Ricardo.

Then he went out into a long, dark entry leading to a narrow courtyard, above which frowned the high and gloomy tenement that stood on the site of the old garden. He opened the door at the end, called "Ricardo!" several times, and waited. There was no response. The child was not there. Slowly he retraced his steps, his eyes bent on the ground. Once more he climbed the outer steps and looked up and down the street. But there was no figure like Ricardo's in that hurrying noontide throng.

He sat down and waited; Ricardo did not appear. After a time Sidi rose, went back to his shop, and, placing the delicacies he had purchased on a shelf behind the curtain, ate a piece of black bread and half a sausage. He was still hopeful that the boy might return. When he had finished eating he took up his work—a pair of hobnailed shoes he had been half soling. From time to time, as figures darkened the window, he would look up. Customers came and went, the cobbler hammered and pegged till the evening began to darken. Then he made himself a cup of tea, ate the other half of his sausage, put on his cap, locked his door, and went out into the street.

(To be continued.)

Schoolgirls Abroad.

BY S. MARR.

XIII.

Oxford is like an old-fashioned garden, and every moment we spent there was a delight. We secured rooms at the Mitre, a real English inn, and at once set forth on a tour of the town and colleges. A quiet young man acted as guide; and he evidently knew every stick and stone, every story and legend in and about Oxford. He pointed out the tower of the castle where once resided Offa, the Saxon, and Harold Harefoot, and where the Empress Maud was besieged by King Stephen; and then told us of quarrels between students and townspeople which are part of the history of the place. One, recorded in 1354, resulted in the death of forty students and sixty citizens. Of course "town and gown" live on more civilized terms now.

The University is usually traced back to the time of Alfred the Great; but, whenever it was established, it was modelled, in the way of constitutions and regulations, on the University of Paris. The term "Oxford University" covers twenty-one colleges and a number of halls. Each college has its own courses of study, rules and regulations, its own dormitories, dining halls, kitchens, etc.; but all are subordinate to the general statutes of the University. Candidates for the various degrees have to pass the same examinations, though each college has its own lectures, and the degrees are conferred by the University as a whole. Mr. Bryce uses Oxford colleges and the University to explain the Government of the United States, so we might use the Government to explain Oxford. The States are the colleges; the Federal Government, the University. The names of the colleges, with probable date of foundation, are University, 1253; Balliol, 1268; Merton, 1274; Exeter, 1314; Oriel,

1326; Queen's, 1340; New, 1379; Lincoln, 1427; All Souls', 1437; Magdalen, 1458; Brasenose, 1509; Corpus Christi, 1516; Christ Church, 1546; Trinity, 1554; St. John's, 1555; Jesus, 1571; Wadham, 1612; Pembroke, 1624; Worcester, 1714; Keble, 1870; and Hertford, 1874.

The town, one might say, is made up of colleges, all graceful structures, most of them of grey stone, none very high, except in the way of towers and spires, but all roomy and solid-looking. Stone arched gateways lead to courts where the sward is like emerald velvet, and where fountain sprays break into mimic rainbows in the sun. East of the town flows the Cherwell, meeting the Isis below Christ Church Meadow. It is on the Isis, a branch of the Thames, that the Oxford boat races are held; and from the new walk beyond Folly Bridge, we saw the barges of the college boat clubs moored alongside the Meadow bank. Everywhere there are trees and vines; and as we admired the wonderful lawns, Aunt Margaret told us that Mr. Goldwin Smith once asked a gardener the secret of the smooth, velvety stretches of grass, to which the reply was: "It is quite easy, sir. One has only to keep it cut close and roll it regularly for three or four centuries." The hedges, too, show the training of ages.

The first college we visited was St. Mary Magdalen's (pronounced Maudlen), and the tower and gateway alone would make a visit to Oxford worth while. Passing the porter's lodge within the archway, one is enraptured with the beauty of it all. The stone buildings, low and irregular, covered with vines and surrounded by trees, are on the banks of the Cherwell. Within the grounds are Addison's Walk and a deer park. In one of the quadrangles is an outdoor canopied pulpit, where it used to be customary to have an annual sermon on St. John the Baptist's Day. According to an old custom that still prevails, the choir on May-day repairs to the top of the Magdalen tower at five o'clock in the morning, and there

sings a Latin hymn in honor of the Trinity. The Oxford bells then ring out, and the "young folk go a-Maying." The dining hall of Magdalen is a great oak-panelled room, furnished with massive oak tables and benches, and adorned with portraits of Magdalen students who became famous. Among the best known are Wolsey, Charles Reade, Addison, Collins, and Gibson.

Queen's College is named in honor of Philippa, Queen of Edward III. In the chapel we noticed a lector's stand, — a brass eagle, dated 1662, and inscribed in Latin: "The Bird of Queen's is the Queen of Birds." The dining hall of this college, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, has many traditions associated with it. Here the boar's head is brought in on Christmas Day, and the old carols are still sung. On New Year's Day the bursar presents each student or guest with a needle and thread, saying, "Take this and be thrifty"; the word *aiguille* (needle) referring to the founder, Robert Eggesfield. Henry V. and Edward the Black Prince were registered as students at Queen's.

We were curious to know how Brasenose College came by its name, and learned that a brewhouse (brasen-hus) formerly occupied the site, the name having been perpetuated by a knocker fixed in a nose of brass on the door of the old hall. This knocker is to be seen in the dining hall of Brasenose, affixed to the wainscoting. Dean Milman, Bishop Heber, and Walter Pater are among the noteworthy students of this College.

As we entered under the tessellated gateway tower of Oriel, we had many thoughts; for this was long the home of Cardinal Newman. A statue of Our Lady is above the hall porch; and as we passed through the quadrangle, library and chapel, we wondered what part that gentle Queen played in the great Cardinal's conversion. We saw Newman's rooms, one of which opened on a gallery of the chapel. The honor roll of Oriel bears the names of Walter Raleigh, Pusey, Keble, Thomas Arnold, and Cecil Rhodes.

Trinity College, too, was dear to Newman, and we looked in the courtyard there for the snapdragons that gladdened his freshman year.

Christ Church is another interesting group of buildings. The gateway is under "Tom Tower," containing the bell known as "Old Tom," formerly of Osney Abbey. It gives the signal for the closing of the college gates. The chapel was originally dedicated to St. Frideswide, and her life is shown in the stained-glass windows designed by Burne-Jones. The church was given by Henry VIII. to Cardinal Wolsey, who planned a college to be named after himself; but the property reverted to the King, and it was finally transferred to his college at Oxford. The dining hall is part of the structure raised by Wolsey. The roof is of Irish oak, and the staircase is a marvel of beauty. Everything is so mellowed with age in this and the other buildings that the notices posted on the bulletin boards seem as if they must have been written in the days of More, Colet, Fisher, and Erasmus, or even by Duns Scotus or Roger Bacon.

In Keble College we saw Holman Hunt's famous painting, "The Light of the World"; and in the chapel of Exeter, the "Great Tapestry," the "Adoration of the Magi," designed by Burne-Jones and executed by William Morris, both members of this foundation. In Exeter garden, our attention was called to a tree on which Dr. Kennicott once upon a time fixed a notice: "Dr. Kennicott's Fig Tree." An irreverent student changed the label to: "A Fig for Dr. Kennicott." We had a glimpse, too, of Balliol, where Wycliffe, Jowett, Adam Smith, Southey, Cardinal Manning, and Dean Stanley matriculated.

The University Church is that of St. Mary the Virgin, the entrance to which is the Virgin Porch, so called from the statue of Our Lady over the entablature, erected in 1637 by the chaplain of Archbishop Laud. At one time the Divine Child held out a crucifix, but the Puritans

had this removed. The arms of the University—an open book bearing the motto *Dominus illuminatio mea*—are over the statue. In this church is the grave of Amy Robsart. Mary tried to bribe the custodian to sell or give her one of the hymn-books in evidence, but she was above graft. The books were stamped with the letters S. M. V., which, all things considered, was worth noting.

We did not see all the colleges one after another. In between, we rested in the Lime Walk, visited the Bodleian Library, which seemed to us like an enlarged copy of the first volume of Garnett and Gosse's "English Literature"; went to the shops for souvenirs; drove up Woodstock Road to the little church of the Benedictines; saw Pope's Hall for Jesuit students, Hunter-Blair's Hall for Benedictine students; Lady Margaret's, Somerville, St. Hugh's, and St. Hilda's, where women may register as hearers of the Oxford lectures, but without hope of obtaining recognition; and, lastly, we spent a night at the Mitre Hotel. The house and furnishings of this inn must date back a long time. The beds had figured chintz valances around them, and the "tidies" were tempting as souvenirs.

We started our second day in Oxford with something like an adventure. Aunt Margaret wanted to get some English money, so we stopped at the bank to make the exchange. There one of the party—not Aunt Margaret nor Katherine nor Mary—discovered that she was minus her purse. We hurried back to the Mitre to inquire if a pocketbook had been found; and there we learned that a maid, finding it under the pillow of one of the beds, had taken it to the clerk's desk.

No doubt all Catholic visitors to Oxford wonder if it will ever be Catholic again. Somehow, it seems only fitting that it should. The names of the colleges, the chapels, statues of Our Lady and the saints, the carved ornaments of columns and gateways, the stories of the foundations, — all are Catholic. Out of Oxford

came that great movement toward a return to Rome, and out of Oxford came Newman.

There was a delay on our return trip to London; and, while we waited on a siding, we compared notes. Mary told of an experience she had kept from us for three days. It seems she had a pair of gloves she wanted to get rid of, so when we were walking from the station at Windsor to the Castle, she quietly dropped them beside her. No one was in sight; yet, before she had gone twenty steps, an old man stood in the path, begged her pardon, and handed her the gloves. Of course there was nothing to do but give him a tip, and a shilling was the smallest coin she had. That was not all. When we started from Stratford, she left the offending gloves in the cab; and, lo! the driver ran up to us as we boarded the train and presented them to the owner. Result, another shilling spent as a reward for honesty!

We all had something to say about "tips"; for, from the day we boarded the *Helvetia*, we had found it necessary to have change ready on all occasions. The dear little stewardess told us significantly, before we left the boat at Naples, how generous one passenger had been and how stingy another. The waiter at our table in Rome withheld ice, except in diminutive bits, from those who forgot to tip him. Cab-drivers in Italy all look for something in excess of the fare. In Venice, you tip the gondolier and the old man who steadies your boat as you embark or land. To insure, not promptness, but any service at all, in most hotels, there must be an offering of some kind. Many Americans give too large a tip, but as many give too small a gratuity. At breakfast one day in London we overheard two ladies, who were to leave the hotel that morning, talking over the advisability of tipping the waiter. He had served them for at least four days, so when they were ready to go we could

hardly help feeling an interest in the case. In expectant fashion he hovered around, and, as they passed out, each handed him, with a grand air, a bright silver sixpence! And that is the kind of people who talk about the *extortionate* tips expected of travellers.

We finally got under way again, and at the next station four wicker baskets were handed in by the guard. On some of the roads this arrangement is nicely carried out. An official takes orders for lunch — cold or hot dishes may be ordered, — and at the proper time the basket, with plate, knife, fork, etc., appears. When the lunch is disposed of, one need not think of the basket, etc.: at a way-station a guard removes it. There are no conductors on trains, as in this country; tickets are collected when one leaves the train.

When we reached London, a packet of mail was waiting for us, and we spent the evening writing our last letters from abroad. Mary surprised us all by her unusual ardor in the epistolary line, which she declared was due to the pretty letter-head, "Hotel St. Ermin," in dignified embossed style. Then came the packing, which meant the rearrangement of our stock of souvenirs; after which Katherine and Mary saw to it that the porter put his best labels on trunks, suit-cases, and satchels, while Mary named those who, she hoped, would see the baggage when we reached home. "I'd give my finest lion of Lucerne to have Anne Keyes see those labels!" she exclaimed. "She nearly preserved in alcohol the custom-house label on her suit-case after her trip to Canada last year."

Just then came the man for the heavy baggage, which meant that we should have an early start the next day; so Aunt Margaret showed us the wisdom of retiring. In the morning we assisted at Mass at the cathedral, had breakfast, and were at the station by 8.30, bound for Holyhead, where we were to take boat for Dublin.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A reproduction of "A Madonna and Child" by Fra Angelico, which recently passed into the possession of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, forms the frontispiece of the *Burlington Magazine* for September.

—It is a relief to know that, despite its title, "Versions and Perversions," there is nothing controversial in the little volume of translated verse by the late Father Tyrrell, just published by Mr. Elkin Mathews.

—In its first issue for September, the *Annales Catholiques*, of Paris, appears in an enlarged form, presenting additional pages, better printed, and—no slight convenience to the reader—cleanly cut. The editor, M. Chantrel, is to be congratulated on these improvements, which lead us to hope that his excellent journal is increasingly prosperous.

—The Rev. Charles C. Starbuck, of Andover, Mass., the Protestant clergyman whose defence of Catholicity has been a conspicuous feature of the *Sacred Heart Review* for more than a decade, died recently at the age of eighty-one. He was highly respected by all who knew him and beloved by friends. The *Review* of the 11th inst. publishes an interesting autobiographical sketch of its late learned contributor, whose death outside the Church—its body at least—must have come as a surprise to many of his admirers. There is, of course, no telling what may have taken place between God and his soul in the last moments of life. Though geographically outside of the Church, we feel he was never culpably so. He once wrote to us, sadly enough: "I have become too old now for better understanding of many things."

—A brochure entitled "St. John's Doctrine about Baptism" forms a very interesting chapter in the history of Dogmatic Theology. The work is a dissertation, in very readable Latin, submitted by the Rev. M. J. Ryan, for the degree of Doctor of Divinity, to the faculty of Sacred Sciences in St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y. The fact that the *imprimatur* of the late Bishop McQuaid graces the book would be sufficient to guarantee the doctrine expounded in these pages on its face value. A careful perusal of the eleven chapters into which the dissertation is divided convinces the reader that the author has gathered from original sources the vast amount of material utilized. His method of presenting the various questions and of discussing difficult problems is satisfying, not

mystifying, as in so many theological works of our time. One of these we have just placed on the topmost shelf of our library, hoping to have it out of the way for many moons.

—Messrs. Chatto & Windus publish a new edition of Dr. Pusey's well-known translation of "The Confessions of St. Augustine," with twelve colored illustrations by Maxwell Armfield. It is edited by Temple Scott, and Mrs. Meynell contributes an Introduction.

—One of the most beautiful little books that we have ever seen comes to us from F. Pustet & Co.—a copy in 32mo of their *Editio Typica* of the Missale Romanum. Paper, type, print, binding are all that could be desired; in every respect—even to the silk markers—it is a reproduction in miniature of the publishers' quarto missal, one of the most perfect liturgical works ever produced. Any one able to follow the Mass in Latin would be sure to discard all other prayer-books after seeing this miniature missal. We hope it will become known the world over. As a gift to a seminarian or to a priest for private use, nothing in the book line could be preferable. The price (\$2 in the best binding) is remarkably low.

—The sub-title of "The Life of Christ," by Mary V. Merrick (B. Herder), states that this slender volume of 64 pages is a "course of lectures combining the principal events in the life of Our Lord with the Catechism." It should be explained that the "lectures" are merely skeletons of discourses, or enumerations of from five or six to eight or nine ideas to be developed. The author's aim in preparing the little work has been twofold: to assist the teacher in presenting Our Lord as a living personality to the minds of children, and to show that the home virtues and the significance of religious practices depend on the doctrinal truths of faith. An appreciative foreword from Cardinal Gibbons implies that this aim has been achieved.

—When a busy book reviewer finds among the volumes piled upon his desk the life-story of a generally unknown parish priest, there is an antecedent probability that his examination thereof will be cursory rather than thorough, that he will skim it rather than read it. So perhaps the best tribute we can pay to the "Memoir of the Reverend William McDonald," by a Sister of Mercy, is to acknowledge that, captivated by the charm of the narrative, we

have read the book completely through—and are glad we have done so. Father McDonald, first pastor of St. Anne's Parish, Manchester, was one of the pioneer priests of New Hampshire, and did notably excellent work in the organization of Catholic schools and charitable institutions. As Monsignor McQuaid remarks in his preface to the book: "The career of Father McDonald is notable both on account of his personal character as a man of solid virtue, and on account of his successful efforts in the establishment of religious and educational and charitable institutions. What he did for Catholic education forms his chief glory; and if to-day the diocese of Manchester finds itself so well equipped with good Catholic schools, it owes this largely to the wise forethought and farseeing care of Father McDonald. His efforts to secure the establishment of institutions of charity form another commendable feature of his career. The charitable institutions of Manchester under Catholic control . . . are constantly extending the sphere of their beneficent influence, and they present collectively a noble monument to the zeal of Father McDonald, who laid their first foundations and began the work of their organization." His biography naturally combines interest and edification, and should have numerous readers. Published at Mount St. Mary's, Manchester, N. H.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Missale Romanum." 32mo. Cloth, \$1.50; morocco, \$2.
 "The Life of Christ." Mary V. Merrick. 50 cts.
 "The Young Priest's Keepsake." Rev. M. J. Phelan, S. J. \$1.10.
 "The Holy Man of Santa Clara." Rev. Z. Englehardt, O. F. M. 75 cts.
 "Cousin Sara." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.50.
 "A Garland of Fancies." George Mark Jameson. 30 cts.
 "The King and the Cats." John Hannon. \$1.
 "Humble Victims." François Veuillot. \$1.10.

- "The Life of Ven. Father Colin." \$1.25.
 "Ceremonies of Low Mass." Felix Zualdi, C. M. \$1.25.
 "The Duchess's Baby." Sophie Maude. \$1.
 "Holy Water and Its Significance for Catholics." Father Theiller, S. O. Cist. 50 cts.
 "The Book of the Lily, and Other Verses." A Sister of the Holy Cross. \$1, net.
 "An Impeached Nation; Being a Study of Irish Outrages." Henry W. Cleary, D. D. 4s. 6d.
 "The Master Motive." Laure Conan. \$1.
 "Report of the Nineteenth Eucharistic Congress. Held at Westminster." \$1.75.
 "Choice Morsels of the Bread of Life." Rev. C. Coppens, S. J. 60 cts.
 "Catholic Churchmen in Science." (Second Series.) James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$1.08.
 "The Path which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church." Peter H. Burnett. \$1.50, net.
 "Father Jim." J. G. R. 10 cts.
 "Graduale Romanum." Dr. F. X. Mathias. \$1.50.
 "The Great Problem." Rev. J. J. Burke. \$1.
 "The Decree on Daily Communion." Father Juan Ferreres, S. J. 75 cts.
 "Rules of Life for the Pastor of Souls." Rev. T. Slater, S. J. \$1.25.
 "The Preachers' Protests." Very Rev. D. I. McDermott. 25 cts.
 "Henry Charles Lea's Historical Writings." Mgr. Baumgarten. 90 cts.
 "The Divine Story." Rev. C. J. Holland, S. T. L. \$1, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. William George McCloskey, bishop of Louisville.

Rev. Ignatius Wonderly, of the diocese of Cleveland; Rev. Andrew O'Reilly, archdiocese of New York; Rev. George Arctander, archdiocese of St. Paul; Rev. Thomas O'Reilly, diocese of Davenport; Very Rev. Louis Miller and Rev. Francis Neubauer, O. M. C.; Rev. Daniel Blasi, O. F. M.; and Rev. Joseph Mangin, O. M. I. Sister M. Bertrand, O. S. D.

Mr. Daniel Comber, Mrs. Catherine Hudner, Mr. John Beschel, Jr., Mrs. J. Palmer Stevens, Mr. Denis Cain, Mrs. Martha Thomas, Mr. John Kaufman, Master Arthur Wingle, Mr. Patrick Kennedy, Miss A. W. Beltzhoover, Master Cornelius Duggan, and Mr. Charles Langevin.

Requiescant in pace!

Young Ladies Society

ST JOSEPH'S ACADEMY
TORONTO

No. _____

1904



OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.
(Schola Art. Beuron.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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To Our Lady of the Rosary.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

GIVE me a rose, my Mother,—

A rose, I pray,—
Out of your fadeless garden,
All fresh to-day;

Upon the scented petals

Your blessing lay;

Ah, give me, dearest Mother,

A rose, I pray!

What color will the rose be,

O Mother bright?

Argent as moon that shineth

In summer night?

White as your soul, O Mary,—

Unspotted white?

Yes, give me, sweetest Mother,

A rose all white!

Or will the petals, Mother,

Be crimson dyed?

Like the deep red that flowed from

Your Son's cleft side,—

Red as your great compassion,

That ebbless tide?

Give me this rose, my Mother,—

Deep crimson dyed!

Another rose, my Mother,—

A rose of gold,

Each petal a ray of glory,—

The glory untold

Of the light of the Sun of Justice,

Your hand doth hold.

But, oh, not yet may you give me

Your rose of gold!

Two roses, white and crimson,

Of your fair grace,

Give to my bosom's keeping,

And bid me trace

In purity and penance,

With steadfast pace,

The way to the unveiled splendor

Of Jesus' face:

The golden rose that is not

Of time or space.

Two Books on Bygone Oxford.

BY WILFRID WILBERFORCE.



FEW years ago, the Rev. W. Tuckwell, late Fellow of New College, Oxford, made a considerable reputation with his "Reminiscences of a Radical Parson." He has now made an even more interesting mark in literature with his two volumes on Oxford life. The first of these, the "Reminiscences of Oxford," entered a second edition in 1907. The second, "Pre-Tractarian Oxford," appeared in the early part of the present year. Both volumes are brimful of interest, though it is unhappily true that a great deal of the author's writing will jar upon a Catholic reader. To a convert who owes to the Oxford Movement the supreme happiness of being a child of God's Church, Mr. Tuckwell's mental attitude toward the Movement will be wholly distasteful. But, of course, we are pretty well used to books from which, in matters theological, we profoundly dissent; and when this caveat has been entered, we can read these volumes with pleasure, if not always with agreement.

One other caution, however, I must give. In the chapter on Blanco White, the "Poor Man's Preservative against Popery," of which he was author, is mentioned. Readers should bear in mind what Newman tells us about this book, in one of his "Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England." He deals at great length with the "Poor Man's Preservative"; and, while accepting as true Blanco White's testimony as to facts actually witnessed by him, Newman has no kind of confidence in his inferences and opinions, or in things that are reported by hearsay.

In reading the "Reminiscences of Oxford," we naturally turn first to the chapters relating to Trinity College and Oriel; for it was, within those venerable foundations that Newman spent his university life. Trinity was his first college—the college which "had never been unkind" to him,—whither he went when little more than a boy. Here the solitary undergraduate, with the serene brow unwrinkled by care, and the marvelous, farseeing eyes, would gaze from his window at the snapdragon on the wall opposite. His mind, ever watchful for symbolism, took it as betokening his "own perpetual residence even unto death" in his University. Some two generations later, he revisited Trinity, the honored guest of his old college. On the first night, when dinner was over, the president asked him if there were any special thing he would like to see. "Yes," replied Newman, promptly. "I want to see my old rooms and the snapdragon." Many a visitor to Oxford has had the same wish, and the courtesy of the tenant of "Newman's Rooms" invariably allows them to gratify their curiosity.

It was at Trinity that Newman made the acquaintance of his dear friend, his *alter ego*, John William Bowden, whose two sons were Oratorians under Frederick William Faber, of holy memory. It was a beautiful friendship, broken only by Bowden's death some three years before

Newman's reception into the Church. Over Bowden's coffin, Newman, as he has told us, sobbed bitterly to think that his friend had gone, leaving him "still dark as to what the way of truth was." Perhaps it was Bowden's prayers that so soon afterward enlightened his perplexed soul and landed him safely and forever in the One True Church.

As everybody knows, Newman's degree at Trinity was a very poor one. He came out "under the line," as it was then called. "My nerves forsook me and I failed," was his own account of the matter at the time. The fact is that he was ill, and, moreover, he had made some mistake about the day, so that the examination came upon him unawares. Under these circumstances, it seemed to all his Oxford friends nothing short of presumptuous in him to stand, as he did the following year, for an Oriel Fellowship, which was then the choicest position in the University. "Tommy" Short, the vice-president of Trinity, understood Newman. He was well aware that examinations are inadequate tests of a man's real powers; and he strongly advised the young B. A. to stand, badly equipped as he was with academical distinctions. Besides the honor of a Fellowship, the money attaching to the position was a matter of the greatest importance to Newman at this time, as his father had just sustained serious financial losses.

Newman seems to have had a notion that the mind could work with greater freedom when the body was ill-nourished, and Short attributed his Trinity failure in some measure to this. During the examination for the Oriel Fellowship, Newman called on Short and told him that he had broken down entirely in the English essay, and that he was sure the Fellowship was lost. Now, it so happened that Short had just seen Tyler, one of the Fellows, who had said to him: "Tell me something about your man Newman; his is by far the best essay we have had." Fortified by this good

news (which, however, he kept to himself), the vice-president warmly encouraged the candidate to persevere. He did more: at the moment of Newman's visit he was at lunch. He made his dejected visitor sit down at his table and have a good meal. Half a century afterward, Newman was once more at Trinity, this time as a Catholic priest and a guest of the College. Short was still there, but age compelled him to keep his room, and Newman paid his old friend a visit. "I asked him," said Short afterward, "whether he remembered lunching with me during the Oriel examination. 'Yes,' he said, 'and I remember what you had for luncheon: it was lamb cutlets and fried parsley.'" This pleased Short greatly; and he was no doubt still more pleased when Newman went on to acknowledge that Short had influenced his life more than any man, as, but for his kind encouragement, he would have retired from the examination discomfited. Newman until his death never forgot to say a Mass every year for Short.

On the day following the examination, Short went into the country. On his return journey, he stopped to bait his horse at Shipstone. While he waited he took up an Oxford paper and read in it a paragraph which ran thus: "Yesterday Mr. John Henry Newman, of Trinity College, was elected Fellow of Oriel College." Newman himself has immortalized the occasion in the "Apologia." Speaking of his first introduction to Keble, he says: "How is that hour fixed in my memory after the changes of forty-two years,—forty-two this very day on which I write! I have lately had in my hands a letter, which I sent at the time to my great friend, John William Bowden, with whom I passed almost exclusively my undergraduate years. 'I had to hasten to the Tower,' I say to him, 'to receive the congratulations of all the Fellows. I bore it till Keble took my hand, and then felt so abashed and unworthy of the honor done me that I felt desir-

ous of quite sinking into the ground.'"

Short's account of Newman is worth quoting here. "Newman was a very amenable fellow," he was wont to say. "He did jib occasionally, but we all liked him very much. He was a wonderful divine in his undergraduate days. I can remember his bringing the Book of Psalms into collections; and when we asked him to name the prophetic psalms, he started with the second, and went through them all. O dear, he used to run you down with his answers! He played the violin, too, very well; and often took a part in quartets at President Lee's musical parties." No doubt Newman's musical talents helped to endear him to Short, who was himself a musician and a violinist.

From Trinity we instinctively turn to Oriel. Few, indeed, are now left who can remember that College in its palmy days. One of these few is Mr. Tuckwell. "I was living at Ifley," he says, "during Newman's golden time; knew his mother in her pretty home at Rosebank, turned afterward into a den of disorderly pupils by poor James Rumsey. I remember the rising of Littlemore church, first among the new Gothic edifices which the 'Movement' revived in England; met Newman almost daily striding along the Oxford Road, with large head, prominent nose, tortoise-shell spectacles, emaciated but ruddy face, spare figure whose leanness was exaggerated by the close-fitting tailcoat then worn. The Road ceased to know him after a time; he had resigned St. Mary's, and was monachizing with a few devotees in his barn-like Littlemore retreat. Then, in 1845, Oxford lost him finally—

*Interque moerentes amicos
Egregius properabat exul,—*

to the anguish of his disciples left alone, who had made him their pattern to live and to die; to the relief of many more who thought that Humanism and Science might reassert themselves as subject-matter of education against the polemic which had for fifteen years forced Oxford

back into the barren word-war of the seventeenth century." What a description, inadequate, barren and grotesquely jejune, of the great, the mighty upheaval which woke England from the stupor of death and landed countless thousands in the True Church!

Mr. Tuckwell quotes with apparent approval the shallow absurdity of Ritualists and others who fancy that "had he lived to-day, Newman would have remained in the Church of England." To think this is to ignore his reasons for leaving it. If "Tract 90" had been accepted, it would perhaps have delayed his conversion; but the absurdities of the Anglican position, so clear to him in 1845, are more glaring than ever now. Can any one out of a lunatic asylum imagine the vigorous mind of Newman being led captive by the ludicrous sham of the Continuity theory, for example? Again, can any one fancy his approving of the childish compromises of a Pan-Anglican Synod?

Mr. Tuckwell remarks that on the day Newman left Oxford he died to his old associates, to the University, to the public. But this is only one more proof of non-appreciation of Newman's aim and purpose in life. Passionately loyal to his friends, devoted with something of religious fervor to his University, he had higher ideals than any of them. Mr. Tuckwell thinks these ideals were not the highest, and of course he has a right to his opinion. "He bent himself," he writes, "as far as we can see, to the subjective task of dealing with his own soul, working out harmony in his inner nature, gaining certainty as to his relation toward the Unseen, security as to his future acceptance in the indistinct domain which held dead Gerontius expectant on his bed of sorrow. He has long since solved the riddle. Yet let us admit that his was not the highest aim. The salvation of our own souls, the abstraction of our own natures, is at best a Buddha view of life and of eternity: the consumption of self in active work for others, the disregard

of self mounting into Apostolic readiness to be 'accursed for our brethren's sake,' is the lesson of the life of Christ. Deep respect is due to the man who flung away friends, position, influence, in loyalty to the claim of conscience; deep sympathy with saintliness is an ingredient in all highly-strung spiritual natures. But our age more than any calls for a sword rather than a prayer-carpet, a knight-errant rather than an ascetic; a Shaftesbury, a Damien, a Dolling, rather than a Simeon Stylites battering the gates of heaven, however high his pillar, however rapt his insight, however vast his prospect."

I have made this long quotation to show the curiously uncatholic tone of Mr. Tuckwell's mind in dealing with the awful and solemn question of individual salvation, as well as to show how entirely he misunderstands Newman's Catholic life. What in the name of goodness does he imagine that life was? In what respect did it diverge from the standard which Mr. Tuckwell sets up as the fitting ideal of the Christian career? Does he imagine that Newman was a mere student and recluse; that he spent his days in mystical abstraction, in "fearfulness in the presence of advancing religious thought and speculation," to use Mr. Tuckwell's own words, uttering "the piteously recurring cry when looking beyond the bars of his Oratory cage, 'O my mother, why dost thou leave me all day idle in the marketplace?'"

What a ludicrously grotesque parody of the real truth is this! As everyone with the slightest acquaintance with him knew perfectly well, Newman hated to be drawn. The very fact of men like Stanley and Denison coming, metaphorically, note-book in hand, asking him question after question, with the scarcely concealed intention of publishing his replies, was quite enough of itself to make him "pull in his horns" and leave his inquisitive visitors, voluntarily or not, with a mistaken impression of him. Was it likely that he would

enter with such men into the subjects nearest and dearest to his heart? Did they expect him to disclose to such unsympathetic listeners the details of his Apostolic life,—his anxieties about his parishioners, the peace and joy of his community life? What about the long hours spent in the confessional, in the instruction of converts, in his unending correspondence with clergymen and others outside the Church in anxiety about their souls? Why, at one time, as I happen to know, he was in correspondence with as many as a hundred parsons who had written to him for advice! What, too, about the time when the cholera broke out in a severe form at Bilston? This supposed recluse and mystic set off to the infected area, and in the most dangerous districts visited in person the sick and dying.

Again, I happen to know that a lady in perplexity about religion had corresponded with him, and had expressed her intention of coming sometime to Birmingham. The weather was hot and stifling. Everyone who could get away had gone, and to all appearance there was nothing to keep Newman at his post. Again and again his friends urged him to go to his beloved Rednal, where the air was fresh and cool. But Newman stayed patiently on. And why? For fear lest his hoped-for convert should come and not find him, and, possibly, with the shyness of a neophyte, go away, and thus lose the moment of grace.

Add to all this the influence of his holy life and the books which will remain as our possessions forever. Who does not remember that exquisite bit of self-revelation in the "Apologia"? "I was not unwilling to draw an opponent on step by step, by virtue of his own opinions, to the brink of some intellectual absurdity, and to leave him to get back as he could. I was not unwilling to play with a man who asked me impertinent questions. I think I had in my mouth the words of the Wise Man, 'Answer a fool

according to his folly,' *especially if he was prying.*" (The italics are mine.) Let those who choose to take their estimate of Newman's Catholic life from the impressions gained by interviews of "prying men," who came to him with preconceived ideas, and with readiness to be convinced that he was unhappy, lay these words to heart.

And now let us see what Mr. Tuckwell thinks might have been the alternative to the life of quiet, useful work at Edgbaston. "He might have died a bishop or a head." A noble fate indeed! So Newman, thinks Mr. Tuckwell, would have more nearly fulfilled the Christian ideal had he been one of those featureless people whose character he has thus sketched for us in his "Apologia"! The men who hold "that Scripture is the only authority, yet that the Church is to be deferred to; that faith only justifies, yet that it does not justify without works; that grace does not depend on the sacraments, yet is not given without them; that bishops are a divine ordinance, yet those who have them not are in the same religious condition as those who have, . . . this," he adds, "is your safe man, and the hope of the Church; this is what the Church is sure to want,—not party men, but sensible, temperate sober, well-judging persons, to guide it through the channel of no-meaning, between the Scylla and Charybdis of Aye and No."

To such a body of men as this, then, Newman ought to have belonged if he wanted to gain the approval of the Stanleys, Denisons and Tuckwells of this world. But I was forgetting! There is yet another alternative. He might have been a college head. He might have led the life of a student broken by the petty details of college government. Assuredly he would thus have secured an existence of greater comfort and of greater consideration in the eyes of the world. But Mr. Tuckwell must pardon me if I take his own words and comment on them. How, may I ask, except in the most ironical

sense, can the head of an Oxford College or a Protestant bishop be characterized as ready to be "accursed for our brethren's sake"? Surely the lesson of Christ's life was practised at Littlemore and at Edgbaston with at least as much perfection as it is carried out by the average inmate of a bishop's palace or a provost's rooms.

When may we hope for a better understanding of Newman's Catholic life? The great Cardinal himself is gone, and so, too, are many of those who were his daily companions,—those who know so well how inadequately the ordinary, stereotyped, Protestant idea depicts his gracious life as it really was. We must hope that with the publication of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's biography, to which the world is looking forward with keen interest, a fuller and truer picture may be impressed upon the minds of Englishmen concerning the life and motive of one of their greatest countrymen.

Mr. Tuckwell's two books on Oxford are so full of interest and anecdote that I shall look forward to being permitted to return to the subject on some other occasion. Enough meanwhile has already been said to bring before readers two fascinating volumes which, notwithstanding their faults and limitations, are eminently worthy of being bought and perused by any who wish to realize something of bygone Oxford.

WE are answerable not only for what we know, but for what we might know. Whensoever the light comes within the reach of our sight, or the voice within the reach of our ear, we are bound to follow it, to inquire and to learn; for we are answerable not only for what we can do by absolute power now, but for what we might do if we used all the means we have; and, therefore, whensoever the Church of God comes into the midst of us, it lays all men under responsibility.

—Cardinal Manning.

For the Faith.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

I.

NUMANA, the old Circassian fruit woman, sat with closed eyes in her corner of the market. The first buying and selling of the early morning, when it was scarce five o'clock, was over, and she had disposed of the best of her fruit. Presently the second, or poorer, buyers of the city would come to the market, and no doubt purchase at a discount what was left of her wares. Then she would swing the large basket, which even when empty was heavy, on top of her head, and, with shoulders erect, and her figure straight as a pole, would make her way through the city to her little farm in the country beyond, where she grew her fruit.

Sold as a slave in her youth from her home in the mountains of Circassia, Numana had been fortunate in being bought by a Turkish noble, whose wife she had subsequently nursed through a dangerous illness, thereby gaining her freedom as a reward, and the purchase for her, by the Turk, of a small farm, which she and her husband, now dead, had cultivated assiduously, becoming renowned in the market for the excellence of their fruit. Summer and winter for over twenty years the old woman, whose handsome figure and fine eyes and complexion showed the physical characteristics of her race, had sold her fruit in the best place in the market. At seventy she was so strong and vigorous that she was easily taken for less than fifty.

A dog howled, and with a start Numana opened her eyes; then, almost closing them again, she gazed through narrowed slits down the long aisle, or street, flanked with rows of fruit and vegetable stands. It would not do for sharp-eyed Yusef, who sold vegetables next her stall, to

see that she was so eagerly watching the one who was approaching.

Slowly, through this principal street in the market, came a young girl of about seventeen. Threading her way skilfully past baskets and piles of vegetables that here and there encroached on the narrow path, the girl advanced, a large basket poised gracefully on top of her dark head. More than one eye followed her supple young figure as she drew near the head of the market, where daily she began the task of selling the flowers that came from the French Sisters' garden. Beginning with old Numana, and passing from her to Yusef, the girl would pass down the long line of stalls; and usually, when she reached the open gate at the end, her basket was empty and her pocket full of piastres.

Many of the regular customers had commissioned the Circassian Numana to buy the flowers and leave them at their door on her homeward way. For was not the first choice hers, by right of her twenty years' occupation of the most advantageous site in the market?

Yusef, looking on with envious eyes, saw the girl swing her basket rapidly and dexterously from her head to the ground, and the delicious odor of the freshly cut flowers was wafted across the short intervening space, to tantalize him because he would not have the first chance at the ever-interesting bargaining, which was as wine to his spirit. He heard the girl's low, clear voice, and the old woman's guttural tones, as the exquisite flowers—a bewildering mass of starry white, delicate pink, and deep crimson, with here and there an admixture of other colors—were lifted from their bed of dark-green leaves and held up for inspection.

"It is the white flowers I want to-day," said the old woman,—"white for Hafiz Effendi. His daughter marries this evening, and he ordered me to bring him white blossoms only."

Yusef listened with all his ears, and then made a rapid calculation of the price and

profit that might have been his, as he saw the young girl lift out masses of the white flowers until the last cluster was laid in the cool, wet basket that Numana had ready. The girl rearranged her flowers; then, giving a quick glance at Yusef, who had turned to attend to a customer, she bent forward and whispered:

"This evening at eight. You will come, Numana?"

The old woman settled back on the floor, where she had been sitting, Turkish-fashion, and, with eyes half closed, gave a scarcely perceptible nod. But it satisfied the girl, who, swinging her basket on her head, advanced with stately tread toward the now apparently indifferent Yusef.

"It is all the good flowers that are sold," said that youth. "You will not get much to-day for what are left, Adana."

The girl paused in the act of lifting the basket from her head, and poised it proudly, as her brown eyes flashed, half in anger, half in laughter, at Yusef.

"Ah, then," she said, "I will go on to the stall of Moumadda! He will buy these crimson and gold roses, which are not good enough for you."

She half turned as she spoke; but Yusef, shaken out of his Oriental lethargy by the frightful possibility of losing his daily bargaining with the prettiest flower-seller in the city, began a vociferous protestation that his share of her flowers he must certainly have. So the bargaining was carried on with spirit on both sides, the resulting advantage being usually with the girl, until Yusef had all the flowers he wanted, and more.

From one stall to another the young flower-seller made her way, encountering the late buyers, who arrived about seven o'clock, until in an hour's time her task was done; and, with her pocket loaded with piastres for the Sisters, Adana came out of the market, and started northward across the city to the French convent, which was her home.

Monsieur Richard, the wealthy merchant, who had even been admitted with

his wares to the Sultan's palace, because, as was well known, he alone had the latest fashions from Paris for the ladies of the harem, watched her go by with her empty basket, and wished her "Good-day!" The girl answered pleasantly and passed on. It was a beautiful face that looked out from under the large basket, fair, but with dark hair and eyes. Her nationality, even in a cosmopolitan city of Turkey, would have been a puzzle.

A tall man in European dress, who had been making some purchases at Monsieur Richard's, looked after her as she passed up the street, and then inquired of the merchant who she was. Monsieur Richard was ready and anxious to talk. The girl was a ward of the French Sisters. Seventeen years ago, during one of the Armenian massacres, she had been found by one of the priests,—an infant literally lying in the gutter. The Father had picked her up, and, reaching the Sisters' convent, had handed the child to them. The convent had resisted the onslaughts of the mob; and, after the city had quieted down, efforts were made to find the infant's relatives, without success. They had either perished in the massacre or had fled far away. So the nuns had baptized her Adana, after the city where she had been found. She was a Christian and a Catholic, of course, and went about the city as freely as the Sisters themselves.

This and much more Monsieur Richard said, expatiating on the girl's beauty and goodness. Her success in selling their flowers brought the Sisters in a good yearly revenue; and as to the "potpourri," made exclusively by the girl Adana, it could not be rivalled. He, Monsieur Richard, had sold it again and again to the ladies of the harem on his periodical visits to the palace.

The stranger—who, the loquacious Frenchman had decided, was either English or American—listened attentively until, satisfied that there was no more to learn, he quietly but firmly cut the

conversation short by inquiring in what part of the city the convent was located. Having obtained the desired information, he was not long in taking his departure.

The Mother Superior at the French convent, a Burgundian of great capability, deep piety, and ready wit, half turned in her stall as the little portress bent low to whisper in her ear:

"A gentleman to see you, on urgent business, Rev. Mother. He has to leave for Italy to-morrow, and can not wait."

The Superior hesitated, then glanced around the chapel, filled with a motley crowd of men, women, and children. Almost every type of face was represented—European, Turk, Circassian, and Armenian. These were the nuns' converts and catechumens, the fruit of years of devoted labor in spreading the Gospel in the Ottoman Empire.

Very near the Superior knelt Adana; and by her side, rocking back and forth in apparent ecstasy, was old Numana, the fruit woman of the market. Adana's eyes were closed, and her rich young voice joined the nuns in reciting the Rosary. Had her eyes been open, she might have caught the glance of a sharp pair of black eyes peering out from under a white burnoose at old Numana. So Numana was a Christian, or about to become one; and she had the best place in the market,—a site that the owner of the piercing black eyes had coveted for years!

The Mother Superior arose. Yes, she must go and see this stranger whose message was so imperative.

The woman enveloped in the folds of the white burnoose arose also and glided out behind the Superior. "A little faint," she murmured very low. "I have been ill." And before the Superior could reply, she had bowed and passed out of the front door which the little portress held open. Once beyond sight of the convent, the burnoose and skirt were hastily discarded, and rolled in a bundle; and there

emerged Yusef, the market man, who set off at a run for the city.

"It is the time and the hour!" he said. "There will be a new Turkey, and these dogs of Christians shall perish. Then—Allah be praised!—I shall be at the head of the market, and Hafiz Effendi will give his order for flowers to me."

The Mother Superior entered the parlor and closed the door. It was over an hour before she and the stranger emerged into the great hall of the convent. A few low-spoken words passed between them; and then the stranger took his departure, returning in the direction of the city.

II.

Finding that the Mother Superior was engaged, Adana had asked and obtained permission from Sœur Susanne to accompany the old fruit-seller home at the conclusion of the evening service.

"I will return early to-morrow," she had said, "and get my flowers for the market; but first I must help Numana pack her basket of fruit. She is old and feeble now, *ma Sœur*."

And the Sister had smiled and consented, as these good deeds of Adana's were of almost daily occurrence. Pure as the mountain snow was the heart of the young girl, who, knowing good, knew little of evil. To devote herself to the sick, the poor, the unfortunate, was to her almost a passion. Some day, she hoped, she would wear the white coif and black habit, but not even to Mère Geneviève had she told this dearest wish of her heart.

She and Numana were walking a little ahead of the other members of the congregation, when suddenly the stillness of the night air was broken by a distant clamor. From different parts of the city there arose a tumult and uproar, that gained in volume every second. A red light appeared here and there on the horizon, and distant shots made themselves heard.

Numana, her young escort, and the little band of Christians, paused spell-

bound; then with one accord they cried:

"The Turks, — the Turks! They have risen! It is a massacre!"

Even as they spoke they turned to flee back to the convent, when around a bend of the road swept a shouting horde of men, bearing guns and torches,—a rabble already drunk with blood. All but two of the Christians turned to right and left and fled, pursued by the mob, who soon shot them down. Those who did not fly were Adana and Numana. The latter seemed too paralyzed with fear to move, and the young girl would not desert her. Adana spoke the native dialect, and that fact saved her life. Addressing the mob as it drew near, they took her for one of themselves and passed her by unharmed.

Suddenly the old Circassian was seized by a powerful arm and swept along.

"You shall die!" Yusef hissed in her ear; and without ado he plunged a dagger downward through her shoulder; then, leaping away he was gone in the wake of the howling mob, whose cries were augmented by a pack of snarling dogs at their heels.

With an exclamation, the young girl sprang to Numana's side, and tenderly supported the woman, who was bleeding to death from her wound. The road was momentarily deserted. Would no one come? Oh, what should she do?

Even as these thoughts swept through the girl's brain she heard a quick step, and in a moment the dark stranger whom she had seen talking to Monsieur Richard was bending over her. Quickly he swung a small knapsack off his back, and, opening it, took out a flask. Uncovering it, he held it to the old woman's lips; then he seized a water bottle that stood close by, and with kind and skilful hands proceeded to bathe her face. He saw at once that there was no hope, and that to draw the dagger from the wound would cause instant death.

Old Numana opened her eyes and fixed them on the young girl with a last appeal.

"Next week Numana would have been baptized," she said.

Adana turned to the stranger.

"It is even so, sir," she said. "If you will give me that water, I will baptize her at once."

Numana heard and understood.

"Yes, yes!" she murmured. "Make Numana a Christian."

The stranger took up the water bottle and poured some in the cup.

"I will do it," he said quietly. "I am a missionary of the English branch of the Catholic Church, and have full power."

The girl turned to him with startled gaze, about to speak, but the Circassian forestalled her. To the surprise of both listeners, she raised herself up, and, opening wide her eyes, fixed them on those of the man.

"It is the sheep in wolves' clothing," she said,— "one of those of whom we have all heard. It is the child Adana who shall baptize me, and not you."

She fell back exhausted, and her eyes closed.

Without an instant's hesitation, the girl seized the cup from the stranger's hand, and poured the water over the dying woman's head, pronouncing the words of baptism. There was a little sigh, a stiffening of the limbs, and the soul of the neophyte, regenerated by the waters of baptism, went forth in peace.

"And this is your final decision, my child?"

"Ah, *ma Mère*, I can not give it up! It has been deep in my heart and woven in all my prayers for years."

"But now that you know that this Protestant missionary is your own father, who so long believed that you died in the massacre with your mother, does not that make a difference?"

The girl shook her head half sadly.

"We had a long talk, Mother, and he acquiesced in my decision. Numana's refusal to have him baptize her did for him what perhaps nothing else could do.

And then, when he found that I, his child, had been brought up a Catholic, and that God had given me a vocation to the religious life, he said it was his Nemesis. My mother was a Catholic, and, under his influence, fell away from the Faith."

Mère Geneviève clasped her hands, and gazed thoughtfully from out the window of her convent parlor to the setting sun beyond.

"The ways of the *bon Dieu* are wonderful," she said; "and when faith clarifies the vision, His meaning is as clear as crystal."

It is many years later. In a far-off Chinese mission a young nun is reading a letter, and the tears in her eyes are tears of joy. There had lately been a great massacre of the Christians in Adana.

"The most noble and courageous soul in this terrible time," the letter ran, "was Father B——, of our mission. His devotion to our poor people, and indifference to his own safety, was heroic. He was shot down by a renegade young Turk, a spy, and died two hours later; but not until he had asked me to write to you, his daughter, and tell you that your own high purpose and love for your religion, joined to the faith of the old Circassian woman he would have baptized, gave him the true Faith, for which he has now died, as I firmly believe, the death of a martyr."

"GLADLY, O Thou Divine Son of Mary," to use the words of one of Thy noblest confessors (Justin Martyr), "would I have said something great of Thee!" At times I thought that I saw, in the flashing light of a blessed hour, Thy Divine Majesty adorned in spotless purity; but as I was about to fix the holy vision, the pencil trembled in my unskilled hand, and I could give only a pale outline. . . . Who are we that attempt to describe Thy holiness?—*Pressensé's "Life of Christ."*

Guardian Angels.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

AN angel smiled this happy morn:
 That hour a little child was born,
 With silken hair and starry eyes,—
 A little wanderer from the skies,
 A little spirit free from guile;
 And, oh, she had that angel's smile!
 God sends His angels now and then
 To touch the sinful hearts of men;
 A child, perhaps, in mortal guise,
 With winsome face and starry eyes.
 (Sometimes, alas! with eyes grown dim,
 He calls His angel back to Him.)
 God, give us grace, whate'er betide,
 To know the Angel at our side!
 To say, wherever I may be:
 "My Guardian Angel walks with me."

Sir Stephen de Vere.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

IX.

SOON a matter of intense and universal interest in Ireland sprang up; it was the great Civil War in America. The best wishes of the Irish people were instinctively on the side of the slave. Their sympathies have been always with subject races "rightly struggling to be free." They did not well know the intricate rights and wrongs of the question, but their compass has ever had one magnet—"Go on the side opposite to England." The British press, if not the British Government, favored the South; that fact, if nothing else, would make the Irish stand by the North. It was hardly possible to persuade the Irish peasant of those days that England could, out of justice or pity, go in to help a struggling people. And much of that disbelief lingers on the countrysides even yet. The Fenian movement, which immediately sprang out of

the Civil War, fostered and bequeathed that feeling acutely.

The writer was but a peasant lad when he heard the first cannon fired at near range from a ship. It was from the *Evelyn*, the little privateer that, under English auspices, ran the blockade in the South. The steamer came down the Shannon from Limerick, and stood opposite Sir Stephen de Vere's place of Monare, in Foynes Island. The day was beautifully fine as the tidy craft rode there in the channel that separated the island from the mainland. The shore, with its precipitous hills, formed in a semicircle about the river. The hills were lined on their sides and crowned on their tops with dark woods. The pretty little village of Foynes, which owed its prosperity mainly to the Monteagle family of Mount Trenchard, nestled at the foot of the hills. The hills, the woods, and the village were at one side; on the other were the gentle activity of the island, dotted with purple bracken, the belt of wood, and the handsome villa of Monare. The little craft, with its idle paddle-wheels, waited in the middle of the waters. The tide was at its full, and that portion of the river looked like a rich, placid lake.

I am not aware if Lord Monteagle or Sir Stephen suspected the destiny of the *Evelyn*. Sir Stephen, at any rate, had nothing to do with it. Lord Monteagle, the "Spring Rice," attorney-general and foremost opponent of O'Connell in Parliament during the Repeal discussions, now an old man, small and drooped, drove to the wharf. A boat from the little steamer came for him; a salute of cannon was fired, which, echoing and reverberating along the semicircular line of hills, created such terror in the minds of us little boys that—I couldn't tell you!

Again, the first time I ever saw soldiers was when a troop of them rode along, guarding a body of tenantry who, despite their will and conscience, were being carried to the polling booths to vote for the landlord's nominee. Things like these,

"trifles light as air," do, I suppose, rest on a person's mind and color his views, and even affect his riper years.

During this time Sir Stephen took little public or popular share in politics. He still, however, watched with interest the emigration movement. But a public episode was soon to arouse him from his hibernation, if hibernating he was. This was the Fenian movement. After the Civil War in America, the rising of the Fenians was all but a necessary sequence to it for Irish-Americans who had been in the war. The amazing things they had seen done in that great strife, some of which had been unsurpassed in the annals of warfare, and the traditions of the poor show the English soldier had made of himself on American soil during the struggle of the young States for freedom, caused the Irish soldiers, disbanded after the happy reunion of North and South, to look on the American as Brobdingnagian, and on the English soldiers as Lilliputian warriors. How far the aims of the Fenian leaders were attainable and how far visionary, has nothing to do with this; but that noble minds were within the ranks of the Fenians, let the instance of John Boyle O'Reilly once for all suffice. In his own day, or in any day, there were few men born here at home, or "outside their native land," better calculated to shed lustre on the "Gem of the Sea," or on any other country, than the true patriot-poet of Irish America.

In a season the severest that Ireland remembered for years — March, 1867, — the men, who took their lives in their hands, went out and offered them for Ireland. There were knaves among them — Corydons, Nagles, and the rest. But the vast majority were true to the idol they nursed in their hearts. Many were able-bodied men, the bulk were honorable men, and not a few were young, innocent boys all but taken from their mothers' apron-strings. There might be, among some of the rank and file, wild and foolish talk as to what they would acquire and

what they would lay hands on; but, take it all in all, if it were not a successful, it surely was not an ignoble effort. It has passed, and critics have had time to drill holes; but on that fatal week in March, 1867, not an action was performed by a single member, even of the rank and file, unworthy of the country he worshipped, or of the solemn sacrifice of the life he was engaged in offering.

But 'tis of the Fenian setting, and not of its rising, I wish to speak. A biting northeast wind blew. The earth was as hard as iron; the roads and fields in places were swept clean of snow; in other places, the white, glittering pearl-dust was gathered in drifts, and stacked up against walls, hedges, haystacks, ends of houses, — anything that stood in its way.

No one need be told how differently the heart beats and the blood courses before the battle and after the defeat. The night before, with polished weapons hidden in secret places, they felt courageous as lions; on the morrow, scattered, defeated, and hunted, they were — poor fellows! — without heart, without food, and without rest. In fear and trembling, they slept at night, biting and searching as was the northeast wind, hidden in the hayricks, cowering in the straw-stacks, or sheltered in the cow-houses, warmed by the breath of the patient, untroubled beasts. They gathered the bracken or the rushes of the hillside, and, like the timid hare, made their "forms," and slept, with eyes and ears open, within the furze bushes. They even thrust themselves with the snipe into the margin of the mountain streamlet or lowland "trench" or open bog-hole. And in the dawn when, perished and starved, they crept back toward civilization for a morsel to eat, they were hunted along the fields by two or more stalwart policemen, — one of whom had no desire to overtake the dark, flying figure; and the other of whom saw stripes and a "rise" for himself in the fugitive's capture.

The name of every one enrolled in a

parish was to be had at the police barrack of the district; for the informers of the county or barony had already given them in. County inspectors of police and sub-inspectors were generally of the other religion, and had some connection or relationship (even of the thirty-first degree) with the dominant class and the dominant power. They would prove how energetic and courageous they were, when there was no enfiling line of soldiers before them; and, with a brutality that showed of what stuff they were made, they ordered the subordinate police to enter peaceable dwelling-houses at night, and were themselves the first bravely to lead the way, ransacking every room and every bed, even of the aged and the sick.

In the time of an election, I once heard a servant boy say: "This is election time: there is no law; and you'll see me drive the horse and car over ould Moll's pig." And he did! It was the same with some of the uniformed Loyalists of those days. They dragged, handcuffed, abused, and carried off to jail those poor country youths, the parents and relatives of many of whom had never been within the precincts even of a "petty sessions" courthouse. Police and jail and arrest were to the simple, terror-stricken countryfolk almost as the scaffold or the convict ship. Parents saw the youths go off, brothers and sisters saw them leave the doors of their homes, and their hearts died within them. But the truculence of the business never left their memories.

A whole countryside was saved from all this by the influence and kindness of one good man—Sir Stephen de Vere. It appears he had given a guarantee to the Government that he would be responsible. And as he had promised, so precisely did it fall out. And no house was imperiously called upon at night to open to the police; no rooms and beds were insolently and unblushingly searched; no mother's voice was heard weeping before the dawn; no helpless father's tears fell on the cheek of

his son; and no enraged younger brother silently swore to have revenge.

When the people of the district heard of the sorrows of other places, they commiserated them, but they also blessed the good man who had sheltered their homes and protected them from the like. This gave him great influence in a project he had for years at heart. There was no place of Catholic worship in the pretty village of Foynes, which, under the continued patronage of the Mount Trenchard family, was steadily growing into prosperity on the mainland, directly opposite to Sir Stephen's island home. How long he had revolved the project, we don't know; but two or three years after the Fenian rising he set himself to solicit subscriptions for the work. He drove in his own vehicle, and personally solicited help from house to house in large portions of the County Limerick. He was everywhere received with the respect and affection that his high name had already earned, and was answered with a generosity that expressed better than words how revered and beloved he was by the people.

I have before me his "Report" and balance sheet of the amount received and of the disbursements made. I know the exact standing of a very large number of the subscribers, and I doubt if anything like so generous a contribution would nowadays result from the appeal of any public man. It was not from one class he received donations, nor was it from one creed. Protestants as well as Catholics, the poor as well as the rich, gave most liberally; and in many townlands which I happen to know personally, there is scarcely the name of one householder absent.

(Conclusion next week.)

I COMMIT my soul to the mercy of God through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children to try to guide themselves by the teachings of the New Testament.—*Dickens.*

Monica's Victory.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

IX.

RELUCTANTLY Captain Hedberg ordered a retreat to be sounded; his horsemen could make good their flight before the more slow-moving foot-soldiers overtook them. The outposts, stationed at a short distance from the encampment, fired muskets at venture into the haze, threw down the burning furze, and rushed, like their comrades, to mount their horses. But, in the absence of their commander, the men had neglected to tether their steeds. The animals, grazing at liberty in the lush grass on the riverside, refused to be caught; and, evading the efforts of the troopers to snatch the bridle, stampeded in the opposite direction. A panic seized upon the men; in vain the captain sought to rally them and marshal them in order. The clarion's shrill note was unheeded; they would not await the unequal combat, but fled by the way they had come, leaving only the captain, the ensign and a few stragglers behind.

Soon the enemy emerged from the shade, and, with extraordinary celerity, rushed like a whirlwind upon the riverside encampment; and then, to their amazement, the Swedes discovered that it was not a detachment of the Imperial troops, but a crowd of armed women from whom their men were flying. Yet it was too late to recall the fugitives, and beg them, as Hedberg would fain have done, to spare their captain the disgrace of being conquered by women. Like a swarm of locusts alighting on the plain, on they came, but stopped short when they perceived that the camp was almost deserted. One woman, however, rushed forward like a fury, and plunged a knife into the ensign's breast before he could ward off

the blow. It was Margaret, whose brain had been turned by brooding over the loss of her lover, and who, possessed by the one desire to avenge his death, was now excited to madness. The next moment a musket shot laid her low; and the other men also fired hastily, but not without effect; for cries of anguish rose from the feminine squadron. The captain sternly forbade all further use of firearms.

Conscious that he was greatly to blame for having left his company that morning, and that his folly had done much to bring about this misfortune, in bitter shame and despair, Hedberg resolved to end his life. Better death than disgrace, he reflected, and was about to turn his sword against himself when he saw Monica approaching him. The sight of the girl who possessed so great a fascination for him arrested his hand. She was carrying a lance: doubtless she had come to revenge herself for his behavior that morning. Let her, then, deal the fatal blow. He threw his sabre to the ground.

Monica saw the glint of the weapon in his uplifted hand, and, in her excitement, imagined Hedberg was going to kill her, or, what was worse, carry her off. The impetus with which she was hastening down the slope bore her onward, so that she could not stop herself when Hedberg let fall his sword; nor could she manage the unwieldy lance that her unaccustomed hands held. In endeavoring to lower it, she struck the captain and cut a severe gash in his shoulder.

When the girl saw what she had done—for Hedberg had divested himself of his armor on reaching the camp, and the blood gushed freely from the wound—she let fall the lance with a cry of horror and dismay. The look he gave her went to her heart. Overwhelmed with shame and remorse at having struck a defenceless man, one, too, who truly loved her, she staggered back, her head swam, a faintness came over her, she leaned against the gun-carriage behind which they were both standing, and shut her eyes.

"In how unkind, unmaidenly a way I have acted!" she said to herself. "Would that I had stayed at home! This is no place for women. What can he think of me!"

All the aversion, the anger she felt toward him was gone; it was replaced by a tenderer feeling.

The captain's impulse had been to go to her aid, but he refrained; for he was not aware of the change in her feelings, and the tumult of feminine voices grew louder and sounded nearer. He must embrace the opportunity to make his escape,—to rally, if possible, the scattered dragoons. Perhaps he could reach the river-bank and overtake the detachment under whose escort he had already sent on the chests to their destination. He must warn the sergeant in charge of them of his danger; that was his first and obvious duty.

Pressing his hand on the wound in the hope of stanching the flow of blood, he hastened toward the steep path leading down to the riverside. As he went, unwonted thoughts came into his mind. Was this strange panic, that caused hardy warriors to fly for their life from a pack of women, a just chastisement for their crimes,—for all the evil they had wrought in that country? His conscience awoke and reproached him for his share in the outrages perpetrated,—the destruction of churches and crucifixes. Was not that, perhaps, the right religion which nerved weak women to rise in defence of their homes, their country, their Faith? Suddenly he heard footsteps behind him. Could it be Monica hastening after him to complete her revenge? He stopped and looked round.

That pause, that hesitation, was fatal, so far as his escape was concerned. The next moment he found himself in the clutches of a man who, springing upon him, held him in a convulsive grasp, at the same time propelling him toward the brink of an abrupt precipice, at whose foot the waters rushed and roared.

"What do you mean, man? Are you mad?" asked Hedberg.

Then, looking the man in the face, he recognized the Alsdorf notary, and in his turn grew pale; for he thought it was a phantom pursuing him, as he had no suspicion that the condemned culprit had escaped with his life.

"Hands off! Let me go!" cried the captain.

"Save me,—save me!" shrieked the miserable wretch, clinging to him all the more tightly. "Save me from the black dog! It is following me; the hell-hound is close upon me. I feel its fiery breath. It will devour you, too; for you are one of those who enticed me to betray my country, my people, for gold. Twice, three times, I played the traitor."

In vain Hedberg strove to free himself from the arms which held him like hands of iron; from the eyes which glared at him wildly, almost starting from their sockets. He seized the traitor by the throat, and a fearful struggle ensued; for he felt that the weight of the man was bearing him down, and the edge of the precipice was reached. The ground gave way under his feet, all grew dark before his eyes. With one wild curse, Ladurn loosed his hold and fell headlong to the depth below.

When Hedberg came to, he found himself suspended in midair; for he had been caught in the branches of a dwarf fir tree which grew in the side of the bluff. For a few moments only was he safe; for by his weight the roots of the tree were loosed, and already the soil was crumbling away. As he fell a cry of anguish had sounded in his ears; it was uttered by Monica, who, kneeling on the ground, was leaning over the giddy height, endeavoring to reach him,—distress, compassion, inscribed on every feature.

"Oh, call upon God!" she cried. "Think of your soul, lest you be lost here and hereafter. Pray to our Blessed Lady. Look to her,—Our Lady of the Wood. She can help and save you."

Hedberg raised his eyes in the direction to which the girl pointed; and there, in the hollow of a tree which rose above the precipice, he saw an image of the Mother of God,—a simple figure, holding the Divine Child in her arms, looking down, it seemed to him, with pitying, forgiving gaze.

Was it Monica's fervent prayer on his behalf that obtained the light of faith in that supreme moment for the heretic Swede? We know not; we know only that it was given him to see the errors of his past life, to make a sincere act of contrition and of faith. From his soul he exclaimed:

"I commend myself to thee, O Blessed Virgin! Refuge of Sinners, save me from everlasting damnation! In thy tender pity, deliver me from present peril of death. I believe, my Mother! I will become a Catholic."

At that moment a cry of horror went up to Heaven from Monica and the women who had gathered round her, striving to induce her to come away, and leave the foe to his fate.

"He is falling,—he is falling!" she cried. "God have mercy on his soul!"

The roots of the tree to which Hedberg clung gave way, and, amid a shower of stones, he was precipitated down the steep declivity. Yet when the girl, hurrying down the path, reached the spot where he lay, she found that—as it seemed to her by a miracle—he was not dead, only stunned and unconscious. The branches of the tree to which he clung, and which fell with him, had formed a sort of cradle, and now lay crushed beneath him, half in, half out of the water.

"Thanks be to the great Mother of God! Our Blessed Lady of the Wood has wrought a miracle on his behalf. Glory be to God! Holy Mother, I thank thee from my heart of hearts!"

The sound of her voice restored Hedberg to consciousness. He opened his eyes, and smiled as he saw her bending over him with loving anxiety.

"Thanks be to God!" he whispered,—unwonted words indeed on that rough warrior's lips.

The faintness caused by loss of blood, the shock of his fall, and the bruises he had received, were too much for even his strong frame to bear; all grew dark again before his eyes, his senses forsook him, and he relapsed into unconsciousness. The women gently lifted him onto the grassy bank, and bathed his temples with water from the stream. Hot tears of sorrow and shame filled Monica's eyes when, on loosening his doublet, the wound inflicted by her hand was disclosed. How she reproached herself for that act, which could scarcely be justified on the plea of self-defence!

The mayor of Alsdorf, anxious on account of the expedition initiated by his daughter—one that he had permitted but not approved,—had sent some men with a wagon (the ambulance of those days) to bring back any one who might be wounded. On this Captain Hedberg, alone left of all his company, was conveyed to the village and received in the mayor's house.

Great joy prevailed next day in the mountain country round Bregenz on tidings being brought that the squadron of dragoons, who had fled in dismay at the approach of the women, whom they mistook for the white-coated Austrians, had encountered the Imperial troops advancing toward Lindau, and not one had escaped alive.

(Conclusion next week.)

I RECALL the place where Polycarp sat and discoursed;... his intercourse with John, as he told it, and with those who had seen the Lord; and what he had learned from them about the Lord,—His miracles and doctrines. These things Polycarp told... as he had them from eye-witnesses; and I heard them and noted them down in my heart.

—*St. Irenæus to Florinus.*

Monuments with Meaning.

THE erection recently at Twin Lakes, Marshall Co., Indiana, of a statue of Menominee, chief of the Pottawatomie Indians, and of a chapel near the site of that in which he and his tribe were wont to worship God before they were driven forth from their ancestral homes by the cruel greed of the White Man, is said to be the first instance in the history of the United States of a monument raised by legislative enactment to the dishonor of the exterminators and in memory of the exterminated. The credit of this memorial is mainly due to the Hon. Daniel MacDonald, of Plymouth, Indiana, who not only introduced the Bill in question before the State Legislature, but did all in his power to secure its passage. In burning words he told of the wrongs inflicted upon the Indians, and advocated tangible acknowledgment of the injustice which it is no longer possible adequately to repair.

The story of how those defenceless Red Men were deprived of their homes and banished from their hunting grounds—of how they were deceived and defrauded—is one which no right-minded person can read without indignation, and no American can recall without shame. After being robbed of their lands, their dwellings were seized and burned, and at the point of the bayonet they were driven forth on their toilsome journey to the distant West. The last sight of their homes was the smoke that hung over the trees that screened the ruins. The exodus took place in late summer, when the weather was still sultry; and to the hardships of travel were added the ravages of disease. Nothing could be more pathetic than the journal of the officer who led the troops as far as Danville, Illinois. Sickness and suffering were the daily portion of the wretched Indians; and the stations of their *Via Crucis* were marked by the graves of those who fell by the wayside.

One ray of sunshine penetrated this awful gloom. After some delay, Father Benjamin Petit, the self-sacrificing priest who had been ministering to the Pottawatomies at Notre Dame and Twin Lakes, obtained permission to accompany them to their new abode, and hastened to overtaken the exiles. His presence at once restored order and revived their drooping spirits. The troops were withdrawn, and, under the missionary's guidance, the Indians resumed their march; happy in the conviction that, though persecuted by men, they were not abandoned by God.

That act of devotedness cost the brave missionary his life. While returning to Indiana, exhausted by the fatigue and privations he had so willingly endured, he was stricken with malarial fever, and, after a lingering illness, breathed his last among the Jesuits of St. Louis. All that could die of Father Petit now reposes under the sanctuary of the beautiful church at Notre Dame, the scene of his arduous labors and heroic self-sacrifice.

In an able and inspiring address at the dedication of the monument at Twin Lakes, Indiana, Prof. William Hoynes, of the University of Notre Dame, who had the honor of presiding over the exercises, thus referred to the spirit in which the undertaking had been conceived and executed:

The awakening of public conscience to the wrongs inflicted on the Indians is manifest in the increasing interest shown in them; the more general and outspoken expression of sympathy with them in their misfortunes; the evident disposition not only to retain their names as applied to places, but to give such names to new places when seemingly practicable; and the erection of monuments or memorials in commemoration of events associated with their tribes and villages, chiefs and battles. . . .

The event that took place here deserves to be perpetuated in atoning memory, and this substantial token of the good-will and sympathy of the people is a fitting answer to the solemn call of duty in the matter. Some may say that we are actuated mainly by sentiment in erecting here this monument and miniature chapel. Far be it from me to resent or deny the statement,

As the soul is to the human body, so is sentiment to the gross material affairs of the world. Our country would be poor indeed without sentiment; for this serves to illuminate the hidden recesses where greed and graft, deception and degeneracy, business legerdemain and political rottenness, are prone to seek rest and refuge. Let the sunshine of cheering sentiment penetrate the gloomy pall of stolid and heartless commercialism, degrading and miserly materialism, and suicidal strenuousness.

At the recent unveiling of a monument to Father Marquette, in the State Park reservation on Mackinac Island, Justice Day, of the Supreme Court of the United States, after paying tribute to his achievements, spoke thus eloquently of the holy missionary's dutifulness:

The great lesson of his life, which this grasping, pushing age may well stop to consider, is absolute devotion to duty, to the following of an ideal through privation and sickness, at all hazards and with steadfast courage to the end. Upon the statue which marks Wisconsin's tribute in the old hall of the House at Washington are inscribed these words: "James Marquette, who, with Louis Joliet, discovered the Mississippi River at Prairie du Chien, Wis., June 17, 1673." Were we to write his epitaph to-day, we might take the simple words which, at his own request, mark the last resting-place of a great American, and write upon this enduring granite the summary of Marquette's life and character: "He was Faithful."

Such memorials as those at Twin Lakes in Indiana and Mackinac Island, Michigan, should serve the double purpose of inspiring hatred of all injustice, and admiration for those saintly missionaries who, despite the hardships that fell to their lot, were faithful unto death. It may be hoped that their unselfish devotion to the Indians goes far to atone for the wrongs inflicted by the White Man, — wrongs so grievous that they still demand some redress, as they must once have cried to Heaven for vengeance.

ALL that I think, all that I hope, all that I write, all that I live for, is based upon the divinity of Jesus Christ, the central joy of my poor, wayward life.

—Gladstone.

With the Advanced Critics.

UNTIL the advanced critics become more consistent and arrive at an agreement among themselves on many questions, they can not expect laymen to read their disquisitions without some measure of scorn. Dr. Robert Scott, in a book just published, holds that St. Luke, not St. Paul, is the author of II. Timothy. He refers to the fact that St. Luke alone remained with St. Paul; and puts forward the theory that, just after the Apostle's death in 63, St. Luke wrote this Epistle, "partly to record last words and messages, partly to memorize a solemn occasion, but mainly to throw on St. Timothy the burden of the succession." But is it likely that if St. Paul had just perished, his friend would make no reference to the event? Just what new theory the learned Doctor will advance to explain this little difficulty, remains to be seen.

Professor Wrede asserts that "weighty reasons are adverse to the idea that the author of the Acts of the Apostles was himself the eye-witness who speaks in the 'we' sections." Professor Harnack, on the other hand, thinks that he has proved the identity of the author of these sections with St. Luke, whom he regards as the writer of the whole work. He detects St. Luke's style in every line of the Acts; but he separates the narrative into parts, and shows how the information varies in value according as it is first-hand or second-hand.

Professor Harnack, who is far enough "advanced" to satisfy most demands, complains that "not a few" of his associates fail to appreciate the work of St. Luke. To give his exact words: "Not a few of them treat their own conceits in regard to the book with more respect than the grand lines of the work, which they either take as a matter of course, or criticise from the standpoint of their own superior knowledge."

So it goes with the advanced critics.

Notes and Remarks.

Preaching at the celebration of the Episcopal Jubilee of the Archbishop of Tuam last month, the Bishop of Achonry, without in any way disparaging the work of lay teachers, dwelt upon the advantages of having Sisters in our schools. The preacher explained how the Archbishop "recognized and realized the refining influence of nuns as teachers, and therefore sought to extend the sphere of their usefulness, and widen the field of their labor. By bringing young girls with fresh, fair hearts and white, bright souls into close contact with Sisters vowed to the highest virtue, not merely is knowledge gained, but practices of piety are imparted and habits of holiness instilled." Enlarging upon the advantages to which he had referred, the Bishop said: "They have no husbands to marry them, no children to worry them, no families to fret about, no households to provide for, no disappointments to distract them, no uncertain future to be fearful for, no gabbling gossips to disturb them, no wasteful visits to turn away their attention or take up their time. They are cultured women, refined ladies; . . . pure by profession, holy by habits, perfected in piety; their whole lives pledged and promised, plighted and vowed to the practice of poverty, and the service of the poor."

As an offset to this appreciation, let us quote some words of Mr. E. M. Sneyd-Kynnersley, formerly a government inspector of schools in England. He speaks, he declares, from long experience: "As teachers, nuns have many advantages. They are wholly devoted to their work; not to their pay, for they never see a farthing of it: it goes to Domūs. They regard their service as their permanent vocation without the distraction of possible courtships; in their ways with young girls they are almost motherly; and the Sisters from the better Orders

have a singularly refining influence on the children under their charge."

"The authority of such a testimony as this," as the editor of the *London Tablet* remarks, "can not be gainsaid; for the writer does not hide his opinion that the advantages are confronted by certain disadvantages: 'The good Sisters are too unworldly, — their chances of improvement are limited, and their tendency is narrowing.' But, even with such disadvantages before him, Mr. Kynnersley does not hesitate to say of the Sisters of Notre Dame in Liverpool: 'If any one wants to know what can be done for education, primary, secondary, and tertiary for aught I know, he should go to Mount Pleasant in that city and look around him.' This former inspector has evidently retained not only a high admiration but also the kindest memories of the teaching sisterhoods, and of the way in which he was received by them when on his tours of official duty; for he adds: 'When the Orangemen have persuaded Parliament to pass an Act for the inspection of convents, I shall not apply for the post of inspector. Not that I have any fear of a hostile reception. On the contrary: it is because I fear that, inasmuch as I may be by that time somewhat advanced in years, my constitution would not be able to stand a life of profuse hospitality.'"

The editor of one non-Catholic American periodical has been consulting prominent churchmen of different denominations as to "What is the Matter with the Church in America"; and the editor of another secular journal finds in the reply of a certain clergyman matter for comment and commendation. We quote:

Here is this churchman's diagnosis of the situation: "When we frequently read of church membership decreasing, and of the moral excellence and intellectual greatness of people who never attend church — when we find that, instead of expounding the word of God, the clergyman discourses of almost every imaginable subject except religion, — we ask with some misgiving: Has religion lost all its attraction?

Many of our countrymen do not consider church-going as a binding obligation. . . . The remedy will be found in giving to the people in the churches something of God, some spiritual gift, some good which it would be impossible for them to get elsewhere. Let the minister of God speak 'as one having authority,' and our religiously inclined people will throng the temples of divine worship." This churchman quietly adds that his own denomination has no reason to complain that its people do not come to church. They do come. And his church is one that does not even suggest that less doctrine and dogma are needed in order to get people to church. It is unsparing in doctrinal and dogmatic teaching. It is the Church represented by James Cardinal Gibbons.

It is a good sign when prominent laymen of the various denominations are not afraid to give to their ministerial teachers the advice which has long been volunteered to them by the Catholic press, ourselves included — viz., to drop all forms of sensationalism and preach the Gospel.

"A cautious body" and an "awfu creetic," as they say in Scotland, is Lord Alfred Bruce Douglas. Fearing to give undue credit either to Peary or to Cook for the discovery of the North Pole, and fearing more, perhaps, to honor the United States by acknowledging the prowess of one of her citizens, the gude editor-man thus delivers himself:

The *Academy* does not propose at this stage to commit itself to any definite expression of opinion. We shall confine ourselves to stating that up to the present we fail to find any reasonable evidence that either Mr. Peary or Mr. Cook has been within a hundred miles of the Pole, and that our knowledge of the nature of Yankee bluff and impudence leads us to entertain the gravest scepticism as to the claims of either of the gentlemen in question.

The *Academy* is a rael bonnie paper, of course; but we fear the distinguished editor sometimes forgets that he's an oreiginal sinner.

For the past ten years, according to a leaflet recently addressed to us, the *Catholic Deaf Mute* has been published,

largely at his own expense, by Mr. James F. Donnelly, of Richmond Hill, New York. The only Catholic paper in the country conducted for the benefit of a large number of the Church's afflicted members, it accomplished notable good among its constituents; and it is particularly regrettable, we think, that its beneficent work should not be kept up. Yet we are told that "Mr. Donnelly had to discontinue his paper with the June issue. It was due to lack of means. He was out of employment. He could not print the paper while in that condition. Besides, he has been seriously ill. If the paper has to stay suspended, it will be a great blow to the Catholic deaf. It goes into every diocese. There are deaf-mutes in every diocese. Only a few dioceses are doing anything at all for the deaf, while Protestant ministers are actively at work among them. This means great losses to the Church." An appeal is accordingly made, by one of the Catholic deaf-mutes, for assistance in resuming the publication of the paper. We trust that it may prove more successful than previous efforts have led Mr. Donnelly to think very probable.

In our occasional comments on Woman's Rights movements we have noted that, while the preponderance of eminent Catholic opinion is opposed to the general extension of the franchise to the gentler sex, such extension is not deprecated by churchmen of unquestionable prominence, such, for instance, as Cardinal Moran, of Sydney, N. S. W. The question is discussed at some length in the current number of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* by the Rev. David Barry, S. T. L., — "Female Suffrage from a Catholic Standpoint"; and here is the author's conclusion:

It would appear, then, that Catholic principles give no countenance to the movement for extending the franchise to women; not because they are inferior to men — for they are recognized as having peculiar aptitudes and endowments that men do not possess, — but

because the movement is a retrograde one, tending to supplant their position of real superiority by one of nominal equality. But, whether or not we are quite satisfied with the machinery by which legislation is enacted, we are bound, nevertheless, to accord it a hearty obedience; for it is more or less articulate expression and enforcement of the Divine Will in our regard.

From which it would appear that, while Dr. Barry is against Woman's Rights, still, if the ladies do get the franchise, and eventually become legislators, he is prepared to obey the laws which they may be pleased to enact.

An interesting "coming of age" during the present month is chronicled in the current *Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, under the caption, "An Apostle of Good Reading." The institution that has reached its majority is the Montreal Free Library; and the "apostle" is "Miss Gethin, a gifted lady, who, if she was not the actual foundress, must be considered the one person responsible for any success the Library has effected during the past twenty-one years." In 1888 the Catholic Free Circulating Library had on its shelves two hundred books; at present it has sixteen thousand volumes, with an annual circulation for many years past of more than eighty thousand. The *Messenger* deservedly hails such work as a genuine apostolate, and the congratulations showered upon Miss Gethin may well be cordial.

It was natural to expect that there would be many replies to the startling statement, "Newman was a poor theologian and a bad Latinist, and knew nothing of Ireland." Considering its source, we fear we shall never hear the last of this statement. About what may be said or written in support of it, one need feel no concern. As to much that will inevitably be published in refutation, on the other hand, one can not be without some solicitude. In all such cases charity is apt to be violated and urbanity outraged. But Cardinal Moran himself, we

feel sure, will be the first to acknowledge the fitness and force of the following remarks by W. H. K., writing in the London *Tablet* (September 11, "Literary Notes"):

There is, to say the least, some danger that casual readers may take the words in their full and literal sense, and thus be led to believe that Cardinal Newman was really ignorant of Latin and theology. And others, we fear, may be led to do less than justice to his Irish critic. If only for this reason it may not be amiss to remark that both "theologian" and "Latinist" are words susceptible of various special senses and connotations.

To students of classical literature, St. Thomas himself must surely appear as a very "bad Latinist." And, in fact, we find Macaulay complaining that St. Augustine wrote in the style of a hedge preacher. On the other hand, the most accomplished classical scholar may cut a poor figure among those who are accustomed to use the old language in a more modern and practical fashion. Dean Stanley tells an amusing story of the discomfiture of himself and an Oxford professor in an encounter with a Transylvanian boy in their tour on the Danube. Having no other common language, they attempted to talk in Latin. But the boy, who had a command of conversational Latin, was amazed at the ignorance of the two Englishmen, and much amused to learn that they both taught in an English college. As he told them, with a boy's candor, he supposed that they taught only very small children! Stanley was a brilliant scholar. But, looking at the matter from his own peculiar standpoint, this precocious schoolboy would have accounted him a bad Latinist.

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It may be that the Irish Cardinal's unfavorable opinion of Newman as a Latinist may be explained in a somewhat similar fashion. For we can well believe that both in Rome and in Ireland he must have come in contact with many whose familiarity with modern ecclesiastical Latin was, naturally enough, greater than his own. And these, more especially if they happened to be men of narrow views, might easily form a poor opinion of his scholarship, and roundly call him a bad Latinist. Be this as it may, it will be of interest to recall a recent and more authoritative appreciation of Newman's Latin scholarship. A priest who has left his own school-days far behind, and has been busied with pastoral work or religious literature, may be pardoned for losing touch with the classics. And we fancy that few in this position would be competent to expurgate

and adapt the text of a play of Plautus. Yet this was the task undertaken by Cardinal Newman for the benefit of his Oratory School at Edgbaston. And it is enough to note that he accomplished it with such success that some of his work was recently adopted in that sanctuary of Latin scholarship, Westminster School. And the graceful tribute that Westminster paid to the great Cardinal may serve as a sufficient answer to those who call him a bad Latinist.

And what W. H. K. has to say further will serve as a sufficient answer to the statement that Newman was "a poor theologian." As to the other charge, that he knew nothing of Ireland or Irish history, many persons will consider that it does not require refutation. And there will be few, we think, to question the truth of what Canon Murphy, P. P. of Kilmanagh, Kilkenny, says in a spirited letter to the editor of the *Tablet*: "Newman was one of the greatest gifts given by God to His Church in the last century." Yes, and a gift that, we venture to predict, will be more and more thoroughly appreciated as the years go by.

If the non-Catholics of Huntington, West Virginia, are not absolutely impervious to arguments based on sterling common-sense, a good many of them are at present not a little ashamed of themselves. An anti-Catholic lecturer, with about as much claim to the title of expriest as he has to that of ex-emperor, recently delivered in that town a series of libellous and pornographic discourses against the Church and her members. Then a Catholic resident, Mr. T. S. Scanlon, constituted himself a Catholic Truth Society of one, and wrote to the local paper about the matter. We heartily commend to fellow-Catholics who may in future have to do with bigots of the Huntington brand this extract from his trenchant letter:

Why should my neighbors, who have known me for twenty-five years, who know that I am a Catholic and who know that I am truthful and upright, and from these points of view have the respect of all my fellowmen, send off to

Canada to get an unknown, a foul-mouthed man to tell them something about the Catholic Church? Why do they not ask me? Is my language too chaste for them? Do these sanctified people love dirt and filth? Does Mr. P., whom I saw sitting on the platform with that vile creature, remember how many times I have accommodated him? Do many others of the misguided people whom I saw at these meetings remember that I often supplied their wants, for which I never received pay and never expected to? Yet they sit by and let a man malign and slander an institution that is responsible for everything that is good in me, and tell them that that organization is out for the purpose of destroying them.

There are many ways of treating anti-Catholic lecturers and of rebuking their audiences; we submit that Mr. Scanlon's is by no means the least effective.

According to a writer in the *Church Times* (Anglican), the Episcopal Church in Scotland numbers only three per cent of the regular population. "Roman Catholics," it adds, "number ten per cent; but this is owing to large immigration from Ireland." Whereupon the London *Catholic Times* remarks:

The *Church Times* writer is, perhaps, not aware that, besides the Irish immigrants, the Catholic Church in Scotland (which it sneers at as the "Romanist Communion") includes numbers of Gaelic-speaking clansmen, who are the sons of men who kept the Faith through the Penal days. They are "Romanists," like their forefathers; and, as they did, they obey bishops commissioned by the Vicar of Christ; and can not understand the claim of self-styled "bishops" who have no such commission, to be Heaven-appointed pastors of God's Church. The story of Catholicity in Scotland has no break in its continuity.

Apropos of another statement in the Anglican periodical, our London contemporary uncompromisingly declares that "to talk of Protestant Episcopalianism's having an Apostolic authority prior to, and more regular than, that of the Scottish Catholic hierarchy is to talk absolute nonsense. Yet the *Church Times* admits that if this theory of Episcopalianism does not stand, Anglicanism in Scotland has no logical status."

FOR YOUNG FOLK

My Guardian.

BY E. B.

MOTHER of Jesus,
 When up through the sky
 Day, with spread pinions,
 Beginneth to fly;
 When all the hushed earth
 From its silence breaks free,—
 Mother of Jesus,
 Be guardian of me!

Mother of Jesus,
 When night cometh down,
 And tempters stalk forth
 In the city and town,
 I send to thy ear
 The same confident plea:
 Mother of Jesus,
 Be guardian of me!

The Adventures of Ricardo.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

V.



ARDLY had the cobbler left his shop when Ricardo ran about the room, examining the various tools and instruments on the bench. As he stood there fingering them he heard a scampering on the other side of the partition. The boy was very fond of animals. When at home in Cuba with his mother, he had always owned a dog and a cat, and the sounds he now heard suggested the idea that there was a small animal of some kind not far away. In reality, what he had heard were rats between the laths and plaster,—a noise as familiar to the cobbler as the strokes of his own hammer. For years

they had held undisturbed carnival in the old basement, which, save for the one apartment occupied by Sidi Belai, was vacant to human tenants. He had become so accustomed to them that he did not notice them; though at one end of the hall he kept a trap, in which he occasionally found a prisoner.

"I wonder if Sidi has not a little puppy somewhere?" thought Ricardo, as the scampering continued. "I might go and see."

He opened the door and stepped into the entry. There was another door about halfway down the hall, on the farther side of the partition. It opened into the half of what had once been a long room looking into a garden,—the one in which the windows had been darkened. Near this door Ricardo paused, listening to what sounded like the patter of tiny feet.

He turned the knob, which yielded readily, though it had not been handled for many years. Sidi Belai was a man without curiosity. His own little shop comprised his small world. During all the years he had lived in the basement he had never opened that door. With the knob in his hand, Ricardo pushed it ajar and peeped in. The noises ceased; all was black darkness; a musty, grave-like odor greeted his nostrils.

"Can it be that Sidi has put the little dog or cat in here for some purpose?" he reasoned. "Perhaps he has just bought or been given it, and wished to keep it here for some days, so that it will not run away."

With this idea in mind, he was about to close the door again and go away, when the scampering began once more, and he paused to listen. Then, after stepping inside, he closed the door, so as not to allow the animal to make its escape, and whistled softly as for a dog. The noise

ceased. He then whispered: "Pussy! Pussy!" But all was silence.

Without being aware of it, yet having no fear in his mind, he had gradually stepped several feet into the room, where he stood wondering why the dog or cat, whichever it might be, did not respond to his friendly greeting. In a moment the commotion began again; and he suddenly realized that it must be caused by rats between the walls, or perhaps without them, even in the very place where he was standing.

Ricardo had a hatred and fear of the disgusting little animals, and now he became more eager to leave the dark room than he had been to enter it. But it often happens, when one is in a strange place in the dark, or even waking out of sleep, that one finds oneself at a loss to locate the position of familiar objects. Ricardo groped and groped with hands outstretched, unable to find the door. Instead of approaching it, he went farther away from it with every step he took. Vainly he felt along the wall: nothing met his touch except blank, hard plaster.

The air seemed to grow more and more close, the darkness thicker. The walls were damp and slimy; and, though fear had brought out huge drops of perspiration on his forehead, his hands were icy cold. Slowly advancing, as he thought, toward the door, his extended hands at length encountered vacancy. The wall was no longer there. He must have reached the door again, he fancied. But it was open, and he had closed it on entering. Probably it had swung open again. Yes, this must be it, he reflected, as he stood in uncertainty staring into darkness. He did not pause to consider that, if the door had been open, the light from the entry would have been sufficient to show him exactly where he was. Timid, fearful and excited, he stepped, as he believed, across the threshold, and the next instant fell into a long-disused and partially filled up cistern, which had formerly been concealed in a closet.

The door had long since been removed from its hinges, leaving an open space, with the cistern immediately below.

As the boy fell, his head struck the side of the opening. When he reached the bottom he was bleeding and unconscious,—a blessed happening, as it spared him some hours of mental and bodily suffering.

Sidi Belai rambled through the streets for some hours, lost in deep reflection; though occasionally the sound of a boyish voice or a cry would rouse him to the extent of glancing into the crowd or peering into the dark hallway from which it came.

He was greatly concerned about Ricardo. It seemed to him very unlikely that the boy should have taken leave and gone to his temporary home in so unceremonious a manner. He had appeared delighted with the invitation to remain. If he had not felt some gratitude or kindness toward himself, reasoned the cobbler, he would not have sought him. He could trace no lines of deceit or falsehood in his memory of the child's face, with its delicate, sensitive lips and large, appealing eyes, so straightforward in their calm, level gaze.

Neither was it probable that any customer could have come in during his absence and sent him on an errand. And yet this was possible. An offer of a few pennies would have been very tempting to a boy of his age. And, the errand accomplished, he might have found himself near his own home, and, childlike, have thought it not worth while to return to the cobbler's dwelling. Or he might never have thought of it at all, especially if his pennies had furnished him some of those cakes or sweets of which children are so fond.

The heart of the old man was filled with disappointment, and yet he found himself questioning why he should have expected anything better of a waif and a stray. He had expected something better, however; and, as he turned the occurrence over

and over in his mind, he found himself becoming more certain that the boy had not gone away of his own free-will.

Again he put this idea from him as extremely foolish; and, turning into a small park, sat down on a bench and took out and lit one of the long cheroots which were his only dissipation. Still musing, he reproached himself for his uneasiness, and also that he had not inquired the name of the woman who had taken Ricardo in, or of the priests who had befriended him. Now he might never know whether any misfortune had overtaken the little orphan, or whether he was only one of the many he had met in his lonely lifetime who smile and touch one's heart-strings and in a breath have flitted away.

The cheroot had long been ashes, the clock in a neighboring tower was booming eleven, when the cobbler left his seat on the bench and slowly returned to his basement dwelling. He lit a candle; went out to the courtyard for a bucket of water, and made some coffee on his little oil-stove. He had not eaten much that day, and he felt tired and hungry. When the coffee was ready, he put on the table the viands he had bought for the feast, which did not come off, and ate and drank slowly, meant me reading a newspaper. But he could not banish the feeling of depression which filled his mind, nor dismiss the thought of the pretty boy who had sat opposite him that morning in the old canvas-covered chair.

It was very quiet in the little shop,—so quiet that the gambols of the rats in the walls seemed to him louder than usual. Once, between sallies, he fancied he heard a peculiar sound, as of some one moaning and tapping not far away. But he paid little attention to it, washed his dishes; and, carrying the lighted candle to the other side of the leathern curtain, he began to get ready for bed. His cot usually stood close to the partition; but to-night he drew it up into the corner, with the head close to the outer wall

of the basement. Being a good Catholic, he knelt down to say his prayers, and after they were finished he got into bed and was soon fast asleep.

Ricardo had fallen about ten feet. If it had not been for a cut he had received on the head, he would have been but little the worse for his misadventure. It had bled a great deal, which weakened him, and he had lain unconscious for a long time in the position in which he had fallen—partly on his face, with his small body doubled up, his legs crossed under him. It was with no feeling of pain, but one of extreme discomfort, that he returned to his senses after several hours had passed.

The sensations of the boy on finding himself at the bottom of a dark hole can better be imagined than described. As his senses gradually returned, he began to realize what had happened to him. He tried to change his attitude, and succeeded in getting his legs from under him. In so doing the blood, restored to circulation, sent sharp stings like needle pricks through his limbs, causing him intense momentary pain.

He stretched out his hands, first one way and then the other, and knew that he was in a cistern or well. How far from the top he could not, of course, determine; but there he was, unable to climb even if there were anything on which to cling, and almost unable to move. The atmosphere which surrounded him was thick and musty; his throat felt dry, his lips parched, and the wound in his forehead was still bleeding. Very soon his head began to ache violently. He contrived to lean his back against the wall of the cistern, stretching out his feet to the opposite side. He could not call out, though he endeavored to do so. A torpor began to steal over him; it was not long before he again relapsed into unconsciousness.

This was about the time that Sidi came in from his walk. Fever was setting in,

caused by the shock of the fall, the humid atmosphere, and the wound in his head. From time to time Ricardo would moan slightly, and it was this sound the cobbler had heard. As the fever increased, and the boy, in his endeavors to toss from side to side, brought his head in contact with the rough brick walls of the cistern, his moans grew louder and more frequent.

Suddenly the cobbler started up from his first sound sleep, and sat listening. Surely that was a moan—or the cry of a child in pain! He rose and went to the door of his shop,—the outer door, leading to the steps. There was no one there; all was still with the hush that falls over a great city between midnight and the coming of dawn.

He closed the door and stood in the entry listening. Again those pitiful moans as from underneath the ground. They appeared to issue from the disused apartment next to his own. He returned to his shop, lit a candle, hurried on his clothes, thrust his feet into soft leather slippers, and, taking a stick in one hand, with the candle in the other, he advanced to the closed door of the other apartment. Pushing it open without difficulty, and making a wry face at the disagreeable, heavy odor which greeted his nostrils, the cobbler followed the direction of the moans, and in a moment was standing at the side of the open cistern, looking down.

He could see nothing, but the voice that met his ears was that of Ricardo, who was now raving with fever. The old man sat down on the dusty floor, shading the light with his hand, and, leaning over the edge of the opening, he said tenderly:

"*Hijo mio*, little lamb! It is old Sid, who will get you up as soon as he can. Keep quiet; do not fear; I will save you."

"Mamma, mamma!" replied the child. "I am so sick! It hurts me so much!"

"Yes, yes, I know," said the old man. "You have had an accident, but it will not be so bad. Very soon we shall have you out of there."

"Mamma, mamma! Oh—oh!" still the child went on.

"Ah, poor lamb! He raves,—he raves!" murmured the cobbler, leaning back from the gaping cistern. "And now how to get him up from there!" he said aloud. "It will be a hard thing to do, and there will be danger. There are those who may say, should his senses not return, that I threw him in. Well as those people know old Sid, long as I have lived among them, there are times when a sudden happening like this will arouse all the suspicion that is lying deep in their minds against the Orientals. I must think,—I must think. But I must also hurry; for a human life is at stake, and I shall do what is right."

Sighing and shaking his white head, all his sympathies moved, yet all his caution awakened by the emergency that lay before him, the cobbler rose to his feet, and went back to his shop, from which he returned in a few minutes with a brightly burning coal-oil lamp and a piece of stout rope. Placing the lamp on a shelf above the open doorway, he tied one end of the rope firmly around a column which helped to support the floor above it, and fastened the other about his waist. When leaning over the cistern, he had seen that several iron bars and beam ends projected from the sides of the well-opening. Slowly and cautiously feeling his way, secured from falling by the rope, he descended into the black space below.

(To be continued.)

A Dainty Animal.

Many people would hesitate to wear ermine fur if they knew the sad little story that hunters tell about the dainty animals that wear the white coat. If, while they are being pursued, they come to a muddy place in the road or field, they will stop and allow themselves to be captured rather than soil their beautiful fur. They prefer death to dirt, and will not accept safety on ignoble terms.

Schoolgirls Abroad.

BY S. MARR.

XIV.

Westminster Abbey was near our hotel, so we often dropped in. Our first visit was disappointing; we entered by the north transept, and, instead of walking on to the nave, and then down to the west entrance, from which a good general view is obtained, we proceeded to study the monuments everywhere around us, which was about as inspiring and inspiriting as it would be to wander through a marble-cutter's yard. Later, Aunt Margaret started us right, and we came to have more respect for this mortuary church.

In the first place, its history is interesting, dating back as it does to the days of Edward the Confessor and the monks of St. Benedict, who made the Abbey of Westminster a centre of holy influence. Many of the names on the tablets and monuments in the body of the church are of unimportant people; but every now and then one comes upon a slab that wakens memories, if not of the person commemorated, at least of a text-book introduction to him. The west end of the Abbey might be called the deanery; for so many deans of Westminster rest there,—among them Dean Atterbury, who desired to be buried in the Abbey "as far from kings and Cæsars as the space will admit." Not far from this select company are tablets to Congreve and to Ann Oldfield, an actress! In the south aisle of the nave is the tomb of Major John André, who in 1780 was buried on the banks of the Hudson; forty years later his remains were brought to England at the expense of George III. A bas-relief on the monument shows Washington receiving André's petition for a soldier's death, and, beside it, André on the way to execution.

In the north aisle, Herschel and Darwin are in company with chancellors, officers, and physicians long ago forgotten. The

stone in the pavement which marked Ben Jonson's grave was wearing away, so it is now against the wall, and a slab of slate marks the poet's resting-place, which recalled the old story that Jonson was buried in an upright position. He was so poor that he said he could afford only a plot of ground two by two. Three interesting names are in the centre of the nave: Dean Trench, Livingstone, the African explorer, and Sir Isaac Newton. Dr. Watts, the hymn-writer, rests in the south aisle of the choir; and Balfe, the musician, with others of his art, lies in the north aisle.

Poets' Corner, in the right transept, is the Mecca of all tourists. Here are tablets or monuments in honor of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dryden, Cowper, Cowley, Spenser, Butler, Milton, Burns, Gray, Campbell, Southey, Goldsmith, Scott, Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, Macaulay, Addison, Thackeray, and many others. This does not mean that those commemorated are buried under the stone that honors them. We soon found out that a man might be buried in the nave—as Ben Jonson, for instance—and have his name honored in Poets' Corner. The bodies of Milton, Gray, and Southey, to mention but a few, do not rest in Westminster; and Mary regretted for days the thrills she wasted before she found this out. The north transept might be styled "Statesmen's Corner"; for among the monuments are those to Pitt, Peel, Grattan, Disraeli, and Gladstone.

The sanctuary and chapels are of special interest to lovers of history; for in the shadows of every archway, in the aisles and along the walls, there are tombs, the mere names on which are, as Katherine declared, like an examination paper in English History. The chapel, built by Henry VII. and called after him, though it is really the Lady Chapel, is wonderfully beautiful. The carved ceiling, the stained-glass windows, the stalls with their banners and emblazonings, all are royal in their significance. We wandered long in the narrow streets of this city of

the dead, reflecting on the littleness of all the show that made up the lives of those now so still under the stones. The tomb of Mary Queen of Scots is as a shrine to most visitors. In the aisle opposite is the tomb of Elizabeth, but there are not many tear-marks on her monument. In the same sepulchre is the dust of Queen Mary, at whose funeral was celebrated the last Requiem Mass said in the Abbey, excepting one for Charles V. of Germany; it was ordered by Elizabeth a few days later. Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York; Edward VI., at whose burial the service as prescribed by the English Prayer Book was used for the first time; George II. and his Queen, and James I., are among the royal dead here awaiting the resurrection of the body.

Back of the high altar is the heart of Westminster Abbey — namely, St. Edward's Chapel, which contains the shrine enclosing the body of St. Edward the Confessor. The royal tomb, often despoiled and several times restored, is still held in honor by many; but to the Catholic there is a deep sense of sorrow that no longer the Sanctus Bell is heard in St. Edward's Chapel. The guide who recites the virtues of the saint did not pretend to hear Mary's stage-whisper: "Who declared Edward a saint?" Among others buried in this chapel are Queen Editha, Queen Maud, Edward I., Henry III., Eleanor of Castile, Henry V. and his Queen, Edward III. and Philippa, and Richard II. Our prayer at the Confessor's shrine was that England may soon return to her old altars and the one Sacrifice.

A trip to Windsor gave us a memorable day. It is about an hour's ride from Paddington Station. Arriving at Windsor, we stopped for luncheon at the White Hart. A party of French people had the table to our right, some Italians were back of us, at our left was a tall young Turk travelling with an English tutor; and it was with this cosmopolitan crowd that we visited the Castle. William the Conqueror founded Windsor as a hunting

place, though traditions of Saxon rulers are not wanting. The Castle, now a beautiful residence for the King and Queen, is on an eminence which commands a superb view. The guide-book says of Windsor: "Trees bearded the slope and tuft the ridge. Crowning the verdant hill, the Norman keep looks northward on a wide and wooded level, stretching over many shires, tawny with corn and rye, bright with abundant pasture, and the red and white of kine and sheep; while here again the landscape is embrowned with groves and parks." Mary's comment, as Katherine read this description, was: "Humph! I'd know that was English if it were written in French." The view is beautiful and suggestive; stretched before one are Eton College, Burnham Wood, the Tower of Stoke, Magna Charta Island, and Runnymede.

We found ourselves recalling stories of kings and queens as we passed through the royal apartments; and when we saw the great canopied beds we remembered wondering in childhood days whether kings wore their crowns at night. We knew they never took them off in the daytime! It was all very fine, but, we had to confess, not very "homey."

The Chapel of St. George, with its tomb of Henry VIII., gives the Catholic tourist food for thought. Two guides, or guards, accompanied the party; one unlocked the door through which we entered a room, the other locked it after us. This "got on our nerves," and we did not feel really comfortable till we got down to the stables. Here an Irish lad showed us the horses, carriages, harnesses, etc. Each horse had his own stall, with his name inscribed on a small plate marking it; and there were no docked tails among the horses of the royal stables.

From Windsor we drove to Stoke-Pogis, passing on our way Eton College, where the Walpoles, Lord Bolingbroke, Fox, Hallam, and the Duke of Wellington were trained. The drive was delightful; the road wound through garden spots, by

beautiful estates, past stretches of green, along cricket fields, bosky dells, and dense woods. The Manor of Stoke-Pogis was once held by William Penn; and near the entrance to the park, Mary, to the edification of the driver who drew up the horses, stood up in the carriage and recited some lines from Gray's "Ode to Eton College." But her satisfaction suffered a slight shock when he started on again, with the words, "They all says that poem here, ma'am!" Near the park entrance is the Gray monument; but the poet is buried some distance from it, in the churchyard where he wrote the Elegy. He lies in the same tomb as his mother and aunt, and a small tablet on the church wall opposite the grave records the place of the burial. The little vine-covered chapel, the moss-veiled headstones, the paths that the feet of centuries have worn, — all recall Gray's lines. We sat under the very tree where, it is supposed, he put his thoughts into solemn measure for us. We looked at the scene he beheld when he wrote:

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,

Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,

Each in his narrow cell forever laid,

The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

And, as he thought of them and of their simple life, he said what we felt as we rested in the stillness there:

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,

Their sober wishes never learned to stray;

Along the cool, sequestered vale of life

They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

A little old woman was custodian of the church and grounds, and she was one of the first we met in England who refused to thaw out until her palm was crossed with silver; but her tale of ungrateful tourists was fully worth a shilling. (That reminds me, a shilling is our "quarter," hence the English sixpence is twelve and a half cents of our money; so to know the cost of anything below pounds, Mary says one must multiply by two.) Just beyond the churchyard gate, where our carriage was waiting, we bought views

of Stoke-Pogis and the poet's grave from an English girl who lived in a cottage such as one reads about. Her name might have been Rosalind, but more likely it was Hannah.

Tired and worn, we reached London at sunset; and, though it was out of our way, we drove to St. Ethelreda's Church for Benediction. There in the dusk we rested soul and body; England to us was within the four walls of the chapel, and England was Catholic.

One whole morning we devoted to the places made famous by Dickens. There were Lincoln's Inn Fields, with its memories of Aunt Betsey Trotwood and of "Bleak House"; Warwick's Inn, a favorite haunt of Dickens; the Temple Gardens, recalling Ruth Pinch in "Martin Chuzzlewit"; the Old Curiosity Shop, its two little windows for all the world like two startled eyes looking out of the past on the London pageant of to-day; and many other places bringing up thoughts of the author of "Pickwick Papers."

Regent Street, with its fine shops, was not neglected in our itinerary; nor was the Bank of England, which looks as solid as its reputation. It is a gloomy structure, unbroken by windows,—skylights taking their place. Nothing less than a company of soldiers garrison it at night. A ride on the Thames gave a good view of St. Paul's and the various bridges, as well as of the district once called Bankside, where Shakespeare's plays were produced at the Globe Theatre, then outside the city limits. It is now in one of the business sections.

To get closer to Shakespeare, we went to Stratford-on-Avon, a little over a hundred miles from London, arranging at the Booking Office (the ticket office) to stop at Oxford on our return. The country is beautiful, and we were at Stratford before we realized it. The town is old-fashioned and very "Englishy." The house in which the poet was born was familiar to us through descriptions and prints, as were also the school

and Ann Hathaway's thatched cottage.

On our way to Shottery, we were glad to accept an invitation to take tea at a little rose-twined house, said invitation being set forth on a sign offering quick service. We sat in an old-fashioned garden under a great tree, where tea and bread and jam were served at a moderate price. At the Hathaway home we saw heather for the first time, and would not have known what it was but for Aunt Margaret. Little girls were selling it in small bunches, and of course we made a purchase. The Shakespeare relics and the places made famous by Shakespeare were interesting, but the river and the church meant most to us. We registered in the visitors' book at the church door, and noticed that Americans form the majority of Shakespeare's lovers. We saw here the parish record of the poet's baptism and of his burial, the American window, and the long line of tombs of Shakespeare and his family. We stood there for a long time and gazed at the words which meant so much more to us now than when we had read them in books:

Good frend, for Jesus' sake forbear
to digg the dust enclosed heare;
Bleste be ye man yt spares thes stones,
and curst be he yt moves my bones.

There is a solemn dignity about the tomb that awes one; and, though one would like to have said a *Requiescat*, Mary's softly spoken words from *Cymbeline* seemed most appropriate:

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great:
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat:
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash:
Thou hast finished joy and moan.

All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
• Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

Close by the churchyard flows the gentle Avon, and on its green banks we sat listening to the waters that said so much to Shakespeare. The sedges broke the river into music; boats glided by, the oars dipping with a soft stroke; boat shadows and cloud shadows merged in silver distance, just as in the olden days when Shakespeare as a boy dreamed the summer hours away.

It was time to go; and, as we turned for a parting look, Mary threw a flowering spray into the Avon and repeated: "There's rosemary for remembrance."

(To be continued.)

John Smith.

If plain John Smith should go to Italy, he would find himself Giovanni Smithi. In Spain he would be Juan Smithus, while the Dutch would call him Hans Schmidt. The French would probably know him as Jean Smeet, while the Russian would say Jonloff Smitowski, and poor John would think he was sneezing. If he should pursue his travels and embark in the tea trade in China, he would not know himself, for he would be simply Jovan Shimmit; while if he wandered to Iceland, the natives would declare him to be John Smithson. In Poland he would wonder who was meant when the people spoke of Ivan Schmittiweiski; and he would be still more bewildered in Wales, when the mountain people would dub him Jihon Schmid. In Greece he would think he was losing his wits when turned into Ion Smikton, and in Turkey he would be utterly lost when accosted as Yoe Seef. On the whole, perhaps it would be best for little John Smith to stay at home.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. announce "A Journey through Southern Siberia," by the late Jeremiah Curtin.

—Messrs. Constable & Co.'s new books include a small volume by Mrs. Meynell entitled "Ceres Runaway and Other Essays."

—"The Mediæval Hospitals of England," by Rotha M. Clay, forms the latest addition to Messrs. Methuen Co.'s "Antiquary Books."

—The task of collecting the poems of the late Charles Warren Stoddard has been entrusted to Miss Ina Coolbrith, of San Francisco, herself a poet of distinction.

—"The Shadow between his Shoulder-Blades," a story of the Civil War by Joel Chandler Harris, with illustrations by George Harding, will soon be published by Small, Maynard & Co. Anything from the beloved creator of "Uncle Remus" is sure of general appreciation.

—We welcome an American edition (issued by B. Herder) of Mrs. Hugh Fraser's new novel, "Giannella." It is a charming book, and will be read with profit as well as enjoyment. The author is a sister of the late Mr. Crawford, and her work is done with the excellent craftsmanship for which he was so distinguished.

—In a pamphlet of about one hundred pages, Mr. J. W. Sullivan discusses "Socialism as an Incubus on the American Labor Movement." If any of our readers have doubts as to the truth of this characterization of Socialism—as we opine they have not,—Mr. Sullivan's argument is safe to dispel them. The Volunteer Press Print, New York.

—One disadvantage that an author labors under in having his books issued by different publishers is that each volume does not, as a rule, serve to recall the others, or to make them known to new readers. In the case of the Rev. Dr. Shahan, rector of the Catholic University of America, this circumstance is particularly regrettable, for his works are all of unusual merit, deserving of a host of readers, and a place in every library. Many, we feel sure, will welcome the following complete list of Dr. Shahan's books. An account of all his uncollected contributions to magazines, reviews, and educational journals, not to speak of his numerous articles in the "Catholic Encyclopedia," would make a book in itself: "Beginnings of Christianity," "The Middle Ages"

(Benziger Brothers); "The Blessed Virgin in the Catacombs" (John Murphy Co.); "The House of God and Other Essays" (Cathedral Library Association); "St. Patrick in History" (Longmans, Green & Co.); "Bardenhewer's Manual of Patrology," translated from the German (B. Herder).

—The excellent taste uniformly evinced in the selection of matter for publication, as Educational Briefs, by the Reverend Superintendent of Philadelphia's Parish Schools is once more apparent in the latest number (a double one, 27 and 28), "The Present Situation in France." The contents are the notable series of letters contributed to the Boston *Traveler* by Alvan F. Sanborn, a non-Catholic, whose studies of French conditions, made at first-hand, attracted general attention as they appeared in the *Traveler* at the beginning of the present year.

—One of the brightest and best of the essays included in Sir William Butler's new volume, "The Light of the West," appeared under this title many years ago in *Merry England*. But the paper has lost none of its brilliance. Sir William is an Irishman and a Catholic, and his book is appropriately published in Ireland (by Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son), where the reading of it, especially the concluding lecture, will do most good. Here is a home truth which every true Irishman will applaud: "Ah, my lord, if we could only get as much public spirit into the land as we have public-house spirit in it, I believe we should be the most prosperous people in the world!"

—From Rand, McNally & Company come three volumes for young folk, all of them well printed and substantially bound: "Napoleon, the Little Corsican," by Esse V. Hathaway, belongs to the series of Little Lives of Great Men. "The Story of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims" is a retelling of that story, for children, by Katherine Lee Bates, and appears to be excellently done. "A Primary History Stories of Heroism," by William H. Mace, Professor of History in Syracuse University, carries the young reader through American heroics from Lief Ericson, who discovered Vinland, to George Dewey, "the hero of Manila Bay." All three volumes are more or less profusely illustrated.

—The editor of the *Dia* is strongly of opinion that "Fletcherism" applied to reading might work wonders in curing intellectual dyspepsia,

building up the mental tissues, promoting the health and vigor of the brain, and increasing the patient's intellectual weight. He says: "When one contemplates the square yards of daily paper, especially of Sunday paper, that the eye and the mind travel over every morning, indiscriminately gobbling an article or a paragraph here and there, or perhaps even taking in the whole *rudis indigestaque moles*, to let it gallop through the alimentary canal of the intellect without being one-thousandth part assimilated, one marvels that softening of the brain is not a hundred times more prevalent than it actually is, and one feels almost inclined to organize a boycott against all publishers (of whom newspaper publishers are the chief offenders) whose output is more remarkable for quantity than quality. For nineteen cents a day, declares one enthusiastic Fletcherite, a judicious person can buy food which, if eaten with deliberation, will more richly nourish the system than a many-course Delmoniconian bill of fare costing several dollars. A small fraction of the world's present expenditure on ephemeral reading-matter—ephemeral literally and in its Greek sense—would purchase enough good, mind-nourishing, heart-sustaining literature to give every reader at least a modicum of true culture."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Giannella." Mrs. Hugh Fraser. \$1.50.
 "Missale Romanum." 32mo. Cloth, \$1.50; morocco, \$2.
 "The Life of Christ." Mary V. Merrick. 50 cts.
 "The Young Priest's Keepsake." Rev. M. J. Phelan, S. J. \$1.10.
 "The Holy Man of Santa Clara." Rev. Z. Englehardt, O. F. M. 75 cts.
 "Cousin Sara." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.50.
 "A Garland of Pansies." George Mark Jameson. 30 cts.
 "The King and the Cats." John Hannon. \$1.
 "Humble Victims." François Veuillot. \$1.10.

- "The Life of Ven. Father Colin." \$1.25.
 "Ceremonies of Low Mass." Felix Zualdi, C. M. \$1.25.
 "The Duchess's Baby." Sophie Maude. \$1.
 "Holy Water and Its Significance for Catholics." Father Theiller, S. O. Cist. 50 cts.
 "The Book of the Lily, and Other Verses." A Sister of the Holy Cross. \$1, net.
 "An Impeached Nation; Being a Study of Irish Outrages." Henry W. Cleary, D. D. 4s. 6d.
 "The Master Motive." Laure Conan. \$1.
 "Report of the Nineteenth Eucharistic Congress. Held at Westminster." \$1.75.
 "Choice Morsels of the Bread of Life." Rev. C. Coppens, S. J. 60 cts.
 "Catholic Churchmen in Science." (Second Series.) James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$1.08.
 "The Path which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church." Peter H. Burnett. \$1.50, net.
 "Father Jim." J. G. R. 10 cts.
 "Graduale Romanum." Dr. F. X. Mathias. \$1.50.
 "The Decree on Daily Communion." Father Juan Ferreres, S. J. 75 cts.
 "Rules of Life for the Pastor of Souls." Rev. T. Slater, S. J. \$1.25.
 "The Preachers' Protests." Very Rev. D. I. McDermott. 25 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Jorge Barlin, Bishop of Nueva Caceres; Rt. Rev. Monsignor Lenihan, of the diocese of Sioux City; Rev. John Hoffmann, archdiocese of St. Louis; Rev. D. V. Collins, diocese of Fargo; Rev. Michael Bunce, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Andrew Bergetti, S. C.; and Rev. Edward Hopkins, C. M. Mother Henrietta and Sister Isabel, of the Order of St. Ursula; and Sister M. Pia, Sisters of St. Francis.

Mr. John Scott, Mr. Joseph Craden, Mrs. Mary A. McQuillan, Mr. Richard R. Russell, Mrs. James Keogh, Mr. George Steffen, Miss Marie L. Brown, Mr. John H. McCrink, Mr. John McCrink, Jr., Mrs. Michael Zardt, Mr. Charles K. Smith, Mrs. Margaret Whelan, Mr. John Schmidt, Mr. A. J. Finerty, Mr. H. C. Brown, Mrs. Catherine Burke, Mrs. Elizabeth Schuster, Mr. Patrick Skerry, Mr. Jacob Schreiber, Mr. John J. Malone, Mr. John Szurmarski, Mrs. Mary McCarthy, and Mr. Carl Brandt.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 15

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The Soul's Answer.

BY S. M. R.

FROM nothingness you came,
To nothingness you go;
A sudden flame,
A fire of desire,
With ashes from the glow!
Ah, no! From God I came,
To God again I go;
The spirit flame,
That fire of desire,
'Tis this that tells me so.

The White Train to Lourdes.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.



ON August 18, 1909, between two and four in the afternoon, the railway station called the "Gare d'Austerlitz," in Paris, presented a curious sight. To the uninitiated, the train that stood ready to start seemed a travelling hospital. Its cars were filled with mattresses and cushions; the van, ordinarily used for luggage, was a pharmacy, provided with every kind of restorative; a portable kitchen had been ingeniously arranged; and here and there, busy, sweet and smiling, flitted the Little Sisters of the Assumption, the well-known and devoted nurses of the poor.

Over the train floated a white flag, marking it as the famous "Train Blanc" that every year bears to Lourdes the

sick, the crippled, the hopelessly infirm. Toward it moved a mournful procession. Men, women and little children, lying on stretchers, were slowly carried into the train, and, with infinite tenderness, committed to the care of the Sisters. It was no small matter to hoist these suffering ones into the cars; and their pale faces, drawn features, and helpless limbs, were pitiful to behold. The *brancardiers*, many of whom bear the greatest names in France, acquitted themselves of their task with a gentleness and respect that speak volumes for their faith. The suffering members of Christ are handled by them with an affectionate reverence that is unutterably touching.

Some of the patients seem in a dying condition. The very fact of taking them from their beds and carrying them through the draughty railway station to the crowded train is a magnificent act of faith. Naturally, it ought to kill them, yet it never does; and we can only acknowledge once more, in all humility, that human prudence and blind trust in Providence often seem at variance in this troubled, misty world of ours. It needs the thoughts of faith to glorify a sight so utterly pathetic and painful. As the stretchers, with their human freight of pain, pass by us, we see faces that make us shiver, limbs swathed in linen that tell of hidden horrors, forms shaken by nervous trembling, stout men become weak as little children.

Around the Little Sisters, who are the guardian spirits of the White Train, hover a host of women and young girls, many

of whom were, during the last Paris season, the bright stars of the gatherings of the great world, — women bearing historic names, whose rank obliges them to be *in* the world, though not *of* it. During a whole week they become the servants of the sick. Under the experienced direction of the Sisters, they perform the most menial and repulsive offices, both during the journey to and fro, and in the hospital where their charges lodge at Lourdes.

Among the sick we notice a group of young girls from the consumptive hospital at Villepinte. Most of them are work-women, who have lost their health in the Paris ateliers. They are cared for by nuns, who are still at their post; for Villepinte, being a private hospital, has not been touched by the government. It is, says a Paris paper, "the gayest house in France." Those who are cured and those who die seem equally content. On the platform, close to the White Train, the young girls are standing, — a happy, chattering group. It is pathetic to note in their unnaturally pink cheeks and bright eyes, the symptoms of the malady that, unless Our Lady of Lourdes interferes, must bring them to an early grave. "After all," says one, a slight, dark girl, "if Our Lady does not cure me, I shall certainly die when the leaves begin to fall. But, anyhow, I shall be glad to have seen Lourdes." And the speaker smiled a happy smile of resignation, while the eyes of her hearers filled with tears.

When, a little after four, the White Train steamed out of the station, we thought of a scene that, nearly two thousand years ago, took place in Imperial Rome. The prefect having called upon the holy Deacon Lawrence to give up the "treasures" of the Church, the saint led him to a room, where the pagan official expected to see the gold and silver vessels that were said to belong to the mysterious Christians. Instead of these valuables, he beheld a crowd of miserable objects. The blind, the lame, the sick, had been gathered

together, and stood, a pitiful and repulsive group, before the haughty Roman. Then Lawrence spoke. "Here," he said, "are the treasures of the Church; she possesses no others." When the White Train left the Gare d'Austerlitz, it bore the "treasures" of the impoverished Church of France. Her lands and her valuables have been ruthlessly taken from her by an iniquitous government; but of the "treasures" that are carried to Lourdes it has no wish to rob her.

A week later, on August 24, we again stood in the railway station, where the White Train was expected. It was known that many miraculous cures had taken place at Lourdes, but that God, in His wisdom and love, had seen fit to cure only a certain number of the one thousand sick persons conveyed to the blessed Grotto. The train was over an hour late, and we beguiled the time of waiting by talking to one of the Sisters of the Assumption. Over and over again she had accompanied the Train Blanc to the Pyrenean shrine, and she repeated to us what has been said so often: that to those whose cross of sickness He does not remove, God gives graces of consolation, strength and peace, and a keener perception of spiritual things. His Mother's hands are filled, not only with temporal blessings, but with spiritual joys, less tangible to our vision, but probably more precious than restoration to bodily health and maybe more conducive to real happiness.

The Sister remarked that, even to the uncured, the Grotto remains a beloved and cheering memory, which continues to brighten their lives when they return to a bed of sickness. The very fact of having breathed the atmosphere of faith, hope and love that emanates from the shrine, seems to give them renewed strength to bear with uncomplaining patience the weight of their monotonous days. Nor are they envious of the favored few whom Mary has cured; indeed, the feeling of brotherhood that seems to bind the

pilgrims together is one of the wonders of Lourdes.

While we talked, stretchers were being laid on the ground to receive the uncured sick. Their voluntary bearers were at their post; and, outside, motor cars were in waiting. These preparations, that seemed to us to mean grievous disappointment for so many, were hardly completed when the train steamed in to the station. A scene of confusion followed. The cars were surrounded by the friends and relatives of the pilgrims, full of eager curiosity and happy anticipation. While the sick were being carefully carried out, we noticed a woman of the people who was the centre of a crowd. She related with a radiant face that, after being a cripple for several years, she was cured while bathing in the piscina.

Another group gathered round a girl, named Georgette Dausercourt, from the consumptive home at Villepinte. She was twenty-three years of age, and her thin face was positively beaming. "You are cured?" we asked.—"Yes, indeed!" she answered. "On my way to Lourdes I fainted every hour and spat blood continually; on my way home I sang canticles the whole time. I am quite well now." The less favored companions who surrounded her, looked as happy as she did. And was not this in itself almost a miracle?

We realized the spiritual influence of Lourdes still more keenly when, bending over a boy of nineteen who lay helpless on a stretcher, we timidly inquired if he felt any benefit from his visit to the shrine. "I am much the same," he replied, with a bright smile; "but Our Lady can not cure us all. I knew this when I started. God knows best. I am very glad to have been to Lourdes, and hope to return next year." Tears sprang to our eyes, but the happy-faced boy smiled on. His mother, who accompanied him, told us that when a crippled girl, who lay next her son during the procession, got up and walked, she looked to see if her boy would do

likewise; but "*La Sainte Vierge ne l'a pas voulu cette fois*," she added, with a submission even more heroic than that of her child.

To these miracles of cheerful resignation we can testify. Those that touch on the restoration of bodily health are, as our readers know, submitted to careful examination at the Bureau des Constatations at Lourdes. The head of the Bureau is the well-known Dr. Boissarie, who invites, instead of shunning, criticism. Doctors of all nations—Americans and English, French and German, Spanish and Italian—are encouraged to scrutinize each case and to express their opinions freely. Catholic, Protestant, infidel and Jewish medical men are pressed to study the subject; the doors of the Bureau are open to them, and they are not only permitted but urged to question the *miraculés* who come to report themselves.

Dr. Boissarie, in his anxiety to be, above all things, just and wise, seems loath to admit the miraculous cures that are reported daily. He recognizes them as such only when a considerable lapse of time has proved the cure; and in this he best promotes the honor of Our Lady of Lourdes. Only the other day, writing on the subject in the Catholic paper *La Croix*, he said: "There is an abyss between the miracle of one day and the miracle of one year." That most of the cures of Lourdes stand the test of time is proved by the countless happy pilgrims who, after two, three or four years of restored health, return to offer the Blessed Virgin their hearty thanks.

In sceptical and pleasure-loving Paris, the departure as well as the return of the White Train has a special significance. It is a splendid and public act of faith, performed in broad daylight, with an earnestness that seems to deepen and increase from year to year. Whatever may be the results of the journey, the very fact of undertaking it is an heroic venture; it implies a casting aside of

human prudence that is purely supernatural. We can imagine nothing less in keeping with the dictates of common-sense and common hygiene than this long journey of twelve hours undertaken by the sick and the dying—yet from the journey some return cured, others improved in health, and all without exception happier and better, nearer to God and to His Blessed Mother.

The Procession at the Mountain.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

WHAT had been a year of unusual drought at the Mountain; and the grasshoppers, a veritable plague like those of Egypt, were destroying the grass and the various growing things, so that there was scarcely sufficient pasture for the cattle.

In the church below at the river village, where all were in the habit of attending, the good *curé* offered up, in the name of his people, a touching prayer to that Providence of God which took their simple wants under its benign care. He announced that, on the afternoon of that day week, which was the solemnization of the Assumption, there would be a procession to implore the mercy of Heaven on themselves and a blessing on the fruits of the earth. "It is, my brethren," he said, "our sins which have called down the anger of God, who has seen fit to withdraw His blessing from our harvests. Like His chosen people of old in the days of their fidelity, let us humble ourselves to implore pardon and favor for ourselves and for all sinners within the limits of these parishes. And, as it will be the feast of our beloved Mother in heaven, let us pray—oh, yes, fervently pray—to her!"

After the High Mass, assembled upon the platform outside the church door, the parishioners, and especially the older

ones, agreed heartily with what the *curé* had said. "It is true," they declared, "we must ask of the good God, through the prayers of His Holy Mother, to grant us what we need and to forgive our sins." The younger people, with a wisdom beyond their years, realizing what the impending disasters might mean to the little Commonwealth, took a respectful attitude toward the proposed celebration; though, of course, they had necessarily, in their youth, something of the butterfly and the menacing grasshopper, which thrive in to-day's sunshine and forget the morrow.

The great day arrived at last, cloudless and fair, as was perceived at sunrise by those who had been anxiously watching the weather. The entire population assembled before the church, whence the procession was to start. Under the sun, which was shining down with a pitiless glare upon whole fields and orchards, perishing for want of moisture, they prepared to set forth, with the hum of insects sounding in their ears on all sides, and the chirp, chirp, of the destructive grasshopper, against whom their prayers were directed.

The acolytes, chosen for their good behaviour, headed the procession, the best boy of all carrying the cross. Then came the school-children two by two, conspicuous amongst whom were the First Communicants, followed by the Sodalities for the married women, and the *jeunes filles*, and the men of all ages and condition,—rich *cultivateurs* and poor peasants with but a small patch of ground of their own; day-laborers and the men who employed them walking side by side. The statue of our Blessed Lady was carried upon a richly decorated board by four of the chief men of the parish—Préfontaine and Mathurin, Leduc and Auclair,—who were, however, relieved after a certain time by four other worthies from the river village.

The chant of the *Miserere* arose first upon the still air—slowly, impressively,

its solemn supplication no less fervent than when of old it echoed in the Judean hills — while the cortège skirted the shores of the Richelieu as it flowed into its great parent, the St. Lawrence. Then the procession began to wind upward, past the first toilsome ascent, into green lanes bordered by maples, acacias, and lindens, which offered a grateful shade. Every face was solemn, every heart was reverent and trustful; every voice was raised in that exquisite psalm of supplication, for the liturgy of the Church seems almost instinctively familiar to French-Canadian peasants.

A halt was called about midway on the journey, at the crossroads, where formerly had dwelt that good man and public benefactor known as the "Providence of the Fields." Hard by his door stood a wayside cross, planted long ago by the holy Bishop, Forbin Janson, who in his missionary tour of Lower Canada had left everywhere that memorial of his passage. At the foot of the cross, the *curé*, who had walked last in the procession, in cassock, surplice and stole, turned to address the people, reminding them once more of the purpose of the gathering, and exhorting them to that faith that can move mountains. Then he raised his voice, intoning the first verse of a hymn to the Blessed Virgin, in which the parishioners joined heartily.

After that the procession made a few slight and scarcely perceptible pauses. One was where Joe Déry lay dying. Consumption had seized the once vigorous young man, who had contracted the dread disease in the shanties. Visible to all through the open door of his home was the figure, in the high four-post bedstead, with the white, wasted face, and sunken eyes fixed imploringly upon the gracious image of the Mother of Divine Grace. The thin hands, outstretched, besought a blessing,—the last; for it was said poor Joe would not pass the day, and the good *curé* had administered him that very morning.

The next momentary stoppage was at the house of Mère Desourdie, who was very old and childish. She could no longer join in that procession, in which she had so often taken part during the fourscore odd years in which her tranquil existence had glided by in the shadow of the Mountain. She clapped her hands for joy at sight of the blessed image, crying: "It is the good Mother who comes to visit me!" And she made a futile effort to get out of her chair and to kneel. While still a little farther up the slope, Ma'am Leclaire, weak in health, but radiantly happy, held up her new-born babe, with a murmured consecration to the Virgin Mother.

But the most dramatic moment of the day's proceedings, for which nothing had prepared the processionists, was to come. The cortège had reached almost the last of the outlying farms upon its route, and was about to make the homeward turn. When the matter was being discussed before, some of the parishioners had been in favor of pointedly excluding that farm from the hoped-for blessing; but the *curé* had persisted that it must pass before *that* door as before all the others. It will now be necessary to give a page or two of local history previous to relating what there occurred.

Alphonse Martin, the tenant of that last farm, had early in life fallen into bad repute at the Mountain, whence for some years he had disappeared, returning of late to take up his abode where his father had lived before him. That father had been a hard-working and exemplary man, and was married to a woman who had passed for a saint among her neighbors. It was after the death of his mother that Alphonse had become involved in some disreputable affair, the details of which had never been made public, but which had broken his father's heart, and had caused such a stir in that village, where scandals were all but unknown, as had troubled its peace ever since.

From that time Alphonse had been on

the downward grade. He had abandoned all religious practices; and had mortgaged the farm, that he might forsake the Mountain, and give himself up, as some said, to riotous living; though it must be owned that there was no special ground for that supposition. The elder people always spoke of Alphonse with a sigh, a shake of the head, and an expressed wonder how the son of such good parents could have become such a stumbling-block to the whole village. The younger people, after his return, regarded him with an aversion not unmingled with awe.

It is needless to say that Alphonse did not join in the procession,—and he was the only able-bodied man in the village of whom that statement could be made. For days before, however, Alphonse, in his goings and comings through the village, had heard odd fragments of the talk of the neighbors concerning the celebration that was to call down the mercy of Heaven on people and things. While the procession was in progress, he stood at the door of his farm, listening at first to its distant echoes, that gradually drew nearer. He looked at the Mountain, purplish blue in the glory of that August day; and at the fields stretching forth, parched somewhat by the drought; and up at the blue vault of heaven, whence the faith of the simple-hearted villagers hoped to draw down God's blessings upon them. He remembered, as he looked, how in the days when he had been in their company, the elders of the village were wont to relate wonderful instances of the power of prayer; and how his mother had declared, with a look and tone which often recurred to his memory, that no real prayer was ever lost. Well, all that blessed time seemed very far away from him now.

Suddenly the farmstead about seemed to grow intolerably lonesome; and the murmur of the Mountain stream taking its way down among the hoary granite boulders, and the soft whisper of the trees, seemed to murmur a stern reproach.

Over him then, like the cloud which at the moment obscured the face of the sun, came the sense of his own isolation from his fellows, and a realization of the gulf which separated him from his own past. He glanced over his shoulder into the room behind him, which remained much as it had been in his mother's time, save that he had disposed of some of the better furniture; and there upon a shelf stood the plaster statue before which, when a boy, he had knelt in the long evenings of midsummer, when the hay had been gathered into the barns, and the work was done; or when the early darkness of the winter night, and the pitiless frost and snow without, had shut each family into the secure retreat of home. He had joined then in the Rosary which his father had recited aloud, while his mother raised work-worn and prematurely wrinkled hands in supplication. He was innocent then, and as happy as could be.

Swiftly, as is said to be the case with the dying, Alphonse's own past came back to him,—the years which had intervened between then and now, with their terrible indictment of wrongdoing. And while these thoughts were pressing upon him with a fearful intensity, a sound reached his ears. It was the advancing multitude singing the litany,—the voice of the priest chanting the invocation, as the people sang the responses. The man's first impulse was flight,—to get into the most remote corner of the house, where neither sight nor sound should reach him. The second was to seek a dim recess of the Mountain, and hide himself close to the heart of Nature.

But some instinct kept him rooted to the spot; and, after all, as he bitterly thought, the procession would no doubt turn before it reached his domicile. There were no blessings for such as he. But no, no! It was coming on,—coming to the very spot where he stood; and it was too late to fly. Flight would have been ignominious. He would have to stay and brave the horror (more or less openly

expressed 'in their faces) of those who regarded him as one cast off by God and man. As a ray of hope, it occurred to him that the *curé* at least had a soft spot for the prodigal in his heart, and had often waylaid him upon the road since his return with a few kindly words, a glance almost tender in its compassion, and a gentle, low-voiced admonition. He rightly guessed that it was he who had arranged that the procession should pass his door that day.

The miserable man stood his ground then, with an intolerable weight of emotion threatening to crush him to the earth. He presented a brave front to the processionists, who beheld in his demeanor—his wide-open, unwinking eyes—only a brazen hardness. Then the cross-bearer, approaching, added a fresh pang to the observer; since once he, Alphonse Martin, had been called to fill that office as the best boy in the village. His eyes, fixed and stony, travelled over those who advanced reverentially two by two,—the First Communion children (he had once marched with them, as happy and innocent as the rest); the elder women who had been his mother's contemporaries and friends; the old men who had praised and petted him formerly; and the girls and boys with whom he had played.

Every eye was averted, every countenance expressed avoidance. That expression, in those once friendly faces, to-day more than ever wrung his heart; for that heart was human, after all, and it yearned for sympathy. He had for some time past, and especially since his return to the Mountain, abandoned his evil ways. None of these people knew how his first false step had been the result of a terrible temptation, for which others had been considerably to blame. Not that that particular reflection occurred now to give relief to his heart, seared as by a burning brand, but beating, palpitating, pitifully craving human kindness.

One after another, he named over the villagers to himself, as they came,—Leduc,

Auclair, Préfontaine, kind old Mathurin, the Dérays and Desourdies, Ma'am Bourgeois, the butter women, and Marcelline. He knew every one.

Suddenly his eyes fell upon the statue of Mary, oldest and best friend, and just now, as it seemed, human and actually present, kindly and sympathizing. In those eyes at least was neither scorn nor anger; only they regarded the outcast with a grave reproach. How tenderly they had met his when of old, a little lad, full of faith and fervor, he had been preparing for his First Communion down there in the church by the river! It all came back to him,—the burning ardor of those days, when his mother had kept him beside her, and had talked, as such mothers talk—with an emotion that is always on the brink of tears, with a faith that can veritably see the Lord—of the Divine Guest that was coming to abide with him and her.

The man's sinful heart—his fiery, impetuous heart, that had once been formed to good—seemed now to leap from his breast. Pushing forward, he threw himself by the wayside, regardless of its dust and its brambles,—regardless of the whole population of the Mountain, who gazed, open-mouthed. With his arms uplifted over his head, and upon his lips a cry which pierced the hearts of those who heard, and remained in their memory forever, he took the words from the lips of the priest, who was just then intoning the invocation, *Refugium Peccatorum, ora pro nobis!*—

"Refuge of Sinners, pray for me!"

An October Sunset.

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

THE gates of heaven opened, golden-bright,
 Yellow and white the angels' tapers shone,
 When, lo! the Christ His crimson garments on,
 Smiled down to earth from Love's emblazoned
 throne.

Sir Stephen de Vere.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE preface to Sir Stephen's "Report" in regard to the foundation of the new church is very interesting, showing how businesslike and punctilious he was. With characteristic modesty, he calls himself "one of the committee." A "committee" nominally there was, but the work was substantially done by him. He begins thus:

"I think it right to lay before each contributor to the Catholic church recently built at Foynes, a statement showing in detail the subscriptions received and the expenditure incurred. . . . Having been entrusted, as one of the committee, with the arduous duty of collecting the funds, entering into contracts, and making all financial arrangements, I feel bound, on behalf of the committee, to express its gratitude for the noble generosity with which the want of church accommodation, so severely felt at Foynes, has been in some degree supplied. . . . A beautiful building, capable of containing from four to five hundred persons, has been erected. On ordinary occasions it is completely filled; but when many sailors and marines attend, the accommodation is far from sufficient. . . .

"The subscriptions, as will be seen by the accounts, amounted to £1867. The expenditure was £1864,—leaving in my hands a balance of £3. . . . The list of subscribers includes over six hundred and seventy names. More than six hundred stand for sums under £5, given principally by small farmers and laborers. The contributions of the wealthier classes have been most generous. . . . I can not refrain from recording with gratitude that over £335 have been bestowed by our Protestant fellow-Christians. . . . The site, which is ample for the completion of the church, is the free gift of Lord Monteagle. . . .

I have the pleasure to state that not one farthing remains due for the works executed."

Sir Stephen was now sixty-two years of age. In this little church he assisted at Mass as unobtrusively as the humblest poor man entering the sacred doors. On Sunday mornings the island-men pushed their boats into the water, and crossed to the beautiful little temple of worship; the countryfolk, men, women, and children, came down over the encircling hills; the people of the parish, from east to west, converged by the two roads that run beside the Shannon, bringing them from either point to the house of prayer; the village children, lovely and light-hearted, turned out in their pretty costumes, and their parents looked gladly on, as well they might. But where was the good man, the great man, that built this handsome edifice? Is his carriage coming? Are there coachmen and footmen and liveried servants in his train? Look at him, friend, standing there on the roadside, chatting happily with the first group of men, old or young, that he meets! Is it that middle-sized man, somewhat stout, with the full beard between brown and grey? Yes, that is Sir Stephen.

Look! You see the children gaze at him. At home they have heard their parents speak of him with reverence and affection; and they, too, learn to gaze on him with reverence and affection. The elders come, and lift their hats and pass on; and Sir Stephen answers with a friendly smile. Or he calls one of them; and the newcomer drops into the group, and they talk about the weather, the crops, the fishing, the potatoes, the hay, or any other thing that concerns the people generally.

So he lived his quiet life. His home was in the river he loved; and there he asked for nothing more than his dog, his pipe, and his book. He utilized his leisure time in rendering those wonderful translations of Horace, which, whether we consider the scholarly "introduction," the

poetic and pleasing translation, or the singularly critical acumen of the notes that are added, make us feel that he was not totally unworthy of his poet-father, Sir Aubrey, or his better known poet-brother, Mr. Aubrey de Vere.

THE AVE MARIA has already had an analysis of the duty of a translator, and knows how Sir Stephen did his work. We give, therefore, but one or two short extracts, characteristic both of the work and of the man:

A chequered life the gods bestow.

Snatched by swift Fate, Achilles died;

Time-worn Tithonus, wasting slow,

Long wept a death denied.

A random hour may toss to me

Some gifts, my friend, refused to thee.

A hundred flocks thy pastures roam;

Large herds, deep-uddered, low around thy home

At the red close of day;

The steed with joyous neigh

Welcomes thy footstep; robes that shine

Twice dypt in Afric dyes are thine.

To me kind Fate with bounteous hand

Grants other boon,—a spot of land,

A faint flame of poetic fire,

A breath from the Æolian lyre,

An honest aim, a spirit proud

That loves the truth, and scorns the crowd.*

And once more, showing that a recluse frugality was alike characteristic of the original and the translator:

Let him to whom the gods award

Calenian vineyards, prune the vine;

The merchant sell his balms and nard,

And drain the precious wine

From cups of gold; to Fortune dear,

Because his laden argosy

Crosses, unshattered, thrice a year

The storm-vexed midland sea.

Ripe berries from the olive bough,

Mallows and endives, be my fare.

Son of Latona, hear my vow;

Apollo, grant my prayer,—

Health to enjoy the blessings sent

From heaven; a mind unclouded, strong;

A cheerful heart; a wise content;

An honored age; and song.†

In his long life of ninety-two years, it was given him to realize his prayer:

Health to enjoy the blessings sent

From heaven: a mind unclouded, strong;

A cheerful heart; a wise content;

An honored age; and song.

In 1882 his eldest brother, Sir Vere de Vere, died, and Stephen came in for the inheritance and the title of baronet. His life was most religious; and as a man lives so shall he die. The house and demesne of Curragh Chase are in the parish of Adare. For over forty years Dean Flanagan had been the parish priest of Adare. He was a particular and especial friend of Cardinal Newman. It need not, therefore, be told to any one who knew the De Veres or Lord Emly that the Dean was a *persona grata* to them. He came to Adare in the first instance as chaplain to the Catholic Earl, and became parish priest of the place on the death of Father O'Grady. The old intimate relations continued between him and the people of the manor; although, on the death of the Catholic Earl, there was none in the Dunraven family of his own religious persuasion.*

While Sir Stephen was able to go to Curragh Chase, a distance of two hours' journey from Monare at Foynes, he went there regularly on the eve of the First Friday. On the morning of the First Friday, Dean Flanagan said Mass at Curragh Chase, and Sir Stephen and his brother Aubrey were among the devout communicants who "received" at that Mass. Sir Stephen usually returned in the afternoon to Monare. He inhaled, or conceived that he inhaled, a more bountiful breath of air in the ocean tide that rose and fell around his island home.

* The present Earl of Dunraven was growing toward manhood at the time of his father's conversion, and the father did not wish to interfere with him. He, therefore, grew up in the Protestant religion, married, and had three daughters, the eldest of whom, after a singularly holy life, died a most beautiful death at an early age. The second married the Knight of Glin, and died shortly after becoming a mother. The third has within recent years been happily married to Lord Ardee, the son of the Earl of Meath.

* From Ode XVI., Book II.

† From Ode XXXI., Book I.

When, however, his declining years would not permit him to go to Curragh, his old friend, Dean Flanagan, came regularly to him. And when, again, the Dean grew too feeble, Sir Stephen was reverently "attended" by the priests of Shanagolden parish, in which Foynes Island is situated. Those good clergymen were all dear to him; but none more so than a gentle young priest, Father Conway, who met with an untimely death, being drowned while bathing, and whose loss Sir Stephen with the whole district deplored.

For a long time—for years—Sir Stephen felt that the end was approaching. He made his will, and we make bold to copy the ending of it, where, after giving directions about his translations of Horace, he says: "I request that my remains be buried at Foynes, in the grounds enclosed for the Catholic church there; and I direct that my funeral shall be as inexpensive as possible. Let me be buried in a plain deal coffin, without any inscriptions except my name and age and birth and death, and no monument except a plain horizontal slab. If my interment at Foynes be prevented by any insurmountable obstacle, I wish to be buried in the ancient graveyard of Knockpatrick,* and not at Askeaton."†

* The reader need hardly be told that Knockpatrick is the hill from which St. Patrick, when unable to go into Clare, blessed, at the earnest desire of the inhabitants, the far-lying Thomond, to the western coast. The hill overhangs Foynes. On the very summit is a graveyard, where the greater part of the dead from the barony of Shanid are laid. There is an old ruin in the churchyard, and from the place a beautiful and extensive view can be had up and down the Shannon.

† Askeaton is the burial-place of the De Veres, — not in the famous Franciscan ruins, but in those bordering the Protestant church of to-day. Mr. Aubrey de Vere, with the poet's power of realizing abstract things, was very sensitive about death; and ordered, in his will, that his coffin should not be interred in the stone vault, but be laid in the clay, that it might more quickly obey the command, "and into dust thou shalt return."

Among the kind and ever-welcome friends who did everything to smooth his downward path, none was more attentive or more soothing than his neighbor and relative, Lady Monteaale. Few could so sympathize with the man of culture as she, whose literary tastes were of a high and delicate order, but whose womanly kindness and sweet benevolence far outstripped her literary talents or her high rank. She visited him usually twice a week, passing long hours in kindly conversation; and her gentle thoughtfulness and tact ever left him rejoiced and happy. Truly, the smile of Heaven lighted up the evening of his life, and his mercy and kindness to the erring and the poor came back in blessings even in this vale of tears.

The Sunday mornings come and go to-day as they did in the Seventies and Eighties. The islanders push out over the waters to attend Mass; down by the hillside pathways the countryfolk hasten; by the roads, on car or foot, the parishioners come; the village children, sweet in their Sunday attire, issue from their homes, followed by their elders. But no Sir Stephen is on the road. They enter the little church, but no Sir Stephen is kneeling there among the simple peasant folk. They left him in the green plot near the door as they passed in. There he lies in the sleep of the Lord, awaiting the Resurrection morn; and on the recumbent slab they read:

STEPHEN EDWARD DE VERE,
FOURTH BARONET OF CURRAGH CHASE.
BORN JULY 26, 1812;
DIED DECEMBER 10, 1904.
R. I. P.

THE Being who has influenced in the most remarkable manner the opinions and the fortunes of the human species is Jesus Christ. At this day His name is connected with the devotional feelings of 200,000,000 of the human race. The institutions of the most civilized portions of the globe derive their authority from the sanction of His doctrines.—*Shelley.*

Monica's Victory.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

X.

IGNATIUS STEIN, when he heard the tale of the day's adventures, willingly consented that his fair but no longer haughty daughter, Monica, should nurse the wounded captain during the long period of prostration which followed upon the defeat of the Swedish troopers. He had from the first recognized in the stranger an innate nobility and generosity, only temporarily obscured by vehement passions. He rejoiced at the good dispositions manifested during those days of convalescence, and prayed that they might be lasting.

Patiently Hedberg waited while he gradually regained his strength, gratefully accepting the kindness shown him. One day, however, his host said to him:

"You seem quite restored to health; you can now return to your own country."

Shortly before, Hedberg had received a long-delayed letter informing him of the death of his parents at a brief interval, both having been greatly advanced in age. Tears now started to the soldier's eyes, for he was deeply touched.

"I am your prisoner, by every right a prisoner of war, for whom no exchange has been proposed or desired."

"We will not detain one whom God has set free," interposed Monica, who was standing near.

Hedberg's countenance fell, but he spoke again:

"I entreat you to allow me to remain here, if you can give me work to do. I can not bear to leave our Blessed Lady of the Wood, who saved my life, and, what is far more, opened my eyes to the truth. I pray to her daily; and, whenever my strength permits, I visit the spot where she is enshrined. I desire to abjure

heresy and be received into the Church wherein alone is salvation. Where should I go? If I were to return to my far-off home, I should be treated as a deserter, as a traitor perhaps. My relatives are few. I want no more of a rough, godless, military life; and the property of my parents is probably confiscated by the State. Let me stay and serve among your pious mountaineers, who are so valiant in the defence of their country and their Faith. Let me stay here. I have learned to love the quiet and the peace of this beautiful spot."

The landamman could not resist this appeal, and Monica's countenance was radiant with joy. So delighted was she that she ran out of the house to communicate the good news to her devoted friend Angela.

Hedberg observed her change of expression. During his slow recovery, the thought that by his former conduct he had rendered it impossible to win the affection of the maiden he loved and admired so greatly, had sorely troubled him; but now his hopes revived, and he determined to show himself worthy of her hand. He took the post of secretary and assistant to the mayor, which the traitor Ladurn had formerly filled. By his ability, industry, modesty and gentleness, he gained the hearts of his adopted countrymen; so that everyone came forward to congratulate Monica heartily when, a few weeks afterward, her betrothal to Axel Hedberg, the quondam Captain of Swiss Dragoons, became known.

Before many days had elapsed after the military events we have recorded, tidings of the martial exploit of the white-aproned women and the destruction of the troopers who had sworn to kill him, reached Godfrey, the young wood-carver, who had taken refuge in the solitude of the forest-clad Schröcken. Impatience of inaction, keen anxiety concerning the fate of his parents and his affianced bride, induced him to leave his retreat at once, and repair to Schwarzenberg, where he

learned what had occurred in Alsdorf after his flight,—the looting of the houses, the barbarous treatment Angela had experienced, and the subsequent attempt to carry off Monica by force, which had led, as a last resource, to the courageous action on the part of the feminine population of the village.

Poor Angela! His heart bled for her. It was to her fortitude and heroic endurance that he owed his life. He could not rest until he had assured himself that she was not seriously injured. To his joy, she came to meet him, her delicate, refined features still bearing the stamp of suffering; yet she was able to walk, although lamely, and with the help of a stick. With delight she welcomed him, and led him into the room where her parents were sitting, and showed him the dear image of Our Lady which he had saved from outrage and destruction in St. Leonard's Chapel. How fervently they thanked our Blessed Mother for their protection and escape!

Godfrey brought the last news from Schwarzenberg, — good news, which filled all hearts with the joy of present relief and hope for the future. Peace was not yet declared, but the Swedes had evacuated Bregenz; and Field Marshal Wrangel, despairing of taking Lindau before the approach of the Austrians, had raised the siege, and was in retreat toward Allgau. There was, therefore, no fear that the enemy would again disturb the peace of the region round Bregenz.

The day of Godfrey's return was a happy one; and when he left in order to return to his distant home, he vowed that it should be the object of his life to repay his loved Angela for all she had endured for his sake.

On the same day, some months later, that the aged priest joined the hands of Godfrey and Angela, Monica and Axel Hedberg exchanged vows before the altar. But in the consummation of his earthly hopes, Hedberg did not forget to thank Heaven for the favors so mercifully

bestowed on him. He remembered that the priest had told him that there was more joy before the angels of God upon one sinner doing penance than upon ninety-nine just who needed not penance; he resolved to show himself worthy of the grace he had received, and of the fair creature who had entrusted to him her heart and her life.

While the merry-making was at its height in the landamman's house on occasion of the marriage, the bride and bridegroom slipped away, and repaired to the spot where stood the statue of Our Lady of the Wood, and renewed the vows they had just made. As they rose to depart, Monica put her hand into that of the bridegroom and said:

"You know, Axel, you said in the tavern that evening that you would give your soul if the devil would work a miracle for you, that you might get me into your power. Now see, God has wrought a miracle in you, and given me to you besides."

"Yes," he replied, with deep emotion; "our Father in heaven has indeed brought good out of evil."

When the gentle Angela heard from Monica's lips how she had been instrumental, under God, in the wonderful conversion of the Swedish captain, she remembered what had been said when they talked together on the evening before the enemy invaded their peaceful village; and gave heartfelt thanks to God and His Blessed Mother for having granted to her friend the privilege for which she had prayed — that of having brought a wanderer back to the path of justice, and saved a soul from perdition.

Even to this day the memory of the gallant attempt of the women to repulse the heretical invaders of their land lingers among the population of what is known as the Bregenzer forest. And on the anniversary of that day, as it recurs each year, the church bells of the three villages, Alsdorf, Andelsbach, and Schwarzenberg,

ring a merry peal at two o'clock in the afternoon. Besides which the lineal descendants of those women who distinguished themselves on that occasion have special respect shown to them, — pre-eminently those who can claim as their ancestors the beautiful daughter of the mayor, and the Swedish captain who wooed and won her.

(The End.)

"Quits."

BY B. DE LA F.

NESTLING in the shelter of the high rocks which follow the northern bank of the Loire through sunny Touraine, stood, but a few years back, a little white house, surrounded on three sides by a garden, laid out with all the artistic disorder of the amateur. Neat patches of potatoes were surrounded by fragrant sweet-peas, crisp lettuces grew among delicate columbine, and feathery asparagus swayed in the breeze with a grace and beauty all its own. But the chief glory of the little garden lay in its roses; these grew in wild profusion, covering the front of the house with lovely bunches of color, and filling the air with fragrance.

The owner of this small property, "Père Louis," was an old man of some seventy odd years. Morning and night he worked in his garden, taking an innocent pride in his beautiful roses. Nothing pleased him better than to overhear, himself unseen, the enthusiastic exclamations of some chance passer-by. "When I can no longer handle my tools, it will be all up with me," Père Louis would often say; with the gentle smile which endeared him to old and young alike.

But there came a time when the little garden, usually so bright, wore a deserted look; the roses, lately blooming so beautifully, hung their heads mournfully and dropped their pretty petals. Deep stillness reigned where the sound of the spade was wont to awaken the echoes. Nannette,

the old servant, crept about, her eyes red with weeping and her wrinkled face more wrinkled than ever. The old man of the rose garden was dying.

The room occupied by the sick man was built against the rock; but on the south side a long French window looked out on the shining river, with its poplar trees and its numerous mounds of sand. Beside this window Père Louis lay from morning till night, enjoying the song of the birds, and the scent of his beloved roses as it floated in through the open casement.

One day, when he felt a little stronger, the old man called his servant to him and said:

"Nannette, hand me my large book,—the book with the dark green binding."

In response to his call, Nannette, in her stiff white cap, appeared in the doorway.

"Your book? Yes, Monsieur; here it is." She smiled as she brought it, though she furtively wiped away a tear that had fallen on the heavy volume. "Shall I get the pen and ink also?"

She needed no further explanations or directions, this little old woman, with her wrinkled face. She knew the book so well! Had she not dusted it for over thirty years, with mingled feelings of respect and curiosity?

Père Louis took the volume with shaking hands, and began slowly to turn back its pages. There on the fly-leaf was his name, traced in round, childish handwriting: "Louis Duchateau." What memories the sight recalled,—himself a small boy at his mother's knee, eagerly listening to her explanation of a large picture representing a Guardian Angel writing in a book! "My son," she had said, "you also have a Guardian Angel, who writes down in letters of gold the good deeds of your life."

It was then that he had first entertained the idea of keeping, in separate columns, a record of his daily actions, good and bad; and this he had faithfully done through the many years of his long life,

Yes, there they were, — two columns, keeping side by side through the thick volume, — sometimes one lengthening, sometimes the other; and where the two came on a level, the word "Quits" was written in large, triumphant characters.

And, now that he had come to the last page, the old man gave a sigh, while a grieved look stole over his face, as he noted that the column which held the record of his failings was longer than the atoning one.

"To-morrow," he muttered sadly to himself, "the 'great call' may come, and before the judgment-seat I shall be weighed and found wanting."

As these thoughts filled his mind, Père Louis suddenly caught the sound of voices in the garden below. One, the voice of a man, he did not recognize; the other, Nannette's, was raised in protest.

"No, you can not see Monsieur! It is impossible!"

Then again came the low, gruff voice, succeeded by Nannette's treble:

"Well, I will ask him; but I know that Monsieur will never see you,—never!"

As the words came floating up, the old man's heart began to beat rapidly and the blood rushed to his brow. To only one person would the faithful Nannette refuse admittance. It must be — but no, surely *he* would never dare to appear at his door again!

At this moment Nannette entered the room; her cheeks were flushed with anger, and the old man noted that her hands trembled as she pretended to busy herself at a small table in the corner.

"Nannette," he said, "is it Jacques?"

The woman turned and faced her master.

"Yes, Monsieur, it is Jacques, the villain, the deceiver, who stole Monsieur's daughter — his only child — and broke Monsieur's heart! He has come to ask forgiveness. As if there were any pardon for such as he!"

The old man had sat up in bed when he put the question; but, as Nannette proceeded, he leaned back once more

against the pillows, and a hard look came over his face. So this man wanted to see him,—this man whom he despised with all the intensity of a gentle nature roused to indignant anger! No, he could not forgive.

"Nannette," he began, "tell him—"

But here his eye fell on the book lying open on the bed, and in the pause that ensued a struggle took place which shook every fibre of his being; then the victory was won. With a slight quiver in his voice that alone betrayed the effort, it cost him, Père Louis finished his phrase:

"Nannette, go tell Jacques that I will see him."

What took place in the interview that followed none will ever know. Nannette, waiting anxiously on the landing, dared not enter; but stood ready, at a word from her master, to turn the unwelcome guest out of the house.

That word, however, never came; and, after what seemed to her an interminable time, the door opened, and he who had so wronged her master came slowly down the stairs, with bent head, and hat drawn over eyes that were red with weeping.

As the door closed behind him, Nannette recovered from her surprise, and remembered her master; this long interview must have tired him. Hastily turning the knob, she entered the sick chamber. All was as it had been. Through the large French window the scent of the roses floated in with the warm breeze; the song of the birds sounded joyously from the lime trees; and Père Louis lay back against his cushions, with a peaceful smile on his face. But the old man heard neither her approaching step nor the despairing cry of the faithful servant when she noticed the growing pallor of his features; for the "great call" had come at last, and Death had claimed its victim.

On the bed beside the old man's stiffened fingers the large green book lay open, showing some freshly written words; another line had been added to the column of good deeds, and below in shaky characters stood the one word, "Quits."

When the Day is Done.

BY BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

BEYOND the rim of the distant hills the sun has sunk down into a bed of gold. The long, sultry summer day is drawing to a close; the night will be with us soon. The least suspicion of a mist is beginning to steal across Glen-na-Mona. Slowly, softly it creeps along, as if trying to come unawares upon the meadows and the heather and the patches of green corn, and to clasp them tenderly in its fond embrace. There is not even the slightest breeze,—the day is slipping away without a single sigh.

Here at the edge of the wood, on the mossy bank beneath the pine trees, in the very heart of the Glen, we can hear and see everything in peace. We can hear the swish of a scythe coming up to us from the river direction, where somebody is working late; and along with it the sweet, low murmuring of the river itself as it passes along timidly, singing its weird eternal rune. We can hear the birds all round the Glen piping their farewell song to the departing day, and we notice that their voices have become soft and subdued. We can hear a woman away on the brink of the bog telling her next-door neighbor that "that rogue of a 'checketty' hen is after laying out every night the whole week." And we can hear the next-door neighbor say that her own "darling big black duck didn't come home this evening at all, and maybe it's the fox that has her."

We can hear, on the opposite side of the bog, a woman singing her baby to sleep with a sweet, old crooning song, that floats across to us through the gathering mist, and seems to have come down through the dim, dead years from a far-off happy past that we have known. Through the open door of a house on the hillside above the Glen comes the merry lilt of a fiddle; and on the threshold-stone of

another house, a long way off, a gossoon is keeping time to the music with nimble feet, and lilting the tune himself at the same time. From nearly a score of houses we can see the blue smoke ascending lazily and gracefully in thin, straight columns,—going up like incense from the grateful earth to the cloudless skies above. The scent of that turf-smoke, and the fragrance of the newly-mown hay and of purple heather and of hawthorn and woodbine in the hedges, mingle together in a delightful perfume that floats about us, and brings into our tired hearts a sense of soothing and of rest.

O dreams that are dreamed at such a time as this, what joy and sorrow do ye not bring! Dreams that exalt our minds and our hearts, that inspire us to do noble deeds, that blot out the falsehood of the world and heal the wounds of blighted hopes and shattered ideals; dreams of joys that may never be ours; dreams centring around hopes that may never be fulfilled; dreams that to you and to me are dearer than all the gilded dross of earth, than all the false allurements of fortune and of fame! O beautiful dreams of the gloaming, ye are the kind and gentle messengers of the Eternal God of Peace!

The night has fallen in the Glen. The mist has grown into a thick, white, fleecy mantle, that covers the houses and the hill and the heather, and everything. Even the smoke-wreaths are no longer to be seen. The shadows are closing in upon the broad, brown bog. The birds have ceased to sing, and are nestling close together in their cosy beds. There is no sound to be heard in the air or on the earth, save only the dreamy, lonesome call of a corncrake in the upland meadows far away. The stars have come out, and are peeping down upon the silent world. The night has fallen in the Glen.

Dear God, when the day Thou hast decreed for us draws to a close, when the

sun has faded from the sky, when the shadows and the mist begin to creep over the valley of our exile, and our dim eyes can look no more upon Thy fair earth,—dear God, in that hour may the peace that is Thine alone to give be in our souls! May the lights of Thy mercy and love lead us to Thee, even as the silence and the stars have drawn us near to Thee this evening in the dreamy heart of of Glen-na-Mona!

New Names for Sin.

A CONTRIBUTOR to one of the current magazines finds that one of the most interesting examples of the amicable relations now existing between Science and Religion is "the partnership of doctors and ministers in a crusade against disease." The writer in question is not particularly enamored of the partnership, and has some outspoken things to say about what he (A. A. Ewing, in the *Bookman*) calls "The Prostitution of Religion." While not endorsing all the positions taken or all the statements made in the course of Mr. Ewing's very suggestive paper, we submit that a little reflection on the views formulated in the paragraphs which follow will be salutary to the general reader:

Those who are most skilful in the diagnosis of human ailments are aware that, in a vast majority of cases, behind the physical or mental distress is moral disorder. Especially is this true of just that class of cases to which modern schools of healing would apply the remedy of selfish and therefore immoral faith. In the early stages of neurasthenia, mania, melancholia, hypochondria, and of all the nameless fears and weaknesses that mark the wrecks along the path of civilization, we may be sure there may be found a wrong attitude toward God, such as old-fashioned persons still call sin. . . .

Plain disobedience to the lofty and severe demands of Mosaic and Christian ethics has demoralized us, and already in the flesh thousands are experiencing the traditional "tortures of the damned." And now we want to be cured. Obviously we can be cured only by having our sins forgiven. Much appeal is made to the

healing wonders of Christ and His disciples; but it is often forgotten that Jesus Himself emphasized the forgiveness that preceded or accompanied the cures, and required, as a necessary condition of the latter, a faith that included repentance. Remission of sins, with the joy and gratitude that followed it, characterized the Apostolic Age. We hear much about the coming Catholic Church, which shall be neither Roman, Protestant nor Anglican, but the reappearance in modern form of the old Catholic Church of the early centuries. Whenever and however it may come, we may be sure that in it the confessional will be more prominent than the clinic; and, instead of priests striving to soothe the nerves of patients, we shall see physicians, like St. Luke, seeking authority to absolve penitents. . . .

If, then, men need an end of action that is at once lofty and possible, they can find it only in moral and religious pursuits,—that is, in pursuits that are both moral and religious; for ethical insight without confidence in the ultimate rule of right will crush the spirit of man more quickly than outward adversity. It is true that we can be cured by religion, but it must be the religion of St. Luke and St. Paul,—a religion of high spiritual enthusiasm and unshaken confidence; a religion in which faith is active, constructive and sure. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things [including health] shall be added unto you." Peace and joy are not found in stagnation and are not secured by the rest-cure; they come and stay only where there is high moral enthusiasm and religious faith. It is this sort of a religious revival that is sorely needed to make this a nation of sane and joyful men and women; a religion that shall include patriotism and love of all our brothers; a religion that shall use suffering and transform pain, "that shall teach men to find in service the secret of patience, and show the most practical and unimaginative the pathway to the glory of God."

The Catholic reader who is familiar with religious Orders is tolerably safe to descry, in this last paragraph, a rather accurate description of the religious life as understood and practised in the Church. If this country possesses any aggregation of more "sane and joyful men and women" than are the thousands of religious priests, Brothers and Sisters scattered over its territory, we have never had the pleasure of meeting them, and we doubt that they figure in the statistics of the census.

Notes and Remarks.

New York papers during the past week have been devoting an unusual number of columns to a very unusual celebration—the Hudson-Fulton tercentenary; or, more accurately, the entrance into the Hudson, in 1609, by the English navigator who gave the river its name; and Robert Fulton's trip in the first steamboat, the *Clermont*, from New York to Albany, in 1807. As a matter of historical fact, it appears that the Hudson was "discovered" by two Catholic navigators—Verrezano, an Italian, and Gomez, a Portuguese—before 1609. In William Harper Bennett's charming volume, "Catholic Footsteps in Old New York," will be found a multiplicity of reasons why the Catholics of the great American metropolis might well be interested in the celebration just concluded, as well as an explanation of the prominent part they took therein. The success of the great demonstration, it is pleasant to add, seems to have been thoroughly gratifying to its promoters.

There were probably not many representatives of Oriental peoples or of descendants of the Latin races present in the Tabernacle at Salt Lake City when President Taft, on a recent Sunday, preached therein his lay sermon on the text, "A soft answer turneth away wrath"; and so his compliment to the peoples in question may be considered free from any touch of political "soft sawder." To the great mass of his hearers, his words must have sounded (as is proper in sermons) the reverse of flattering:

I agree that there are many men—and a great many of them, I hope,—who are better than they seem to their families, to their wives, to their children and to their neighbors; and that when the exigencies arise they do betray and show forth elements of strength of character that ought to commend them to their fellow-citizens and to their families. But it does seem as if they were depriving their families and their neighbors of something in their not

living up to that standard in 'little things as well as in big things; and the truth is that, if we yield to negligence in the little things, if we yield to the momentary desire to be lazy and not attentive and not courteous to everyone so as to make everyone feel as comfortable as possible during the day, we are going to cut down that higher character that we assume to have under greater exigencies when we are showing forth its strength. And so I say that our friends of the Southern climes and our Oriental friends have touched a point in philosophy—the philosophy of life—that we may well learn from them, and introduce into our lives more courtesy and more politeness; more real, genuine desire to make everybody happy by the little things of life, which, after all, constitute nearly all there is in life.

Mr. Taft's ante-presidential travels have evidently had the effect of broadening his views of other races than that to which he not very accurately refers as "we Anglo-Saxons." So much the better for himself and our country. In justice to our worthy President, it should perhaps be said that very probably the one who reported the version of his sermon quoted above was not fully awake.

Ardent zeal for the conversion and temporal welfare of drunkards has communicated itself to the grocers of a small town in a neighboring State; and in a "blotter," which would drive many to drink, they explain how, by "cutting out" three glasses of whiskey a day, costing ten cents a glass, the consumer can get in exchange—at their places of business, of course (addresses in bold type),—three barrels of flour, four bushels of potatoes, two hundred pounds of sugar, one barrel of "crackers," one hundred cakes of soap, a bushel of beans, ten dozen jars of pickles, fifteen pounds of tea, eighty pounds of rock salt, one pound of pepper, eighteen boxes of matches, ten pounds of cheese, twenty-five pounds of coffee, fifty pounds of butter, dozens of bananas and other fruits, and quantities of canned goods, too numerous to mention.

This is a good idea very badly carried out. The advertising feature is what

renders the thing obnoxious. People who are comfortable and prosperous themselves, far removed from temptation, and probably provided with cellars of their own containing other consumables besides coal, are apt to deal with the drink evil in just this fashion. However, we hope that no one who drinks to excess, or even more than he can afford, will be prejudiced against the grocers' blotter; and we hope also that some hard drinker, converted from the error of his ways, will produce another blotter for distribution among church-goers, setting forth how, by denying themselves superfluities and luxuries, over-indulgence in which is calculated to excite envy and bring religion into contempt, they might do more to pay off honest debts, to relieve the poor and distressed, to support foreign missions, and to accumulate treasures in another world, where they so confidently expect to find a mansion and to wear a crown.

One English visitor to this country who has so far failed to antagonize Americans by the frankness (or injustice) of his criticisms, is the Rev. John Thomas, D. D., a Baptist preacher of Liverpool, engaged at present in giving a series of religious meetings in Chicago. To begin with, Brother Thomas has made glad the inhabitants of the Windy City by declaring that "Chicago is not the wickedest city in the world." In his opinion, its slums are not so bad as those of London. And he also makes this statement:

A good many well-meaning but misguided Christians have withdrawn from church activity and have devoted their energies to the building up of social settlements. This is true of Chicago in particular. I do not mean to disparage social settlements, but they can never take the place of Gospel preaching.

Concerning which declaration, the *Inter Ocean* approvingly comments:

They can not. When the effort is made to find a sanction for morals and a cure for sin elsewhere than in the Christian Gospel, we have such scandalous results as that of social settle-

ment workers, with the most exalted professions on their lips, coming forward as apologists for anarchy, as pleaders for toleration of teachings that lead straight to wilful murder.

In time this generation will learn, as others have had to learn before it, that there is no substitute for the Gospel.

For the Gospel in the pulpit; or, let us add, for definite religious teaching in the schools.

To any of our readers who have given up hope for France, persuaded that everything occurring there goes to show national decadence and to prove that the Faith is dying out among French Catholics, we commend our leading article this week, by the Countess de Courson. It is a notable article, well calculated, not only to revive one's hopes for the future of France, but to enliven one's faith by its description of scenes enacted at the departure and return of the White Train to Lourdes. France is now perhaps the most distressful country on earth, and the French Church, it is true, has many wounds; but who can doubt of their healing without scar after reading of the splendid and public act of faith so touchingly described by our distinguished contributor?

All Australian Catholics, and many Australians outside the Church as well, are mourning the death of Mother Mary of the Cross, foundress and Mother-General of the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Sacred Heart. A truly valiant woman of heroic mould, the dead religious, a native-born Australian, did most effectively for her country a work that sadly needed the doing. The first religious schoolroom she opened was a stable of six stalls. The divisions were taken down, so as to give an apartment of moderate size; but there were still two adjoining stalls, in which horses were stabled from time to time. As Cardinal Moran pointed out in his touching panegyric, Mother Mary in her lifetime accomplished more than many of the saints, and left more followers in

her footsteps. Since the founding of her Congregation in 1866, she received 750 Sisters, and at her death her nuns numbered 650. She founded 106 houses, including twelve homes for orphans and those who fall by the wayside. In these institutions 1040 inmates are sheltered. The schools number 117, and are attended by 12,409 pupils, many of whom every year achieve brilliant successes in the public competitive examinations. Mother Mary's daughters are working in every State in Australia and New Zealand. Her last response to a call for Sisters was to Bishop Duhig when he begged help for far away Cloncurry. An assistant declared there were no Sisters to send. "But they will be found," said Mother Mary. And the Sisters are now established in that remote settlement.

We sympathize with Australian Catholics in their loss, and repeat their prayer, May she rest in peace!

Millionaire merchants are fond of giving advice to young men as to what they should do and what they should guard against in order to win fortune. The counsel is not often so practical or so well expressed as in the case of Sir Thomas Lipton, who attributes much of his success in life to the observance of temperance. His advice is thus worded: "To the young men who are filled with aspirations toward success in business I say: Always beware of strong drink. Remember, corkscrews have sunk more people than cork-jackets will ever save."

Writing in reply to a disloyal English Catholic, who in a recent controversy undertook to defend the position of Protestants, Mr. G. K. Chesterton declared that 'he never felt so near to Mr. D.'s communion as after reading his attack upon it.' Such is often the effect of anti-Catholic utterances: they set fair-minded men thinking, and influence them to hear what can be said in refutation. During the A. P. A. movement a few years ago,

one who had been among its most zealous promoters became a convert to the Church as a result of the bitter attacks upon it. In explanation of his surprising step, he declared to his associates that his soul had sickened of their incessant vituperation; and, having found out that one accusation against the Church was false, he was led to investigate all the rest, with the result that he had embraced the religion formerly hated and maligned by him, and whose rapid progress in this country he had regarded as a curse and a calamity.

It would be impossible for us to say anything in condonement of "the vice of slaves," as Plutarch calls it, with the gentle St. Philip Neri's hard saying about lying in mind. In words quoted more than once by Newman, who hated deception hardly less than his great spiritual father, we are warned to abhor lying and to avoid liars. But it is well to remember that the unvarnished truth is too much to expect of some persons. There are liars and liars. The liar to be on one's guard against is he who has trained himself to meet one's glance squarely while telling a falsehood that would make the Father of Lies himself look grave. Then there is the liar with the artistic temperament. He has no desire to deceive any one; by instinct he avoids a straight story because the curve is the line of beauty; and his high sense of the fitness of things moves him to drape the naked truth. Matter-of-fact people are apt to be too hard on this class of liars. It is not given to everyone to understand the artistic temperament. Many who are known among their friends and acquaintances as confirmed liars are wholly undeserving of the epithet; and the harmless lies they tell should be characterized as lapses or deviations.

The only writer we know of that understands the being in whose defence we have ventured to say a word is Elinor

Macartney Lane, from whose recently-published novel "Katrine" we quote this delightful bit of dialogue:

Katrine shook her head; but, to Ravenel's astonishment, she began to wear an amused smile as he repeated McDermott's wondrous tale to her bit by bit.

"I understand," she explained, "my father saved him from a horrible attack of the measles in New York. They thought for weeks that he would die."

"But why," Frank demanded, "didn't he say just that?"

"He couldn't!" Katrine stated, as simply and uncritically as a child. "You see, he has the soul of an artist, and there's something about a man of thirty dying of measles impossible for the artistic temperament to contemplate. Ah!" she said, with gentle pleading in her voice for an absent friend, "he's the greatest liar as well as the most truthful person alive! But you've got to be Irish to understand how that thing can be. He couldn't say my father saved him from the measles. The story of India sounds better—and no one is hurt. Can't ye understand? The gratitude for service rendered is the great thing; to remember a kindness has been done. And whether he gives as reason for his gratitude Ramazan or the measles, what is the difference? Do you know?"—there came an apologetic look and blush to her face as she spoke—"that I myself, when it comes to things of the heart—" She ended the sentence with a laugh and a gesture of self-depreciation. "There was once a little child in Killybegs," she explained,—"a girl who wanted to be a boy, and she cried all of the time because she wasn't. So I told her *she was a boy*, and it comforted her for quite a year. You see, it made her happy."

St. Francis de Sales once reproached St. Frances de Chantal with being more just than kind, and counselled her to aim at being more kind than just. In like manner, people who are more truthful than kind should understand that it is better to be more kind than truthful.

Introductory to an extended review, by "Papyrus" in the London *Catholic Times*, of a book dealing with some concrete specimens of religious bigotry, is this rather pungent paragraph:

I once heard a story of some bishop of London who, travelling in a third-class carriage with a

number of workmen, was pained at hearing the volleys of oaths and curses that came from the mouth of one of the grimy sons of toil. Determined to inflict upon the sinner a dignified rebuke, his Lordship said: "My friend, you possess a very lurid vocabulary of oaths; may I ask where you learned it?" The workman, looking at him with unaffected surprise, said: "Learned it? Sir, it's a gift!" In some such sense, bigotry is a "gift." An intellectual man can not reason himself into bigotry, and a bigoted man can not reason himself out of it. Bigotry transcends all intellectual processes, or perhaps rather it ignores them. It has nothing to do with intellect; it is above it, beyond it, safely away from it. It is born in ignorance, bred in ignorance, and in ignorance it dies. It has no warm blood, no firm bones, no bodily frame; it is nothing but a hollow bladder, made of rhinoceros hide, patched here and there with the shell of a tortoise, and fitted with a shrill whistle tuned to one sole high note, generally a screech.

Which reminds us of Oliver Wendell Holmes' simile: "The mind of the bigot is like the pupil of the eye: the more light you pour upon it, the more it will contract." And, while we are about it, let us add this dictum of Horace Greeley: "There is no bigotry like that of 'free thought' run to seed."

Among the interesting items scattered through the pages of the current *American Catholic Historical Researches*, we find the following paragraph concerning the famous Barber family:

Rev. Daniel Barber in his "History of My Own Times," relates that the last time he saw his grandfather was "a little before the Revolutionary War," when "he said some serious things to me about religion; mentioned his fears lest the King of England, George the Third, had a design to make the Catholic the established religion of this country; said he should not live to see the day, as I might do; and, as it would be a dreadful day to us, he charged me to stand fast, and remain sound in the faith." Yet he and his family became Catholics, he and a son became priests.

Mr. Griffin is an industrious gleaner, and he deserves praise for publishing so much interesting historical information, and for putting students on the track of much more.

Notable New Books.

A Textual Concordance of the Holy Scriptures.

By the Rev. Thomas David Williams. Benziger Brothers.

That a wide and determinate knowledge of Holy Writ is not only useful but practically essential to the Catholic priest who would effectively acquit himself of the sacred function of preaching, is a commonplace. And that a priest may possess such a knowledge without being always able to recall chapter and verse, or even the exact wording, of the texts with which in particular instances he wishes to illustrate his thought, strengthen his argument, or vivify his utterances, is readily intelligible. The chief purpose of the present work is to supply the lack of such ability,—to allow the preacher easily and speedily to put his finger on the particular passage which he desires to use, and which, as to its general tenor, he already knows.

Father Williams' Concordance is arranged especially for use in the preparation of sermons. It follows the alphabetical order of the subjects treated, and only such subjects have been chosen as will be found to be of practical use. This means, of course, that the work is not an exhaustive one; but the fact that the index contains twenty-two or twenty-three hundred headings is an assurance that, on the other hand, it is not unduly restricted. The book, a handsome volume of 850 pages, is divided into two parts—moral and dogmatic,—the former constituting more than two-thirds of the total contents. There is added an appendix, containing principally the miracles, prophecies, and parables of Christ. While differing in many respects from Father Vaughan's "Divine Armoury," and Father Lambert's "Thesaurus Biblicus," the present volume has specific merits all its own, and may well claim a place among those books which the pastor of souls is accustomed to regard as indispensable. To know Holy Scripture passing well is an excellent thing in the preacher; to have at hand a good Concordance is a convenience both time-saving and worry-saving.

Patrology. The Lives and Works of the Fathers of the Church. By Otto Bardenhewer. Translated from the Second Edition by Thomas J. Shahan, D. D. B. Herder.

Dr. Shahan has given us a masterful translation of a notable book. Patrology is not merely a history of early Christian literature from a purely literary standpoint: without excluding the anti-Christian writings of antiquity, it is the history of Christian theological literature,

beginning with the "Symbolum Apostolicum" down to the writings of St. Isidore of Seville, 636. From the excellent Introduction we derive the notion and purpose of Patrology, the history and literature of Patrology (St. Jerome gets the credit of being the father of Patrology); we learn of the literary collections relative to the Fathers of the Church; of the collective editions of their writings, and the principal collections of translations. The book is divided into three periods. The first extends from the end of the first to the beginning of the fourth century; the second, from the beginning of the fourth to the middle of the fifth century; the third, from the middle of the fifth century to the end of the Patristic Age.

We do not find here the writings of the Fathers, but, as the sub-title of the book explains, "the lives and works of the Fathers of the Church." Careful distinction shows those who deserve the name of Fathers of the Church. An estimate of their writings and of the conditions of the times during which they lived is impartially given. The various editions, translations, commentaries, treatises, are noted in an exhaustive bibliography. Thus the book will be a guide to the student for further investigation of special problems, and an encouragement to all to follow in the footsteps of the prototypes of the most virile kind of Christianity.

The book is exceedingly serious, as the matter it treats demands. There are no superfluities. Every sentence is well weighed and carries full information. We cheerfully subscribe to the dictum of the modern Bollandists that "Dr. Bardenhewer's Patrology has no superior, for abundance of information, exactness of reference, and conciseness of statement." Words that may be unqualifiedly applied to Dr. Shahan's translation.

The Great Schism of the West. By L. Salembier, Professor at the Catholic University of Lille. Authorized Translation by M. D. (Vol. VIII. of the International Catholic Library.) Benziger Brothers.

There is perhaps no period in the life of the Church so distressing and at the same time so comforting to the Catholic soul as that which was made notable by the Great Schism of the West. Never before, not even in the days of Arianism, had such a crisis menaced her existence. Attacks and revolts, negations and doubts, are centred around her vital principle—authority. Political elements, dogmatic errors, moral disorders, ecclesiastical ambitions, national jealousies,—all combine against the Papal power, already weakened, if not practically non-existent. Two and, at times, three Popes dispute the supremacy; passions of every kind, individual

and national, on every side, in all ranks of the hierarchy, are excited. What will become of the Church? And yet the storm passes; or, rather, Martin V. appears as the Supreme Pontiff, and the Church finds strength to reorganize herself and to resist the tempest of Protestantism, and finally to realize that wonderful work, the Council of Trent, whereby she reasserts so immutably her doctrine, and lays down so firmly the principles of true reformation.

It is easy to see the very special interest presented by this period to both the historian, who will find in it, far more than in the preaching of Luther, the sources of Protestantism; and the apologist, who will witness most experimentally the divine vitality of the Church. Her very failings are witnesses to her strength; her temporary weaknesses, to her eternal sanctity and truth. General readers will have a scholarly, well-informed, conscientious and frank, though always respectful, guide in Dr. Salembier. Numerous references and a good bibliography add to the value of the work. We can not account for the lack of a table of contents.

Makers of Electricity. By Brother Potamian, F. S. C., D. Sc., Lond.; and James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. Fordham University Press.

"An effort in the direction of what may be called the biographical history of electricity" is what the preface to this volume accurately enough describes it to be. It is a congruously handsome volume, octavo, of some four hundred pages, enriched with seven portraits and a score of slighter illustrations. Unlike some works of collaborating writers, it leaves the reader in no doubt as to the respective contributions of each author. The twelve chapters of the book are so many fairly complete life-sketches of the great pioneer workers in electricity: Peregrinus and Columbus, Norman and Gilbert, Franklin and some contemporaries, Galvani, Volta, Coulomb, Hans Christian Oersted, André Marie Ampère, Ohm, Faraday, Clerk Maxwell, and Lord Kelvin. The first three of these sketches, as well as those of Oersted and Lord Kelvin, bear the signature of Brother Potamian; the remaining chapters, constituting just half the contents, are by Dr. Walsh.

While the work may seem at first blush to appeal solely, or at least principally, to readers interested in the specific science which forms its subject-matter, it will be found to possess considerable attraction even for those whose notions regarding electricity are of the haziest. It is refreshing, for instance, to learn from these life-stories of really eminent scientists that the negation of God and the blatant profession

of either materialism or agnosticism are not essential to the truly scientific mind. As a matter of fact, the great electricians mentioned in this volume "were all of them firm believers in the existence of a Creator, of Providence, of man's responsibility to his Creator, and of a hereafter of reward and punishment, where the sanction of responsibility shall be fulfilled." This is an incidental lesson not without its importance in our day, when so many pseudo-scientists profess to look down on Christianity and its doctrines with the pitying condescension of omniscient oracles, to whom religion is a fable or worse. Real scientists are modest in proportion as they are great.

Sing Ye to the Lord. By Robert Eaton. Catholic Truth Society, London.

In his admirable preface to this book on the Psalms, the Right Rev. Bishop of Birmingham calls attention to the fact that over a thousand books have been written on the Psalms by way of commentary and explanation; yet the sacred mine is as inexhaustible as ever. Father Eaton, head master of St. Philip's Grammar School, Birmingham, shows us how to get further treasures from this deposit of holy wisdom and consolation. The considerations set forth are intended to help us to apply the lessons of the Psalms to our daily life. "Comfort in Tribulation" is the title of the chapter drawn from Psalm iii, "The Mercy of God" from Psalm cxxix, "The Hour of Temptation" from Psalm xii, "The Discipline of Feeling" from Psalm xlv, and so on through that great collection of lyric philosophy. Thus, for example, does Father Eaton develop the thoughts suggested by Psalm xlv, verse 10.

"Be still"! There is our wisdom and our much-needed lesson. Within us there are anger, boisterous waves of ill-regulated feeling, that hiss and foam and roar, and by their showers of spray prevent our seeing God in all things. They carry us away into countless offences against His law; they rob us of our peace; they wash away our means of progress. They are the feelings of anxiety and worry over temporal affairs, of discouragement over spiritual ones. They are the feelings of impatience and irritability with others; the feelings of want of clarity, of petty, hateful jealousy, of ill-founded suspicion, of mean desires for revenge, of desire to oust another from some coveted position. They are the feelings of discontent with our lot, of dissatisfaction with life in general. They are the feelings of resentment against God, against our neighbor, and almost against ourselves. Let us look into our hearts, heated as furnaces, and see the dark smoke that arises from them to obscure our vision of God in the world, in our neighbor, almost in ourselves. It is these fumes that poison our lives, and reek so strongly of wounded self-love and pride.

It is a great part of our work for God to learn to discipline our feelings, to be severe with them; to curb them, when they rise to disturb our peace and disfigure the garden of our souls, with the words, "Be still, be still, and see that God is God." If we give way to them, and allow them to lead us, there will

soon come a hardening of the heart, a loss of peace, a blindness to the things of God, a sleep of tepidity, a deplorable irregularity of our spiritual life, a total unpreparedness of heart for the advent of serious temptation, and probably a serious fall and a desertion of our Master. On the other hand, if we keep them well under control, and are severe with ourselves in their regard—forcing ourselves to pray when we fain would sleep, to be silent when we would gladly say something sharp, to be kind when we yearn to pay back, to be bright when we long to lounge in an easy-chair and be gloomy, to forgive and forget when we almost persuade ourselves that our rights *must* be respected,—then, these are the victories of a true soldier of Christ; these are the wounds that he glories to endure on the battlefield in the cause of his Lord. They are victories most hidden, and therefore most lovely in the sight of God; they are victories that cost us much, and are the fruit of generosity; they are victories most necessary, since for many souls the whole of their sanctity lies in this matter, and for them it is indeed set for their fall or for their resurrection.

The Holy Sacrifice and Its Ceremonies. By M. C. Nieuwbarn, O. P., S. T. L. Translated from the Revised Edition by L. M. Bouman. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

This excellent explanation of the mystical and liturgical meaning of the Mass deserves as wide a circulation among English-speaking peoples as the original Dutch work achieved in Holland and Belgium, where an edition of ten thousand copies was sold out in three weeks. A fuller acquaintance on the part of the faithful with the beauties of the Church's liturgy can scarcely fail to make for gratifying growth in spirituality; and, as different tastes are appealed to by various styles and methods of treatment, there is ample room on the shelves of Catholic libraries for more treatises of this kind than are as yet available. The author has aimed to make his work attractive, simple and concise; and, within the compass of about a hundred pages, he gives an exceptionally satisfactory explanation of what must ever remain the most sublime function performable on earth, the adorable Sacrifice of the Altar.

The Monuments of Christian Rome from Constantine to the Renaissance. By Arthur L. Frothingham, Ph. D. The Macmillan Co.

The author's special qualifications for discussing with something of authoritativeness the topics treated of in this particular volume of the publishers' handbooks of archæology and antiquities, are to be found in his statement that, since 1879, Christian Rome and its art have formed his special study, that a seventeen years' residence in Rome has been supplemented by frequent subsequent visits, and that he is to publish before long a large history of mediæval art in Rome. The present work differs from the majority of handbooks in that it contains a larger historical element than is at all

customary in such volumes, about one-third of the whole work being devoted to the "Historical Sketch."

To the general reader, this "Historical Sketch," Part I. of the volume, may well prove the more interesting portion, its eight chapters dealing with "The City of Constantine and Honorius," "Rome from Alaric to Theodoric the Goth," "Rome under Theodoric," "Rome after the Gothic Wars: the Byzantine City," "The Carolingian City and the Dark Age," "Rome before and after the Guiscard Fire," "Rome under the Great Mediæval Popes," and "Rome during the Papal Exile." While an occasional statement, or an expression here and there, may jar on the Catholic sense, the author displays no great bigotry or bias.

Part II., "Classification of the Monuments," treats of basilicas, campaniles, cloisters, civil and military architecture, sculpture, painting, etc.; concluding with a most interesting brief essay on the artistic influence of Rome. The book is profusely illustrated, and, besides a good table of contents, has a general index, an index of illustrations, and an index list of churches.

The Catholic Church in Utah. By the Very Rev. W. R. Harris, D. D., LL. D. Intermountain Catholic Press, Salt Lake City, Utah.

In view of the recent dedication of a magnificent new cathedral in Salt Lake City, this exhaustive history of the Church in Utah is especially timely. It is not only a record of events, but it is as well a review of Spanish and missionary explorations, and of later conditions in the district now included in the diocese of Salt Lake City, since 1776. The field of the Church to-day in that portion of the country is large, but the laborers thereof, under the guidance and leadership of the Right Rev. Lawrence Scanlan, have planted good seed,—seed which in the years to come will furnish an abundant harvest of souls. This record of the upbuilding of the Church in the Utah diocese shows that works of charity and education have not been forgotten in Bishop Scanlan's plan of work; and in consequence the diocese includes a fine hospital, a well-equipped orphan asylum, a college for boys, two large academies for girls, and three excellent parochial schools. There are about ten thousand Catholics in the Salt Lake diocese; and, according to the statistics given by Dr. Harris, Bishop Scanlan has as helpers in his work eleven secular priests, nine Marist Fathers, and ninety-eight Sisters of the Holy Cross.

To many readers, the most interesting chapter in this handsome book will be that which gives in brief the life-story of Bishop Scanlan



The Adventures of Ricardo.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

VI.



N his youth, Sidi had been an athlete, and an agile one; and his agility and strength had not entirely deserted him. Desperation also seemed to give him new courage. In a moment he had reached the boy and lifted him across his shoulder. Without hesitation, he began the ascent, and soon found himself at the top once more, Ricardo on the ground beside him.

Untying the rope from his body, he took Ricardo in his arms and carried him to the cot behind the leathern curtain. The face of the child was spattered with blood, his hands also. Dust and dirt covered him from head to foot; he moaned and tossed his wounded head from side to side. Sidi took a bottle from the corner closet where he kept his clothing, and dropped some of the liquid it contained in a basin, into which he then poured a considerable quantity of water. He got some soft linen cloth from his chest and began to wash the wounded forehead with light, dexterous touches. When the dirt and blood had been cleaned away, he produced another bottle, broad-mouthed and flat, containing salve, which he laid on the wound, and bound the aching head in a strip of linen.

All that night he sat by Ricardo's side, trying to combat the fever, which began slowly to yield to his efficient and gentle treatment. About seven o'clock in the morning he went out and bought some milk and bread, with half a dozen lemons. When he returned, he opened the two windows in his shop as high as they would go, closing the inside shutters, which still

remained, — relics of a previous fashion and vanished gentility. This allowed a cool breeze to come into the room, without permitting any one to look in from the outside. Upon the street door he tacked a placard bearing the words, "Absent for a couple of days"; then he closed and locked it.

He next pulled aside the curtain which divided the shop from his bedroom, and drew the cot to the middle of the floor, where there was a free current of air. The fever had abated; the pulse was growing normal, although the boy's face was very white, and his eyes were still unnaturally bright. Sidi made some lemonade, lifted the curly head from the pillow, and was glad to find that it was damp from perspiration which had begun to come freely. He put two spoonfuls of the refreshing draught between the parched lips, and once more laid the patient very gently on the pillow.

Ricardo looked at him blankly; consciousness had not fully returned. His eyes closed; for a while he remained very quiet; there were no further twistings or turnings. After some moments, Sidi leaned over the pillow and saw that the child had fallen asleep.

People came down the area steps from time to time. Those who could read wondered where the old cobbler had gone; those who could not, found that the door was locked and also took their departure. All through the morning hours and far into the afternoon Ricardo slept. Sidi began to be alarmed. What if the child should never wake, and be found later in his little dwelling with a cut on his head? But he soon banished these gloomy and disquieting thoughts; he felt sure that the boy had sustained no injury more dangerous than he had yet discovered; that now he was suffering no pain.

Sidi sat dozing in his chair when the sound of a feeble voice brought him to his feet. He hurried to the cot; Ricardo was lying with wide-open eyes, fully conscious. He smiled and lifted one hand.

"I have the headache," he said. "It is here,"—placing his fingers on the bandaged cut.

"Yes, I know, *hijo mio!* But it will soon be well."

"I fell into a hole," said Ricardo. "Did you help me out?"

"Yes, yes, my lamb! But keep still now, and you will soon be well."

"I will," replied the child. "But I am hungry."

"You are hungry? Well, I will give you a little bread broken in milk,—but only a little; it might bring on fever."

"When did you come back, Sidi?"

"A good while ago, Ricardo,—long enough to find you in the hole and carry you here and put you in bed. But you must not talk."

The child smiled. The cobbler went to the window-sill, brought in the bottle which had been left in that cool spot all day, broke a piece of bread in a bowl and poured some milk over it, with a few grains of sugar. Lifting Ricardo from the pillow, he fed him slowly. The boy was soon satisfied, which pleased Sidi, who did not wish him to eat a great deal at a time. He seemed very drowsy, and remained perfectly quiet all the long evening. At ten o'clock Sidi lay down on a comforter, and, fatigued by the watching of the previous night and the day that had passed, was soon asleep.

In the morning Ricardo felt much better. He wanted to get up, but the cobbler would not permit him to rise. He applied the lotion to the wounded forehead, also to the bruised arms and knees. After the boy had been washed and fed, he slept and waked at intervals all day long.

The cobbler was afraid to go into the street, because of the sign on the door. He began to see that it would be impossible much longer to keep the child where

he was, and decided to question him as to the name of the person who had given him shelter, and who, doubtless, was now wondering what had become of him.

The milk he had purchased was all gone; he had nothing in the house but the remainder of the loaf and some rice, which he cooked. The two ate it with a little molasses.

"Now, Ricardo," said the old man, "I am going to put you in the camp-chair. I want to see if you can walk."

"Yes, I can walk," was the reply. "And I think it is time that I go home. I have been here since morning, and now it is night, and Maria Cal-han will think, and the Padres, that I am lost."

"What name did you say,—what was the name?" asked the cobbler quickly.

"Maria Cal-han."

"The good old apple-woman at the bank corner?"

"Yes, Sidi."

"Let us see if you can walk, my lamb."

Placing one arm about the child's shoulder, he helped him from the cot; but when he tried to walk a deathly sickness came over him. Sidi was obliged to lift him into the camp-chair. The old man now became alarmed.

After a moment the boy said:

"I can lean on you, Sidi, and you will take me there."

"You are not strong enough to walk yet, Ricardo."

"How is that? I have not been ill."

"But you fell into the well."

"What well?"

"A cistern where once they had water. What were you doing in the dark room?"

"I thought perhaps a cat or a dog was playing there."

"It was rats in the wall."

"Yes, I knew when I had gone in. And it was dark. I looked for the door. I could not see. I felt for it with my hands on the wall. And then I fell into the hole."

"And I found you there after many hours."

"After many hours? How many?"

"Perhaps ten."

"And then it was night. And now it is night again. How can it be that I have lain so long in bed, Sidi? What will Maria think, and the Padres?"

"I will tell them all about your accident, my lamb. But do not bother your aching head to-night. And to-morrow we will go."

"Very well. But I can not understand."

"Lie, then, in the chair with your head back. It will rest you after the bed."

"As you say, Sidi; but when will you go to Maria?"

"To-morrow I will go."

Ricardo soon asked to be put back in the cot. He fell asleep presently, and the cobbler sat for some time in deep reflection. He saw that it would not be right to keep the boy much longer; besides, he felt that the child needed the care of a physician. He resolved to go to see Mary Callahan in the morning, whatever might be the condition of Ricardo. He spent the night in one of the camp-chairs, and found, on awaking, that the boy was much better. He was able to get up and walk about, and said he felt hungry.

"Well, then, I shall go to the grocery for some good things for breakfast," said Sidi. "Maybe a slice of ham. Do you like ham, Ricardo?"

"Oh, yes, and coffee!"

"All right. I myself should like a cup."

In his excessive caution, the old man had refrained from making his favorite beverage, as he feared the odor would ascend to the dwelling of his neighbors and belie the notice he had placed on the door. But now he had nothing to apprehend. The boy was better, and could give an account of himself to any one that asked it.

They enjoyed their breakfast, though Sidi would not give Ricardo a second cup of coffee. When they had finished he said:

"Now, my boy, I go to Mary Callahan and tell her how it has happened that you are here. I will first take down the notice from the door that I am absent, and when people come you can say:

'Yes, old Sid has come back and will mend your shoes. I am visiting him to-day, because soon I am going away to California.' And if any curious person should ask, 'Why that plaster on your forehead?' say to him or her, 'I fell and cut myself.' But you need not say, 'Here, in this dark room beyond.' Will you remember, *hijo mio*?"

"Yes, Sidi, I will remember."

"You see, it is the concern of no one—our affairs."

"No, it is not. My mamma always said that. You are a very good man, Sidi," added the child. "I am very thankful to you!"

"You are a little gentleman," answered the cobbler, patting the boy on the shoulder; "and very glad I am that you are to find a good home."

When Sidi reached the corner stall, he found it idle, so he hastened at once to Mary Callahan's room, where he found her bonneted and shawled, ready to go out.

"Well, Sidi?" she inquired. "What brings you here? I am sorry, but I have no room for any sick person just now. I am in great trouble."

"Maybe I can help you, Mary," said the cobbler.

"I'm afraid not. I've lost a boy, and I'm going looking for him."

"And what if I have found him?"

"What are you telling me?"

"Sit down and I will relate it all. He is in my place. He has been there now nearly three days."

"And how comes that? Is he sick? Be quick, Sidi!"

The cobbler, always slow of speech, succeeded, after several questions from the old woman, in telling a coherent tale.

"The Lord be praised!" exclaimed Mary after he had finished. "'Tis a wonderful thing he didn't die in the old cistern, of the bad air. I'd have thought he'd be afraid to go into a dark room like that, and he so timid. How came he to do it?"

"He thought he heard a cat or dog in there, and wished to release it."

"Poor little creature! My, but the priests will be glad to hear the news! And was he fretting about that?"

"Yes, he was. He wanted to come back last night. He did not know how long he had been away. He thought it was only a couple of hours."

"But tell me, Sidi, why, when you found him, you didn't let me know at once?"

"Because I did not hear from him that he was staying with you. He said 'with a good woman.'"

"Ah, I see! But I'd have thought you would have gone to some neighbor or to a doctor."

"I was afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

The old man lowered his voice.

"If he never came back to his senses and died, the people might say I had killed him, if they knew. Do you not remember, Mary Callahan, how ten years ago they mobbed and almost murdered a countryman of mine because of a child who was afterward found with his grandmother in Brooklyn? They said he had killed and eaten that child."

"I do very well, Sidi."

"That is why I had the fear."

"I understand. But, Sidi, suppose the boy had been badly hurt and had died under your hands? What would you have done then?"

Sidi Belai came a step closer and lowered his voice as he replied:

"I think I should have buried him again in the cistern."

"Buried him in the cistern!" cried Mary, horrified. "Bless us and save us! And I thought you were a Christian! Don't I see you saying your Beads in the church every Sunday night of your life? You make the blood curdle in my veins."

"That would not have been wrong. If Ricardo had died, it would not have mattered. He has no kin. Myself I should have to think of then. Why do you look so angry, Mary Callahan?"

"Because I'm disgusted with you. But you're kind of innocent, or you wouldn't tell it. When will you bring Cardo?"

"This evening — when it is dark, so that no one may see."

"You're a coward, Sidi," said Mary. "But you mean well. And strange people like you Syrians can't help their nature, I suppose. Well, the best of us are only human. But an Irishman would never do the like."

The cobbler looked at her stupidly. He and she were too far apart to comprehend each other. He had meant well assuredly, and he had done well; but from that day till he died — suddenly in his basement shop — the sight of him gave good old Mary Callahan a chill.

"A well-meaning but a very uncanny creature," she called him an hour later, as she stood in the presence of the two priests telling them of what had happened to little Cardo, whom she had seen in the interval.

And afterward, when, as he was about to leave her, the boy wished to bid Sidi farewell, she insisted upon accompanying him to the cobbler's shop.

When night approached, after Ricardo had been visible to all the customers who came to the shop that day, he was taken by Sidi to the home of Mary Callahan. The two priests called a little later. The cut was examined; the story, tallying in every particular with that of the cobbler, was again heard from the lips of the child.

Father Featherstone thought it would be well to have a doctor see him in the morning, as he looked very pale; and Father Clements informed Mary that in a day or two, after he had consulted his aunt, the child would probably be taken to her house.

"And while he's here," said Mary, "he'll either have to come with me to the corner or promise to stay fast indoors. I'll take no more chances till I see him safe in your aunt's house, Father John."

Schoolgirls Abroad.

— — —
BY S. MARR.
— — —

XV.

We left London about nine o'clock, and our journey northwest to Holyhead was through a beautiful country; it was like a great park, with stretches of green meadow, dense groves, silver lakes, picturesque cottages, stately mansions, and grey, ivy-mantled ruins. When we reached Wales we found entertainment in our guide-book, which would have been more satisfactory had it been furnished with a key to the pronunciation of such names as "Llanerchymedd" and "Braich y pwll." By two in the afternoon we had crossed the Menai Strait, traversed the island of Anglesea, and come to the end of our railroad journey at Holyhead, where the *Leinster* was waiting to take us sixty-four miles westward to Kingston, on Dublin Bay.

For nearly three hours our boat moved with the sun toward Ireland; and as we reached the harbor, our hearts away ahead of the boat, the land and water were radiant in the glory of the sunset. As we steamed in, it was evident that festivities of some sort were in order. We did not suppose that flying flags and martial music were in our honor, and we soon understood; for there in the Bay was the English fleet. There was something heavy and typically English-looking about those great ships of war, manned largely by Irish sailors; and as they lay at anchor there, one could easily imagine a certain condescension about them, as boats of every description, from regular liners to small fishing smacks, all in full regalia of flags, pennants and streamers, excitedly gave signs, each in its own way, of hospitable intent. The piers and water-front, as far as eye could see, were thronged with people attracted by the fleet; and it was in this unexpected setting that we got our first impression of Ireland.

A barometer does not register atmospheric changes more surely than does Celtic blood in the veins of a traveller make itself felt when one comes upon Irish soil. There may not be much of the Celtic blood, but it is as quicksilver in responsiveness to the lap of the wave on the shore, the caress of the air on eyelids that press back tears of emotion. As we waited to disembark, over and over again, with a painful iteration, the words kept saying themselves in my mind: "We increase the sea with our tears, and the wandering winds with our sighs." Under the spell of this first almost overpowering feeling, we found places in the waiting train, and in a short half hour were installed at the Gresham on Sackville Street. All of us looked back with pride to Irish ancestors; so it was with the eager expectancy of a sort of homecoming that we planned the hours of our visit, which was to be a short one. The night before we had rested near the Thames; through our first dreams in Ireland flowed the music of the Liffey.

Dubhlinn, or "The Dark Pool," so our guide-book told us, was known in the second century as Eblana; and in the fifth century St. Patrick founded a church in this then noted town. It was at one time the principal stronghold of the Danes, and later it became the strongest centre of English invaders. To-day it is a beautiful and prosperous city of nearly four hundred thousand inhabitants.

Our sight-seeing began with a view of Sackville Street, as we walked down toward O'Connell Bridge; it is a wide thoroughfare, and boasts the O'Connell monument, Nelson's Pillar, and a marble statue of Father Mathew, "the Apostle of Temperance." A short walk brought us to College Green, from which we inspected the exterior of the Bank of Ireland, once upon a time the Irish House of Parliament. Grouped near are several other banks, making the locality the Wall Street of Dublin. Turning into the courtyard of Trinity College, Mary declared

she began to have intellectual shivers; for the names of Swift, Goldsmith, Moore, Grattan, Edmund Burke, and others, came to mind. But Katherine said every schoolgirl has those feelings in September, no matter where she is: they just come, like oysters, with the opening days of the school year. Be that as it may, we visited the college buildings with interest, especially the library, which Mary admired because, as she put it, it was "so lovely and disorderly." The Book of Kells and a Celtic harp, said by some to have belonged to Brian Boru, alone were worth a visit to the College. A soft rain obliged us to take a carriage instead of a jaunting car on our sight-seeing trips in and about Dublin; though more than one driver urged us to try a "low back car," assuring us that the rain wouldn't wet us.

It gives one something of a shock to find St. Patrick's Cathedral not a Catholic church, even though one knows the fact beforehand; and one has the same feeling at St. Anne's, in Cork, in the belfry of which are the famous bells of Shandon. St. Patrick's Cathedral dates back to 448 A. D., though the present building was erected in 1190. It is a beautiful church. Of course the verger pointed out the slabs in memory of Dean Swift and Stella. In a street near by we witnessed a novel scene. A sort of fair was in progress; there were all kinds of second-hand articles being sold or exchanged. The driver of our carriage told us that this was the last time the fair would be held in the street, as the town had furnished a building in which the sales were to be conducted, thus doing away with a time-honored custom. To describe the scene would be impossible.

St. Mary's Pro-Cathedral, the church of the Carmelites, and St. Saviour's, in charge of the Dominicans, were like home to us; and it was edifying to see the devotion of the worshippers to be found before the altar at all hours of the day, while at every Mass we attended the church was thronged.

We had a delightful ride in the misty rain through Phoenix Park, past acres of velvety lawn and shady grove, where herds of deer browsed; past the zoölogical gardens, the Viceregal Lodge, the Wellington Testimonial, the Phoenix Column, and the review ground of the Dublin garrison.

Glasnevin Cemetery was our objective point for a second day's sight-seeing; and there we turned our steps at once to the O'Connell Circle, a plot hallowed by the remains of many patriots well known in Irish history. Aunt Margaret told us much of interest as we threaded our way among the graves of Cardinal MacCabe, Daniel O'Connell, John Philpot Curran, and Charles Stewart Parnell. As we listened to the story of the faithful servant of Robert Emmet and of more than one patriot-martyr resting beneath the green-sward, a shower of plaintive bird notes from a dense copse close by fell upon the air, and Mary voiced our common thought in the words of the poet:

How sweet sing the birds over mountain and
vale,

Like soft-sounding chords that lament for the
Gael!

Another delightful drive was out to a district known as Donnybrook, thence to the Carmelite Convent outside Dublin, and beyond that to Rathfarnham, the Mother House of the Loretto Nuns. The beautiful country road was shut in by high stone walls, over which one got tempting views of great old trees, and hints of stately mansions. The picturesque charm of Ireland wove its spell over us as we drove along under the shadows of trees that seemed ready to whisper secrets of the ages long gone. The poetry of the still beauty moved us, and snatches of song seemed the speech most fitting. We always counted on Mary for the right line of poetry, and along the road to Rathfarnham we heard again verses that had a new meaning for us. There was an Irish lilt in her voice as she quoted Mangan's words:

Her woods are tall and straight, grove rising
 over grove;
 Trees flourish in her glens below and on her
 heights above;
 Ah, in heart and soul I shall ever, ever love
 The fair hills of Eiré, O!

If not a stone's-throw, at least a short
 ride from Dublin brought us to one of
 those historic monuments of Erin's past,
 a Round Tower; and here we recalled
 MacCarthy's stirring lines:

The pillar towers of Ireland, how wondrously
 they stand
 By the lakes and rushing rivers, through the
 valleys of our land!
 In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their
 heads sublime,—
 These grey, old pillar temples, these conquerors
 of time!

How many different rites have these grey old
 temples known!
 To the mind, what dreams are written in these
 chronicles of stone!
 What terror and what error, what gleams of
 love and truth,
 Have flashed from these walls since the world
 was in its youth!

Our visits to the shops made us regret
 we hadn't landed first in Ireland instead
 of Italy; for by this time both our purses
 and our custom-house bills forbade much
 in the line of purchases. However, linens,
 laces and Belleek ware tempted us sorely,
 and we found that the quickest and most
 comfortable way to get rid of the tempta-
 tion was to yield to it.

Arthur Guinness, Son & Co. is a prom-
 inent sign in Dublin, and visitors find
 much to learn in the great brewery which
 this firm represents. It seems the whole
 process of brewing stout is open to the
 public at certain hours. We did not avail
 ourselves of the opportunity thus offered,—
 an opportunity pressed on us by our cab-
 driver; but his good humor was restored
 by our enjoyment of the old story which
 he related as an incident of the week
 before. It was of the tourist who, enjoying
 with a friend a draught of the Guinness'
 product, remarked to the waiter: "Sure,
 this is eating and drinking; isn't it, Pat?"
 To which he replied: "It is, sir; and a

night's lodging besides, if you take enough
 of it."

We were loath to leave Dublin, but our
 schedule was not to be changed, so we
 took train for Killarney; and if we weren't
 already in love with Ireland when we
 started, we certainly were before we had
 been two hours on our southwest course
 through beautiful Erin. On the bluest
 of blue skies above us flocks of fleecy
 clouds were herded by soft winds; on
 the greenest of green meadows below it,
 gentle-eyed cows were browsing; here
 and there were "peat-beds, once the
 forest primeval"; beside the even cuts
 were stacks of peat, and the black bogs
 were edged with delicate white blossoms.
 Over all was a mystic glamour, an atmos-
 phere giving an opal effect; and we thought
 with Aunt Margaret that Corot would
 have revelled in the scenery of Ireland.

About sunset we stopped at Mallow,
 where Mary and Katherine decided to
 "take a turn" on the platform; they
 barely missed being left behind, in their
 eagerness to make the acquaintance of
 a little old woman who was selling laces
 just outside the station gate. Mary
 declared that she was the very one who,
 once upon a time, said to a generous pur-
 chaser: "May you ride in a fine carriage,
 and may the mud of your wheels splash
 the face of your enemies, — sure you
 haven't any!"

If the country was lovely in the sun-
 light, it was lovelier in the dusk; and as
 we looked out on the

Low-lying pastures, like a wan lagoon
 In a dim land of ghosts,

we almost expected the "little folk" to
 appear; and just as we felt sure they were
 stirring in the shadows, we found the
 train slackening, and the guard called out:
 "Killarney."

(To be continued.)

HERE is a good point. Change the D
 of "Disappointments" to H, and, by
 separating the first three letters from the
 others, you have "His appointments."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Acting on the principle that in union there is strength, two London Catholic papers, the *Universe* and the *Catholic Weekly* are to combine their forces, and will hereafter appear as one journal. The idea is a good one and might well be adopted in many other cases.

—"God's Eight Days of Creation," a new scientific work by Edwin O. James, with an Introduction by Chancellor Lias, just published by Mr. Elliot Stock, attempts to show that Biblical philosophy is not contrary to modern advanced scientific teaching.

—No. X. of the Doctrine Explanations Series, by the Sisters of Notre Dame, comprises the "Christian's Rule of Life and Daily Exercise," and "The Sacraments in General." While these explanations are grounded on the English "Penny Catechism," their utility is by no means restricted to those who are familiar with that text-book. Meant for reading, and not for learning by rote, they will be found useful for children—of all growths—in all parts of the English-speaking world. Benziger Brothers.

—"The Penitent Instructed," a little treatise on how to make a good confession, first appeared in 1880; and, though very favorably noticed at that time, has been out of print for some years. A new and revised edition is now offered by the author, the Rev. E. A. Selley, O. E. S. A., through the Benziger Brothers' publishing house. The treatise consists of eight practical and particularly lucid instructions, well worth reading not merely by penitents, but by pastors whose duty it is to instruct penitents. A neatly printed little volume ($4\frac{3}{4}$ by $3\frac{3}{4}$ in.) of 190 pages.

—There have been numerous press notices, more or less perfunctory, of "Father Jim," by J. G. R.: but the following, from the *Freeman's Journal* of Sydney, N. S. W., is appreciative. In this case the reviewer took the trouble to read the little book before writing about it,—something that reviewers frequently fail to do, and of which, it may be added, many readers must be perfectly well aware.

In an unpretentious booklet, "Father Jim" (AVE MARIA Press, U. S. A.), the writer, "J. G. R.," presents a human document which appeals alike to the heart and to the understanding. It is the record of a convert from Protestantism who is typical of many. In a sense he was within the Church but not wholly of it—since he was disturbed by, and freely criticised, many things not wholly theological that he found within the household—till he had the good fortune to meet Father Jim, a young priest not long from his Roman seminary. The processes by which Father Jim established

relations with the convert, and gradually broke down the wall of self-importance surrounding him, is a valuable lesson in the dispensation of what may be called the hospitality of the Catholic household to the recently-arrived member, and a corrective to the aloofness and misunderstanding of his new environment, which is often a stumbling-block to the stranger.

—A new picture of the Blessed Jean B. Marie Vianney, better known as the Curé d'Ars, is offered by Mr. Joseph Schaefer, New York city. It is a very pleasing representation, large enough to frame, and well worth framing, which is more than can be said of a great many religious pictures.

—We are glad to see in handsome pamphlet form the full and correct text of the sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. Joseph McMahon on the occasion of the centennial celebration of St. Patrick's Church ("Old Cathedral"), New York, Sunday, May 9, 1909. It is a notable discourse, well worth preserving were it only for the many interesting facts it contains. Published by the Cathedral Library Association.

—Here is a graphic description of the Catholic story which John Kevin Wagner thinks should forever be discontinued.

It runs much as follows: drunken (or immoral or irreligious) father; devout mother; child (of either sex, and any age from three to eight); this child, a very holy little being, of winsome manners, and the apple of its reprobate father's eye; mother makes every endeavor to get her bad egg of a husband to go to his duties and turn over a new leaf; fails, is despondent; rendered more so by fatal illness of child; child dies, immediately after successful appeal to "daddy" to be a good Catholic; father repents and becomes a decent fellow for this world and the next; curtain. Surely, this kind of thing was written to death in the Protestant Sunday-school magazines of fifty years ago.

—The best of the smaller plums in "Stradella," Marion Crawford's last novel, seem to have escaped the notice of those whose business it is to "write up" new books and to set forth anything likely to tempt the reader's appetite. We are disappointed in this book, and prefer to remember its author by "Marzio's Crucifix," from which many passages more noteworthy than the following might be quoted:

Stradella was not a libertine. Few great artists have ever been that; for in every great painter or sculptor or musician there is a poet, and true poetry is the refutation of vulgar materialism. In all the nobler arts, the second-rate men have invariably been the sensualists; but the masters, even in their love affairs, have always hankered after an ideal, and have sometimes found it.

There are men who become ridiculous as soon as they cease to be dangerous, and who are most dangerous when they fear that they are just going to become a laughing stock.

Excessive exactness in regard to time is often the delight

and the torment of people who have nothing to do of any importance. The time which some punctual persons waste in waiting for others would be enough to make them notable men if they used it better.

—Yet another edition of that excellent work, with the anything but excellent title, "Why do so Many Vain Fears Keep You away from Frequent and Daily Communion?" translated from the Italian of the Rev. S. Antoni, S. T. D., has been brought out by the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, New York. Just why "Vain Fears and Daily Communion," or some such abridged title, would not be equally effective is a mystery to us. The same publishers issue, in a pamphlet of twenty-eight pages, the "Pontifical Decrees Concerning Daily Communion," with an official translation.

—We have received the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Readers of the Standard Catholic Series, the first two numbers of which have already been noticed in these columns. The volumes are of uniform length and width, but vary in thickness, containing respectively 256, 382, and 480 pages. An excellent feature of the mechanical part of their formation is that the books will, without undue pressure, remain open at any page. As for the character of the selections, it is in general admirable; and Catholic authors receive, if not entirely adequate, at least fair representation. The compiler is Mary E. Doyle; and the publishers, the American Book Co.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"Makers of Electricity." Brother Potamian, F. S. C., D. Sc., Lond.; and James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$2, net.

"The Holy Sacrifice and Its Ceremonies." M. C. Nieuwbarn, O. P., S. T. L. Translated by L. M. Bouman. 70 cts., net.

"The Great Schism of the West." L. Salembier. Authorized Translation by M. D. \$2.

"Patrology. The Lives and Works of the Fathers of the Church." Otto Bardenhewer. Translated by Thomas J. Shahan, D. D., \$3.75, net.

"The Monuments of Christian Rome from Constantine to the Renaissance." Arthur L. Frothingham, Ph. D. \$2.25, net.

"A Textual Concordance of the Holy Scriptures." Rev. Thomas David Williams. \$3.50.

"Sing Ye to the Lord." Robert Eaton. \$1.

"Giannella." Mrs. Hugh Fraser. \$1.50.

"Missale Romanum." 32mo. Cloth, \$1.50; morocco, \$2.

"The Life of Christ." Mary V. Merrick. 50 cts.

"The Young Priest's Keepsake." Rev. M. J. Phelan, S. J. \$1.10.

"The Holy Man of Santa Clara." Rev. Z. Englehardt, O. F. M. 75 cts.

"Cousin Sara." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.50.

"A Garland of Pansies." George Mark Jameson. 30 cts.

"The King and the Cats." John Hannon. \$1.

"Humble Victims." François Veuillot. \$1.10.

"The Life of Ven. Father Colin." \$1.25.

"Ceremonies of Low Mass." Felix Zualdi, C. M. \$1.25.

"The Duchess's Baby." Sophie Maude. \$1.

"Holy Water and Its Significance for Catholics." Father Theiller, S. O. Cist. 50 cts.

"The Book of the Lily, and Other Verses." A Sister of the Holy Cross. \$1, net.

"An Impeached Nation; Being a Study of Irish Outrages." Henry W. Cleary, D. D. 4s. 6d.

"The Master Motive." Laure Conan. \$1.

"Catholic Churchmen in Science." (Second Series.) James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$1.08.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Bleckmann, of the diocese of Fort Wayne; Rev. M. J. Driscoll, diocese of Hartford; and Rev. A. Tresch, O. M. I.

Sister M. Magdalene, of the Sisters of St. Mary; Sister M. Romanus, O. S. D.; Sister M. Cyrilla, Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Ignatia, O. S. B.

Mr. Joseph E. Perry, Mr. George Saxton, Miss Mary McSherry, Mrs. Caroline Hebel, Mr. Patrick Hart, Mr. J. F. Hite, Mrs. Margaret Pelkey, Mr. Thomas Fitzsimmons, Mr. F. J. Hofschler, Miss Mary T. Coneys, Mrs. Anna M. Kuder, Mr. John Moran, Mr. George Besselman, Mrs. Mary Reilly, Mrs. Julia Bradley, Mrs. Mary Moss, Mr. Michael Christopher, Mrs. Anna Krill, Miss Mary Dillon, Mr. Edward Carrico, Mr. Michael Flaherty, and Dr. Julius Huber.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 16

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Tower of Ivory.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

AGAINST the sullen seas, the dark'ning skies,
I see the lighthouse, fair as ivory, rise;

A symbol, in a waste and wintry world,
Of that bright haven where, with sea-wings furled,

Its toilsome days of danger overpast,
The weary bark may safely lie at last.

So, too, amid a world of sin and storm,
I see, O Mary! thy benignant form;

And pray that all who sail life's troubled sea
May ever find, as I have found, in thee

A Tower of Ivory, a symbol given
To cheer them onward with the hope of heaven.

Some Aspects of Socialism.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

A COMPLETE treatment of the very wide question of Socialism would have to include its history, its theoretical basis, its economic system, the story of the various attempts that have been made to carry it out in practice; its bearing on religion, on family life, and marriage; on the liberty of the individual, on the upbringing and education of children, on national prosperity and security; and, last but not least, such treatment would have to include a discussion as to the practicability of the system of life which the Socialists wish to substitute for the

one under which we now live. It is not possible in a single article—nor, for that matter, in anything less than a large volume—to treat of all these aspects of Socialism. It is proposed, therefore, to take for our present consideration certain points that will be of interest and are of importance to us as Catholics.

As Catholics, we can be and we ought to be in full accord and sympathy with every rightly-conducted endeavor to better the conditions of life for every class of the community, more especially for those who are in any way downtrodden and oppressed. But as Catholics, also, we know full well that there are certain eternal, inviolable principles of right and wrong that depend upon something higher than expediency. We know that there are certain unalterable facts concerning human nature and the relations of man to God, who made him; and that any system of human life that sets aside those principles and loses sight of those facts must inevitably end in failure and disaster,—for this reason, amongst others: that it would be an artificial system, not based on things as they really are. I will select for our consideration now three aspects of Socialism—namely, the theoretical basis of Socialism; Socialism in its bearings on religion; and, lastly, Socialism in regard to Christian marriage and family life.

I am quite aware that to most people the economic side of Socialism may seem to be the one which it is most practically important to discuss, and it is that side which is consistently kept uppermost by

Socialists themselves. But, apart from the fact that a study of the economics of the system might well fill a volume, and that this aspect of Socialism is the one most generally discussed, we are not only unable as Catholics to accept any system that plays havoc with, or even merely ignores, our religious beliefs, and is based on altogether false notions of human nature and human rights; but common-sense itself tells us that a scheme which sets about to regulate the least details of human existence can not succeed on the economic side or any other, if it is founded on false ideas as to the great facts and principles that lie at the very root of man's being.

Therefore, it does not seem to the present writer that the economic aspect of Socialism is the *most* important; while the theories that lie at the base of the whole movement *are*; and this for two reasons. First, because the evil tree of false principles can not bring forth good fruit; and, secondly, because those who, being ignorant of the false philosophy of life and the world from which the practical programme of Socialism springs, are attracted by the possible advantages of this or that detail in the Socialistic scheme, will inevitably imbibe the poisonous sap that flows upward from the roots. Social reform, indeed, we sadly need; but not on Socialistic principles, which must vitiate practical legislation that on right principles would be most useful and beneficial.

I.—THE THEORETICAL BASIS OF SOCIALISM.

We must never lose sight of the fact that the proposals of real Socialism for the reconstitution of our daily life as citizens—whatever may be the case with a certain "milk-and-water" variety much in vogue amongst many so-called "Socialists"—are really based upon and deduced from the theories that the great scientific Socialist leaders have laid down. Now, the theories or notions upon which modern Socialism is based are mainly

those enunciated by the famous Karl Marx, who was called by the leading Socialist newspaper of Berlin "the greatest teacher of the Socialist parties in the world," and "the giant pathfinder of Socialism."* In order to find his theory of human life, Marx went to history. His study of history led him to this conclusion: "that the method of production in our material life shapes and determines also our *entire social, political, and intellectual process of life.*" This is the fundamental article of the Socialistic creed. Upon it is built the whole superstructure of practical proposals.

Let us see what this theory means. It means that the whole of our moral, religious, philosophical and political ideas are simply and solely the result of the manner in which the necessities and conveniences of life are produced and exchanged. If we believe in God, in eternal laws of right and wrong; if we have certain ideas about charity and justice and duty, about the love of family and of our fellowmen; if we think that we have immortal souls; if we cherish interests far higher and aspirations far nobler than earthly interests and aspirations,—it is not because the objects of such aspirations really exist, not because there *is* a God above us, not because there really *are* eternal laws of justice and charity that have their origin in Him; not because we have immortal souls which we can either save or lose. No! All these *ideas*, as well as political, artistic, poetical, ideas—with everything intellectual and spiritual, in fact,—are merely the outcome of the manner of production and exchange of commodities; they depend on, and they come from, the way in which we produce and the way in which we distribute bread, meat, clothes, and other necessities or luxuries of life. Such, and nothing higher, is the origin of our

* See the exhaustive work on "Socialism: Its Theoretical Basis and Practical Application," by Cathrein-Gettelmann (Benziger Brothers), to which the writer is greatly indebted.

mental and moral notions. This is no exaggeration. The technical language of scientific Socialism is indeed somewhat involved and obscure, but the meaning of it is quite sufficiently clear.

Engels, who is the leading exponent of the Marxian ideas, calls the theory just described "the materialistic conception of history"; and well he may! "At the root of the materialistic conception of history," he says (see Cathrein), "is the proposition that production, and next to production the exchange of products, forms the base of social order. . . . Accordingly, the ultimate causes of social changes and of political revolutions are not to be looked for in the brains of men and in their growing comprehension of eternal truth and justice, but in the changes affecting the manner of production and exchange." Elsewhere he writes: "Beyond nature and man there is nothing; and those higher beings created by our religious fancy are but the fantastic reflections of our own being."

It is a common device of Socialist writers and speakers, when bidding for popular approval, to endeavor to calm those who are alarmed at what they have heard of the anti-religious tendencies of Socialism, by saying that the irreligion of this or that prominent leader has nothing to do with his Socialistic opinions, and that Socialism will leave religion alone. But it *does not* leave religion alone; nor is it possible that religion should fare anything but ill under a Socialist régime. The very basis of the system is essentially materialistic. It begins with the theory that the methods of production and exchange — and nothing else — are the ultimate cause of all our intellectual and moral concepts, and these pre-eminently include our religious beliefs.

We must never forget, moreover, that it is upon the "materialistic conception of history," as Engels himself terms it, that the Socialistic plans for the regulation of practical everyday life are based. This evil tree can not bring forth good

fruit. Further than this, the plain fact that Socialist newspapers, magazines, and journals are full of scoffs and jibes against religion, and that prominent Socialists are almost to a man unbelievers, atheists, or agnostics, or, at the best, extremely "liberal" in their religious ideas, proves that what we should expect is, indeed, the fact, and that the tree has brought forth its poisonous fruit of unbelief. It is futile to tell us that we must not judge this matter by the "private" opinions of this or that Socialist leader, when we find that his anti-Christian sentiments are not private opinion at all, but a common article of his essentially materialistic creed. When all the high-priests of this new "faith" loudly proclaim that Christianity is an effete superstition, we must be pardoned for judging the system by what its exponents themselves say, and for pronouncing that, as a whole, it is essentially irreligious.

Mr. Belfort Bax, in his "Essays in Socialism," has one in which he applies the materialistic conception of history to early Christianity. If he is logical, and true to this root-principle of Socialism which we have been considering, he will attribute the rise and spread of Christianity, not to a revelation from on high, and Providential interventions on behalf of the new religion, but to the economic conditions of the Roman Empire at the time when Christianity appeared. This is precisely what he does. "We are now," he writes, "in the midst of a great popular movement for the emancipation of human life from the oppression of its material conditions. The first century of the Christian era also saw a movement, mainly popular in character, for the emancipation of human life from the oppression of its material conditions. We have thus a parallel between the circumstances under which early Christianity arose and those under which modern Socialism has arisen. Both represent a protest against the dominant civilization." Again: "The theory that Christianity was a doctrine that burst

upon the world with a new light is directly contradicted by history (i. e., by the *materialistic* conception of history), which discloses it as simply the popular and democratic formulation of tendencies and dogmas already present in the paganism and Judaism of the time." To Mr. Belfort Bax, as any one will recognize who reads the essay through, Christianity was simply the outcome of purely material conditions, — that is, ultimately, of "the method of production and exchange" in vogue at the time.

The other great principle of Karl Marx is the theory of surplus-value, based upon the dictum of Ricardo: that labor, and labor only, is the source of the value of the things produced by labor. The discussion of this principle may form the subject of a future paper. It will be sufficient for the scope of the present article to point out that it is intimately connected with the theory we have been considering, according to which things like bread and meat, and the way of producing and distributing them, are the ultimate source of all those grand and lofty sentiments and ideas that we have hitherto looked upon as valuable, and have cherished as a means of improving and uplifting human life.

(To be continued.)

It was reserved for Christianity to present to the world an ideal character which, through all the changes of eighteen centuries, has inspired the hearts of men with an impassioned love; has shown itself capable of acting on all ages, nations, temperaments, and conditions; has been not only the highest pattern of virtue, but the strongest incentive to its practice. . . . The simple record of these three short years of active life has done more to regenerate and soften mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers and all the exhortations of moralists. This has been the wellspring of whatever is best and purest in the Christian life.—*Lecky's "History of European Morals."*

Duke and Drummer Boy.

BY JOHN KEVIN MAGNER.

I.

WHEN the Connaught regiment fought through the Peninsular War, there were so many Kellys in its ranks that the calling of the roster was often matter of confusion. Noncommissioned officers were compelled to invent nicknames as a way out of the difficulty. Some of these were very grotesque. The teller of this tale was often delighted as a boy by the stories of an old Connaught Ranger, whose father and grandfather had served before him in the same great regiment, and whose grandfather fought in its ranks throughout the war in Spain. It is from him I learned that the roster of one particular company used to be called somewhat after this fashion, the men answering their preposterous sobriquets without taking umbrage, on the score of convenience:

"John Kelly, Patrick Kelly, Michael Kelly, James Kelly," and so on, down the litany of usual Irish Christian names. When these were exhausted, there came: "Kelly wid the wan eye, Kelly wid the gash, Kelly widout the chin,"—and many more Kellys, enumerated by personal peculiarities. The list always closed with the fairly complimentary nickname of one of the numerous John Kellys, who was read out as "Kelly the dacent man."

Good Kelly "the dacent man" was no more than a full private at the time referred to by this whimsical family tradition. He was swiftly promoted, by the gaps in regimental ranks that were so quickly made when England faced Napoleon, and in virtue of his quality of "dacency,"—a word rather hard to translate from the brogue into English. Perhaps uprightness of character and hospitable manners give its meaning nearly enough.

Sergeant Kelly had worn his stripes

some months before the main event of our story—the capture of Alta Torre by the 88th, as the regiment was then most commonly known. Alta Torre (the “Lofty Tower,” as its Spanish name implies) was the castle of a Spanish nobleman who had quarrelled with the court at Madrid and thrown in his lot with the French. This he had done to such good purpose that Wellington and his advisers were determined to capture his person at all costs, and to give his castle up to plunder.

The Duke of Alta Torre had been compelled to wage a desperate guerilla warfare from the moment a price was set on his head. His French auxiliaries were headed off across the Sierras; many of the neighboring Spanish gentry, who had aided him, waxed weak in their allegiance when threatened and cajoled by the English on the one hand, and the Spanish royal family on the other; and at length the young Duke was so hemmed in that he had no choice but to throw himself into his own ancestral stronghold, with a handful of the most loyal of his tenantry. There he stood siege as best he might.

Perched on the crest of a spur among the lower Sierras, the palace fortress of Alta Torre had stood many a stout siege in the warlike annals of Aragon. Had there been time to provision it when the Duke was driven within its walls, all might possibly have gone well; and our tale of the Duke's son, who became a drummer boy, and influenced two honest Irish lives, need never have been told. Providence willed otherwise.

After the direst privations, provisions ran out entirely on the sixteenth day. On the seventeenth, the Duke sustained a crushing blow in the death of his delicate young wife, worn out by hardship and overwhelming anxiety. Her little son, of about five years of age, was, fortunately, too young fully to realize that he was motherless. For his sake, the gallant Duke determined to make what terms he could with the British by a personal

surrender, stipulating only for the lives of his peasant followers.

To this end he asked one of his trustiest tenants to rear the boy, (who was so soon, alas! to succeed to a barren dukedom) as his own child, and in strict seclusion, till peace should be restored to troubled Spain. He had the little fellow dressed hurriedly in a plainer suit than the rich mourning dress of black velvet and silver the maids had put upon him. Then he gave what few handfuls of gold were still left in his coffers to the trusty vassal, with a few papers to prove the child's identity when need arose; and went forth, under a flag of truce, to what proved almost instant death.

Once in possession of his person, the British cared for little else. The Duke was summarily tried and shot; the humane Napier having the greatest difficulty in securing half an hour's respite, that the condemned nobleman might receive the last Sacraments from the nearest priest.

Those who have read this brilliant Irish general's history of the Peninsular War will not need to be told that the Castle of Alta Torre was plundered from basement to battlements. The lives of its defenders were spared, but they were hurried out of the place with such speed that the old Spaniard whom the Duke had chosen to protect his son found no time to take his little charge along with him. The women servants had been panic-stricken when they learned of their master's death. Swathed in their mantillas, and shrieking in a discordant chorus, they had been the first to flee from the palace, leaving the poor little fellow beside his mother's body. We must not call them cowards. Readers of Napier's pages know that the soldiery who were merciless to cloistered nuns at Badajoz would not have been pitiful to the servant-maids of Alta Torre.

With the Duke's death and the dispersal of his adherents, the palace was now of no strategic importance, and its captors had leisure to attend to the seemly burial of

the Duchess. This was effected on the following day by a party of men under Sergeant Kelly's direction. They were as reverent as might be, and as the faith most of them held in common with the poor dead lady impelled them. But an orderly galloped up the steep slopes of Alta Torre before their sad task was done, bidding them make all speed. Scouts had brought in word that Marshal Ney was grouping his forces on their left flank, and that camp might be struck in a very few hours. They worked swiftly, therefore; and if the few *padhereens* they repeated with bowed heads were rapidly said, perhaps they were not the less devout on that account.

Passing out at the double to reach the drawbridge, they had to traverse several deserted halls of the plundered castle. One of these, which, from its vastness, seemed to have been the banqueting hall of the Alta Torres, had been so thoroughly gutted when the palace was sacked the previous day, that the men—whose regiment had not taken part in this ugly work—positively halted in amazement. Their bewilderment was rendered the more complete when they suddenly heard a clear, childish voice cry out to them in Spanish:

"What are you doing here? Go away at once by the way you came!"

Turning, they saw a little boy seated in a high, antique chair which the looters had thrust into an alcove. As they stared at him, wondering at his presence in the abandoned stronghold, and still more at the quaint dignity and fearlessness with which he addressed them, he repeated his order,—this time with a stamp of his little foot, showing that neither he nor his ancestors were accustomed to brook refusals of reasonable commands.

One of the older Irishmen present—a man of fallen fortunes and considerable education, like too many of his comrades—said kindly to the child in Spanish:

"Who art thou, little one?"

"I am the Duke of Alta Torre," replied

the boy. "This is my house. Tell the big man yonder, with the kind face and the stripes on his arm, to take his men away with him."

The soldier interpreted. Then "Kelly the dacent man" came to the point with soldierly precision.

"Ask the gossoon if he's hungry,—and ask it quick," said he. "There's a bugle talking down there in the valley."

The man did as he was bidden.

"I *am* hungry," replied the little Duke, with an effort to repress his tears. But he was only a baby boy, for all the blood of old Spain that flowed in his veins. He wept outright when "the man with the kind face and the stripes on his arm" swung his haversack round and brought out a piece of bread.

Just then there came a spattering of distant musketry from the outposts, and the regimental call of the 88th pealed up from the camp with shrill impatience.

"*Ma bouchal*," said the Sergeant, impetuously, "if 'tis wanting the mouthful of bread you are, you must come with me to eat it. This place isn't good for the health of you or me just now."

And he swung the child into his arms, gave a brisk order to his men, and the next moment was doubling back to camp, with the orphaned heir of all the Alta Torres clinging trustfully to his brawny shoulders.

It was thus that Juan Antonio (the child's baptismal names, as they found when his hunger was sated) became "child of the regiment,"—the kindest regiment toward vanquished foes of all those dismal days, as history bears witness.

There was no battle that night, after all; the reports of scouts, though true in the main, having given rise to needless alarm. Camp was struck, however, and the troops were ordered to withdraw many miles nearer the base. During the winter months, the campaign grew so desultory that it was almost as if an armistice had been proclaimed. "Johnnie Anthony," or "Sergeant Kelly's little Shaun," as he

was variously called by the good-humored Rangers, was handed over to the care of dear, motherly Mrs. Kelly, who had followed the regiment, as all soldiers' wives did in those days of almost lifelong service.

She was childless, and very devout, if simple and unlettered. The Penal Laws of those days had seen to it that neither she nor her husband could read or write very well; though "the dacent man" had taught himself as much as was considered necessary in those days for his work—which was little indeed. Thus the honest pair took the child to their hearts for his own sake and for God's; knowing little and caring less concerning the rumors of his lofty birth, which echoed fitfully in the ranks, and ended by dying out altogether when the grim work of the war against Napoleon was recommenced.

The British commissariat in the Peninsular War was, like most commissariats, atrocious. It was speedily decreed that if Sergeant Kelly wished to draw rations for the growing child, he must enter him on the books as his adopted son. This, in its way, was a concession; but there was a condition attached to it. Juan must join the drums the moment he could learn the use of the sticks. There was much needless child-butchery in those days, when slaughter on the stricken field was looked upon as a sort of court function, — when human beings in ceremonious uniforms were drummed into battle as pompously as if they were parading in a palace courtyard, with some bewigged and powdered monarch looking on from a balcony.

(To be continued.)

I BELIEVE Jesus Christ to be the Son of God. The miracles which He wrought establish, in my mind, His personal authority, and render it proper for me to believe whatever He asserts. I believe, therefore, all His declarations, as well when He declares Himself to be the Son of God as when He declares any other proposition.—*Daniel Webster.*

Harvest Thanksgiving.

BY WALDRON CARNEY.

WE give Thee thanks, O God, in worship's twofold ways,

With seedtime's voice of prayer, and harvest's psalm of praise,

For love that gave us life. As linked with Thee above,

We thank Thee more for life that gives us power to love.

For joys that left us pain. As gain no chance destroys,

We thank Thee more for pain that leaves us deeper joys.

For hearts that worked us grief. With wisdom time imparts,

We thank Thee more for grief that woke our human hearts.

For men in brotherhood. With wider scope and span,

We thank Thee more for our own brotherhood with man.

For gracious word from friends. As speech the gentler grows,

We thank Thee even more for gracious word to foes.

For mercy others showed. A secret all our own,
We thank Thee more for mercies we ourselves have shown.

For pardon granted sin. As cleansing what was stained,

We thank Thee more for tears that once that pardon gained.

For peace that faces death. As captive soul's release,

We thank Thee more for Death who pledges endless peace.

For all on earth revealed. So strait this finite bond,

We thank Thee more for all that lies concealed beyond.

For hope that showed us faith. So dark where we must grope,

We thank Thee more for faith that holds the light of hope.

A Baptist's Road to Rome.

BY A. V. MORTIMER.

IT is a very trying lot to be a Baptist child of the real old-fashioned sort. My family was both "hard-shelled" and "free" Baptist as far back as my great-grandparents. A "free" Baptist invites members of all other Protestant churches to partake of the bread and wine at "communion," which is celebrated only on the first Sunday of each month; the "hard-shell" confines his invitation to other hard-shells and does not receive communion in any other faith. In my childhood, the bread and wine were home-made by some good mother in Israel; and in country churches, if the supply of real wine ran short, raisins soaked in water were sometimes substituted.

I began to go to Sunday-school when I was six years old, and I loved to go. The lessons were never too difficult; and when we were twelve years old we knew the histories of all the principal people of both the Old and New Testaments. The teacher always preached a little sermon after the lesson was over; and, although I have forgotten her good advice, I shall always remember how her bonnet looked. It was held securely by wide ribbon strings tied in an unvarying bow under her chin. When I was allowed to go to "church," the long sermons seemed very long indeed; and the only thing that kept my spirit from fainting was the tiny bit of refreshment that my grandmother smuggled into my hand. Sometimes it happened to be a little hot lozenge or a clove that burned my tongue. I never went out on rainy Sundays, however; and when I saw my aunts go down the street arrayed in "gossamers," I thought it must be happiness unalloyed to go to church in the rain.

My family always observed the Sabbath in the good old Puritan fashion; and, accordingly, it was an interminably long

day. It was slow in starting. Breakfast was later than on other days; and I was always awake with the lark, listening for the first signs of activity in the kitchen. It was a Sabbath custom in our small town for the maid to polish the kitchen stove on Sunday mornings, though the skies fell, and quite regardless of the immaculate oilcloth under the stove. How I hated the rattle of the covers! It gave me such a sensation of absolute starvation. The fire must not be lighted until the top was carefully—yea, religiously—polished; and the kettle seemed never to boil on Sunday mornings. There were very long intervals between the meals; in fact, there were no meals. At noon we had a cold luncheon, which we ate in silence, befitting the solemn day; and at night a very light supper was served. My toys, especially the frivolous picture-books, were put into a dark closet over Sunday; and my favorite pastime—to cut up newspapers—was tabooed. The pleasantest feature of the day was sitting in the family pew. As there was only one service, the whole family were in their places, unless one was really ill; and I loved to sit between my grandmother and one of my favorite aunts.

In my childhood, the old-fashioned prayer meeting on Sunday evening was attended by all the church members. I had to wink very hard sometimes to keep awake. Our minister was a dapper little man, with a bald head. (He said the Lord deprived him of his hair because he was too proud of his appearance.) When a good brother's prayer happened to strike him favorably, he ejaculated a little staccato "Amen" at intervals; and I often wondered how the brother could keep right on praying as if nothing had happened. One "deacon" (an office given to the oldest men in the church, whose duty it was to take up the collection and pass the communion bread and wine) always prayed the same prayer. I soon knew it by heart; and I supposed he wrote it out originally and then

learned it. He was a splendid deacon, dignified and solemn; and was always ready to fill a lull in the meeting by starting a hymn, which he invariably pitched too high; and when he became exhausted, his wife would begin it all over again, and the rest joined in. After I grew up and had business dealings with him, I found him very sharp at a bargain. But, of course, religion and business are two different things.

At the prayer meetings, each one took part as he or she felt inclined. Some prayed; others spoke of their religious experience,—“giving their testimony,” as the saying is. Sometimes, too, there were long periods of silence, when one could hear a pin drop. The meetings were always solemn, quite unlike the Methodist variety, which were exceedingly noisy, as, with them, everyone’s testimony was punctuated with a loud “Amen,” “Glory hallelujah,” “Bless the Lord,” etc., from several members of the congregation all at once.

The illustrated lecture was occasionally substituted for the Sunday evening prayer meeting. I remember Balshazzar’s feast and the appalling handwriting on the wall. The pictures were done in gorgeous colors, and often aroused me immensely. Another popular lecture was the story of Bunyan’s “Pilgrim’s Progress”; and I shall never forget the impression made upon my mind by the picture of Christian at the Cross with his enormous bundle of sin upon his back, and the speaker’s description of Christian’s load falling from his shoulders as he knelt at the foot of the Cross. Many years after, when the priest to whom I made my first confession gave me absolution, I remembered my childish impression of Christian at the foot of the Cross, and felt for the first time the peace that passeth understanding.

When I was ten years old, my aunt took me to a Catholic church in our town. She often went “to see what was going on,” as she expressed it; but she never read a Catholic book in her life. I thought

the windows were very gay, and easily recognized some of the subjects. Our own little meeting-house was very plain, and had common glass windows. We walked about the church and stared at all the strange objects. A feeling of awe came over me,—the indescribable something that a Protestant always feels in a Catholic church. Did Our Lord touch my childish heart, or was it the blood of my Catholic ancestors that felt His Presence? There was a tradition in our family that we *had* Catholic ancestors far back in our history.

My aunt always took the precaution to go to the priest’s house and ask his permission to visit the church, and she felt very much hurt because he did not go with her and show her round. She had some extraordinary ideas about the church. She assured me that the bell on the altar was “rung under the priest’s gown.” She seemed to think that the absence of cushions from the pews was a sort of punishment on the worshippers, who, she said, “had to kneel down all the time.” (Baptists hardly ever kneel down.) She wanted to open all the closets in the sacristy, but was afraid they were full of guns. She had a notion that all Catholic churches were arsenals in disguise, with the cellars full of firearms; and she firmly believed that a Catholic, elected to a high office, would arm his coreligionists, shout “On to Washington,” and destroy the Capitol. She said the people “always sit very still in church, because they are afraid of the priest”; and when a new church was building and the basement was roofed over temporarily, she told me with snapping eyes that “they roofed it over while they dug their underground passages where they put people to do penance.” I do not think I heard anything good about the Church in my youth.

When I was about eighteen, I “experienced religion.” The process is very simple. It happened during the “week of prayer” (the first week in January). Our pastor was an old man; he talked

about "becoming a Christian," which means, in Baptist parlance, being baptized and joining the church. As Baptists do not believe in infant baptism, I had not been baptized. I felt a longing for some sort of personal religion; and when the pastor told sinners (non-church members) to "rise for prayers," I stood on my feet, and he prayed very earnestly for me and others "outside the fold." The following Sunday I was baptized by immersion, in a church filled with people; and I felt quite happy.

Baptists have recently added "baptist-eries" to their churches, which make baptism a comparatively easy ceremony. The old-fashioned *modus operandi* was to immerse the candidate in the river, because John went "down into the water" with Our Lord. And if the river happened to be frozen over, it was an easy thing to break the ice. Now a large tank under the pulpit is filled with warm water which reaches to one's waist; and the pastor, who wears a long silk gown on that occasion only, leads the candidate down to the front of the tank. He then asks: "Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?" When the candidate answers, "Yes," he says: "Then, on this profession of your faith, I baptize you in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." Finally he pushes the candidate gently down under the water, draws him up at once, and says, "Amen." The choir sing a hymn, the candidate is led out, and the function is over.

It was a simpler but much more solemn ceremony when a priest baptized me in the little vestry of a Catholic church. When it was all over, he congratulated me: "Now God bless you! You are as good a Catholic as I am." Dear Father X, I shall always love you for that whispered "God bless you!" It touched my heart as no blessing has ever touched it since.

My road to Rome had been a "weary way." After I joined the Baptist Church, my happiness was of short duration.

Baptists have no cut-and-dried rule of faith: each one thinks for himself and follows the dictates of his own conscience. At the prayer meetings, whenever the members spoke of the great happiness they got out of religion, I wondered what they meant, and I am still in doubt. They spoke of the peace that passeth understanding; and I dare not doubt that many of them were sincere followers of Our Lord according to their lights. I have known Baptists who lived up to their faith to the letter, who served God seven days in the week and did not hang up their religion with their Sunday clothes. One wishes such sincere souls might all receive the gift of faith; but God knows their hearts.

A Catholic friend, who was the only educated Catholic I knew, first brought the Church to my notice, and then my struggle began. One is torn every way at once by every wind of doctrine that one has ever heard. The prejudices of one's Baptist ancestors are not conducive to peace of mind when one determines to examine the Catholic faith; and the devil helps out with all sorts of suggestions. I had no difficulty in believing in the Real Presence: all Protestants feel it on entering a Catholic church; and I prayed for light to the Blessed Sacrament long before I hoped that the faith would be mine. The "horrors" of the confessional became as clear as daylight, and I longed for the absolution that would make me white as snow. While the priest to whom I am indebted for my first knowledge of the faith explained all the difficult questions, I thought the whole world must see this "city set on a hill." I read into shreds Cardinal Gibbons' "Faith of Our Fathers"; and, as I knew the Bible almost by heart (many Protestants do, or did in those days), I was amazed at the simplicity of the Catholic interpretation.

No one but God knows the awful struggle through which the soul gropes its way into the light. How often Catholics born in the faith have said: "Oh, you

are *only* a convert! I was born in the faith." Ah, you Catholic "born to the purple," did you thoroughly appreciate the priceless gift of faith, you would have more pity for the convert who, before he can shake off the prejudices of his ancestors, has sufferings and temptations of which you do not even dream. To turn one's back on the things that have been sacred from one's childhood, to start out on a new path in opposition to one's family and friends, and to bear not only that opposition, but sometimes even persecution, is very, very hard. True, the faith is well worth all the suffering; but it *is* suffering, nevertheless.

A convert is often puzzled to know the difference between matters of faith and pious practices that appear like superstitions to him. There is no poetry in a convert's soul: he wants hard, cold facts,—at least he does if he happens to be a native of New England. For instance, it is a custom, in a seashore town near my present home, for Catholics to bathe in the sea on the feast of the Assumption. Crowds of people from the surrounding towns arrive by trolley early in the day. They believe that the waters are blessed on that day, and that the bathers are cured of such bodily afflictions as may be theirs. They are in great haste to reach the beach; and, after bathing, everyone fills some sort of a bottle to carry home to friends who could not come. I expect to spend the rest of my life trying to impress on the minds of my Protestant friends that this ceremony is not a matter of faith, and that it is actually unknown outside of that New-England town. I have never been able to trace it to its source.

A convert learns that one's Catholic friends are not always accurate in their opinions about what the Church teaches. I was warned, very early in my experience, that I could not pray for my dead friends who were Protestants. This appalling fact was impressed upon my mind. Imagine my surprise, some years afterward, to

see a note in *THE AVE MARIA* stating that we may not only pray for dead Protestants, but may have private Masses said for them.

How I dreaded my initial confession! No priest can ever take the place that my first confessor fills in my heart. As he raised his hand to give me my first absolution, and the indescribable peace stole over me, I realized the great blessing that my new faith would be to me. I forgot the little church, my confessor, and my surroundings. I saw the Apostles by the Sea of Galilee listening to the Master's teachings. I saw the Church grow and spread over the whole world. I saw the splendid cathedrals, and I heard the Angelus ringing in tiny convents in far-away climes. I saw priests of every nationality; and, in my mind's eye, I watched the tremendous crowd of the faithful hastening to hear Mass; and from every corner of the world I heard the familiar Latin and saw the Sacred Host elevated. I realized that I was now an humble member of that universal Church, and nothing in the whole world could deprive me of the priceless treasure I possessed.

A convert's first Communion, let me say incidentally, is different in a way from the first Communion of the Catholic born in the faith. When one has grown up, he has a deeper sense of his unworthiness with his long record of sins behind him. He feels that Our Lord rewards him in this first Communion for his struggle toward the light; and he goes forth, bearing in his heart a peace that the world can neither give nor take away.

Time heals everything. My family have submitted to the inevitable. One of my relatives, who is very pious in her own way, has asked me a few questions about the Church. The ringing of the Angelus was a great mystery to her. She attended a Requiem and was much interested in the "High Mass funeral." She asked me what the priest "put into the little cupboard," and was surprised to learn

the Catholic belief in the Real Presence. Many Protestants know nothing of the tabernacle or its Occupant, but they all acknowledge that they "feel queer" when they enter a Catholic church.

The convert finds a vast difference between the priest and the parson. The Catholic atmosphere is so refreshing; religion is an everyday topic, whereas in Protestant households it is spoken of only on special occasions,—funerals, for instance. A call from "the minister" throws the household into convulsions; nobody wants to see him, somebody *must*. He keeps a memorandum of all the members of his flock, and consults it before he calls. He wears his "Sunday-go-to-meeting" expression; he talks about nothing commonplace: religion alone is his theme. He calls for the "unconverted" members of the family; and the "sinner" is brought into his awful presence, in the full glare of the family lime light. The minister preaches to him personally on the necessity of becoming a Christian at once—immediately,—before death overtakes him and finds him unprepared. The minister then stands up, closes his eyes, and prays; the family sit around the room, feeling decidedly uncomfortable. Eventually he leaves; everybody takes a long breath, and rejoices that his visits are few and far between.

I never "talk religion" to my Protestant friends. When I was "one of the unconverted," I lived in deadly fear of all ministers. They preach at one in season and out of season. One minister in particular frightened me half to death when I was about twelve years old. He always walked down the aisle after the service, according to the Baptist custom, shaking hands with everybody, and admonishing the sinner in no uncertain terms. He always asked me in a loud voice: "Do you love the Lord?" Remembering his ceaseless personal preaching, I refrain from thrusting my religion upon others. But I hope by living up to the Faith to influence my friends to embrace it.

Dora's Decision.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

A HANDSOME woman about thirty years of age sat thoughtfully turning over a letter. She would read a line here, a few words there; then, leaning back in her chair, she seemed lost to her surroundings. And she was considering—an offer of marriage. It ran as follows:

"DEAR ADELAIDE:—For the third time since Gilbert's death—that is, three times in six years—I am asking you to be my wife. And I shall continue to ask you until you forbid me to write to you again. I have never been able to take your refusals seriously, and never shall; for, being a truthful woman, you will not deny that you once liked me as well as, if not better than, Gilbert, who, because I was so confident and so stupid, stole a march upon me and got you first.

"I shall say nothing of the state of mind in which it left me. I lived it down as well as I could; but my persistence in clinging to my purpose ever since the poor fellow left this world is evidence sufficient—is it not?—that I was faithful all through, in as much as was consistent with loyalty to him and you.

"Adelaide, I believe you are not averse to me; something tells me I am not disagreeable to you; you are practically alone: will you not consider the proposal once more with the seriousness to which it is entitled? I may seem to write unfeelingly, but in reality I am feeling deeply—what I do not say. You know I am not one of those who wear their hearts upon their sleeves, nor dip their pens in the rosy ink of flattery. I love you, Adelaide,—I can say no more. All that I ask now is that you will give me leave to come to you. I believe I could persuade you. Do not let any exaggerated loyalty to him who is now, I trust, in heaven allow you to cast aside a love and devotion that are almost as old as life itself. If he knows—and

who can say that he does not?—he would wish us to be happy. And, above all things, do not write hastily in rejection. Give yourself time to weigh the advantages and happiness of a marriage with me, against a life of loneliness and widowhood.

"Yours devotedly,

"ARNOLD BRYCE.

"P. S.—The concluding lines may seem egotistical: they are not. You know very well we never quarrelled in the past that now seems so far away. You can not have forgotten that we used to have no end of good times together."

"We surely did!" murmured the lady, wiping a tear from her cheek as she finally placed the letter on her desk, and, taking a shade hat from the sofa, went into the garden. For some time she walked up and down between the long avenue of elms, her eyes fixed on the ground. The sound of a child singing arrested her attention. As she lifted her head and paused in her walk, a little girl about nine years old appeared running swiftly from the house.

"My lessons are all done!" she cried. "I saw you out here, mamma; and Fräulein said I might come down. Are you going anywhere? And may I go with you, please?"

Her mother looked down at her with loving eyes.

"How like me she is, and how glad I am!" she thought. "She is *all* me."

Taking the child's hand, she said:

"I am just walking around, and I shall be delighted to have you with me, Dora. I've been thinking over a story I once heard, and I believe I'll tell it to you. You're such a wise little creature that I shall enjoy hearing your opinion of it."

"Oh, no, *I* am not wise!" replied the child, as they walked gaily along together. "But I'll tell you just what I think, mamma; you know I always do."

"I had a friend once," said the lady,—"a very dear friend; and she had two

friends, who were also great friends of each other."

"Boys or girls?" asked Dora.

"Boys. These two each wished to present a gift to the girl; and, curiously enough, they both chose the same thing."

"That was because they were such chums," said Dora, sagely. "Don't you know how often you and I think the same thing at once?"

"Yes, we do," replied the mother, with a smile.

"Was it a doll?" asked Dora.

"Oh, no! My friend was too grown-up for that. She was a young lady. It was a gift of a heart."

"That could open and shut,—to hold something—handkerchiefs or maybe embroidery?"

"Yes, the hearts could be open and shut, Dora. But you mustn't ask too many questions. It makes me lose the thread of my story."

"I shan't say another word, mamma."

"It was a little strange," continued the mother, "that neither knew positively of the gift the other had decided to offer the girl. One of the young men was suddenly called away to a great distance; and, after he had gone, he wrote his friend about the gift he intended to present to the young lady; and also asked him to hand her a letter he had written, as he (the one who was staying at home) would soon see her. And then he went away."

"And the other boy took her the letter and both hearts?"

"No," rejoined the mother slowly. "He did not give her the letter at all; and he offered her only one heart—his own."

"Wasn't that a shabby trick to play?"

"A very shabby trick."

"Did she like it?"

"Pretty well, but not as well as she would have liked the other."

"Was the other prettier?"

"Very much prettier, I think. The one to whom it belonged was an artist, with every quality an artist should pos-

sess; while the other was less talented and tasteful, but thoroughly sincere,—at least in his affection for the girl."

"Yes, I know. But he certainly was contemptible, wasn't he, mamma,—the first one, I mean?"

The mother did not reply. Presently she continued:

"After a while the man who really gave my friend the heart—you understand, not the artist?—went very far away, never to return."

"That was a blessing, wasn't it?"

The mother looked down into the eyes of the child uplifted so earnestly to her own. A slight shiver ran through her; she could not meet those eager eyes.

"Perhaps it was foolish for me to begin this story," she said. "You can hardly understand."

"Please go on, mamma. It's very easy to understand," said Dora.

"After the one had gone away, never to return," she resumed—"a good while after,—the other came back and wanted to give her *his* heart again, after all those years."

"I thought he'd given it to the other man for her."

"Yes, he had; but the other one withheld it."

"Yes, I remember. But I should think he would have changed his present and given her something else; don't you?"

"Probably he thought a heart most appropriate. But she would not take it."

"Didn't she like him any more?"

"Yes, she did. She liked him a great deal better than she had ever liked the other one."

"Wasn't she queer and foolish?"

"Perhaps. Three times in six years he offered the gift, but she would not accept it."

"Poor man! He hadn't a great deal of spirit, had he?"

"I think he had. But he did not know the real story, you see."

"Yes, of course. He did have perseverance, though. I like that, don't you?"

"Very much."

"I can't make *her* out, though, mamma. She seems to be silly."

"Well, you see, Dora, she had found out about the letter that hadn't been given her, and it made her suspicious. She had, somehow, grown to believe that there was no such thing as true love or friendship."

"She *was* silly. Just because one person is mean and deceitful it doesn't follow that everybody is. What do you suppose she did in the end?"

"Nothing—so far. But she has asked my advice."

"About such a *little* thing? And one ought to be able to decide that in a moment for oneself."

"I believe you are right, Dora."

"What are you going to tell her to do, mamma?"

"I've not decided, dear."

"I'm glad she doesn't live anywhere near. She'd be coming to see us. Such a person would be so tiresome, mamma!"

"No: I believe you would like her very much, Dora."

"I can't think it. But I'm sure I should like the man, though. I wish we knew him. Do we?"

"I do."

"Will he ever come to see us?"

"Perhaps."

"Do invite him, mamma."

"Perhaps I may—sometime."

"Is he nice-looking?"

"He used to be."

"Mamma," asked Dora, after a short pause, "was my papa *very* good-looking?"

"He was said to be."

"And we have no picture of him?"

"No, Dora."

"Mamma, why do you *never* tell me about him? Does it make you sad?"

"Yes, Dora,—very sad."

"Poor mamma! I was very little, wasn't I?"

"Only three years old, Dora."

"And you're still grieving for him!"

"I am still grieving."

Dora sighed two or three times.

"My dear," said her mother, "why do you sigh?"

"Because I'm disappointed, mamma. I've always wanted a papa more than anything in the world."

The mother stooped and took the dark, beautiful, piquant face in her hands.

"My darling," she said, "is not mamma enough?"

"Oh, yes! It's more for you that I want one, because you're alone so often, and can't go to many places where people who have husbands go. And sometimes, when little girls are walking in the middle between their father and mother, I—" The childish voice shook; she clung close to her mother's hand. After a while she said: "I think that lady ought to take the present. If I were you, I would tell her to."

"I will do it," said her mother.

Several days later, as Dora, tired of study, glanced lazily out of the window, she saw a tall, handsome man in a gray suit open the garden gate and approach the house. She heard the bell ring, then her mother's step, and then the murmur of two voices in the room beneath her.

An hour passed,—two hours. Dora's classes had been long dismissed and still the visitor lingered. The child flitted up and down the garden, casting an occasional glance at the library window, but the curtains concealed the occupants. At last she sat down on a garden bench, and, leaning both elbows on her knees, began to meditate very seriously. She raised her dark eyebrows, knitted her small forehead, and pursed her sweet red lips.

"I really believe it is," she observed at last, in a satisfied tone.

Then she ran as swiftly as her feet could carry her to her mother's oratory, where, in front of a statue of Our Lady, a wax candle was burning. Burying her face in her hands, she prayed with all the ardor of her innocent heart for—she hardly knew what.

Meanwhile, in the library, two lives that should have been united years ago were taking up the dropped threads which they had at last concluded to weave into a harmonious pattern.

"I am sure Adelaide," remarked the young man, "Gilbert would be happy if he knew."

She did not answer him.

"You have always been ignorant of the fact that I sent him a letter to be given to you instead of dispatching it by post, and that he did not receive it until you were engaged. He did not tell you of it, I am sure."

"No," she said in a low tone, looking away from him.

"He would not, he was so fine and tactful. I should not have asked the question. Well, it is all right now."

"Thank God, it is all right now!" she responded fervently.

For a moment she wavered, impelled by a strong, almost irresistible desire to tell him how, after her husband's death, she had found the letter among his papers, the date affording incontestable proof that it had been written before he asked and obtained her promise,—smarting as she was under the fancied neglect of Arnold, whom she had always liked much better than his friend. Her life with Gilbert had been happy enough, and her regret for him sincere and deep until that fatal day, which she must always remember, even though it had at last brought her the knowledge that would once have been so dear. Then as quickly as it had come she banished the temptation. No, she would not destroy Arnold's faith in the friend he had cherished so warmly; she would not cast a doubt on the loyalty of the father to whose child he was now to be a father, and for whom she knew he would feel a double interest for both their sakes.

"Whom does your little girl resemble?" asked Arnold.

"She is very like me—in every way. We are great friends and companions."

"I hope she will not be jealous. I'm going to be very fond of her, if she will let me."

"She will let you, Arnold. Only last week she confided to me there was nothing in the world she desired so much as a father. Shall we go now and look for her?"

"Yes. I want very much to make her acquaintance."

"First let me show you our little oratory," she said, opening the door of a small room behind the dimly-lighted library.

There, in front of a miniature altar, her face hidden in her hands, knelt Dora. She looked up hurriedly, blushed, and rose to her feet.

"My darling," said her mother, "here before our Blessed Lady's altar I'm going to tell you that this gentleman, my old friend and the devoted friend of the father you do not remember, is to be your papa."

The child looked from one to the other, her face radiant, her eyes sparkling. Then, with a pretty gesture, she laid her tiny hands in Arnold's.

"I knew it—somehow I knew it—almost when I saw you coming through the garden!" she said, as joyously and simply as though they had always been friends. "I made a novena to Our Lady, and this is the last day. And, besides, mamma, I would have guessed it by your face. Oh, I'm so glad,—I'm so glad! For in all my life I can't remember that you ever looked really happy before."

It would seem as if the whole thinking world was on the eve of recalling the exiled Jesus. Not the humanistic Christ of Strauss and Renan, not the abstract Christ of Tolstoi, but the Christ of Galilee; the living, divine Christ; the Christ of the wayside, the well-side, the seaside; the Christ of Gethsemane, of Calvary, of the Resurrection and the Ascension.—*Address of L. M. Colfelt at State College, Pa.*

A Catholic Phalanx.

THIS twentieth century has time and again been characterized, by Pontiff and prelate and publicist and press, as the era of the Catholic layman. The statement means, if it means anything, that this present age is one in which lay activity in furthering the general and specific purpose of God's Church should be considerably more conspicuous than it has been in the eras which have preceded it. The pulpit is not, of course, to yield any of the prerogatives which properly belong to it; but the pew is to emerge from the undue passivity by which it has hitherto been characterized and take a definite part, co-operating with the pulpit, in advancing both the true faith and the various works of which that faith is the inspiration. This, in a word, is said to be the day of the "lay apostolate"; and, allowance being made for the different conditions existing in France and this country, there is still something of truth, even for American Catholics, in Léon Harmel's declaration: "Whoever, in our time, is not an apostle is almost an apostate."

Whether or not the century be the layman's in the sense just indicated, it is assuredly the century of organization in both Church and State, in lay fields still more than in clerical ones. The rôle of the individual Catholic still continues to be — what it has always been — an important one. The influence of his good example, his earnest faith, unassailable probity, fraternal charity, good citizenship, and exemplary private life, is potent in a very substantial degree in furthering the Church's mission on earth; but there are many projects and enterprises and undertakings and movements in which, not individuals as such, but combinations of individuals — societies, — are required to achieve effective results. Given a large number of exemplary Catholic laymen banded together for specific laudable pur-

poses, organized to do what laymen can in the apostolate to which the needs of the age appear to call them, and we have a phalanx that may assuredly be counted upon materially to aid in the great work in which the Church as a whole, not less than her Sovereign Pontiff, is engaged—that of “restoring all things in Christ.”

Such a Catholic phalanx, or at least a body that may easily be made one, we have in the Knights of Columbus. In making this statement we are not unaware that, along with the general chorus of praise accorded to this organization, there is heard here and there a strain of more or less acrid criticism, and occasionally even of downright denunciation. So far as our observation has gone, however, much of the criticism is puerile where it is not unfounded, and all the denunciation is more than offset by eulogies from responsible dignitaries, speaking from first-hand knowledge, and commanding a respectful credence for which the denouncers can not legitimately hope. To cite only one conspicuous instance, Cardinal Gibbons a few weeks ago publicly declared: “I love the Knights of Columbus. They are tireless Knights. Whenever any great cause affecting the interests of God, of religion, of humanity or of charity is at stake, they are always prepared to meet the issue; and I love and honor them on that account.”

On more than one or two occasions we have been moved to pay our tribute of admiration to the Knights as a whole, or to some of their particular Councils, for excellent Catholic work; and we should be sorry to believe that the organization in its entirety is unworthy of the Cardinal's esteem. It goes without saying, of course, that the permanence of their worthiness will depend upon their following—or, better, their continuance in following—the advice given to them by all their well-wishers, and thus formulated by his Eminence of Baltimore, addressing the Knights of Salt Lake City, Utah: “And, gentlemen, let me say to you

to-night that as long as you are united with your clergy and your bishop, God will bless you. When the bishop and the clergy and the people are united in any good cause—in the cause of religion, of humanity and of charity,—there is no such word as ‘fail.’ You are bound to succeed. You form a triple alliance that can not be broken. You form a triple alliance far more formidable, far more efficient than the triple alliance of kings and princes, because this is not an alliance like theirs, of flesh and blood, but it is an alliance that is cemented by the heavenly virtues of faith, hope and charity. And let me exhort you always to have an eye to these great ideals—God and country.”

Our habitual scanning of the pages of our Catholic contemporaries enables us to affirm that this advice is being very generally followed. To say nothing of the half-million fund for the Catholic University, we are continually meeting with instances of projects formed, good example shown, and effective work accomplished by Knights of Columbus Councils all over the country. Now it is the engaging of a distinguished Western prelate to conduct a mission to non-Catholics; then, the spectacle of a thousand Knights in New Orleans going to Communion in a body; here it is a Council decreeing Masses instead of flowers at funerals; there, the cataloguing of Catholic books available in public libraries; and so on.

Let it be said, too, that the holding of their annual conventions in different cities where Catholics constitute but a small minority of the population has done much to increase Catholic prestige in such centres; and that, in the more restricted sphere of local celebrations, initiations and the like, the character and standing, bearing and conduct of visiting Knights have been an inspiration to youthful Catholics who, in an almost totally Protestant atmosphere, had possibly considered their religion something to be apologized for, if not to be ashamed of.

The Rosary in Ireland.

THERE is interest, edification, and inspiration in the following extract from the Introduction, contributed by the Very Rev. Father Procter, O. P., to the new edition of "The Rosary Guide":

"To speak of the Rosary in Ireland, or in the Greater Ireland beyond the seas—in America, Australia, New Zealand, or wherever the exiles of Erin are found (and where are they *not* found?),—is to reveal one of the secrets of Ireland's undying faith in Jesus Christ, and her unfaltering love for, and loyalty to, the Church which He founded. As soon as the sons of St. Dominic — 'the Friars of Mary,' as the people loved to call them in the sweet Irish tongue—set foot upon the soil consecrated by the life-service of St. Patrick, they began by preaching that devotion of the Rosary, which has ever since formed part of the Catholic life of the great Irish people, whether at home or in other lands. In prosperity and in adversity, in the evening of sadness and in the morning of gladness, in their joys and in their sorrows, the Beads were ever their talisman, the Rosary their anchor of hope which kept them united to Jesus the Incarnate Son, and to Mary the spotless Mother. In the ages of persecution the Rosary was their shibboleth, the password by which they were known to be 'of Christ and of God.' During the dark days, the Rosary kept the lamp of faith ever burning in the Irish heart and in the Irish home. When the Mass was proscribed, and the sacred rites were put under a ban, and a price was set upon the head of the priest — the *soggarth aroon* so dear to Erin's children, — the Rosary, under the sweet providence of God and the influence of the Virgin Mother and Queen, preserved that faith in the Incarnation and the mysteries of redemption which is the very life of the Irish race.

"Through the silent teaching of the Rosary, the faith became as deeply rooted

in the mind and heart of Ireland as are the rocks embedded in her Western shores. When their lands were confiscated because they would not forfeit their creed, the sons and daughters of St. Patrick clung to their Beads with a tenacity which never could be shaken by bribe or by threat, by hope or by fear. The enemies of God, like ravenous wolves, might suck their life-blood till, as Catholics, they became 'quite pale'; still they held fast to the Rosary, to the doctrines which it taught, and to the virtues which it preached, and no one could say them nay. And when they were driven by famine, by foe, and by persecution, into other lands across the sea, they went as apostles of the Rosary, and preached the devotion by word and example on other shores. And hence to-day, as the Beads are told from end to end of Ireland, so is the Rosary said in every town and village and hamlet in the Greater Ireland, where more of Ireland's children dwell than in their 'own,' their 'native land.'"

Of the Protestant nations which three centuries ago threw off all devotion to the Blessed Virgin, fancying that the honors paid to her interfered with the supreme worship due to Christ our Redeemer, and that to put the Mother from their thoughts would be exalting the praises of her Son, Newman says: "Has that consequence really followed from their profane conduct toward her? Just the reverse: the countries—Germany, Switzerland, England—which so acted have in great measure ceased to worship Him and have given up their belief in His divinity; while the Catholic Church, wherever she is to be found, adores Christ as true God and true Man, as firmly as ever she did; and strange indeed would it be if it ever happened otherwise."

SORROW is not given to us only that we may mourn: it is given us that, having felt, suffered, wept, we may be able to understand, love, bless.—A. R. Brown.

Notes and Remarks.

The editorial page of the Paris *Figaro* would be one of the last places in which its habitual readers would expect to find any tribute, however moderate, to Lourdes, or the supernatural clinic of which Lourdes has come to be the synonym. And yet one of the *Figaro's* editors who attended the last National Pilgrimage makes this declaration: "I confess that I went to Lourdes persuaded not only of the good faith but of the credulity of the pilgrims, simple souls whose confidence was childish and naïve. I had never seen a miracle or been present at any supernatural event. To this confidence on the part of the pilgrims I attributed cures—imaginary cures, not real or durable ones. I was open-minded, free from partisanship. During my long sojourn I verified the fact that there is no question, in this Lourdes matter, of suggestion, of people carried away by impulse, or of hysteromaniacs. Despite my scepticism and my distrust, I saw and studied facts that upset all my prejudices."

All of which simply means that the French editor allowed his common-sense fair play, and then had the moral courage to tell the truth—as Zola and so many others like him had *not*.

Recent disclosures in American periodicals have given more than ordinary appositeness to the warnings uttered by Catholic prelates, priests, and editors, to Catholic parents, of the danger of sending their sons to non-Catholic educational institutions. Says *America*:

Some of the parents are, by Heaven's grace, Catholics; and some of the colleges toward which their sons are hastening are places where masters of renown never mention the Catholic Faith, but still contrive, by implied inference and suppressed but obvious conclusions, to shell it and mine it and raze it with every known engine of culture and scholarship. What matters it that the objective truth which is the object of their elaborate attacks shall still

continue to exist in all its integrity long after the false tongues have gone down into dust and silence? The faith of the callow youth entering those portals, large-eyed with wonder and prone to be impressed by the shadows of great names that are imposing even to his elders, henceforward has little chance. And yet, for the sake of the proper social flavor, or of some other fanciful advantage in the non-spiritual order, the affectionate Catholic mother, with the warning of the great Church ringing in her ears, hesitates not to sacrifice, if so it must be, the faith of her son and to jeopardize his immortal soul.

One point in this matter is well brought out by the *Newark Monitor*:

Formerly, a student of ordinary capabilities was able to detect and analyze the attacks made on the Church. He realized at once that it was mere bigotry which was the moving force. All the caution in his nature came immediately into play, and his loyalty and fighting quality were on guard. It was difficult for error to pass the sentries and scale the ramparts. But now there is no direct attack ever made on the Church; on the contrary, its influence for good as an institution is often graciously acknowledged. But principles are taught, whose ripening will endanger all faith. We all know the attitude of so-called Science toward Religion. Assuming its ever-changing theories to be truth, Science with a patronizing pity insinuates that a new light has broken on the world, and that, whatever the temporary advantages of Religion in the past, men must now recognize that "truth" will prevail.

The attendance of Catholic students at non-Catholic colleges and universities is something which, like mixed marriages, may occasionally, when proper safeguards are ensured, be tolerated; as a rule, it is something to be condemned.

The recent death of Judge John Joseph Curran, of Montreal, removes one of the most striking figures of the Quebec Bench, and is a loss to his native city and to the Province which will be mourned wherever his name is mentioned. A man of high character and great intellectual endowments, of charming personality and ready sympathy, devoted to friends and ever magnanimous to opponents; a trusted lawyer and a fair-minded judge,

a public officer with a reputation for the most conscientious performance of every duty that devolved upon him, — he had hosts of friends and admirers among all classes of citizens. Sir John Thompson, Sir William Hingston, and other eminent Catholic Canadians, held him in highest regard. As Solicitor General under two governments, he enjoyed the confidence of all his constituents, and won the trust of the whole community. It was to show appreciation of his public services that his name was given to a splendid new bridge spanning Lachine Canal.

Of Judge Curran's private life it will suffice to say that it was like that of the great statesman and the distinguished physician by whom he was so much beloved. One who knew Judge Curran before his retirement from office tells of his stealing off to his room on one occasion and spending half an hour in prayer and spiritual reading, before going to some grand function which was likely to detain him until a late hour. His life was both a reproach and an example,—a reproach to those who were trying to serve God and mammon, an example to all who were seeking the Kingdom of God and His justice. May he rest in peace!

The substantial identity of human nature the world over renders the following paragraphs from the *Catholic Press* of Sydney, N. S. W., appropriate reading in any part of the Catholic world:

If you speak of a Catholic grievance to a Catholic member of the Parliament of New South Wales, he turns pale, his knees shake, and he looks as if he had suddenly remembered an appointment at his dentist's. "Better say nothing about it, old man," he advises nervously. If you persist, he talks of his wife and children, and the broad-minded Protestants who vote for him, and whom he mustn't offend. He probably advises you to go to a Protestant member and state the case. "It will come better from him," he says, with a degraded wink. Thus it is that we generally find Protestant members speaking up for our hospitals and defending our orphan asylums — on the rare occasions when defence is needed. Naturally, they are not very

strong on these occasions, for they have not these particular interests at heart; nor are they fully in possession of the facts. Moreover, they think it strange that the Catholic members are not up and doing for themselves.

As a matter of fact, we know that some Catholic members deplore these discussions, and would block them if they could. There have been many instances when Catholic members have privately stated their objection to the ventilation of Catholic grievances. They fear it might rouse up the bigots; and, from their point of view, it were better for the Catholic community to endure wrongs for all time than that they should imperil their seats. We do not believe that the average Protestant would willingly perpetuate injustice. And we certainly recognize that he must think our grievances are very imaginary indeed when Catholic members never voice them in Parliament. What is the use of a Catholic bishop protesting against the wrongs we suffer as a community when the Catholic politician remains silent, and by his attitude tacitly declares that nothing is wrong?

All of which is worth thinking about. The Catholic public man who blushes to profess his faith, and holds his Catholic citizenship as if on sufferance, should be deprived of the opportunity that permits him to pose either as a representative Catholic or a Catholic representative.

Of all the wild races with which Christian missionaries have to deal, none, it is said, are more difficult to understand and manage than the Afghan. Dr. T. L. Pennell, who has spent sixteen years in Afghanistan, states that one of the greatest curses of the country is the vendetta; and in his new book, "Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier," he has many striking tales to tell regarding the blood-feuds carried on for years between tribes or families. Among Afghans a man's nearest relations are often his deadliest enemies, and "he hates like a cousin" is a common expression. One day an Afghan was brought to the hospital at Bunnun who had been shot through the chest while returning to his house from the mosque after evening prayers. He believed the deed had been done by his uncle, with whom

he had a dispute concerning the possession of a field. After months of careful nursing the wound healed, and on the eve of his departure from the hospital the man called the doctor to his bedside and said in a subdued voice:

"Sahib, I want you to get me some cartridges. See, here are four rupees I have brought for them."—"Why, what do you want them for?" said I.—"Look here," said he, pointing to the wound in his chest; "here is the score to pay off. I am stronger now, and in a few days I can go home and have my revenge." I said to him deprecatingly: "Can you not forego your revenge after all the good counsels you have been hearing while in hospital? We have, after so much trouble and nursing, cured you; and now, I suppose, in a few days we shall be having your uncle brought here on a bed likewise, and have to take the same trouble with him."—"Don't fear that, Sahib," was the prompt reply: "I am a better shot than he is."

Nevertheless, the affection of these wild men is won by the missionaries, who are doing an infinite amount of good on the northern frontier of India.

An obituary notice in which a mere statement of prosaic fact constitutes a higher eulogy than the most eloquent pulpit orator could bestow, comes from Cincinnati. It reads:

One of the most religiously inclined women of a half century in this section died to-day. She was Mrs. Mary Smith, widow of Mr. John Smith. Both were born in Lancashire, England, and came to Cincinnati forty years ago. Mrs. Smith, who was past eighty-eight years of age, went to Mass every morning of her life. She was for forty years a regular communicant at St. Peter's Cathedral.

"With him that feareth the Lord," says Ecclesiasticus, "it shall go well in the latter end, and in the day of his death he shall be blessed." Blessed, indeed, must have been the death of this valiant devotee of the Holy Sacrifice.

Signs are not wanting that the revolution so often predicted for France is approaching with appreciable rapidity.

Commenting on the fact that, while the French Government is well able to make war upon religious men and women, it is utterly impotent to protect the orderly citizens of Paris from another brand of brigands who operate according to different methods, the editor of the *Catholic Standard and Times* observes:

So intolerable has become the reign of terror maintained by these street bandits [the Apaches] that the citizens have been forced to draw together to secure that safety which the Government is unable to afford. Posters signed by well-known lawyers and medical men are placarded all about the city and its suburbs, calling upon the people to join the League of Social Protection. This league will form an armed police body to protect members and their property. Reprisals will be exercised by the Social Protection League, whose armed members will seek out the Apaches and strike hard, taking the law into their own hands.

The Apaches, be it well understood, are the legitimate flower and fruit of the laicized schools where God is wholly ignored, Nature deified, and human nature left to its own evil propensities. "Sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind" is to be, or rather is being, once more exemplified.

In a recent letter to the editor of the *Catholic Register* of Toronto, who had expressed sympathy for him on the death of his wife, the venerable Goldwin Smith writes: "I have read with special pleasure your words of sympathy on the death of my beloved wife, coming as they do from a Catholic source. Believe me, I am no enemy of Catholicism, whatever my feelings may be as to some things which have adhered to it, and which, in my eyes, are rather ecclesiastical than religious. . . ."

We have never regarded the venerable scholar whose words we quote as an enemy of the Church; but if he were, we could still feel sincerely sorry to hear of any affliction that had befallen him. There must be a warm corner in the hearts of all Catholics who have had personal relations with Mr. Goldwin Smith, often as they may have had occasion to combat

his views or to challenge his statements. He is a man of noble character, incapable alike of untruth or injustice. We heartily wish it were in our power to convince him of what full allowance Catholic opponents have always made for his inherited prejudices, and for those misconceptions of the Church which in some instances he would seem to have derived from Catholics themselves; furthermore, of the comparative unimportance of numerous questions which agitate the minds of present-day polemics. If by "some things which have adhered to Catholicism" Mr. Goldwin Smith understands any error taught in the name of the Church, any crime of which her members are guilty, any disorder connected with Catholic institutions, his feelings are precisely like our own.

He hates ecclesiasticism, he says, but not the Church itself. Again we fail to catch the meaning of his words. The distinction is his own. By "ecclesiasticism" he understands, perhaps, the disorders of ecclesiastical government and the worldliness of ecclesiastics—their tyranny, ambition, avarice, and what not. But surely the disorders of Catholic institutions and the crimes of Catholics, if they were a thousand times greater than they are, could be no argument against the Church. The cause of them is human nature. As Newman well says: "Fraud in a priest, disorder in a convent, would have proved, not more, perhaps less, against Catholicism than corruption in Parliament, peculation in the public offices, or bribery at elections, tells against the British Constitution." And again: "If grievous sin is found in high places, the Church can not hinder it while man is man. Prove that she encourages it, prove that she does not repress it, prove that her action, be it greater or less, is not, as far as it goes, beneficial,—then, and not till then, will you have established a point against her."

We sincerely hope that our venerable friend of Toronto will soon come to realize

that the Church founded by Jesus Christ must of necessity be without spot or blemish; that it can not possibly teach any error or countenance any sin, however unworthy its rulers may sometimes show themselves, whatever crimes may be proved against its members.

We like the spirit manifested in the following paragraph of a leaflet issued by the New York "Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary for the Protection of Irish Immigrant Girls":

... We must admit that without help from the parish of Our Lady of the Rosary, in which the Home is situated, we could not efficiently carry on the work. This admission is rather humiliating in view of the splendid service the Mission has done our race, and the undoubted wealth and power to which many of that race have attained throughout this city and country. But, whatever difficulties we experience in meeting expenses, the Mission will be conducted in the interest of the Irish immigrant girl, as it always has been. Catholic or Protestant, she will ever be welcome to its hospitality and to any other help it can extend in her behalf. Now, as heretofore, both shall be given willingly and absolutely free of charge.

That rings true to our best conceptions of charity, and should obviate the necessity of the admission's ever being made again.

A reflection often made on the potently beneficent influence of the exemplary Catholic layman, was recently re-echoed by Lord Rosebery in an address delivered at the Johnson bicentenary. "Laymen," he declared, "who hold high and pure the standard of their faith do more for Christianity, it may safely be averred, than a multitude of priests. To say this is not to disparage the clergy,—rather the reverse; for it implies that their course is regular and habitual. But their championship is felt to be the natural result of their profession and their vows; while the conspicuous layman, who is also a conspicuous Christian, has all the honors of a volunteer."



A Legend of the Stars.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

EACH starlet lifted its twinkling head,—
 "Let us go with you, kind Sun," they said.
 "As you travel the whole day long,
 We will laugh and sparkle close to your side;
 Under your golden beams we'll hide,
 A happy and merry throng."

Then answered the blood-red orb of day:
 "You would shrivel and burn on my fiery way.
 Stay home and sleep, till the Moon shall rise;
 She will pilot you through the skies."

At eve each starlet lifted its head,—
 "Let us go with you, dear Moon!" they said.
 And the Moon, in her azure sea,
 Cried, "Come, little darlings, shining and bright!
 Across the field of the lonely night
 You may wander forth with me."

And so they glide with their radiant queen
 Over her heavenly path serene;
 In all that cohort there is not one
 That longs to follow the lordly Sun.

The Adventures of Ricardo.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

VII.

RICARDO spent three days at "Aunt Grey's," during which time he was nicely fitted out, according to the very modest and sensible ideas of Father Featherstone, winning that kind and estimable lady's heart during the process. Then Mary Callahan pleaded for half a day's visit from the boy. She called for him after Mass on Sunday morning, gave him a drive in the Park, and took him home to a "chicken dinner," with accompanying vegetables and delicious dessert; for Mary had been

a first-class cook in her day. She sadly lamented the fact that Ricardo's English vocabulary was limited; though he understood all, or nearly all, that was said to him in that language. But she enjoyed seeing him partake of the excellent viands set before him, as well as his polite manners and evident appreciation of her kindness.

During the course of the meal she thought it her duty to give him some good advice.

"Cardo," she said, emphasizing each word, and speaking very slowly that he might not miss anything of her important counsels, "I am an old woman and you're but a slip of a boy. You're going away to a fine new home, where the people will treat you like their own child. Be sure that you conduct yourself as well, as I've always seen you do since the day I first set eyes on you, and God will bless you."

"Yes, ma'am," rejoined Ricardo, who had understood nearly all she said.

"Never be impudent or saucy."

"What means that, Mrs. Callahan?"

"Not to be smart and answer back when you're scolded, like the boys you see in the tenement buildings roundabout."

"But why to scold me if they are good people, and how to talk that way to them when I have never done so?"

"True for you, Cardo,—true for you! 'Tis not your nature to do the like. You've been well reared so far. I think you'll do all right. Never tell a lie, Cardo, no matter what happens. Be truthful on all occasions. Never swear or blaspheme the name of God."

"What is it to do that, ma'am?"

"The Lord keep you, my child! It's not myself would be enlightening you on evils you don't know. 'Tis to say bad words, Cardo."

"Bad words!" repeated the boy. "I can not say any, for any I do not know."

"That's good. It's wasting my time and yours I am. But you'll be a good boy, Cardo; I'm sure you will."

"I think so, ma'am. I do not like to be bad."

"Is the chicken to your liking, Cardo?" she inquired, feeling that there was no great need of her counsels.

"Oh, it is very good, — very good, ma'am! I would wish that Sidi had some of this dinner."

"Well, then, and it's pleased I'd have been to have him share it. I might just as well have asked him. It would have been a pleasure to the old man, and he's deserving of it."

Then, as her remembrance of her last interview with the cobbler recurred to her mind, a slight shiver passed through her. She did not feel certain that she would have enjoyed having him sit at her table. She could never again regard Sidi with the feeling she had formerly entertained for him.

But the recollection did not militate against the generosity of her kind heart. When she and Ricardo had finished their dinner, she laid away several pieces of chicken, some mashed potatoes and green peas, with a large piece of lemon pie on a platter, covered it with a napkin and placed it in a basket.

"This is for Sidi, Cardo," she said. "After I've washed up the few dishes, we'll go over there to him, and he'll enjoy it for his supper. It will be 'good-bye' for you."

"Yes, ma'am," answered the boy, taking the clean dish-towel she offered him; for it was Mary Callahan's habit, as she thought it her duty, to make children useful. "I think," he continued, "it will be for Sidi two or three dinners: he eats not much."

When they had arranged the dishes on the sideboard, Mary put on her bonnet and handed the boy his cap.

"Take a look round at the room, dear," she said. "It will likely be your last. When you come back again, 'tisn't to

a place like this you'll be turning your steps. And by that time old Mary will have gone on her last long journey."

But the child did not comprehend. "Journey" was the keynote of the sentence for him, and he said:

"Maybe to California, ma'am, — your journey?"

"Oh, the creature!" she cried, drawing him near to her. "'Tis little he understands of life, or anything. Come, dear: we'll be off to Sidi."

When they entered the cobbler's room, they found everything immaculately clean. The window had been washed and a new white curtain hung across the sash. The workbench was hidden under a gaily-colored Oriental cover, which gave it the appearance of an irregular, lumpy couch. On the window-sill stood two pots of musk, their powerful fragrance mingling with the strong smell of leather which was the distinguishing odor of the room. A willow rocker of some antiquity, its sagging seat concealed by a red cushion, kept company with the camp chairs. The cobbler, arrayed in a cashmere dressing-gown, a many-hued Damascus skullcap on his head, came from behind the leather curtain as they entered with their gifts.

"Welcome,—welcome both!" he said. "It has been a blessed day. This morning I heard Mass according to the Syrian rite, and by a Syrian priest. I have spoken with him in my own dear tongue. And accompanying him is a youth from my own home, who has known some of my relatives. He will also study for the priesthood. This afternoon at four the youth will come here to visit me. I have made ready my place, as you see. That chair I have bought from the Jewish woman at the corner, Mary; and the window-curtain also she has made for me this morning. Does not all look fine?"

"Very fine!" replied Mary. "Is it your first good cleaning, Sidi?"

"Oh, no!" said the cobbler. "Two or three times a year I scrub and scrub. But the window I seldom wash. It is

hardly any use. Till twelve last night I have been working. Sit you down,—sit you down, both."

Mary had placed the basket on the table.

"Before we go, Sidi, empty that out," she said. "I want my basket and my platter. There's a good helping of chicken there, and a few other things."

"Thank you, my good friend!" replied the old man. "My countryman and I will partake together. I have some refreshment ready, but this will also serve. And when does the boy leave us?"

"To-morrow in the evening. He has come to say good-bye. He has cause to remember you with gratitude, Sidi."

"The same as to you," rejoined the cobbler. "The child, so far, has been most fortunate."

"I think he's going to be all right for the future," said Mary.

Ricardo had seated himself on a little stool near a low shelf. In doing so, his head came in contact with a small box on the edge of the projection, which fell to the ground. It was filled with odds and ends rescued from the débris during the day's cleaning. Sidi and Mary, engaged in conversation, did not notice the boy as he picked up trifle after trifle, replacing it in the box. There were two or three spools of sewing silk of different colors, some bits of gold braid, a broken silver-handled button-hook, some pebbles and small shells, and various odd things of no value. But they interested the child, as he dropped them one by one into their receptacle.

"Mary," Sidi was saying, "it is at last to be accomplished that we are to have a Syrian church and a Syrian priest. And now it comes to me that whatever little savings old Sidi may have—will be put to the best use."

"It's glad I am to hear that!" Mary began, when Ricardo stepped quickly to the cobbler's side with some object in his hand.

"Where did you find this, Sidi?" he

inquired in Spanish, holding up what appeared to be an amethyst pin.

"Is he asking you to give him that?" said Mary, in surprise. "I never before knew him to be so bold. Tell him it's not right, Sidi."

The cobbler shook his head.

"Not so," he replied, as he turned to the boy and took the pin from his hand.

"Have you seen it before?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Ricardo at once. "It is my mother's."

The cobbler took the pin from him and showed it to the old woman.

"It is a curious thing," he said. "When I found it last night, far under my workbench, where I suppose I had swept it into the heap, it seemed to me that I had seen it before, and at the same moment I thought of the boy here. And then again I said: 'No, the child had nothing like that. It would long ago have been taken away from him, if he had.' But now at this moment I can see the mother,—the only time she came to the shop. She brought a pair of shoes and she said: 'Are they worth mending for my little boy?' And I had to say to her, 'No, Madame,' and she went away sadly. And that is where I first saw the boy's eyes,—in her head. Ah, well I remember her! But I did not see the pin. Strange she did not come back to look for it," he said to Cardo, in Spanish.

"It was some days first before she missed it," answered the child. "She did not often wear it, but that morning—yes. See," he continued, pointing to some letters on the stone, "these are the letters of her name."

"Yes: M. Y. I.," said the old man. "What was the name of your mother, Ricardo?"

"Maria Ysabella Ibañez," said the boy.

"I thought it was Beurrier," observed the cobbler.

"That was after—when she married," replied Ricardo.

"'Tis a curious pin," said Mary, turning it over and over in her hand.

"It has been a seal," said the cobbler. "You see the top, with the letters," is oblong, more pear-shaped, and it gets narrow till it fits into the setting that fastens it to the pin. I am sure it once was attached to a gold handle, probably with another seal on the top, — gold or another jewel. I have seen them like that. It is, I think, half of a double seal. Have you ever had any other part, *hijo mio*?"

"No, Sidi: only this, for which my mother grieved very much. She looked a long time, but could not find it. I suppose she did not think to come here."

"'Twas lucky she came with the shoes, even if they weren't worth mending," said Mary Callahan. "If she'd lost it anywhere else, you'd never have come across it again, Cardo."

The cobbler got up from his seat and went behind the leathern curtain. In a few moments he emerged with a very small, narrow box.

"This is aluminum," he said,—"very light to carry. In it I will place the pin, and put the whole in a covering of soft chamois, which I am going to make this moment—"

"On Sunday!" exclaimed Mary, as he sat down once more and prepared to set himself to his task.

"A necessary work, my friend," he replied, beginning to measure and cut. In a short time he had completed the bag, but it was a little wider and longer than the box in which he laid the pin.

"Have you anything around your neck, Ricardo?" he asked.

"A silk string with a medal that Father Clements gave me."

"Let me have it."

The boy gave it to him. The cobbler sewed the medal to the outside of the chamois bag, fastened the string to it, and replaced it around Ricardo's neck.

"Wear it so, *hijo mio*!" he said. "Do not open it unless there is great need. The stone is a fine one of its kind. The seal is prettily carved. When you are old enough, you may like to wear it. Just

now it would not be suitable. Treasure it carefully. It will be, with the medal of Our Lady outside, a talisman, a 'lucky stone,' for you."

"Yes," replied the boy, to whom the proceeding had something of the solemnity of a religious rite. "I shall take great care of it, Sidi."

But Mary looked on with something of disapproval.

"'Twould be better to give it to the priest to keep for him," she remarked.

"No, not so," rejoined Sidi,—"not so! The priest is good, but he is young, and he has also many other things to think about. He might mislay it, he might forget it. To every child it would not mean as much as it does to this one. He will value it, he will guard it. And when he is a man, he can either wear it in a scarf as it is now, or restore it to the use for which it was made. Glad is old Sidi to have found it."

"What would you have done with it yourself if Cardo hadn't had the luck to find it?" asked Mary.

"It wasn't what you call 'luck,' Mary: it was fate, destiny, Providence, that brought it to him. You ask me what I would have done with it. I suppose I would have forgotten about it for a long time; then I might perhaps have taken it to a jeweller and got its value, or what he would have told me was such. And no doubt I would have been cheated. Had your mother any other things in the shape of jewelry?" he went on, turning to Ricardo.

"I think not," replied the boy. "Once, yes; but she must sell them. And there were some silver spoons, but the woman had to take them for the rent and the funeral. And that is why I am so well pleased to find the pin. It has made me very happy."

"You have done right, Sidi," said Mary. "Well, now we must be going. Your friend will be coming soon, and I have to take the boy over town a good ways. Come, my child: let us start."

Ricardo turned to the old man and spoke to him in Spanish.

"He wishes to see the hole into which he fell," said the cobbler.

"Does he? I'd like to see it myself," Mary responded. "Is it very deep? I am sure it must be."

"About ten feet, at first," answered Sidi, lighting a bit of candle and leading the way. "But now I have emptied some rubbish into it, and shall continue to do so until it is filled."

A few steps farther and the trio stood beside the old cistern.

"Oh, how I was afraid and hurrying to get out when I found it was the rats I heard!" said the little fellow, clinging to Mary's hand.

"Come away, -- come away," replied Mary. "'Tis an unwholesome place."

She was a Celt with all the imagination of her country. A picture of Sidi throwing rubbish into the hole in order to conceal the body of Cardo lying dead below instantly rose to her mind. For a moment she felt afraid of the poor Syrian, and heaved a sigh of relief when she found herself once more in the light of day.

The leave-taking was short but impressive. The cobbler laid both his hands on the boy's head, blessing him in his own language.

"*Adios, Sidi!*" murmured the little fellow, himself affected by the emotion of his friend.

Mary suddenly found use for her handkerchief as she almost dragged Ricardo up the steps, and went quickly away, without a word of farewell to old Sidi. She made up for it next day, however, by handing him a fine peach.

But the child could not resist the temptation to look back. Sidi, still watching him, was seated on the top of the steps, slowly waving his hands.

"Come, dear!" said Mary. "'Tis bad luck to look back. I forgot my basket and platter in my haste, but he'll fetch them to me to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

Schoolgirls Abroad.

BY S. MARR.

XVI.

Long before most of our fellow-travellers at the hotel dreamed of rising, we started out; and, as we followed the lovely lane that led to the town, the sunshiny morning seemed made for us. Killarney—lakes and town—nestles in a valley of rare beauty. The MacGillicuddy Reeks, the Tomies, and the Purple Mountains encircle it; and it is fascinating to watch the sunlight touch to color the crags and fissures. Truly

In purple they gleam like our High Kings of yore.

In this setting of glory, the little town impresses one as part of a picture. The whitewashed cottages, thatched roofs, and tiny gardens edged with cobblestones, that cluster in the lanes and away from the streets of the town, are most attractive; and the faces we saw at windows and doorways were of the real Irish winsome type.

There is no mistaking a Catholic church on a weekday; one has only to go with the crowd. This we did; though it was perhaps a small crowd that led up a hill and stairway to the Franciscan church, where faith and piety were evident, though Mary spoke of it as "audible." After Mass we walked along the main street, looking in at some of the shops, and adding to our stock of souvenirs. We had sent our cards, with a letter of introduction, to one of the reverend Fathers at the monastery; and on our return to the hotel we found him waiting to show us what is meant by an Irish welcome and Irish hospitality. Father Francis took us to the cathedral, designed by Pugin; then to the convent school, conducted by the Presentation Nuns, where we spent a most enjoyable hour. It was there we first saw real Irish dancing. The children were grace itself; and there was a sweet,

modest charm about the light-footed little Irish beauties that quite won our hearts. There, too, we heard songs in Gaelic, composed by the Sisters,—songs that were like Killarney itself, now aglow with sunshine, then grey with the mist of tears.

We were next conducted to the demesne of Lord and Lady Kenmare. We were in a sort of "Alice-in-Wonderland" state of mind when we saw the beauty of the place. The residence is of red sandstone, and has the appearance of an English manor house. It is on an eminence overlooking the fairest valley in the world. The luxuriant hills frame the scene, which is beyond words. The Lower Lake, Lough Leane, with its green borders and emerald islands, stretches just below the castle, while the immediate grounds are laid out after the manner of an Italian garden. The estate is large, and the winding roadways take one through varied scenes.

We had the good fortune to meet Lady Kenmare—a lady of charm and distinction,—who showed us the private chapel and her own study. The Stations of the Cross we noticed especially. They are carved of many kinds of wood, each in its natural color, and the effect is wonderfully artistic. Lord Kenmare we caught only a glimpse of. He was just starting out on a hunting trip, and he looked so fine in his topboots, riding coat, etc., that we almost forgot our manners and stared in admiration; while it seemed quite natural when Mary asked him if the hunting was good at Graustark! Father Francis began to tell us how much Lord and Lady Kenmare were doing for the people in and about Killarney; but Lady Kenmare deftly changed the subject by telling us, with touching mother love and pride, that her little son had served Mass for the first time that morning, his older brother acting as coach. It was interesting to know, too, that Father Robert Hugh Benson had said the Mass. We were sorry to have missed seeing him; but just before our arrival he had gone out on a fishing trip. Altogether, our

visit was delightful and will not soon be forgotten.

A whole day was devoted to the Lakes. We drove for miles and miles through a veritable Forest of Arden. Trees, vines, mosses, myrtle, holly and arbutus everywhere; the hills, under the spell of sun and clouds, never the same for five minutes; grey ruins, rude stone bridges, singing rills, tiny waterfalls; a sense of antiquity over everything, yet the freshness of youth in the soft verdure. All one could think was, God must love Ireland!

Our first stop was at Muckross Abbey, once the home of Franciscan friars. The guide-book thus summarized the history of the Abbey: "Founded, 1340. Suppressed, 1542. Renovated, 1602. Restored, 1626. Destroyed, 1652." The ruins are really majestic. On the ground-floor one traces the following divisions and their probable uses: chapel, choir, Lady Chapel, vestry, reception room, cloister-court, and storeroom. The floor above was given over to refectory, kitchen, dormitory, lavatory, —all built around the cloister-court. The stone arches, mouldings and columns are well preserved, and are beautiful indeed. The choir contains the oldest tombs of the Abbey. The MacFinans and O'Sullivans, O'Donoghues and MacCarthys, buried there, surely have a royal resting-place. In the centre of the cloister-court is a venerable yew tree, said to be nearly six hundred years old. The spreading branches overshadow the whole monastery. It is held by the people of the locality that injury will befall any one who breaks off even a twig of the tree. Of course we did not believe in any such superstition, but we were not anxious to take any liberties with the yew tree of Muckross Abbey.

As we approached the ruins that morning, we heard sounds that did not seem in keeping with the surroundings; and, on leaving the avenue and turning toward the entrance to the chapel, we came upon a scene which explained the strange

noise. There, seated on the ancient tombs beside the Abbey, was a party of American tourists, singing "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." We did not notice in words the incongruity of it all; if friars in their graves did not resent it, why should we? We paid a second visit to Muckcross Abbey, but that comes later in the story. A further drive brought us to where we were to take the boats for "Dinis Cottage." It was in this last stretch of road that our driver regaled us with quaint legends and stories. Pointing to a tiny thread of water trickling down a gully, he told us that in the season the thread became a dashing cascade. Once upon a time, he continued, a man who had heard of the beautiful cascade travelled many miles to see it. He had tramped for hours where he had been told he would find it, and finally, worn out, he sat down to rest. A cart passed along the road below him, and he called out, inquiring of the driver the location of the cascade. The driver stopped for a moment, looked up, then started on, as he replied: "Sure, sir, you're sitting on it." That evening at the hotel we learned that every driver tells that same story to every party he takes past the cascade.

At the marge of the Upper Lake, we found boats waiting for the party, and soon we were on the waters that seemed of liquid emeralds. On the islands and the green shores there was a dense growth of hazel, arbutus, mountain ash, and holly. The dark, glossy leaves of the holly shone out against the paler greens; and a new depth of pathos rang through the exile's thought voiced in the lines:

Wisha, Christmas time at Kerry, and me not
there to see
The scarlet berries burnin' on the shinin' holly
tree!

With enchantment on every side, as well as above and beneath us, we were rowed on down the Long Range, past the Eagle's Nest, a tall cliff with a remarkable disposition to have the last word. It must have been here that Tennyson heard the

echoes "Dying, dying, dying." Passing on under the old Weir Bridge, an unforgettable spot, we came to "The Meeting of the Waters" and to "Dinis Cottage," where we stopped for refreshments. We sat on the green border of the Middle Lake and had a picnic lunch, after which we wandered about, everywhere finding new charms. It was near "Dinis Cottage" that Mary and Katherine discovered fuchsia plants of such luxuriance as to cover the whole side and roof of cottages. Soon we took to the boats again, and continued our way through fairy scenes, passing between Brickeen and Dinis Islands into Lough Leane, the largest of the three Lakes. Legend has it that a rich and prosperous city once rose where the waters of Lough Leane now are. The guide-book puts it thus:

"This city contained a fountain, of which it was predicted that, should its mouth be left uncovered even for a single night, its waters would rise and deluge the land. Inspired with more than usual recklessness, the then prince caused the cover of the well to be removed. During the night the spring flowed over, and what had been a teeming city and smiling land became a beautiful Lake. Yet death came not upon the inhabitants or their prince. The city and palace still exist in all their ancient glory beneath the waters of the Lake, and glimpses of them have often been obtained (so they believe) by the boatmen who ply upon it; while O'Donoghue himself is permitted at certain periods to revisit the upper world. On every May morning, at sunrise, this chieftain emerges from the enchanted Lake, and, mounted on a beautiful white steed, comes riding over its waters, fairies hovering over him and strewing flowers in his path."

All sorts of pretty stories, not a few of them touched with true Irish wit, were told us by the boatmen as their oars carried us smoothly over the waters to Innisfallen, that island of sad memory to lovers of Erin. We visited the ruined

Abbey, and wondered not that Tom Moore called Innisfallen "a fairy isle." In the glory of the sunny afternoon, we turned toward Ross Castle, our last stop along the Lake; and there we looked upon the ruins of the old town and keep that, in 1652, held out so bravely. The mossy stones and ivy-clad ruins teach a lesson of patriotism even to-day. At Ross Castle we found our carriages waiting; and soon we reached our starting-point, ready to confirm all the beautiful things said and sung of Killarney since first it was discovered by tourists.

Mary had made up her mind that Muckcross as well as Melrose, to be viewed aright, must be visited by the "pale moonlight"; so a small party was made up, and placed under the kind guardianship of Father Francis, who went to much trouble to arrange the visit. The road to the Abbey leads through different domains, and the various gatekeepers thereto had to be notified in advance. But all was finally arranged to our satisfaction, except the sky,—about the only thing around Killarney, Mary declared, that was not anxious to please Father Francis. Clouds persisted in hiding the stars, but we took our places on jaunting cars and rode out into the darkness. The air was misty and fragrant; the stillness enveloped us; the thud of the horses' feet along the road, the subdued voices of all as we drove under the low-hanging trees, were weird enough for even Mary's romantic nature.

When we reached the Abbey, we were under a spell, and we kept close together as we moved about under the arches and around the cloister, where the mystic yew tree loomed black and awesome. There in the ruins, with glimpses of pale moonlight, or occasional gleams of starlight, we listened breathlessly to stories of long ago. Our guide pointed out where, in 1590, a marriage took place at midnight in the then practically ruined chapel. The fortunes of the great families of the MacCarthys were joined in a

marriage, which for political reasons had to be kept from the knowledge of the English authorities; so the bridal party crossed the Lake in the boats manned by "four lusty Kerne" and guarded by "a dozen stalwart Gallowglasses."

As we turned to leave the old monastery, the moon shone out full upon the arches and tombs; the night wind stirred as if echoing the thought in our hearts—a *Requiem* for the brave dead resting there in the lonely ruins of Muckcross Abbey.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Bravest Man.

Soon after the Battle of Waterloo, an English gentleman died, leaving the sum of five hundred pounds to be given to the bravest man in England. The executors of the estate were at a loss to carry out this provision of the will, and in their perplexity sought counsel of the Duke of Wellington, hero of the famous battle.

"Sir James MacDonnel deserves the money," said the Duke. "He closed the gates of Hougemont just in the nick of time and saved the day."

The executors hastened to Sir James.

"Oh, but you see," said the honest Scot, "my sergeant, John Graham, reached the gates before I did! The money should be given to him."

"Divide it between you," said the executors; "then surely the bravest man in England will get it; for if it isn't one of you, it's the other."

So the money was divided, and the public applauded the award.

The Gospel Oak.

There is an oak tree in Suffolk, England, which antiquarians declare is two thousand years old. It has a girth of thirty-six feet, and has always been known as the Gospel Oak, as under it the first Christian missionaries preached to the heathen Saxons thirteen centuries ago.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Among new English books we note "The English Correspondence of Saint Boniface," being the letters exchanged between "the Apostle of the Germans," while engaged in his missionary labors on the Continent, and his English friends. Translated and edited, with a brief introductory sketch of the Life of Saint Boniface, by E. J. Kylie, M. A.

—"The Cell of Self-Knowledge," seven early English mystical treatises, printed by Henry Pepwell in 1521, edited, with an Introduction and notes, by Edmund G. Gardner, M. A.; and "Ancient English Christmas Carols, 1400-1700," collected, arranged, and illustrated from Books of Hours by Edith Rickert, are new volumes of the Medieval Library. (Chatto & Windus.)

—"Rose of the Eskar" is the title of a new book by Mr. Seumas McManus, who is now in this country organizing a lecture tour, to extend over the whole winter season. His subjects are: A Rollicking Ramble in Ireland; The Glories, the Sorrows, and the Hopes, of Ireland; Stories of Irish Fairy and Folklore—Humorous and Poetic; Irish Life and Character; Readings from his own Tales and Poems; The New Ireland of To-day; The Ballad Poetry of Ireland; and The Making of the Short Story.

—Amongst the rare Hibernicisms recorded against contemporary speakers by Mr. William Harvey in his new book, "Irish Life and Humour in Anecdote and Story," may be quoted the laughable example of mixed metaphor elaborated by Sir Thomas Myles, an eminent surgeon and citizen of Dublin. Referring, in the course of an address on Cecil Rhodes, to the attitude of the British people on the eve of the Boer War, Sir Thomas demanded emphatically: "Was England to stand by with her arms crossed and her hands in her pockets?"

—The correct singing of the Liturgical Chant is the best means to make it acceptable, and the only means by which it can ever be rendered popular. The celebrant in the sanctuary, be it said, has no less responsibility in the matter than the singer in the choir. P. Dom Johnner, who has published some excellent books on church music, is firmly persuaded of this, and he has collected and explained for the use of seminarians and priests those portions of the Chant sung by the celebrant. The little book is aptly styled "Cantus Ecclesiastici ad Usum Clericorum." Its method is very effective. Father Johnner puts side by side the correct

way and the wrong way of rendering the Chant, and he is evidently familiar with both. He trains the ear by contrast, showing how much easier, simpler, and more beautiful it is in reality to sing correctly than incorrectly. Nor is he unaware of the difficulties presented by the case of "no ear for music": he believes that, with good will and perseverance, the man with the most recalcitrant ear can reach a degree of proficiency that will enable him to sing with some measure of decorum. Pustet & Co.

—New books by Catholic authors include: "Napoleon's Brothers," by A. H. Atteridge; "The Tyrant," by Mrs. Henry de La Pasture (Methuen & Co.); "Great Possessions," by Mrs. Wilfrid Ward; "Essays," by Father Ignatius Ryder, edited by the Rev. F. Bacchus, of the Birmingham Oratory; "Historical Letters and Memoirs of Scottish Catholics (1625-1793)," by the Rev. W. Forbes Leith, S. J. (Longmans, Green & Co.); "The Catholic Church in China, from 1860-1907," by Father Wolferstan, S. J. (Sands & Co.)

—In a lively paper read at the Silver Jubilee Conference of the English Catholic Truth Society at Manchester last month, Abbot Gasquet made this adroit reference to *Catholic Book Notes*, the Society's literary organ: "There are many who think its criticisms too severe. If too severe, I regret them; for I am, I believe, a man of peace, who would not desire to hurt the feelings of any one if it could honestly be avoided. I would generally act up to the spirit of the notice which is said to have adorned a gin saloon in the Far West: 'Don't shoot at the pianist: he's doing his best.'" Abbot Gasquet went on to speak of the danger of a small body like the English Catholics becoming a mutual admiration society; and remarked that if every book written by a Catholic were to be lauded just because of this fact, they would soon be living in a fool's paradise. Very true. But instead of berating inferior Catholic books that are harmless to faith or morals, would it not be quite as effective to ignore them; and if the author or publishers complained of this, to state simply that the works in question were found undeserving of recommendation? This would tend to discourage the production of inferior literature; and authors, translators, and publishers would soon learn the wisdom of thinking twice before—"rushing into print."

A very respectable Catholic periodical that might be mentioned, often devotes considerably

more space to books that are notably lacking in merit than to works of special excellence and usefulness, sometimes even going out of its way in order to add ridicule to its censure. Yet there are few Catholic publications of which something can not be said in praise; and the disposition to withhold a good word for them, while enlarging upon their defects, is not criticism but fault-finding. One Catholic reviewer felt obliged to complain of the Catholic Encyclopædia—he *had* to find some fault—because the volumes were so “leaden,” forgetful or ignorant of the fact that such illustrations as the work abounds in could not be printed on light, spongy paper; and that, for durability, a volume of eight hundred pages, with full-page plates, demands an extra heavy cover and a stout backbone. Caustic criticism of Catholic publications is common enough; adequate appreciation, on the other hand, is rather exceptional.

We generally find ourselves in full agreement with the genial Abbot; but, in our opinion, the danger of any body of English-speaking Catholics becoming a mutual admiration society is at present somewhat remote. Witness the correspondence columns of the *London Tablet* when some topic in the least bit “touchy” is under discussion,—for instance, whether England or Ireland is entitled to be called the “Isle of Saints.”

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

“*Cantus Ecclesiastici ad Usus Clericorum.*”
P. Dom Johner, O. S. B. 50 cts.

“*Makers of Electricity.*” Brother Potanian, F. S. C., D. Sc., Lond.; and James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., I. L. D. \$2, net.

“*The Holy Sacrifice and Its Ceremonies.*” M. C. Nieuwbarn, O. P., S. T. L. Translated by I. M. Bouman. 70 cts., net.

“*The Great Schism of the West.*” L. Salembier. Authorized Translation by M. D. \$2.

“*Patrology. The Lives and Works of the Fathers of the Church.*” Otto Bardenhewer. Translated by Thomas J. Shahan, D. D. \$3.75, net.

“*The Holy Sacrifice and Its Ceremonies.*”
“*The Monuments of Christian Rome from Constantine to the Renaissance.*” Arthur L. Frothingham, Ph. D. \$2.25, net.

“*A Textual Concordance of the Holy Scriptures.*”
Rev. Thomas David Williams. \$3.50.

“*Sing Ye to the Lord.*” Robert Eaton. \$1.

“*Giannella.*” Mrs. Hugh Fraser. \$1.50.

“*Missale Romanum.*” 32mo. Cloth, \$1.50; morocco, \$2.

“*The Life of Christ.*” Mary V. Merrick. 50 cts.

“*The Young Priest's Keepsake.*” Rev. M. J. Phelan, S. J. \$1.10.

“*The Holy Man of Santa Clara.*” Rev. Z. Englehardt, O. F. M. 75 cts.

“*Cousin Sara.*” Rosa Mulholland. \$1.50.

“*A Garland of Pansies.*” George Mark Jameson. 30 cts.

“*The King and the Cats.*” John Hannon. \$1.

“*Humble Victims.*” Francois Veuillot. \$1.10.

“*The Life of Ven. Father Colin.*” \$1.25.

“*Ceremonies of Low Mass.*” Felix Zualdi, C. M. \$1.25.

“*The Duchess's Baby.*” Sophie Maude. \$1.

“*Holy Water and Its Significance for Catholics.*”
Father Theiller, S. O. Cist. 50 cts.

“*The Book of the Lily, and Other Verses.*”
A Sister of the Holy Cross. \$1, net.

“*An Impeached Nation; Being a Study of Irish Outrages.*” Henry W. Cleary, D. D. 4s. 6d.

“*The Master Motive.*” Laure Conan. \$1.

“*Report of the Nineteenth Eucharistic Congress. Held at Westminster.*” \$1.75.

“*The Path which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church.*” Peter H. Burnett. \$1 50, net.

“*Catholic Churchmen in Science.*” (Second Series.) James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., I. L. D. \$1.08.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John C. Henry, of the archdiocese of New York; Rev. Ignatius Renand, S. J.; and Rev. Ubaldo Webersinke, O. F. M.

Mr. Raymond Leitner, Mr. D. J. Comber, Mr. J. H. Whelan, Mr. Henry Bairley, Mr. James Connolly, Mrs. Anna S. Chapman, Hon. John Curran, Miss Mary A. Wolters, Mr. Henry A. McPike, Mrs. Anna Bauer, Mr. A. Dunnigan, Miss M. M. Meyer, Miss Frances Collins, Mr. Charles Dewald, Miss Gertrude Blacher, and Mr. Francis Maynes.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The First Mystery of the Rosary.

BY M. E. L'ESTRANGE.

NIGHT broods in dreamy silence on the mountains,
And Nazareth in silver is bedight,
When Gabriel descends from highest heaven,
Enveloped by a cloud of dazzling light.

He hies him to a chamber poor and lowly,
Where kneels a Jewish Maiden, young and fair,
Who, while the busy world is hushed and sleeping,
Keepeth the midnight watch alone in prayer.

"Hail, full of Grace!" O strange and wondrous greeting!

A troubled look has settled on her face.
The Angel speaks again: "Fear not, O Mary:
For with the Mighty God thou hast found grace."

Then he unfolds to her the Father's message:
Christ shall become incarnate in her breast;
Yet she shall ever be a spotless Virgin;
And all her trembling fears are set at rest.

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord!" she murmurs;

"According to thy word may it be done."
The Son of God descends in that dread moment:
The work of man's Redemption has begun.

HAS not Jesus conquered Europe and changed its name to Christendom? All countries that refuse the Cross wilt; and the time will come when the countless myriads of America and Australia will find music in the songs of Zion and solace in the parables of Galilee.—*D'Israeli*.

Festivities in the Valley of Aosta.

BY IRENE C. HERNAMAN.

FOR many centuries the ancient town of Aosta had not seen such a concourse of distinguished prelates as assembled there on the occasion of the eighth centenary of St. Anselm. The Valdôtains, as the inhabitants of the valley of Aosta are popularly named, had in times past often talked of a festival in honor of their illustrious fellow-citizen; but up to thirty-two years ago there was no railway, and it seemed impossible to inaugurate a celebration worthy of his high dignity. At last the dream of many years had been realized, owing largely to the indefatigable labors of the present Bishop, Monseigneur Tarso; he was fortunate in obtaining the co-operation of the mayor and municipality, who, in order to add lustre to the festival, spared no pains in arranging decorations, illuminations, and outdoor *fêtes*.

It was a fine array of bishops that drove from the station along the boulevard hung with flags. In the first automobile sat the Cardinal Archbishop of Turin, the Papal Legate appointed for the occasion; with him as guests of honor were Archbishop Bourne, Primate of England and successor to St. Anselm, and the Bishop of Aosta; behind, also in motors, were several other bishops. But it was not until the inaugural procession started from the archbishop's house to the cathedral that one saw the full number of ecclesiastical dignitaries:

two archbishops, thirteen bishops representing all Northern Italy, England and France; three mitred abbots from Rome, Como, and Louvain; besides representatives of the Salesians, Oblates of Mary, Capuchins, Lazarists, Benedictines, Jesuits, and Rosminians; and the *curés* of all the surrounding parishes. What distances they had travelled, — from tiny villages on the severe heights of the Little St. Bernard, or from the famous hospice on the Great St. Bernard, down the very road where Romans, Longobards, and Saracens had poured their legions! And one could see from their animated faces that it was the one great event of their solitary lives.

The cathedral dates from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, but the original building is thought to have been founded by Constantine. Under the sanctuary is a very ancient crypt; the altar, made of a single block of stone as in early Christian times, stands amid massive, rough-hewn columns, of Roman origin. Here Mass was said frequently during the festival.

The celebration in honor of St. Anselm was arranged to last for four days, beginning with Sunday, the feast of St. Anselm (his own day in April having been considered too early in the year for so important a gathering), and ending on Wednesday, the Nativity of Our Lady. Every day there was general Communion given by one of the bishops at six o'clock, followed at eight or nine by Pontifical High Mass. On each of the principal festivals there was a procession through the streets of the town. It was a beautiful sight to see the Cardinal Legate in his scarlet robes, the eighteen archbishops, bishops, and mitred abbots, and wizened old "Misericordia" men and women, accompanied by two bands, slowly winding through the Pretorian Gate, a wonderful historical monument dating from the times of Augustus. It was interesting to think of how in this space, between the arches of ingress and of egress, the Romans in time

of war kept a reserve force of soldiers.

The most popular feast was on Tuesday, St. Grato's Day, the highly honored and beloved saint of Northern Italy. It seemed as if every village for hundreds of miles must have emptied its inhabitants into the cathedral square that morning. Gay handkerchiefs alternated with the sober black or purple of older dames. All eyes were turned toward the open doors of the cathedral, from whence would issue the beautiful silver shaped reliquary containing the venerated relics of St. Grato. Many of the peasants remained in Aosta that night, housing themselves no one knows where, in order to receive the sacraments next day, when the Legate himself gave Holy Communion. The congregations at all the functions were almost entirely composed of peasants, and certainly their devotion and recollection were very noticeable.

The congresses in honor of the Blessed Virgin and St. Anselm were held in the ancient and picturesque College of St. Ours. St. Ours was an Irishman, who lived about the year 525. He was archdeacon in Aosta; but, his bishop having unhappily fallen into the Arian heresy, he was forced to leave the city, and found a college and chapter in the adjacent suburb. This college was famous throughout the centuries for the eminence of its attendants, many of whom became bishops, and one was elected Pope, and became the saintly Pius V. The Blessed Sacrament was removed to the confraternity chapel opposite, in order to allow the sessions of the congress to take place in the church. Great pains had been taken worthily to adorn the building. The columns of the nave were painted white, and each bore an inscription composed by St. Anselm in honor of Our Lady. The choir, where stood the chairs of the Legate and the bishops, was also hung with white; and high above was a statue of the Blessed Virgin. The principal place of pilgrimage of all the crowds of people in Aosta was the house of St. Anselm, a modest build-

ing standing near the College of St. Ours. A tablet beside the entrance door bore the following lines:

Here saw the light of day, in 1038, St. Anselm,
Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of England,

Doctor of the Church,

Metaphysician and profound theologian,

The greatest genius of his century.

In his doctrines and in his works

He understood perfectly

How to combine the splendors of the Faith
With obedience to reason.

He fought against error

With the eloquence of a philosopher,

And the ardor of an apostle.

He struggled with an indomitable energy

For right, justice, and liberty,

Against the powerful ones of this earth.

Valdotains, salute and venerate

The greatest glory of your country.

The Pope had given permission for Mass to be said in the very room where St. Anselm was born. It had been prettily painted in green, and on the altar was a medallion of the saint. It may well be imagined that with one bishop saying Mass, attended by two servers, and a canon in full robes, while another knelt at a large kneeling bench making his thanksgiving, there was not much available space for the congregation; but the people seemed in no way disturbed by these inconveniences.

On Monday took place the inauguration of the fine bronze statue of St. Anselm, the masterpiece of a clever young Italian artist. It represents the saint as a Doctor of the Church; his right hand is extended as if exhorting the people, and in the left he holds a large book. Behind him rise the twin towers of the cathedral where he so often invoked; while far beyond, the glaciers of Ruter are shining in the burning noonday sun. To the north may be seen the two snow ranges, Mont Combin and Mont Velan, which guard the St. Bernard Pass. It was a gay scene,—the flags of Italy and England, the purple robes of the bishops brought out in strong relief by the massed black of the priests grouped behind the statue.

The day following the Nativity of Our Lady, the Legate, Archbishop Bourne, the Archbishop of Vercelle, and six other bishops motored to Courmayeur for the coronation of the ancient and highly venerated statue of Notre Dame de Guerison, which stands beneath the snowy shadow of Mont Blanc. The distance is thirty-seven kilometres. The lower valley at this season of the year is gay with vineyards of purple grapes, and peach trees laden with rosy fruit. On the left as you go up rises the pyramid-shaped crest of Grivola; and beneath, guarded by one of the numerous feudal castles, lies the ravine-like valley of Cogne, where the King of Italy has his hunting lodge. Farther on, after entering a rocky gorge, the valley opens out, and suddenly across the green fields appears the majestic head of Mont Blanc. On this occasion, alas! the mountains were enveloped in mist, which later on turned to a steady rain.

Courmayeur had done its best to do honor to its illustrious guests. At the entrance to the village there was a triumphal arch bearing the inscription: "Courmayeur *en fête*, greets the prelates and pilgrims who have come to honor with her the Virgin Protectress." Every hotel and house was hung with garlands of dahlias, asters, and marguerites, interspersed with colored lanterns; while on the circle outside of the village was another arch with the words: "To the Papal Legate, who brings honor and benediction to Courmayeur the grateful."

From this point the road to the sanctuary runs beneath shady trees; and then, leaving the path which leads under the jagged heights of the Grand Jorasses, crosses the rushing stream, and slopes gently up the sides of Mont Chetif. From the bridge to the sanctuary, the path was decorated at regular intervals with blue and white banners bearing the invocations of the Litany of Loreto, ending outside the sanctuary with the invocation, *Vallis Augustane, ora pro nobis*, which the Pope had permitted to be used on this

occasion. The chapel stands on a ledge, with the Brenber glacier and the sharp-peaked Aquille Noir behind it; far below, on one side is the stream, and on the other the mountain rises steeply, affording a natural amphitheatre of seats for the thousands of peasants who had come to take part in the ceremony. Outside the church a broad dais had been erected, with an altar at which Masses celebrated by the different bishops succeeded one another. Far above on a ledge had been placed the celebrated statue. As we came up, seven or eight men and women were kneeling to receive Holy Communion,—a beautiful sight out under the slopes of the highest mountain in the Alps. Immediately after, a choir of priests began the sweet chant, *O Marie, conçue sans péché!* followed by the well-known Lourdes refrain, *Ave, Ave Maria!* which was enthusiastically taken up by the vast concourse of people.

The ceremony of the coronation took place at nine in the morning. It had to be curtailed, owing to the ominous black clouds which were blotting out the mountains and valleys. The bishops, in arm-chairs, faced the statue; but a keen observer might have noticed that in place of one of the chairs was a cushioned stool. On looking below, he might have seen the missing chair occupied by a poor old woman of ninety years. She had stumbled on the rough mountain-side, and had been lifted, half fainting, into the chair; and the kind-hearted Bishop of Aosta had refused to allow her to be disturbed.

Suddenly the cannon thunders forth in three salutes. The Cardinal, in full pontificals, raised high above the prostrate crowd, is placing the exquisite little crown of Parisian workmanship on the head of the Madonna. As the reverberation of the cannon dies away, another heavier rumble takes its place; it is an avalanche sliding down from the glacier, as if Nature also wished to bring her tribute of honor to the great Queen of the mountains.

Pontifical High Mass was to have been

celebrated out of doors; but scarcely had it begun than the rain came down, and it had to be continued within the sanctuary, which was far too small to accommodate a quarter of the assembled crowd. It was the beginning of a real mountain down-pour, and the Cardinal and bishops were obliged to wade through rivers of mud to their carriages, while the greater number of people made their way, on foot, as quickly as possible to Courmayeur.

A notable feature of the festivities at Aosta and Courmayeur was the wonderful deference shown by the civil authorities to their ecclesiastical guests, and the care which they had taken to make a success of their part of the celebration. And this in anti-clerical Italy, when usually a religious festival is the signal for an anti-Christian demonstration! How fitting that the occasion of this beautiful harmony should be the feast of the great saint and Doctor of the Church, who more than any other fought to maintain the spiritual supremacy of the Spouse of Christ over the temporal authorities!

Many and fervent were the prayers offered for this fair country, that the intercession of St. Anselm might dispel the cloud which is slowly threatening to obscure its horizon; for the deliverance of France, where St. Anselm spent his monastic life, to escape from the tyranny of an ecclesiastical State; for the conversion of England, too, which has strayed so far from the Fold since the days of St. Anselm. May we not hope that so many prayers will not be fruitless, but that, through the intercession of our Blessed Lady and St. Anselm, a brighter day may dawn for the Church; that, although always the Church militant, she may be freed from the fetters which so sadden the hearts of her faithful priests and people?

THERE is no happiness in having and getting, but only in giving. Half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness.—*Henry Drummond.*

Duke and Drummer Boy.

BY JOHN KEVIN MAGNER.

II.

JUAN'S clever fingers soon learned the roll of the drumsticks, and he was called upon to take his place in the fighting line immediately after the fierce battle of Fuentes de Onoro, when the brave 88th paid so dearly for their victory. Thereafter his nimble little form was ever to be found beating the advance in the forefront of his regiment, throughout the innumerable conflicts of a wearisome war, which ended, like the Transvaal affair, in a seeming victory and a substantial defeat for England.

The Peace of Cintra came, and the gallant French were sent back unworsted to their own land, with the full consent of their all but disheartened conquerors. Time went on, and Napoleon soon raised his eagles again. The 88th had to follow his meteoric course, and at length came Waterloo.

Sergeant Kelly and Juan went through it all without a scratch. But when the great Little Corsican was captured, and the fat French King, Louis Stanislas Xavier, "rolled into the palace of his fathers," the good Sergeant took counsel with his wife, and the pair of them most heartily agreed that they were sick of wars and rumors of wars, and decided to leave the service, now that there was full opportunity of doing so.

They returned to Ireland at first, taking Juan with them, as a matter of course. The affectionate, daring boy had grown to be the apple of their eye. His past was blurred out of his memory by the battle smoke. He looked upon the Sergeant and Mrs. Kelly as his father and mother, and the childless couple cherished him as their son.

But Ireland was a crueller battlefield in 1815 than Quatre-Bras or Waterloo itself. Appalling tyranny on the part of

the strong, the forced reprisals of Ribbonism and the Whiteboys among the weak, made Munster no place where a wearied soldier could find repose from the clash of arms, and seek a suitable opening in life for the orphan lad he had in charge.

London itself, very bad as it was, was less hostile to the Catholic Irishman than the oppressors who patrolled his native hills. To London, then, went our three friends, and settled in the quarter of Soho, beneath the walls of the venerable "Mass-house" founded by the famous Friar O'Leary, which has long since been replaced by the handsome Church of St. Patrick.

In those days as in these, Soho was a partly Irish, partly foreign quarter. Juan's knowledge of Spanish, as well as the French he had picked up from prisoners, was almost as useful as his English in threading their way through the maze of narrow streets. And Sergeant Kelly's fluent Irish was in frequent request when he "colloqued" with the sedan-chair carriers, who were Irish to a man, not only in Soho but throughout the whole of London.

The "dacent man" was not short of money. He had kept his fingers free from plunder, but he had saved his pay, and lived carefully. Also a small lump sum and a miserly pension reached him from the government,—little enough, but something. The ready money was there; the difficulty was how to make it secure a proper schooling and an assured future for Juan. He told his difficulty to one of his officers, whom he met by chance in the streets of the city. This gentleman was more indignant than the Sergeant himself at the niggardly treatment meted out to a brave and war-worn veteran, and promised to make strong representations in the very highest quarters. This he generously did; and the result was that the penny-wise and pound-foolish government of the period accorded Sergeant Kelly one of those licenses as a "free

vintner" with which many old Peninsular men were fain to be content in lieu of adequate pensions. These permissions to open wine-shops gave but a modest sustenance to the recipients, saved John Bull a few thousands a year in cash for a while, and have cost his exchequer millions of pounds in the course of the bygone century.

However, we are telling a tale, not writing history; still less discussing the economical vagaries of a strong neighbor who rules Ireland for £7,000,000, charges her £10,000,000 for the privilege, and whimpers up and down Europe that she is expensive to him.

Sergeant Kelly got his license as a vintner, and was wondering what on earth to do with it, till it occurred to him to ask the good priest in charge of the mission to recommend him some honest parishioner—preferably a Spaniard,—who understood the wine trade, and would be willing to go into partnership with him, on terms.

Luckily, such a man was forthcoming,—one Luiz Tarranto, an honest Spaniard in birth and education, but Irish by descent, being indeed the great-grandson of one of the numerous "Wild Geese" who had flown into the armies of Austria and Spain when the Treaty of Limerick was violated. The Spanish Kings had rewarded his grandsire for services in their wars, not with the empty ticket-of-leave to sell wine of the Hanoverians, but with two broad vineyards, having a small farm and substantial farmstead attached. On these the Tarrantos—who were really plain Tarrants, an Irish name no Spanish tongue can readily pronounce—had lived well and comfortably till the devastation of the war in Spain had wrecked their industry, or at least greatly impaired it till the Peace of Cintra, when they could patiently begin all over again, and plant new vines in place of those that armies of human locusts had destroyed.

Now that times were easier, and the first produce of the new plantations was being pressed in the vats, Luiz Tarranto

had come to London, on the suggestion of his elder brother, to push the sales of their wines. Most opportunely, the priest remembered his name and lodgings when Sergeant Kelly consulted him; for Luiz was on the eve of returning to Spain in something like despair. He leaped at the offer, paid a stiff sum down for a half-share in the vintage to the gratified Sergeant, and a simple deed of partnership was soon drawn up, to the satisfaction of both parties, by a respectable attorney; the main stipulation of which was the reasonable one, that for a specified period none but the Tarranto vintages were to be sold by Kelly and Tarranto, vintners, of Gerrard Street, Soho.

A suitable wine-shop, with cellarage, was soon secured; and there followed several very happy years, on which we would fain dwell at some length, but must necessarily treat very briefly.

Luiz was a type of his fine race. "Grave, dignified, yet not without that sense of humor which brings Spain and Ireland only less closely together than their common faith and (so the learned say) their kindred blood, he made a splendid tutor for vivacious Juan Antonio, who was now fast reaching his fourteenth year. Luiz was educated, having been trained for the priesthood before trouble befell his fair land. Even still he dreamed of one day being permitted to serve God at the altar, and his daily life was in harmony with his desire. But out of a family of eight strong sons, he alone and his brother were left to support their widowed mother and their sisters. His lot, he felt, was henceforth cast in the world; and he applied himself to commerce with the same conscientiousness and success that had marked his studies.

In that spirit of radiant adoption to be found in all affectionate young boys, Juan Antonio, Duke of Alta Torre, made an elder brother out of his kind tutor and housemate. But the full depth of his boyish affection was reserved for his foster-parents, and was returned by them,

and grew deeper and tenderer on the one side and on the other as the months and years sped by.

One morning Luiz said to Juan:

"Go round to the Spanish Embassy, *amigo*, and explain to the steward the mistake in the invoice of that last cask of sherry. He is a kindly old Andalusian, and a friend of my family, but he is fussy and pompous. He wishes everything to be just so, in English fashion, whether on his side of the account or on ours. You will easily soothe him with that pleasant tongue and pure Spanish accent of yours—and that handsome face," he added, as Juan strode off on his errand. But he took care the boy did not hear the concluding words.

It is scarce twenty minutes' easy walk from Soho to Spanish Place, and Luiz confidently expected Juan's return within an hour—so far as he gave attention to the matter at all; for Juan now knew his way to the houses of all their wealthier clients, and had many a time appeased the quick Southern temper of the otherwise thoughtful and considerate old steward at the Embassy of his native land.

An hour and a half went by, and there was no sign of Juan. Luiz began to grow concerned. When the full two hours were up he communicated his anxiety to the Sergeant, and was then sorry he had done so, as he saw the old man's face turn momentarily grey beneath its sunburn, at the thought that the staff of his old age might have been waylaid. The streets of London at this period were infested with gangs of "footpads." There were no police, and the watchmen were worse than useless; for they satisfied King and Parliament without protecting the lieges who were taxed to maintain them.

Presently the Sergeant straightened himself and squared his big shoulders.

"Give me that blackthorn, Mary," he said to distressed Mrs. Kelly. "I'll walk round and see the steward, and maybe ask for a word with the Ambassador himself, if Johnnie isn't to be found. By

all accounts the Marquis is a kind gentleman, and will tell us what to do if any mischief has happened to the child—which God forbid!"

The Sergeant sallied forth, gripping his stick, and with a look on his face that bespoke trouble to any assailant, for all "the dacent man's" sixty years.

Twelve o'clock chimed from the neighboring steeples as the Sergeant turned into Pall Mall. At one o'clock, at two, at three, and at four, his anxious wife and the mystified Luiz grew hourly more appalled. It was as though the good Sergeant had followed his adopted son into space.

Toward five o'clock of a summer's afternoon, when brave Mrs. Kelly had at length broken down in a spell of weeping, and was steadying herself in the room behind the shop with a decade or two of her well-worn Beads, there was the rumble of a carriage without, and Luiz sprang to the door. For the coachman and footman wore the liveries of the nobleman who then represented Spain at the court of St. James, and the arms of Castile were emblazoned on the doors of the coach.

Was it, then, as Luiz feared? Had Juan been gravely injured in some accident at the Embassy, so that his Excellency, after detaining him for surgical aid, was now sending him back in his carriage, with the Sergeant to show the way? It seemed so at first. Juan certainly stepped out of the carriage unaided, but the elasticity of his tread was gone, and his handsome face was pale. Still he smiled bravely at Luiz, and then turned with a deep bow, as no less a person than the Ambassador himself, followed closely by the Sergeant, dismounted and walked into the shop, so deep in converse that the courteous grandee barely noticed the Spanish salutation which succeeded Tarranto's first gaze of blank surprise.

Once within, however, the Ambassador recollected himself, and turned kindly to Luiz.

"I beg your pardon, Señor Tarranto!" he said. "His Grace the Duke of Alta Torre has been telling me how good you have been to him. Your pupil does you the highest credit, Señor. You have done for his mind what his beloved foster-parents here have done for his soul and body, as I shall have pleasure to inform their Most Christian and Catholic Majesties in my dispatch this evening."

Poor Mrs. Kelly came upon the strangely assorted group as the Ambassador spoke thus. The young Duke noticed traces of tears on her furrowed cheeks, and went to her arms at once.

The Ambassador surveyed the boy's impetuous action with much approval, taking the while a pinch of fragrant snuff from a jewelled box, after proffering it to the Sergeant and Señor Tarranto.

"*Bueno!*" he said. "Good, Sergeant,—good! That settles our very long but very friendly argument. We must not separate the boy from you; it would be cruelty. So you must go to Spain with him. You know your way there," he added with a smile.

Mrs. Kelly looked at the Ambassador, with pain and perplexity in her gaze.

"Be not disturbed," he said. "We of Spain are said by the historians to be blood-brothers of you in Ireland, Mrs. Kelly; and we reverence a foster-mother every whit as much as your race has always done. The dear little boy, John Anthony, whom your husband rescued at the taking of Alta Torre, and upon whom you have lavished a mother's care and affection for years, is heir to broad estates and to one of the oldest dukedoms in Spain. Till a few weeks ago these were worth no more to him than the pinch of snuff between my fingers. The Queen-Mother preserved almost to her deathbed all her old enmity against his gallant but unhappy father; the title of the Alta Torres was attainted and the estates confiscated to the Crown. When she was dying, the good friar in attendance asked her the great question of forgive-

ness of enemies which is so hard for our race to answer aright,—and sometimes for your race, too, Sergeant. She replied that she forgave all her foes but one, and that he was long since beyond the range of her pardon. This was mysterious.

"The friar, however, is one of the holiest men of his Order. He probed the mystery, and little by little discovered how sternly the terrible old woman had persecuted this boy's father in her days of power, on account of some fancied affront from him at a bullfight he gave in her honor. She drove him from court, involved him in disgrace with the late King, and freely aspersed his loyalty when Napoleon came down upon us. What wonder he was driven at last to take up arms against her? (You must not exasperate any of our race too long, or they will pitch all considerations to the winds to secure revenge.) Well, when the late Duke gave up his life as you know, she carried her spite yet further. Attainder of the title followed; the estates were seized at her order, and as for any search being made for the dead Duke's son and heir—his young Grace here,—the best friends of his family shrank from the task. They had only too great reason to fear that this astonishing woman, passionate in her hatreds as in her love, would avail herself of their quest to do the boy an injury."

The Ambassador had been speaking rapidly, and paused for a moment to take breath. Juan—or, as we must now call him, the Duke of Alta Torre—was seated beside Mrs. Kelly, gently stroking her toil-worn hand, and whispering simple explanations of the Ambassador's rounded periods; which were soon resumed, after a brief interlude, doubtless designed by the skilled diplomatist to put his hearers at their ease.

(Conclusion next week.)

THE right way to win the love of the world is to fight it.

—G. K. Chesterton.

Reminding.

(A Triplet.)

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

JUST a name seen by chance
 In a paper you're reading,—
 By a fugitive glance
 Just a name seen by chance;
 Yet it cuts like a lance,
 And it sets your heart bleeding,—
 Just a name seen by chance
 In a paper you're reading.

Some Aspects of Socialism.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

II.—SOCIALISM AND RELIGION.

THE reader will already have judged, and rightly judged, that the root-principles of Socialism are absolutely incompatible with a supernatural religion. He will not be surprised, therefore, to find that the utterances of the leading Socialists are explicitly anti-Christian. These utterances are the logical result of the evil principles upon which the Socialist movement is founded; and we must not allow ourselves to be deluded by the assurances of platform speakers and pamphleteers, that Socialism will leave us free to follow the religion we believe in. It is perfectly evident also, from the language of Socialists, that they fully recognize that in Catholicism they have the foe most formidable to their materialistic doctrines.

There can be no doubt that Socialism is a religion,—a humanitarian religion; that it is intended to take the place of supernatural religion; and that the adherents of Christianity can expect nothing but persecution at the hands of a Socialistic government. The picture drawn by Father Robert Hugh Benson in his book, "Lord of the World," is probably not very far from a true delineation of the

attitude that such a government would take up. Father Cathrein, S. J., in his work on Socialism already referred to, says that, "to a Socialist conscious of his aims and purpose and fully imbued with the doctrine he is propagating, it must seem ridiculous to see any one trying to *prove* that Socialism and religion are incompatible. As a faithful adherent to historical materialism, he knows that he can not have any religion; and that if all men were to turn Socialists" (*real Socialists*), "religion would indeed disappear without the application of violent measures."*

It is to be feared that violent measures would be applied in order to force those to turn Socialists who should prefer religion to the materialism of a Socialist State. I have interpolated the words "real Socialism" in the foregoing quotation, because I have no doubt that there are many who call themselves Socialists because they agree with some portions of the practical programme of the party, but do not realize the false principles upon which the whole of that programme is constructed. Of course Socialist leaders are not going to enlighten their proselytes on this point. It would not benefit the cause to let the rank and file know the secret springs of the movement. Moreover, Socialists often adopt, for the time being, and advocate some perfectly legitimate measure of social reform, because they hope to make it a step toward the real thing.

Probably very many people think that they are Socialists because they approve of measures taken up in this way by the Socialist party. They should recognize that such measures are adopted only as a stepping-stone; and that, by supporting them under the "Socialistic" banner in place of demanding them merely as Social reformers, they are unwittingly forwarding a policy with which they would certainly not agree if they grasped its full significance. It is a great and common

* Op. cit., p. 205.

mistake to confuse Socialism and Social reform. The first is anti-Christian; the second may be, and can be, thoroughly Christian. No one has spoken more nobly and wisely in favor of true Social reform than our late Holy Father Leo XIII., who, in his famous series of Encyclical Letters on the Social question—letters which ought to be familiar to every Catholic,—has clearly laid down the principles on which alone it can be conducted to a successful issue; while at the same time that great Pontiff explicitly and emphatically condemns the principles of "Socialism."

To come back from this slight digression. We will pass over the fact that Socialism recognizes no authority on earth, whether civil or religious, to have been established by Almighty God; that Socialists either wholly deny or immoderately and unjustly restrict the right of individuals to possess private property; and that wholly un-Christian violence, rebellion, and sudden revolution are advocated by some Socialists as the only means of bringing about the changes they desire. And this part of my paper shall conclude with a few passages from Socialist writers, from which it will be abundantly clear that, in taking up the attitude which they one and all do take up toward religion, they are drawing a perfectly logical conclusion from their fundamental principle of the materialistic conception of the history of the human race.

According to Karl Marx,* religion is an "absurd popular sentiment, . . . a fantastic degradation of human nature. . . . Man makes religion," he says, "not religion man." Religion is "the opium of the people." Men's consciences are to be delivered from "the spectre of religion."

"If religion," writes Dietygen, "is to be understood as a belief in supersensible, immaterial substances and forces, if it

consists in a belief in higher gods and spirits, [social] democracy has no religion. In the place of religion it sets up the consciousness of the insufficiency of the individual, who for his perfection requires to be supplemented by, and consequently subordinated to, the entire body social." Then this writer goes on to define in this wise the "faith, hope and charity" of Socialism: "A cultured human society is the *supreme good in which we believe*. Our *hope* rests upon the organization of social democracy. This organization shall make that *love* a reality for which religious fanatics have displayed such irrational enthusiasm."

I have endeavored to lay stress on the important fact that this hostility to religion is the direct outcome of the fundamental false principle that all our moral and intellectual ideas are merely the result of the material conditions of life. These latter, according to Socialism, are all wrong, and a "necessary evolution" will do away with them; consequently religion, too, is all a mistake, and the same "necessary evolution" will do away with it also.

Thus Engels explicitly says that the course of the process by which we get our moral, intellectual and religious ideas and beliefs "is determined by the economic conditions of men in whose minds it takes place"; though the fact that this is so, he says, is hidden from men's minds. Another scientific Socialist, Bebel, tells us that we must leave heaven "to the angels and the sparrows"; that "the gods do not create men, but men create the gods and God." Liebknecht showed us what we may expect from Socialism in the way of education when he said: "Science provides for good schools; they are the *best means against religion*."

Two quotations from Socialist hymns, given by Father Cathrein, will serve to show how the Socialist "faith" is propagated amongst the people. The first is from the "Christmas Marseillaise," and runs thus:

* For citations from the German authors, I am indebted to Father Cathrein's work above mentioned.

Oh, hope no more in wondrous guise
 To see a wondrous star arise
 To lead thee to the Saviour's stable!
 'Tis not the meaning of the fable.
 Look up! A star is shining bright;
 'Tis Socialism's beacon light,
 And thou thyself Redeemer art. . . .

Another hymn says:

And if I die, what shall to me
 Hereafter then be shown?
 'Thou fool! Thy question has no sense:
 Hereafter is on earth alone.

In the volume of "Essays in Socialism," by Mr. Belfort Bax, from which I have already quoted, there is one bearing the significant title of "The Futility of Holiness." It has pretensions to being very scientific and metaphysical. This is what Mr. Bax says about the higher feelings of humanity: "All the truly human emotions . . . spring out of the animal, and are inseparable from the animal. Sympathy, love, friendship, good-heartedness,—all have their root in the animal life. . . . To separate them from the animal is impossible." He goes on to speak of the Christian idea of self-denial, and of the duty of repressing fleshly desires and instincts, as a fallacious principle, realized in its full fruition in the *Catholic saint*. "The majority of mankind," he tells us with joy, "were preserved by their healthy understanding, by the 'blessed animal' within them, from becoming mere lumps of morbidity such as a St. Antony, a St. Bernard, a St. Teresa." As this writer denies the reality and the good of holiness, so also he denies the existence of such a thing as sin. The "ethics of the future must inevitably involve . . . a rehabilitation of the animal [in man] as against the spurious abstract spiritual."

The following extract from a Socialistic weekly review, *The New Age*, published in London, will give the reader practical proof that the anti-Christian character of Socialism is not a monopoly of the German and French Socialists; nor a thing which has been modified, much less a thing which has died out. The paper from which I quote is of quite a high

class, and of literary style. In a notice of Father Bernard Vaughan's volume of Sermons, "Society, Sin, and the Saviour," the reviewer expresses himself in the following terms:

"A thing of sound and fury, signifying much. All the hidden fury, the empty bigotry of all priesthoods [*sic*] are here displayed, pandering to our so readily evoked barbarian instincts. The Father revels as he recites the scene of flagellation; the shedding of blood arouses his oratory; the pound of flesh must be had in the scene of the Crucifixion. Mayfair flocked to the Church of the Immaculate Conception when its *morbid erotic passions could be gratified*. [*Italics are mine.*] If modern civilization forbids these fetish worshippers to be delighted witnesses of public scourgings or of the *minutio monachi*, at all events their dormant appetites can be stimulated by dramatic, or melodramatic, recitals of bloodshed. Psychiatrists know indeed that, among the sickly, such recitals are often more stimulating than the actual sight of these horrors. Mental pathologists understand the meaning of the crowds that flocked to hear Father Vaughan. . . . There is small doubt as to the type of person to whom these things appeal."

That versatile and very imaginative writer, Mr. H. G. Wells, has recently given to the world a beautiful picture of Socialism in his volume "New Worlds for Old." He assures us that Socialism has no quarrel with the private religious and moral convictions of individuals. "Certain religious organizations," he writes, "have given clear and imperative answers to some or all of these [religious and ethical] questions; and, so far as the reader is a member of such an organization, he may rest assured that Socialism, as an authoritative whole, has nothing to say for or against his convictions." Apart from the fact that the ideal State is a truly Christian State, in which the civil government is the loyal protector of the Church, and that, therefore, Catholics can

never accept as satisfactory a condition of things in which the government of a country is merely neutral and non-religious—the best we could hope for, if Socialism were even such as Mr. Wells, for our supposed comfort, describes it,—I much fear that he is laboring under a sad delusion when he pens his comfortable words.

III.—SOCIALISM IN REGARD TO MARRIAGE AND FAMILY LIFE.

Socialists appear to treat the Christian law of marriage, by which one man is bound to one wife, and *vice versa*, as long as both parties are alive, as nothing more or less than an instance of that "private property" which many of them have pronounced to be "robbery." The wife and the children are the property. Even that very mild-spoken Socialist, Mr. Wells, seems to have this notion. "Upon certain points," he says, "Socialism is emphatic." Children, he declares, must not be casually born; this is an affair for State regulation. Their parents must be known and worthy; there must be deliberation in begetting children; there must be marriage under conditions—laid down by the State. "And there Socialism stops," says Mr. Wells.*

"Socialism," he goes on, "does not present anything whatever about the duration of marriage,—whether, as among Roman Catholics" (a compliment for us to be singled out as *the* defenders of the Christian law in its integrity), "it should be absolutely for life, . . . or, as among the various divorce-permitting Protestant bodies, until this or that eventuality; or, as Mr. George Meredith suggested some years ago, for a term of ten years. In these matters," he adds, "Socialism does not decide."

But, even according to Mr. Wells, Socialism does decide a good deal more than is within the province of any human power to decide; and he himself writes

these significant words, which I will not enlarge upon, but will commend to the serious attention of the reader, leaving him to draw the obvious conclusion: "Parentage, rightly undertaken, is a service as well as a duty to the world. . . . It must be paid for like any other public service; in any completely civilized State it must be sustained, rewarded, and—*controlled*."

But not all Socialists are so reticent upon this delicate and sacred subject as Mr. Wells. "Socialism," wrote, in 1891, a brilliant English Socialist and man of letters, whose life ended in disaster and disgrace, "will, in fact, give life its proper basis and its proper environment. . . . Socialism annihilates family life, for instance. With the abolition of private property, marriage in its present form must disappear. This is part of the programme." That great pioneer of Socialism, Robert Owen, held that in the new moral world the "irrational names" of husband and wife, parent and child, will be heard no more,—the child would undoubtedly be the property of the whole community.

Messrs. William Morris and Belfort Bax, in their joint production, "Socialism, Its Growth and Outcome," say: "Even now it is necessary that a certain code of morality should be supposed to exist, and to have some relation to that religion which, being the creation of another age, has now become a sham. With this sham, however, its accompanying morality is also stupid; . . . and this is clung to with a determination, or even ferocity, natural enough, since its aim is the perpetuation of private property in wealth, in workman, *in wife, in child*." Long may we be determined, and even fierce, in perpetuating what these gentlemen choose to call "individual property in wife and child"! In the same work it is set down that "a new development of the family is to take place," and marriage is to become "an association terminable at the needs of either party."

"This so-called reform of the family

* "New Worlds for Old."

has a significance," writes an able critic of Socialism, "not only for the preservation and renewal of population, but also (and this in a higher degree than almost any other question) for the personal happiness of individuals. . . . An immense proportion of the happiness engendered by the love of husband and wife, parent and child, would be destroyed, or at the least constantly threatened and never secure. Under Socialism, the children, almost from their birth and cradle, would be the children of the nation, not of the family. It would destroy the love of parents for their children, and of children for their parents."

This sort of thing is too strong even for some Socialists; and Mr. Robert Blatchford, Socialist editor of the notorious *Clarion*, says in his work "Britain for the British": "I would see the State farther before I would part with one of my children." If he got his Socialist State, he would not be able to help himself.

In spite of this disclaimer, it can be shown that Socialism of its very nature demolishes the family, which is the foundation of social order; since, with any sanction less than a divine law, men would not submit to the yoke of monogamy; and of divine law Socialism will have none. The very reason for the law of monogamy is to provide for the education and proper religious and moral upbringing of the offspring. For this the entire and secure stability of family life is necessary; and the stability of family life can be insured only by the Christian, Catholic marriage law.

Whoever seeks to withdraw from parents the control of the education of their children, and to make it a function of the State, thereby undermines the very foundations of family life, and plays into the hands of the Socialists; for the Socialists would put the *whole* of the education of *all* the children into the hands of the commonwealth, taking away both the rights and the duties of parents in this matter.

We have seen now what is the theoretical basis of Socialism: how the system would affect our religion and the life of that only stable foundation of any State—the family. We need not wonder that Leo XIII., in view of the tendencies of this age, felt bound to point out—as he did point out in masterly fashion to the whole world—both the utterly fallacious principles of the system, and the disastrous consequences that must follow their general adoption. I will conclude with his own words, in which he laments the fact that governments of the present day do not sufficiently guard themselves against the creeping in of Socialistic ideas in the measures which they allow to pass; exhibiting at the same time a most unreasoning hostility to the only power that will be able to make an efficient stand against the inroads of Socialism—the power that ever has stood, and ever will stand, for justice and truth—the Catholic Church of Christ.

"It is to be deplored," writes the Holy Father in his Encyclical "Concerning Modern Errors," "that they to whom has been entrusted the care of the common welfare, allowing themselves to be circumvented by the fraudulent devices of infamous men, and terror-stricken at their threats, have ever displayed toward the Church feelings of suspicion or even hostility; not understanding that the endeavors of these sects would have been of no effect had the doctrine of the Catholic Church and the authority of the Roman Pontiffs, among rulers and peoples alike, always remained in due honor. For the *Church of the living God*, which is the pillar and ground of *truth*, proclaims those doctrines and precepts whereby the security and calm of society is provided for, and the accursed brood of Socialism is utterly destroyed."

(The End.)

NOR steep nor sharp the early steps to sin:
By smoothest gradients doth that path begin.

—Anon.

Amidst Roses and Rosières.

SUMMER flowers are fading, summer warmth is waning into autumn coolness; everywhere, the trees and plants are gradually changing their festive tints to those of sombre hue. Nature's changes might bring a feeling of sadness to our hearts, did not a remembrance of pleasant scenes witnessed during the past bright season offer comfort to the mind.

Twenty-five years of godless teaching in infidel schools ought, logically, to have given the deathblow to every good feeling in the rising generations of France, among whom surely much havoc has been wrought. However, despite the blighting precepts inculcated into youthful minds, the soil being unfavorable, they have at times struck but feeble roots. And as winter, Nature's death, is but a passing moment, to be followed by the bloom of spring, so let us hope that the good seed sown by so many steadfast toilers in the just cause — the counter-workers of the godless State-school teachers — will take strong root, bringing forth rich fruit in God's chosen time and way. *Sursum corda!* These few lines will help to show that Christian efforts in France are not wholly vain.

Perhaps some may inquire: What is a "Rosière"? And if they consult the dictionary they will find, "A young girl wearing a wreath of roses"; or else, "The winner of the rose." But why and how the "wearer" and "winner" of the wreath of roses? This humble crown is the external sign by which one knows that a girl of the working class has not only proved herself a model of good conduct, but that, in the "struggle for life," she has shown herself what the American poet styles "a hero in the strife."

We must go back very far into the shadows of the past to find the first "Rosière," — as far back as 535, when St. Médard, deeming a nation's worth to be best measured by the high standard

of the virtue of its women, thought of instituting the custom of annually crowning a "Rosière," in order to reward as publicly as possible the young girl who, in each town, had shown herself during the year a model of all Christian virtues. Tradition declares St. Médard's own sister was the first "Rosière," being crowned at Salency, a village near Noyon, in the Oise Department; and it is easy to believe that, in this instance, tradition speaks the truth.

Soon many districts around Paris followed suit, — Nanterre and Suresnes being the first to institute the custom. Then Canon in the Orne, Neuilly in the Côte-d'Or, Briguebec and Saint-Sauveur-le-Vicomte, honored their "Rosière." Some among the Paris parishes continue this inspiring custom, — the crowning of the "Rosière" at Sainte-Marie-des-Batignolles attracting large numbers each year. As time passed, generous donors added to the emblematic wreath of roses a munificent gift of money, heartily welcomed in the struggling families where the golden coin, here termed a "louis," is but rarely seen. Sometimes it is stipulated by the donor that, on the day of her crowning, the "Rosière" is to marry; under these circumstances, she receives, together with the purse, a complete trousseau. The young girl is always accompanied by one or two members of the donor's family, who act as sponsors. Sometimes — happily but rarely — when none among the candidates is deemed sufficiently meritorious, her virtues not having attained the "heroic" point, the precious gifts are withheld; but the following year a candidate may — lucky girl! — come in for a double prize. This year Virtue triumphed: no prize remained unawarded.

During these past summer months it was a pleasure to visit the districts around Paris, to witness the touching ceremony of the "Crowning of the Rosière," to see the unfeigned joy of the candidates, and to offer our congratulations. To reach

our journey's end, our path was often in very truth a path of roses; for on every side—around elegant villas, or covering humble, rustic cottages, or peeping out from wayside hedges—bloomed summer's fairest flowers; and the rose, in prodigal profusion and in countless tints, charmed the eye.

Early in the season, the delightfully situated town of Montmorency crowned its "Rosière," Julie Marie Fleury, a pretty laundress of twenty-two. The oldest of eleven children, she has for many years aided her widowed father, a carter, to provide for his large family. Julie Marie received five hundred francs, together with a personal gift from the mayor, one from her sponsor, and a medal, commemorating the event, from the municipal council. The girl seemed very popular, as great signs of joy were visible on every side.

On the same day, at Vitry-sur-Seine, Flore Fouquau, a young girl of twenty, was likewise crowned. M. and Mme. Germain Defresne, who in 1904 instituted a prize of six hundred francs, stipulated that it should be awarded only to a girl working in the fields; thus seeking to encourage girls to remain in their country home rather than rush to the great capital, with its fatal allurements and too often final misery.

Generally the municipality elects the "Rosière." At Maisons-Alfort, by a special wish of the donor, M. Auguste Simon, the young girls of the town choose the favored one. This year their choice fell on Berthe Louise Prince, who received a purse containing five hundred francs, with heartfelt congratulations from the mayor on her unwavering devotedness to her family.

At Choisy-le-Roi, a truly meritorious girl of twenty-one, Berthe Renault, was the fortunate candidate. She is the oldest child of a widowed father, who works at crockery ware. Berthe, by her arduous labors, helps to bring up seven brothers and sisters. Her prize consisted of nine hundred francs, put into the savings

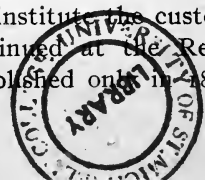
bank, and a ready sum of one hundred francs in gold.

At the pretty town of Montreuil-Sous-Bois, where two "Rosières" are crowned each year, a still larger prize—fifteen hundred francs—fell to the lot of Louise Bardot, aged nineteen, the oldest of eight children, to whose maintenance she largely contributes by her labors and her sacrifices. Marguerite Moreau, a glove-maker by trade, received the Alexis Pesnon prize of one thousand francs. This happy "Rosière" had, by incessant labor, helped her widowed mother to bring up a family of six younger children.

The "Rosière" at Vannes was Rose Levêque, a dressmaker of twenty-three, whose infirm parents are completely dependent on her. She received four hundred francs, and it is to be regretted that the sum was not larger. Rose's one desire is to provide for her parents in their humble home rather than see them enter a State asylum.

At Dourdan, two "Rosières" are crowned every year,—one in May, the other in August. The first is called the "White Rosière"; while the second is known as the "Black Rosière," as her day of triumph falls on the anniversary of the death of Mlle. Louise Marie Julie de la Perelle, whose mother instituted this second "Rosière" in memory of a beloved daughter. The beneficiary in this case was Pauline Robert, a most deserving work-girl of twenty. The crowning took place in the parish church. It seemed fitting that this ceremony, instituted as the reward of virtue, should take place in God's own sanctuary, bidding "Rosière" and assistants alike raise their hopes beyond the fleeting rewards of earth to the never-ending recompense awaiting those who, above all other voices, however fascinating, have listened to that of duty.

Nanterre claims the most celebrated "Rosière" around Paris, from the fact of its being the first to institute the custom. Having been discontinued at the Revolution, it was re-established only in 17818,



when a sum of three hundred francs was voted by the municipal council. In 1881 the sum was increased to one thousand francs. Half the amount is put into the savings bank, and the remainder given in money and clothing. The chosen one this year was a pretty girl of twenty-one, Albertine Léontine Tremblay, the oldest of eight children. She has always aided her parents, and of late has been their sole support; the father having met with a serious accident which left him infirm.

Guillerval, near Etampes, this year for the first time crowned a "Rosière." Mme. Lesage, a widow lady, left in her will the sum necessary for founding the prize. Rose Touzeau, a deserving work-girl, daughter of a railroad porter, was chosen as first beneficiary out of nine competitors. And even worldly Enghien, so frequented by the "smart set," now claims its "Rosière." This year Jeanne Autheume received the sum of thirteen hundred and twenty-two francs, coming from the legacy of the Marquis de la Coussage. The young girl lives with her parents, and by her steady work helps to provide for several little brothers and sisters.

Last, but not least—especially for readers of *THE AVE MARIA*,—I shall speak of Neuilly-sur-Seine, from whose Sainte-Croix College went bravely forth, in the middle of the last century, the holy pioneers of Notre Dame. Neuilly confers three "Prizes for Merit." This year the Prix Pierret—twelve hundred francs—was awarded to Charlotte Roche, whose aged parents are entirely depending on her. The Prix Lefort—nine hundred francs—fell to Gabrielle Souffren, a laundress, who, by her persevering labor, aids her widowed mother to bring up a large family; while the Prix Lajeune-Germain—eight hundred francs—was awarded to Lucie Chavry, a deserving young dressmaker of twenty. This triple ceremony took place in the Salle des Fêtes, at the Neuilly-sur-Seine Mairie.

There is no great variety in this recital: ever the same virtues, ever the same

recompense. But has not George Eliot written, "What novelty is worth that sweet monotony where everything is known, and loved because it is known"? And does not the very monotony of these humble lives, all of labor inspired by love, constitute their charm and render them more admirable? Amidst the universal deterioration of the moral standard, a hope, an encouragement, shines forth from these examples. It has been my privilege to wander only amongst the "Rosières" near Paris; throughout the entire land similar young and obscure heroines have, all during the summer months, received the well-merited recompense of patient, persevering labor. Their fame is rarely trumpeted beyond their birthplace; but the Recording Angel, we may hope, has registered their deeds in that Book wherein are inscribed, in golden letters, the names of those destined to inherit everlasting reward.

EBLANA.

Reading at Meals.

IT is erroneously believed by many persons—by most persons, perhaps, whose attention has been called to the matter at all—that reading at meals was first practised in the refectories of the oldtime monasteries. The custom, however, very considerably antedates the Christian era.

The Greeks and Romans always employed servants to read to them on these occasions. By the former they were called "anagnostes"; by the latter, "lectores." And it appears, from Servius, that women were occasionally employed in this office, as he describes one as "lectrix." The Emperor Severus himself was accustomed to read at table; and Cornelius Nepos relates of Atticus that he never supped without doing so, "that his mind," quoth the historian, "might not be less delighted than his stomach." In Greece it was customary to have the praises of great men sung during mealtime; and these

effusions were called "acroamata." The general practice, however, like all others, was in time exposed to abuse; and, accordingly, we learn from Martial that a certain poetaster called Ligurinus was wont to recite his own poems at table, to the great disgust of his guests.

The custom is mentioned by Eginhard to have been kept up by Charlemagne, who had the lives and exploits of ancient princes read to him while at table; and St. Augustine ascribes a similar practice to the clergy and monks of his day. The duties of the monastic reader were regarded as spiritual; the rule enjoined upon brethren the duty of reverent attention to what he read. "Nor let your mouths only take in food: let your ears also hunger after the word of God." The reader at table was solemnly blessed in the choir on Sunday,—that is, before he entered upon his first day's duty; and he received a second blessing from the prelate before he mounted the pulpit. Dinner might not begin until he had read the first sentence of the passage selected. The works to be read were chiefly Books of Scripture, and proceeded according to a fixed cycle. The duty of reading so as to be understood was insisted upon; and from the way in which the reader is told, in ancient monastic rules, to mark his book so that he may know the precise place at which he left off, it is evident that the reading was intended to be a genuine help to edification.

Corresponding with readers are the story-tellers of the East, of whom persons of rank generally employ two or three, male or female, to amuse them with tales when melancholy or indisposed, and often to lull them to sleep. Sir William Temple, in his *Essays*, notices a similar custom amongst the Irish, who had formerly their story-tellers, descended, as he thinks, from the old Irish bards. The duty of the domestic bard at the court of the Welsh princes was also, according to the *Laws of Howell*, nearly the same; instead of reciting tales, he was to sing songs.

Mission Work at Home and Abroad.

CHANCES FOR THE CHARITABLE.

IT was a favorite saying of the late Cardinal Vaughan that co-operation with missionaries abroad is sure to result in the more generous support of all religious works at home. Of late years, thanks to the zeal of priests and layfolk in different parts of the United States, there has been a distinct revival of interest in the work of the Propagation of the Faith. Great efforts are being made to familiarize the Catholic public with the labors of missionaries in foreign fields, and to win blessings and support for their work by prayers and alms. But meantime let us not lose sight of needy missions at home. Not to speak of those for the Indians and Negroes, the maintenance of which is an obligation too plain to be slighted, there are many others of which our people hear nothing, though they are not less deserving or promising than the average mission in any pagan country under the sun.

It would doubtless be a surprise to most American Catholics to learn that there are numerous districts in our own country where as yet either no Catholic churches exist or they are few and far between, attended only once in two or three years. Living sometimes many miles apart, having no schools of their own, too poor in many cases, too careless in others, to provide themselves with religious books, and rarely if ever receiving a Catholic paper into their homes,—the Catholic residents are worse off religiously, in many instances, than if they were living in what we call "missionary countries." As for the children, they grow up in ignorance of their religion, and are naturally lost to the Church.

It may be asked, why do not priests try to establish little libraries in all their mission stations, and to circulate Catholic papers among the people? An easy question. A once famous queen, when

told that many peasants in her dominions were dying of starvation, asked why they didn't eat crackers and cheese. The poverty of these good missionaries prevents them from doing a tithe of what they would like to do. In many cases, they live "from hand to mouth," as the saying is; patiently enduring hardships and privations of which few people have any idea. A priest of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, now deceased, who became the superior of his community in this country, assured us that he suffered more during a comparatively short stay at a remote mission in one of the Western States than in the eight years he had spent in Senegambia.

Appeals for help in founding circulating libraries and to distribute Catholic literature in places seldom visited by priests, or where no church exists, come to us from many parts of the West and South. The latest is so pressing that we can not forbear presenting it to our readers, though we are not unmindful that several other appeals are already before them. A distinguished author, a convert to the Church, temporarily residing at a little place in Washington State, writes:

We are trying to build a church, and obtain a resident priest for this forlorn district. There are many Catholics in the country; but those who have been here for any time have lost their Faith and have brought up their children like heathens, not even taking the trouble to get them baptized. Since I came, the good Father from W—— (a long two days' journey from here) comes up two or three times a year; but, as his parish is *six thousand square miles* in extent, that is the most that he can do. The secret societies of course flourish, and have netted almost all the grown people, but we hope to do something for the young ones at least. I am founding a Catholic library, and should be so grateful for books, magazines, and papers, of the right sort, no matter how old. If you could speak to some of your friends about it, perhaps they would help us.

We are preparing Christmas boxes for this and some other spiritually destitute American missions, and shall be happy to include any contributions that may reach us within the next few weeks.

Notes and Remarks.

Persuaded that the fullest influence of religion should be exerted in this country, Judge Grosscup, of the United States Circuit Court, is an outspoken advocate of religious instruction in the public schools. He declares it to be "a vital need for the future of the nation." On more than one public occasion he has emphasized the same opinion, even going so far as to say, in suggesting possible means of settling the school question, that "a part of the public funds might be given to the parochial schools,—though this would scarcely be practical at present," he was careful to add. By which we understand that, in the Judge's opinion, the non-Catholics of this country are not as yet prepared to do justice by their Catholic fellow-citizens. But we like to believe that they will be prepared as soon as such ideas as his Honor expressed last week, in an interview granted to a reporter of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, gain general currency,—as soon as the American people come to realize the unfortunate condition thus described by Judge Grosscup:

The whole point of the situation is that spirituality, the greatest of forces for upbuilding of men and women, is being excluded because of the desire of the Government to be entirely neutral as between the various denominations. The consequence of this ardent desire for neutrality is that the Government is actually taking a stand against spirituality,—or at least that is how it works out in the end.

The result of the unfortunate situation is that, at an age when children are having their character and mentality made up, they are not given any of the benefit of spirituality. The rising generation is thus losing spiritual education at the time when it is most needed. Some method should be found by which spiritual instruction can be made a part of the public school system.

Since the great Eucharistic Congress in Cologne, the attention of the whole Catholic world has been directed to Germany. 'Tis well, for there is no body of the faithful in all Christendom to-day from

whom more is to be learned than the Catholics of the Fatherland. The robustness of their faith, their zeal for its propagation, their solidarity, are admirable. A correspondent of *Le Temps*, who attended the Congress, writes: "We do not understand how, in this land of industry, the Church and the people can have become so knit into one. What strikes the eye most of all is the endless parade of banners belonging to the workmen's associations; it brings home to us the strange and unique phenomenon that in this country the clergy are on the side of the demands of the working class and the prime movers in the Catholic workmen's association."

This good Frenchman has evidently been in profound and prolonged slumber. Perfected organization and a virile press have effected the close union between priests and people in Germany at which he wonders. It is because the clergy there have a clear apprehension of Christian principles, and cultivate a broad outlook on social questions, because they bring a wide knowledge to the elucidation of specific problems,—in a word, it is because the parish church and the parish school do not absorb their energies, that they are able to keep in such close touch with the working class and to act as prime movers in workmen's associations.

The Catholics of Germany have a keen perception of present-day needs and dangers, and a congress of any character among them invariably results in distinct gains to religion.

It is pleasant to notice that when Archbishop Ireland becomes reminiscent, he goes back to his boyhood, instead of referring to events that occurred when he was a young man, as all old men are wont to do. There could be no surer sign of fresh-heartedness and undiminished energy. It is hard to realize that he was fifteen years old in 1853, and that the great archdiocese over which he now rules was then a diocese, including the whole

State of Minnesota and the two Dakotas. In that year he was reader at the retreat for the clergy, only seven of whom were present. "The Archbishop delights to tell how these seven heroes of that early day came into the small frontier town of St. Paul—some on horseback, others by stage-coach, and still others on foot,—most of them after travelling hundreds of miles and consuming a week or more on the road. They wore big boots, broad hats, and great-coats, some of which would make the trees along the way green with envy. And during the retreat they slept on the floor in the school-house near the cathedral, and seemed well contented to be able to enjoy even that privilege, so much superior to what some of them had in their scattered missions."

We quote from an interview with Father Nugent, C. M., published in the *Western Watchman*. "What a contrast," he exclaims, "to the two hundred and twenty who made the retreat this year, and the splendid accommodations of St. Paul's Seminary!"

Mr. G. K. Chesterton's gift for paradox and wide speculation is strikingly displayed in his new book, "Tremendous Trifles." He deserves to be called the Master of Paradoxes. Any number of passages like the following might be quoted from his books entitled "Orthodoxy," "All Things Considered," "Heretics," and perhaps also from his novel "The Napoleon of Notting Hill":

There is nothing which is so weak for working purposes as the enormous importance attached to immediate victory. There is nothing that fails like success.

All the empires and the kingdoms have failed because of this inherent weakness,—that they were founded by strong men and upon strong men. But this one thing, the historic Christian Church, was founded on a weak man, and for that reason it is indestructible. For no chain is stronger than its weakest link.

The modern world, when it praises its little Cæsars, talks of being strong and brave; but it does not seem to see the eternal paradox involved in the conjunction of these ideas. The

strong can not be brave: only the weak can be brave. And yet again, in practice, only those who can be brave can be trusted, in time of doubt, to be strong. The only way in which a giant could really keep himself in training against the inevitable Jack would be by continually fighting other giants ten times as big as himself,—that is, by ceasing to be a giant and becoming a Jack.

It is true that there is a thing crudely called charity, which means charity to the deserving poor; but charity to the deserving is not charity at all, but justice. It is the undeserving who require it, and the ideal either does not exist at all or exists wholly for them.

If a man is first with us, it should be because of what is first with him. If a man convinces us at all, it should be by his own convictions.

Bigotry may be roughly defined as the anger of men who have no opinions. It is the resistance offered to definite ideas by that vague bulk of people whose ideas are indefinite to excess.

Religion is exactly the thing which can not be left out—because it includes everything. The most absent-minded person can not well pack his Gladstone-bag and leave out the bag.

One does not wonder at the popularity of an author who is able to express himself in this wise.

We have been more or less mildly criticised at various times within the last decade for occasional strictures on the methods in vogue in public schools,—strictures not at all impertinent, be it emphasized, in view of the fact that Catholic citizens are taxed for the support of these schools, and have a perfect right to know how their money is being expended. It is naturally a gratification to us to be able to cite an expert opinion on the subject, fully in agreement with our own. Prof. Gayley, of the University of California, recently gave this diagnosis:

Since Froebel began to have statues in our cities, discipline has disappeared out of our schools; the memory, for lack of exercise, is atrophied: it is a breeder of disease, a tonsil, a vermiform appendix,—remains but to cut it out. The child is not "born for the universe," but for himself; not nowadays subject to the common training of his kind, but to his own sweet will. In the kindergarten he learns that there is no such thing as application, no such word as "must." So, with coddling and

dawdling, and marking time, and playing at handicraft, he emerges, not merely inert of mind and morals, but pervert.

The universities do not require too much. The schools are trying not much but many things. They can do more by trying less. Less number and variety of studies, less dawdling over them, less futile repetition, less subdivision into arbitrary cabins and compartments and two-inch treads of knowledge, less fear of overtaxing the memory, less coddling of the child, less experimentation with half-fledged theories of pedagogy, and with fads that are the laughter of gods and men; less spelling of words without syllables, and of syllables without letters; less baby arithmetic and ten-year-old arithmetic and fifteen-year-old arithmetic; less literary criticism and more grammar. Fewer different kinds of effort, in other words, and more intellectual effort on the part of the child. Some accuracy in something; less worship of the idol of Caprice. The waste of time is appalling, and it is chiefly to be traced to our elementary schools.

We respectfully submit that this is at least as forcible as anything we have ever written on the subject—and, more's the pity, quite as true.

Apropos of the Silver Jubilee of the Catholic Truth Society of England, recently celebrated, the *London Catholic Weekly* says:

It may be interesting to note that Mr. James Britten, K. S. G., the lay honorary secretary, to whom and Mgr. Cologan the position attained by the Society is chiefly due, is about to retire on pension from the Civil Service. Mr. Britten, who is still a comparatively young man, being only sixty-three, was educated for medicine, but preferred botany.

As an indication of the British idea of youth, maturity, and old age, "a comparatively young man, being only sixty-three," is illuminative. Apparently, our London contemporary not only believes, with Sir James Crichton-Browne, that "every man is entitled to his century," but thinks that the epithet "old" is inexact as applied to any man under at least threescore and ten. The viewpoints, if not the conditions, of longevity have changed in England since Shakespeare's time. Then, the fifties were venerable. "Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lan-

caster," was fifty-eight when supposedly so addressed; and Admiral Coligny, killed at fifty-five, is described by his contemporary biographer as a very old man. According to the British Registrar-General's statistics, one person in 127,000 reaches the century mark, although Bulgaria has a centenarian for every thousand of its inhabitants. The average American may be entitled to his century, but he lives it with such double-action energy that it usually becomes exhausted in about half the time.

Mr. Britten is a man of many activities; indeed few men of our time have led a busier life. He was only twenty-three years old when he was appointed to the Kew Herbarium. In the following year he was transferred from Kew to the Department of Botany at the British Museum. His principal work in connection with the Museum was the editing of the volume illustrating the botanical collections of Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. David Solander, collected during Captain Cook's first voyage round the world. Since 1880 Mr. Britten has edited *The Journal of Botany*, in which, as well as in other organs, he has published a large number of papers dealing with the history and contents of the National Herbarium. In addition to all this, Mr. Britten was one of the first members of the Folklore Society and the English Dialect Society, for the latter of which he edited Turner's "Names of Herbes," and, with the late Robert Holland, the "Dictionary of English Plant-Names," which is recognized as the standard work on the subject. With Mr. G. S. Boulger (also a Catholic), he compiled the "Biographical Dictionary of British and Irish Botanists," with its supplements.

A. B. Crane. It has been like a bomb in Anglican camps on both sides of the Atlantic. The writer "speaks right out in meeting," as the Methodist saying is; and advocates a frank abandonment of the Continuity theory, declaring that "for a thousand years before the Reformation the centre of religious unity for every individual Englishman, for every bishop of every English diocese, for the 'Ecclesia Anglicana' as a whole, was not the King of England but the Pope of Rome." Attempts to justify the fact of discontinuity may now be looked for in every organ of the High Church party. That such attempts will have the effect of opening the eyes of a great many earnest Anglicans is as sure as that they will otherwise be abortive.

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One of the strongest pleas for the reunion of Christendom that has been made in recent years we find in the *London Academy*, in the conclusion of a leading article entitled "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin." After deploring the fact that, instead of the one all-powerful Voice of Christ, we have now hundreds of petty and immoral imitations of that Voice, and that in consequence many Christians have lost the holy sense of duty to an all-powerful Creator, the writer continues:

All secular, and therefore political, government must forever prove abortive in its attempts to create a happy, peaceful, healthy and prosperous condition of society, no matter how good the ministers or economic their measures may be, apart from this universal or united sense of morality on the part of the people themselves. Every civilized nation should note this great principle. Indeed, it is the practical or working ground of all economic science. And as we have seen that this universal sense has been almost, if not wholly, crushed by secular or political non-conformity, our hope of salvation from a Socialistic tyranny or from our existing state of democratic chaos and distress, lies in the moral reunion of the whole of Christendom; for these evils are affecting other Christian nations besides our own.

"Is this reunion of Christendom possible?" asks the writer. "Whether it be

The theory of Continuity, we venture to say, will never again be advanced by any Anglican who takes the trouble to read a contribution to the July number of the *London Quarterly Review* by Mr.

considered possible or impossible," he tersely declares, "God wills it."

And if England fails to gird up her loins, and look to the accursed disease which has for generations been destroying her old and pure sense of Christian Oneness, she will share the fate of Babylon and Rome. What, let us ask, has she not begotten under her reckless and immoral sway of anti-Christianity? Free churches, indeed—and chaos with them. And the men who have thus traduced the Spiritual Church, who have dared to propagate, "in His name," their own vulgar and immoral independence, when His doctrine, His life, was one stupendous lesson of self-sacrifice and self-surrender,—these men, we say, are, and have been, neither more nor less than Christian apostates. . . . By their own foul ideals they have been the means of crushing the very virtue of the Holy Spirit out of the hearts of their fellow-beings, by seducing them from the Catholic Faith, the universal Fold; but, not content with this, they have sought to ruin them in mind and body likewise.

Thus, how near to ruin we are through these vulgar (some call them rational) ideals of Christian freedom and license may be seen not only in the pharisaic emptiness and perversity of our religion and morality, for the loose morality of the times has even generated an anti-Christian sense in the Catholic [*sic*] or National Church itself; but our ruin is also written large in the *laissez-faire* policy and intellectual inaptitude of our Parliament, in our society cesspools, in our divorce courts, in our municipal pickpocketing, in our senseless and highly neurotic press; in our spurious literature and drama, which makes the fortunes of trash-mongers, whilst it starves the honest man of letters. In fact, it is to be seen in a thousand mental forms of degeneracy. And as for our physical ruin, you have only to look in our football enclosures to note the shocking freedom (pace, we think they call it) in luxury and extravagance.

Something to be learned, marked, and inwardly digested by every member of the Establishment,—by all outside the visible pale of Christ's Church,

There is a moral that needs no expounding in this brief account of an incident narrated at length in a "great daily":

Some time ago there was a unique funeral in one of the cemeteries near Chicago. It was that of a manufacturer of no especial fame.

But about the grave were gathered a score of men, all of whom wore a modest badge of simple design, and all of whom tarried for a while when the service was over and the relatives had gone. Who were these men? Every one was a released convict to whom this man had given employment and a fresh start toward respectability.

The difficulty—often enough the impossibility—of living down the infamy attached to detention in prison, is one of the apparently insurmountable obstacles confronting the ex-convict who would profit by his bitter experience and return to an honest, law-abiding life. Caution and precaution are virtues, no doubt; but the gentle Master who was accused of eating and drinking with Publicans and sinners would assuredly have found a place in His charity for the repentant criminal who leaves the prison with a genuine purpose of amendment, and who nowadays discovers that he is to be ostracized forever by the "respectables" of the world.

Concluding a review of a recent attack on the Bible as the revealed word of God, by Mr. J. Allanson Picton ("Men and the Bible"), the *Athenæum* says:

It is impossible to follow Mr. Picton in all his arguments or assertions, but that he is not free from prejudice may be seen from his treatment of St. Francis. "The figure of St. Francis of Assisi," he says, "has a halo of brotherly kindness and glorified humanity around it, such that it might seem almost a sacrilege to associate him with the hellish deeds of the Inquisition." He admits that Francis did not take an equal part with Dominic in the organization of the Inquisition. He not only did not take an equal part, but took no part. There is the complaint that Francis did not even protest against it. The fact remains that the Inquisition was not organized in the days of either Francis or Dominic. The prejudice may be further illustrated. Speaking of the Commandments "Thou shalt not kill" and "Thou shalt not steal," the author asserts that against these "the whole action of Church and State since Constantine has been one constant rebellion." Bacon may here be quoted: "Discretion of speech is more than eloquence."

Other critical absurdities in which Mr. Picton indulges deserve no notice.

A Notable New Book.

Life of St. Brigid. (Irish-English.) By a Redemptorist Father. A. Bassi. Wellington Quay, Dublin.

"Alas! things were coming to a sad pass when our people were beginning to know little of those Irish kings and warriors, saints and learned men; little of Tara, Tailteann or Usnagh, of Aonach or Mórdhail. But Ireland's hope is in the young, the generous and the virtuous; and, with God's help, she will not be disappointed."

So says a holy Redemptorist Father in his charming little Life of the great saint who has been considered worthy to be called "The Mary of Erin." While reading this book, we have been strongly of a desire of the late Mr. Aubrey de Vere, over and over repeated to the present writer, that some Irish hand would do for the Apostle of Ireland what the author of "The Little Flowers of St. Francis" has done for the venerable Patriarch of Assisi. It has not been done for St. Patrick; but this little Life of St. Brigid actually does it for the Blessed Brigid, the great Mary of the Gael. As, for instance:

When Brigid was one day with her father at the court of King Dunling, she took his sword and gave it as an alms to a poor man. The father, missing his sword, was filled with indignation, as it was the King's gift. Brigid, with delightful simplicity, answered the angry protests of her father and the King: "I gave the sword to God. And if God were to ask me, and if I could do it, I would give Him my father and my King and all their possessions." This charming simplicity, joined to such loftiness of mind, greatly pleased the King, who gave her another splendid sword, which she smilingly presented to her father.

It was at the court of the King of Teffia that Brigid saved the life of a page. This page was carrying into the banquet hall a most precious and beautiful vase, when, by some unfortunate accident, he let it fall, shivering it to pieces. The King broke into a fit of uncontrollable anger, and ordered the page to be executed the following day. It was hearts such as his the Church had to tame and make meek and humble after the Heart of Jesus. St. Mel interceded with the King, but to no purpose. He then brought the fragments of the shattered vase to Brigid and aid them at her feet. She understood. She breathed upon the fragments, says the chronicler, and the vessel "was renewed in a form that was better than before." It was taken to the King, and the captive was set free. Then Mel said: "Not for me hath God wrought this miracle, but for Brigid." The preaching of St. Mel and the heavenly appearance of the modest and saintly Brigid led to the King's conversion and the completion of Patrick's work throughout the kingdom of Teffia.

Two lepers came to Brigid to be healed. She bade one of them to wash the other. He did so, and the leper was cleansed. "Do thou now," said Brigid to the leper who was cleansed,—"do thou now tend and wash thy comrade as he has ministered unto thee."—"What, O nun! Dost thou deem it just that I, a healthy man, with my fresh limbs and clean garments, should wash that loathsome leper there, with his livid limbs falling from him? A custom like that is not fit for me." So saying the wretched,

proud man turned away. Then the humble Brigid, with her own sweet hands, washed the poor leper, and he was made clean. The haughty leper, we are told, was, for his disobedience and want of charity, filled with leprosy from head to foot.

St. Brigid hated slavery with all her soul. A poor slave girl fled to her in Limerick for safety. Regardless of the entreaties and warnings of the saint, her mistress attempted to tear the slave away. But Brigid would not yield; and God, approving the act of His saint, struck the wicked mistress, and her arm fell dead by her side. She repented, released the slave, and was healed by Brigid's prayers.

The Life is, moreover, interesting from the fact that the English has been translated into Irish; and on opposite pages in the book are the Gaelic and the *Beurla* (English). The Irish is, in its own way, as beautiful and as simple as the English; and if any one who wishes to understand it will take the trouble of reading two or three of the little books of Father O'Gowney (God rest the good man!), the Irish will be no trouble, but, on the contrary, a recreation and a pleasure.

When a pilgrim from "the far-away Island" (as in the Gaelic we call America) comes to Ireland, and, passing in the train from Queens-town to Dublin, sees on his right hand, about thirty miles from the metropolis, a Catholic church standing on a rising ground, and near it a beautiful round tower, if he has read this little book he will know that it was there, under the great oak, St. Brigid founded her monastery, Kill-dara (the Church of the Oak). He will know also that "Kildare grew to be no longer merely a church and a few cells, but a great convent, from which nuns and teachers went forth all over Ireland, England, and Scotland; a university for men as well as women; a very city of schools and scholars and saints. There gathered bishops and priests to consult the illustrious abbess, to receive a blessing from her, and procure a band of nuns for their various missions; and there gathered the daughters of chieftains and simple Irish maidens to consecrate themselves to God forever. At Brigid's invitation, great masters assembled at Kildare to teach science and art,—all trades and handicrafts; and while students learned these things, they drank in, as it were at its fountain-head, virtue and piety and holy charity."

Well indeed might the good Redemptorist Father, echoing the praise of the annalists of Erin, cry out: "Brigid was 'a mother in Israel,' and all that a great and saintly mother ever did for her children she did for Ireland. In all truth it may be said that no woman ever did so much for her people and nation as Brigid did for Ireland."

The little book of fifty-six pages costs but one penny. A more luxurious edition can be had at sixpence.

R. O'K.



A Conqueror.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

THERE'S a victor far, far greater
 Than the heroes Homer sung,
 Than the warlike men who later
 Struggled Alpine ways among;
 Than the Macedonian fighting,
 And still eager for the fight,
 Than the great Napoleon smiting
 Foes on left and foes on right.

All unnamed in history's pages
 Are these conquests bravely won,
 'Mid all people, in all ages,
 In all lands beneath the sun.
 Some were won in climates torrid
 Where the wind blows drowsily,
 Some in fair lands, some in horrid,
 Some upon the deep blue sea.
 Still this victor's striving, straining
 Eagerly, with purpose high;
 Still this victor, too, is gaining
 Conquests as in days gone by.
 And 'tis not where cannon rattle
 That the strife grows hot and keen:
 Patience fights the bravest battle,
 Oft unnoticed and unseen.

Schoolgirls Abroad.

BY S. MARR.

XVII.



THINK of having only two days in
 which to see Cork and Blarney!
 Every moment there was a new
 impression. It was like taking views for a
 moving-picture performance and packing
 the films away for later development.
 Of course, in the mental process, there
 were under-exposures and over-exposures;
 sometimes we did not focus properly,

and more than once we tried to take
 two pictures on the same film. But the
 next time we go—what a wonderful trip
 that “next time” is going to be!

As soon as we had arranged for rooms
 at the Imperial Hotel, in Cork, we inquired
 the way to Blarney. By train was, of
 course, the most direct; but to drive
 there would give glimpses of scenery
 considered worth while. So we drove, and
 every moment of the afternoon was a
 delight. The road wound through a beau-
 tiful country. The low hills were carpeted
 with velvety grass; and here and there
 we caught flashes of the River Lee, a
 silver setting for the fields of emerald.
 The little town of Blarney was to us like
 a picture from an old book. It was restful,
 yet it was here that we felt most sensibly
 the loneliness of Ireland. The very effort
 made to interest the people in the way
 of industries seemed to emphasize the
 fact that the young are eager to seek
 the favors of fortune elsewhere.

Blarney Castle is, of course, the objec-
 tive point of all tourists to this enchant-
 ing region. It is a grey stone ruin, with
 history and mystery written large on its
 ancient walls. We climbed to the top of
 the donjon tower, which is one hundred
 and twenty feet high, and there enjoyed
 seeing several venturesome tourists go
 through the gymnastic performance of
 kissing the Blarney Stone. The grounds
 around the Castle are picturesque. There
 is a wild beauty about the vine-grown
 rocks and mossy trees; and a certain
 proud, sad reticence in glen and tangled
 copse that one notes sometimes in the
 daughters of Erin. As we drove back to
 Cork in the late afternoon, the glory of
 the sunset was over the land; and, as
 usual, Mary found the right word for
 the right place; for she quoted Father
 Prout's lines:

And the sun sheds gold
On this city old,
And lingers sinking down,
Where the throstle thrills
Behind the hills
Which circle Cork's own town.

We met friends in this city on "the pleasant waters of the River Lee," who acted as guides to us, thus enabling us to see much more than we had planned for ourselves. St. Mary's Cathedral (poor St. Fin Barre, his cathedral is Protestant!), St. Vincent's Church, on the heights of Sunday's Well; the Father Mathew Memorial Church; the Mardyke, a pretty elm-shaded roadway; Queen's College, and the Convent of the Good Shepherd, were among the places of interest we visited. It goes without saying we heard the Bells of Shandon, eight in number, that hang in the tower of a church known in 1199 as that of St. Mary in the Mountain, later as St. Marie de Shandon,—probably from *Shandunadh*, signifying "old fort." St. Patrick's Church, St. Patrick's Hill, St. Patrick's Bridge, and St. Patrick's Quay,—these were partial compensation for calling Protestant churches after St. Ann and St. Fin Barre. There was an air of American activity in the shops, and in our note-books it is recorded that in Cork we saw the finest fruit that had met our eyes since we set out from home.

We were scheduled to sail for New York on Sunday morning, so we left Cork for Queenstown Saturday evening. Up to 1849, the little harbor town, which might be called "The Last Sigh of the Gael," was known simply as "The Cove"; its present name having been given to it by Queen Victoria, on the occasion of a visit there. It is built up against the hillside; and as we looked out over the waters, and thought of the thousands and thousands who had started bravely from Queenstown to make homes in foreign lands, we were reminded of Ethna Carberry's lament on "The Passing of the Gael":

They are going, going, going from the valleys and
the hills,
They are leaving far behind them heathery moor
and mountain rills,
All the wealth of hawthorn hedges where the
brown thrush sways and thrills.

They are leaving pleasant places—shores with
snowy sands outspread;
Blue and lonely lakes a-stirring, when the wind
stirs overhead;
Tender living hearts that love them, and the
graves of kindred dead.

And when we thought of the thousands who remained in Ireland, carrying ever in their hearts the memory of those gone from them, we understood why Irish eyes seem ever filled with longing. Is it not because so many have watched, through tears, ships that were bearing away loved ones, never to return?

That last night in Ireland we had what Mary called a "Do-you-remember?" party. We compared notes, recalled many pleasant experiences, laughed over our many mistakes, and expressed in the same breath regret at having come to the end of our sight-seeing, and joy at the prospect of soon reaching home; usually prefacing each item with "Do you remember?" Katherine recalled Milan by asking: "Do you remember the electric light arrangement in our room?" If we turned on the light on the table, the light in the chandelier went out, and we had thought that a clever contrivance. Mary asked: "Do you remember how strange it seemed in Italy to have the drivers turn to the left instead of to the right in passing other vehicles?" Aunt Margaret kept the ball rolling by inquiring if we remembered the caretaker of Queen's College museum who pronounced "fac-simile" as if it rhymed with "beguile"; to which Katherine added, "And the London shopkeeper, whom we could hardly understand, and who told us he knew we were Americans because of our 'haccent.'" I carried them all back to Rome by asking if they remembered my experience with a Roman cabman. There was no doubt they still

enjoyed the memory of my encounter. One evening, when we dismissed our cab at the hotel, I told the driver to call in the morning at seven and take us to St. Peter's. That night we received an invitation to assist at Mass in the private chapel of his Eminence Cardinal Martinelli. So the next morning when I saw our cabman waiting for us, I ran down ahead of the others to tell him not to wait; for the Borghese Palace was only a short distance, and we had planned to walk. Few people in Rome are up at seven o'clock, so the street was very quiet; but the stillness was rudely broken by the driver, who clamored at the top of his voice in Italian. I tried to explain in English, French and German, not to mention gestures, and throwing in a few Latin words, declensions and all; but he kept on abusively, till I thought the Roman militia would arrive on the scene. A porter, meanwhile, had been awakened, and he told me part payment for the cab would have to be made. I had only United States money with me; so I left the irate man on the curb, scolding vigorously, until I could get Aunt Margaret to pay him anything he asked, if he would only keep still. The scene was funnier in the retrospect than when it happened. At least I thought so.

Mary concluded the reminiscences with "Do you remember the 'Bridge of Sighs' story?" In one of our unforgettable tours of Venice, we had lost ourselves in the spirit of long ago as we passed through the Doge's Palace, and, deeply stirred, were standing in the Bridge of Sighs. A party of ladies met us there; and one, in the cordial way of tourists, addressed Mary with the words: "Isn't this Pons Asinorum wonderful?" Mary looked puzzled, and the speaker passed on with the explanation, "Why, it's in the geometry, you know!"

It was a good thing we had our laughs before starting, for we hadn't many on the way over. Mass at daybreak in the beautiful cathedral on the heights was a

memory worth taking with us as one of our last impressions of Ireland. At 7.30 the tender took us out to our liner, *The Altruria*, waiting at the sea entrance. Carlisle Fort, Camden Fort, Rochester Point, and Westmoreland were soon left behind us; and we looked toward the fair land of smiles and tears as long as a line of purple marked the horizon, wondering if we had really seen Erin or had only dreamed it.

By noon the sea was rather rough, but nearly all the passengers gathered in the dining room for luncheon. Of the attendance at the other meals of the journey, none of us are qualified to speak; for we were not there. From reports we learned that even the racks (they were on the tables from dinner of the day we left Queenstown until the lunch which was served as we entered New York harbor) were not able to restrain the roving tendencies of the dishes, which, as soon as the boat started, must have taken to themselves sea-legs.

For three days, when we thought at all, we wondered why we had ever left home. There was no desire for social amenities. Aunt Margaret and Katherine, in the adjoining room, were miles away from us; Mary and I were as solitary in our respective cells as any two hermits of the Thebaid. We scorned words, even though the unusual was happening close to us. It was small matter to us that a camphor bottle, a vinaigrette, pieces of soap, and the two glasses from the toilet rack, were careening around on the floor with our respective shoes and slippers. It did not matter to us that the water pitcher at every third lurch threw a jet of water into a suit-case, and that every now and then a small wave swished through the insecurely fastened porthole. Finally, we were persuaded to allow ourselves to be helped on deck, and at once things began to brighten. The worst of the storm was over, but the sea remained rough, and we were a chastened-looking group when we reached New York.

Not until we stood upon the floor of the Custom House shed—and it seemed good to be there—did we realize the dreadfulness of the ordeal before us. We waited meekly while packages were opened and strings were untied. Mary seemed especially nervous about a box which she had placed in the bottom of our steamer trunk. In time it came to the surface in the inspector's hand; and, as he removed the cover, a collection of small lions and doves of St. Mark's, wolves suggestive of Romulus and Remus, and reproductions of the lions and bears of Switzerland, rolled out on the floor. An assistant inspector offered to help "corral the menagerie," as he expressed it; and some one near said something that sounded like "the Noah family." But discomfiture was forgotten, Custom House officers were forgotten, Europe was forgotten; for coming toward us were the dear ones from home, smiling a welcome which assured us that we were no longer schoolgirls abroad.

(The End.)

The Adventures of Ricardo.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

VIII.

Mary Callahan and Ricardo took a car to "Aunt Grey's," where they expected to meet the priests. But they had not yet arrived; there was no one at home except the servants. Mary did not like to leave her charge in their care, although the cook assured her the boy would be entirely safe.

"Mrs. Grey has gone up to Fordham for the day," she said. "She won't be home till near seven. The two priests are expected to dine at half-past seven. Usually we have dinner at one on Sundays, but to-day there's a change on account of company. The boy can sit in a little room off the kitchen, and I'll give him a book to read."

"He can't read a word of English, nor understand much of it either," replied Mary; "though I've found out he knows more than I thought. At first when he came to me he'd only say 'Yes' and 'No,' but in the last few days he manages to make me understand him. If I'm no bother to you, I'll sit a while; and maybe I could help you a bit. I don't like to go, myself, till I bid Father Featherstone good-bye."

While Mary and the cook conversed in the kitchen, Ricardo, who, having been there a few days, was familiar with the house, went upstairs to the room he had occupied next to that of the seamstress, who had worked in Mrs. Grey's family for many years. When he reached it he met Anne coming out of her own room with a bottle in her hand.

"I'm going to the drug-store, Ricardo," she said. "Would you like to come along? I'll get you a glass of soda-water. All little boys are fond of it."

Ricardo, being no exception to others of his age in this particular, answered:

"Yes, thank you, I will go."

He quickly followed her downstairs, and through a side door into the street. When they arrived at the drug-store, Anne ordered the soda-water for the boy, asking that he be given two straws, as she had often observed that one was apt to bend or break before the beverage was exhausted. Anne was a very kind and, in some respects, a thoughtful woman. She loved children, and it was her delight to give them pleasure. Like all who met him, she had formed a special regard for our Ricardo. While he sat, quietly and slowly sipping the soda-water, she engaged in conversation with the clerk behind the counter, who told her he could not fill the prescription, as he was not as yet qualified for such work. "If you would like to wait, Madam," he added, "the prescription clerk will be back in about fifteen minutes."

Anne looked at the clock: it lacked ten minutes of five.

"Very well," she said, thinking she might employ the time in making a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in a church not far away.

When Ricardo had finished his soda water, Anne said:

"Come over to the church on the next block, Ricardo, and we'll make a visit."

"Yes," he answered, though hardly comprehending what she meant.

The church was large and rather dark; the stained-glass windows, portraying events in the Old and New Testaments, were very elaborately executed, if not in the best possible taste. There were also many statues and several tiny side chapels. Anne led the way to the front, and knelt with her face in her hands. She was a very pious woman; to-day she became absorbed in her devotions. But after a while she lifted her head, feeling that it was time for her to return to the drug-store. Making the Sign of the Cross, she glanced toward the Communion steps where the boy had been kneeling.

To her great surprise, Ricardo was not there. She looked about her: he was not to be seen. She arose and made the tour of the church, but she could not find him. Then she thought that he must be waiting in the vestibule. She hurried forward, only to find her supposition incorrect. He was neither in the vestibule nor on the pavement below.

"He's gone back to the apothecary's," thought Anne, greatly relieved at the supposition. "He got tired praying, poor little fellow! And perhaps I was longer on my knees than I realized."

But Ricardo had not arrived at the drug-store. Neither the soda-fountain boy nor the prescription clerk who had put up Anne's package had seen him.

"I would have remembered him," said the boy, "because he had such big brown eyes and was so foreign-looking. You'll find him at home."

"Surely I will," said Anne, paying her bill and hastening from the shop. "It is no distance, and there's but one turning."

At the top of the basement steps she encountered Mary Callahan, who was looking anxiously down the street. As the seamstress approached, Mary asked in surprise:

"Where is Ricardo?"

"Has he not come back?" rejoined Anne, now thoroughly aroused.

"Come back from where?" questioned Mary, looking suspiciously at the seamstress, whom she had always thought lacking in common-sense. "Where did you take him?"

"To the drug-store on the Avenue. As I had to wait for my medicine, I thought we might step into the church for a few moments. So we did. I had my face covered with my hands,—I can always pray best that way; and when I looked around, ready to leave, the child was gone. I went up and down every one of the aisles, but I couldn't see him. Then I thought he had come home."

"Why would you think that?" cried Mary. "Don't you know, Anne Minton, that he's a stranger boy and has hardly any English to ask his way? O wirra, wirra! but he's an unfortunate little fellow, always getting into trouble! Where shall we look for him now?"

"How did you know he was with me?" asked Anne.

"The chambermaid said she saw you leading him by the hand up toward the Avenue and she sitting at her window. What a thing to do without saying a word to any one!"

"And why should I say a word to any one when I was only taking the child three or four blocks? You're altogether too bossy, Mrs. Callahan!"

"God knows I didn't mean to be," replied Mary, meekly. "And I hope you'll excuse me if I was cross. But the priests are inside and the dinner 'near ready, and I don't know what they'll say or do when they hear this last story. Sure it's only the other day he was lost before, and nearly killed into the bargain. He has the mark on his little forehead yet,

God help him! Come in till we see what they'll do about it."

Father Featherstone and Mrs. Grey were much perturbed at the information Mary brought them; but Father Clements said he felt Ricardo would be along in a few moments.

"He is clever enough to ask the way of a policeman," said the priest.

"I doubt it, Father John," replied Mary. "He always seemed afraid of one. And I don't believe he knows the name of the street."

"Maybe not," said Father Clements. "I will telephone to the nearest police precinct and ask them to communicate with the others. He can not have gone far. By the time we have finished dinner he will be here."

His confident manner somewhat reassured the other priest, and Mrs. Grey said:

"John is doing the very best thing, Father. He will be found sooner that way than if we went or sent in search of him ourselves. My principal concern is for his feelings: he will be frightened to death."

"I am afraid you may have taken something of a hoodoo on yourself with Cardo," said Father Clements, laughingly, to his friend, as he returned from the telephone and the three seated themselves at table. "He has already given you more than a due share of anxiety. He seems very helpless and vague, in spite of his undeniable charm."

"Vague perhaps,—yes," replied Father Featherstone. "But isn't that because of his ignorance of our language, and because he is a stranger? Helpless I don't believe him to be. I have seen a sparkle and a glint occasionally in those soft brown eyes that make me believe he could be brave if occasion should arise. Present circumstances, however, are rather against him, I admit. He reminds me of myself when I was about his age. I was always falling, or rather walking blindfold into some foolish predicament, out of which I might easily have kept myself if I had

only had my eyes open. My poor grandmother used to expect it. But after the last great *coup*, when I rushed into the world to seek my fortune—and found it,—everything went well with me.

"I hate to think of the child wandering around in the dark," said Mrs. Grey.

"Oh, he is safe in some station house by this time!" replied Father John, carelessly; but Father Featherstone noticed that there was a little frown between his brows,—one that never failed to appear when he was worried or annoyed.

They did not talk much after this; the meal was soon finished.

"Strange we have heard nothing," observed Father Clements, after grace had been said. "Shall we go out and walk up the Avenue?"

"Yes," answered the other priest.

"When you have found him," said Mrs. Grey, "you will return immediately, I know."

As Father Featherstone had expected, Father Clements directed his steps to the police station. The boy was not there; nothing had been heard of him, nor could any information be obtained from the neighboring precincts.

"Was he well dressed?" asked the sergeant in charge.

"Respectably dressed,—yes," answered Father John. "Nothing remarkable about his clothes."

"But there *is* about himself," added the other priest. "He is the handsomest child I have ever seen. Any one would look at him twice."

"Some one may have kidnapped him, then," remarked the sergeant. "Last week a pretty little girl was taken in broad daylight by an old woman, and the last thing we heard the parents were negotiating for her return. I believe the parties want three thousand and no questions asked. Maybe the boy has run away," he concluded.

"Oh, no!" answered both priests without hesitation. "He is very happy in the prospect of a journey," continued Father

John. "He is going to leave here for California to-morrow."

"For California!" exclaimed the officer. "Then I hope you'll get him back in time. We'll do all we can, Father."

They returned to the house, but found no news of Ricardo. Mary Callahan was still there; Father John had never seen her so disturbed. She and Anne had been out walking the streets, but had discovered no trace of the missing boy.

"'Tis kidnapped he is for sure, Father John," said Mary. "The sweet face of him and the lovely eyes and long lashes have tempted some of them Italian artists that live in the block beyond. I've seen the like of poor little Ricardo's face in many a picture. It's off to Italy they'll take him for to earn money for them, and my fear is we'll never see him again, Father."

"Pray don't distress yourself in that way, Mary," answered Father John. "The painters in the buildings you speak of are not Italians: they are Americans. They can get all the models they want here in the city every day of their lives. The Italian Quarter is full of beautiful models."

"Well, they'll not be models long, after they fall into the clutches of that riffraff with the straight hair and the corduroys," said Mary. "I'll never forget the day I was on the boat going down to Long Island. The noise they made was really inhuman. The woman that was along with me told me where they lived,—two blocks from here. She was Mrs. Grey's old cook. And she said they were always after pretty children and pretty girls and queer old men and women, to paint them. You can't tell me, Father John, that they would let Ricardo pass if they saw him. They have carried him off, and he'll be sitting to them from this day on. [I've a good mind to go up to the 'Murillo' this minute and search for him.]"

"No, no, Mary!" said Father John. "You would have no right to do that.

I begin to think the boy just strolled on and on till he got completely lost. It may take some hours, but we shall hear from him before midnight."

Mary Callahan had a heavy heart when she left Mrs. Grey's that evening, a little after nine o'clock. Nothing had been heard of the boy. She almost wept aloud at the sight of his neatly packed trunk, the lid not yet closed, which the tearful Anne had just been surveying when the old woman climbed to the boy's room.

"Let this be a lesson to you, Anne," said Mary as she prepared to descend the stairs. "Never take a child out walking unbeknown to them that have the care of him."

"But who had the care of the little boy?" asked Anne. "Was it you, Mary?"

"It was, for the time."

"And wouldn't you have given me leave to take him for a walk?"

Mary reflected. At last she replied:

"I would, Anne,—I would. What could I have had to say again it?"

"And that hadn't a thing to do with it, either," resumed Anne, gaining courage with Mary's admission. "It would have been the same if I'd been given leave or not. The child left my side in the church; and the more I think of it the more I'm inclined to say it was all his own fault."

"Spare your reproofs, Anne,—spare your reproofs till you learn whether poor little Cardo is living or dead," said Mary, sighing profoundly on the way to the bottom of the stairs.

Father John tried to comfort her.

"Phone me at Maguire's grocery as early in the morning as you can, please, Father," were her last words to the priest as she left the house.

When he saw the great disappointment and anxiety of his friend, Father Clements endeavored to persuade her that the child would be brought to the station house before morning. But in his heart he feared that some great misfortune had overtaken little Ricardo.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Thomas à Becket is the subject of a new volume of "The Saints" Series, published by Duckworth & Co.

—The *Athenæum* announces that a biography of the late Marquis of Ripon is to be written by Mr. Augustine Birrell.

—A fac-simile of the original manuscript of "The Dream of Gerontius," with portions of the first rough draft, together with a biographical sketch of Father John Gordon, to whom Newman inscribed the poem, is among new publications of Longmans, Green & Co.

—Mme. Helena Modjeska's memoirs, finished just before her last illness, are to have their first publication in the *Century*. These reminiscences promise to be of unusual charm and interest, and to deal with important people in many arts and walks of life.

—A French-Lolo dictionary, by Father Paul Vial, missionary in Yun-nan, China, is the latest of many contributions to recondite linguistics by priests on the Foreign Missions. Lolo, a *gni* dialect, is monosyllabic, and presents unusual difficulties in the matter of grammar—or, rather, its lack of grammar.

—All of the publications of the English Catholic Truth Society—a great variety of excellent books, pamphlets, and leaflets from pens of unquestionable ability—may now be obtained from the International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Within the ten years of its existence, this organization has distributed over 250,000 copies of the C. T. S.'s cheap publications.

—"Essays on the Apocalypse," by James J. L. Ratton, M. D., M. Ch., Q. U. I. (Burns & Oates), is an extension, or amplification, of "The Apocalypse, The Antichrist, and The End," published in 1906. The essays are meant to show the great importance of the date of the Apocalypse in every department of its exegesis. We must confess that what has impressed us as most notable in this volume is the following frank statement in the preface:

I gather from the reviews of my first book on the Apocalypse that it is taken to be the official "Roman" view of that "Scripture," because the book bears the *imprimatur* of the Vicar-General of the Diocese of Westminster. This, however, is simply a matter of diocesan official routine. When a loyal Catholic wishes to publish a book dealing more or less with religion, he applies for permission to do so to the bishop in whose diocese his publishers reside. If the bishop—in this case the Archbishop of West-

minster—agrees to the publication of the book, he appoints a theologian to read the manuscript of the book and see that it is free from heresy. If the examiner so appointed finds that there is no heresy in the book, he gives the author a *nihil obstat*. The author sends this to the vicar-general of the diocese, and asks for his *imprimatur*, which is then granted as a matter of course. It does not imply approval of the work, for neither the vicar-general nor the bishop has so far seen the book. The *imprimatur* is granted before it is printed. Unless the book has singular merits, it very probably troubles the Church no more. Rome, in the meanwhile, has never heard of the book, and, possibly, never will. Official Rome—I mean the Church—sweeps majestically on with the centuries, taking little note of exegetics which do not survive her heroic tests of time and criticism.

—From the well-known London publisher, Thomas Baker, comes "The Dark Night of the Soul," by St. John of the Cross, translated by David Lewis, with an introductory essay by Benedict Zimmermann, O. C. D. The limited clientele who are interested in mystical treatises in general, or those of St. John of the Cross in particular, will be concerned to know that the present work supplements the "Ascent of Mount Carmel," translated by Mr. Lewis from the original of the same saint. The volume comprises two books: "On the Night of Sense," and "On the Night of the Spirit." A book for religious rather than everyday Catholic souls; but an excellent one in its place, notwithstanding.

—Lovers of lyrics that are musical in swing, dainty in fancy, pure and sweet in conception and suggestion, and unpretentious enough to be understood of the people, will accord a genuine welcome to the revised and enlarged edition of Mr. Denis A. McCarthy's "A Round of Rimes" (Little, Brown & Company). The present volume contains all the poems that won distinction in the first edition, and some eighteen more recently written pieces, several of which—"The Fields o' Ballyclaire," for instance—approach in lyric excellence the standard of Mr. McCarthy's "Sweet is Tipperary." When so much of contemporary verse is stilted in diction, halting in rhythm, and esoteric in significance, it is a special pleasure to commune with the Celtic muse that presides o'er the pages of "A Round of Rimes."

—The religious statistics recently published by our Government show that in as many as sixteen States of the Union Catholics are in a majority. Hence the importance of "The American Catholic Who's Who" in preparation by Miss G. P. Curtis (5000 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago). The ancient charge that Catholics

are "an ignorant lot" may be heard less often to-day than a quarter or half a century ago: but there are very many people who still believe it. To show that among the leaders of every department of human activity — philosophy, theology, education, sociology, political life, law, science, business, literature—Catholics are to be found, is a duty that we owe to the Church and to our country. Shall not Catholics have representation in the record of achievements of the race? That they are entitled to recognition is true enough, but how can people know this unless they are informed? The public demands brief, compendious statements of facts in these days. Such is the record of living persons given in a "Who's Who." Every Catholic should feel it a pleasure as well as a duty to aid in making known Catholic achievement in the United States.

A "Who's Who" is not a social blue book, as has often been explained: it is a biographical record of living persons, designed to give the public brief, authentic, and necessary information upon matters and persons whom they wish and have a right to know about. This class of reference book is more used than any other in the public libraries of the country. Its usefulness is attested also by the host of "Who's Whos" which have sprung up all over the world.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "A Round of Rimes." Denis A. McCarthy. \$1, net.
- "Cantus Ecclesiastici ad Usus Clericorum." P. Dom Johnner, O. S. B. 50 cts.
- "Makers of Electricity." Brother Potamian, F. S. C., D. Sc., Lond.; and James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$2, net.
- "The Holy Sacrifice and Its Ceremonies." M. C. Nieuwbarn, O. P., S. T. L. Translated by L. M. Bouman. 70 cts., net.
- "The Monuments of Christian Rome from Constantine to the Renaissance." Arthur L. Frothingham, Ph. D. \$2.25, net.

- "The Great Schism of the West." L. Salembier. Authorized Translation by M. D. \$2.
- "Patrology. The Lives and Works of the Fathers of the Church." Otto Bardenhewer. Translated by Thomas J. Shahan, D. D. \$3.75, net.
- "The Holy Sacrifice and Its Ceremonies." "A Textual Concordance of the Holy Scriptures." Rev. Thomas David Williams. \$3.50.
- "Sing Ye to the Lord." Robert Eaton. \$1.
- "Giannella." Mrs. Hugh Fraser. \$1.50.
- "Missale Romanum." 32mo. Cloth, \$1.50; morocco, \$2.
- "The Life of Christ." Mary V. Merrick. 50 cts.
- "The Young Priest's Keepsake." Rev. M. J. Phelan, S. J. \$1.10.
- "The Holy Man of Santa Clara." Rev. Z. Englehardt, O. F. M. 75 cts.
- "Cousin Sara." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.50.
- "A Garland of Pansies." George Mark Jameson. 30 cts.
- "The King and the Cats." John Hannon. \$1.
- "Humble Victims." François Veuillot. \$1.10.
- "Ceremonies of Low Mass." Felix Zualdi, C. M. \$1.25.
- "Holy Water and Its Significance for Catholics." Father Theiller, S. O. Cist. 50 cts.
- "The Book of the Lily, and Other Verses." A Sister of the Holy Cross. \$1, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB. xiii, 3.

Rev. Richard Stack, of the archdiocese of San Francisco; Rev. Luke Lawler, diocese of Hartford; Rev. P. F. Farrelly, diocese of Los Angeles; Rev. Joseph Klosterman, archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. Edward Hickey, diocese of Wheeling; Rev. David McDonald, D. D., Scots College, Valladolid; and Very Rev. Henry Dress, C. PP. S.

Sister M. Ignatia (Guthrie), of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister Marie, Sisters of the Precious Blood.

Mr. Robert Hoguet, Mrs. Mary Richter, Mr. Dennis Connell, Mrs. J. J. Philbin, Miss Mary Woods, Mr. H. J. Mason, Mrs. Anne McDowell, Mr. Lawrence Bleicher, Mrs. Hannah O'Leary, Mr. Charles J. Ewe, Mr. W. J. George, Mrs. Francis Vogel, Mr. H. G. Rodgers, Mrs. Mary Collins, Mr. Edward Boothe, Mrs. Nellie O'Neill, Mr. Andrew Parle, Mrs. Mary Cashin, Mr. Charles Sauer, Mrs. John Conley, Mr. Albert Stoll, Mrs. Frank McStoy, and Mr. Theodore Unland.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Pope Leo's Prayer for England.

BY J. B.

O MARY, Virgin, Mother, Queen,
In thee our age-long hope hath been;
Thy Son, who our transgressions bore,
Would have us hope through thee still more;
With Him for England intercede,
And for thine ancient Dowry plead!

The charge at Calvary's Cross received
Anew thine anguished Heart hath grieved;
From Christ's true fold how many stray,
Nor will His Vicar's call obey!

Yet succor England in its need;
Our parted brethren homeward lead.

By faith in fruitful works, oh, pray
That all may climb the narrow way,
Till, joining thee in heaven above,
We see and praise the God we love;
Oh, now for England intercede,
That then it prove thy Dower indeed!

Stones from "The Cathedral." *

BY RODERICK GILL.

BORN in Paris, on the 5th of February, 1848, Huysmans, as his name would indicate, came of Dutch ancestors, from whom he derived their racial love of detail, a sense of beauty in even the humblest phases of life, and a more or less conscious kinship with the Flemish painters and religious mystics whom later he was to revere. Not that there was anything "clerical"

in his educational courses at the Lyceum Saint-Louis in Paris. At the age of twenty he became an official in the Ministry of the Interior, where he remained until 1897, earning the reputation of a model employee, and receiving on his demission the rosette of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

He was already, however, an author of some note, a student devoted to rare prints and posters, and books out of the ordinary. In 1874 had appeared his poems collected under the title of "Le Drageoir à Epices," showing his affiliations with the literary cliques of pessimism and naturalism, and his devotion to the poet Baudelaire. It was during this period also that he joined literary forces with Emile Zola and Guy de Maupassant, although he afterward spared no occasion to cover the later works of Zola with his scorn.

It is not to the present purpose to concern ourselves with the series of romances that gave Huysmans his early following among the amateurs of French art and letters. From the start he had shown himself to be a writer of unabashed frankness and extraordinary acerbity of style. A marked logical quality revealed itself in the structure and conception of these earlier studies of the Paris underworlds; so much so that when, in 1891, he broke with his associates of the naturalistic school and plunged into the depths of diabolism with his novel "La-Bas," he can really be said to have prepared himself to undertake the three novels which it is customary at present to call his "Trilogy." "En Route," "La Cathedrale," and

* Extracts from the French of J. K. Huysmans.

"L'Oblat," — these are the "Inferno," the "Purgatorio," and the "Paradiso" of the new century. The Jesuit critic, Père Pachén, in his "De Dante à Verlaine" (1897), was one of the earliest to trace these concordances of Huysmans' works with the scheme of the "Divina Commedia." Father Pachén's study is still more interesting when one considers that it was written when merely the text of "En Route" and the early chapters of "La Cathédrale" were at the critic's disposal.

In "La Cathédrale" (1897) we have a masterly summing up of the Middle (the Catholic) Ages from the viewpoint of the soul of the worshipper, the poet, and the artist. Durtal, who has astonished the modern world with the keenest appreciation of all its refinements and sensations, now is struck with rapture before the dawning intelligence of the Christian ideals of civilization and beauty. "La Cathédrale" is a work treating of much that Catholics have held so familiarly as not always to appreciate at its pristine value. There is, moreover, somewhat in these pages to ruffle complacent souls accustomed to the soft touches of pietistic authors; and yet over and above this we find a rich store of material pertaining to Catholic architecture, painting, letters and liturgy, which, in our age of church building, decorating, and organizing, should seem to be useful to many.

The last of the Huysmans "Trilogy"—"L'Oblat"—shows the final ascents of the soul toward the Beatific Vision. It is a work calling for a special and extensive treatment.

The insinuation that Huysmans' conversion implied some diminution of his vital energies gains no confirmation from these his principal works. He himself could never give any other interpretation of the act than as one of divine grace. Admitting the possibility of a primal æsthetic attraction to religion, it must be evident to any reader that the real attraction of "En Route," "La Cathédrale," and "L'Oblat" would be impossible

without a profoundly spiritual conviction on the part of the author.

At La Trappe as well as at Solesmes, he must have proved a difficult subject. His disposition, nervous and hypersensitive, through cultivation as well as by nature, found the religious rule particularly severe. His stomach, never very strong, recoiled from the oily repasts of the Trappists; certain monastic faces filled him with anguish; and, for all his edification and enthusiasm, he raged and railed at the want of taste and the minor abuses in the management of Lourdes. In the cloister, he snatched a puff at his cigarettes like some perverse urchin at boarding-school.

But, for all that, he persevered, accomplishing a work of Church propaganda in intellectual quarters such as his sharpest critic can not minimize. The light has come to many wayward souls only by such voices as Huysmans. St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, St. Ignatius, and Thomas à Kempis are better and more widely known through his affection; and their writings double and redouble in effect through such elucidation as only this great modern artist could give them.

From the beginning of his literary career, Brunetière had found Huysmans "original and suggestive of ideas." In conversation he was generally joyous and witty; his personality as well as his writing seemed to be woven on a most intricate loom. With all his intense hatred of ugliness, he possessed, as Mr. Huneker, our most distinguished American *littérateur*, has noted, a sense of the artistic worth of even the appalling things in creation: he had all a surgeon's love of "a beautiful case."

As a literary stylist, he must rank as one of the greatest masters of the age. Havelock Ellis attributes to him "the intensest vision of the modern world"; and Zola's interpretation ranged him in the gallery of letters with the qualities of Rembrandt and Rubens. Indeed, as Leon Bloy remarks, and as we may see at

times in these "Stones from 'The Cathedral,'" Huysmans seems to delight in "dragging his images by the heels or the hair up and down the worm-eaten staircase of terrified syntax." In his wildest imaginings, however, he seems to us only struggling to escape the claws of that vampire Boredom, which at last pinned him at the feet of his Creator, to the cry of that tremendous refrain of Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven":

All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.

When one meditates on the cathedrals they seem to be superhuman and in a way divine. Developed from the crypts of the Romans—vaults lowered down like souls in humility and fear, abased before the immense Majesty whose praises they dare hardly sing,—the basilicas have gradually grown affable, have burst up through the half-circle of the arch, lengthened it to an almond-shaped oval, and surged aloft, lifting their roofs, heightening their naves, babbling in the countless sculptures of their choirs, and darting to heaven, in token of prayers, the tall fountains of their elements. Thus they have come to symbolize the tender friendship of prayer; they have grown more confiding, more at ease, more expectant of God. They have hardly left their sombre crypts and soared up than all of them seem to break into smiles.

The Romanesque seems to have been born old. Certainly it remains always grave and undaring. Ah, the tears and dismal murmurs of its heavy partitions, smoky vaults, and low arches pressing down upon their stocky pillars, — those dumb blocks of stone and sober ornamentations, with their curt symbolism! The Romanesque is the La Trappe of architecture. It is the abode for austere Orders and grave convents kneeling in ashes, intoning with bowed head the Penitential Psalms. There is the dread consciousness of sin in its massive caves; a terror of that God appeased only at the coming of His Son. Its Asiatic source

would indicate that the Romanesque has retained something of the ages prior to the Nativity; it seems more to pray the implacable Adonais than the merciful Child Jesus or His gentle Mother.

The Gothic, however, is less timid, and concerns itself particularly with the Son and Holy Ghost and the Blessed Virgin. It is the architecture of more clement and beauty-loving Orders. Here the bowed shoulders are raised, the eyes that were upon the ground are lifted to heaven, the voices of the sepulchres take a tone seraphic. The Romanesque is the allegory of the Old Testament; the Gothic symbolizes the New.

Hence that form of architecture which may best symbolize Catholicism in its fullest sense — representing the complete Bible, the two Testaments, — would be either the ogival Romanesque or the style of the transition—half Romanesque, half Gothic. The Romanesque is a convert, — a pagan turned monk. It was not a Catholic birth as was the pointed style; it was the Church that conferred upon it a baptism of grace. Christianity came upon it in the basilicas of the Roman Empire, took it over and rearranged it. Pagan as it was by origin, it was only through advanced development that it could learn the language of the Christian and express the formulas of his faith.

Little by little the clatter of *sabots* died away; then the soft tread of the nuns. A silence followed; then sounds of nose-blowing muffled by handkerchiefs; then stillness.

A sacristan came in through a small door by the transept, lit the candles on the main altar as well as a series of glittering hearts of crystal arranged around the semicircle of the walls. The tapers shone upon an image of the Blessed Virgin, severe and dark, seated with the Child upon her knee. It was the famous Notre Dame de Sous-Terre, — rather a copy; for the original had been burned in 1793, before the great porch of

Chartres, in the centre of a delirious dance of the *sans-culottes*.

Then appeared an altar boy, followed by an aged priest; and for the first time Durtal saw *Mass* actually *served*, and he grasped the wonderful beauty that is contained in the decorous observance of the Sacrifice. The youngster on his knees, his attention restrained, his hands clasped, spoke clearly and slowly, with intelligence and respect, as he responded to the psalm. The significance of this beautiful liturgy, so seldom perceived nowadays, when it is generally muttered and hurried, suddenly came over the soul of Durtal.

And the priest — half unconsciously, no doubt—took the tone of the altar boy and seemed to fashion himself to his capacity. He recited slowly, not merely uttering the verses on the tip of his tongue, but with a heartfelt accent upon the prescribed words; breathing and pausing, as at his first Mass, before the solemnity of the rite he was about to perform.

And as he pronounced the desolate outcry, "O God, my God, . . . why art thou sorrowful, O my soul, and wherefore dost thou disquiet me?" the celebrant might well be said to typify Jesus suffering upon Calvary, did not humanity also speak in his ritual, — a mankind returning upon itself and applying to itself naturally, because of its own failings and offences, the distress voiced in the inspired text of the psalm.

And the little altar boy replied with words of comfort, inspiring him to hope. And when he had said his *Confiteor* before the people, who in their turn prepared themselves by a similar purification of confession, the celebrant, taking heart, as it were, went up the steps of the altar and began the Mass.

The fashion in which certain lives of the saints have been written is enough to drive people away from anything like holiness. One saint "is born of parents distinguished no less for their birth than for their piety"; or "his parents were

not of illustrious birth, but in them shone those virtues whose light is far more precious than nobility." Then there is the long list of such pitiful commonplaces as: "His biographer would not hesitate to say that he might be taken for an angel, did not the maladies sent upon him by God show that he was but human." Or: "The demon, intolerant that he should mount so swiftly on the road of perfection, made use of divers means to arrest the happy progress of his course."

Turning over other pages, we find, in the life of one of the elect who wept when his mother passed away, this gravely-turned apology: "After granting to the just sentiments of nature that which grace does not prohibit on such occasions." And at various places occur such solemn and ridiculous definitions as that in the life of Cæsar de Bus: "After a sojourn in Paris, which is the throne of vice as well as the capital of the kingdom." This sort of thing is kept up throughout twelve or fifteen volumes in the same mincing style. Ah, the poor saints!—the unhappy beatified!

The steeples change with various cathedrals. Look at those of Notre Dame of Paris! They are squat and sombre and almost elephantine. Their length for the most part cut up by dreary openings, they rise slowly and heavily, and halt in midair as though they were weighed down with sins, caught back by the vice of the city at their feet. We feel the effort of their height, and grow sad at the contemplation of their captive proportions and the desolate color of their lattices.

At Reims, on the contrary, they are open from above, in ranges of eyelets and long, slender-pointed windows, whose openings are filled in with carvings branching like the backbone of a fish or some double comb. They dart forth aërially amid their filigree; and the sky looks in through these openings, expands along the partitions, peeps through the carvings,

plays among the interminable lancet-windows, gathers in the long shafts of blue, and illumines the little open trefoils surmounting them. These steeples are mighty, they are expansive and enormous, and they are light as air. The spires of Reims are as eloquent and animated as those of Paris are motionless and dumb.

The two spires of Amiens, built each, as were those of the cathedrals of Rouen and Bourges, at different epochs, are not in accord. Of unequal height, they seem to be limping in the sky. The mediocrity of the recent constructions at either side of the church façade can be properly appraised in a glance at that other belfry, splendid in its isolation—the Norman tower of Saint-Ouen, with a crown upon its summit. It is the patrician of towers, many of which retain the air of peasants with their heads bare, or with short bonnets puckered like the mouth of a whistle, as in the tower of Saint-Romain at Rouen; or with the pointed hoods of rustics, such as dominates the church of Saint-Benigne at Dijon; or with the shapeless parasol, like that under which the cathedral of Saint-Jean at Lyons takes refuge.

When all is said, the belfry that does not taper off into a spire can not be said to place itself in the firmament. It continually drags upward, respiring heavily and in exhaustion,—comes to nothing. It is an arm without a hand, a grasp without fingers or palm,—a stump. It is, moreover, like a pencil yet unsharpened, square to its edges, which can never write upon the heavens the orisons of earth. It remains ineffectual forever.

No worst thing ever done in the name of Christianity, no vilest corruption of the Church, can destroy the eternal fact that the core of it is the Heart of Jesus. Branches innumerable may be lopped off and cast into the fire, yet the word, "I am the vine," remaineth.

—George MacDonald.

Duke and Drummer Boy.

BY JOHN KEVIN MAGNER.

III.

"I REPRESENT your sovereign, Señor Tarranto," said the Ambassador, with a grave smile; "and have therefore a kind of right to command you to serve me with a glass of wine. On yourself, Sergeant, as principal owner of this *bodega*, I have the claim which none of your splendid race denies,—the right of hospitality and the fact that I am thirsty this hot afternoon."

Luiz drew a beaker of old Amontillado that would be priceless in these days, and handed it, with Southern tact, to the Sergeant, from whose hands the Ambassador received it with Old-World grace. Then, with the exquisite courtesy toward the poor that is characteristic of the nobles of his Catholic line, he pledged good Mrs. Kelly with as deep a bow as if she were a reigning princess. After a few moments he resumed:

"This holy friar told the Queen Mother bluntly—as you know friars will and must, if they fear God rather than men—that it was not for her to forgive the dead Duke or his living son, but to beg their forgiveness by the only means now in her power—namely, restitution. Well, I must make the story as brief as may be; for I shall have much to write to-night, now that all has ended so splendidly, thanks to those here present. The Queen Mother surrendered—whether to the friar's words and the fear of judgment, or to true contrition and the love of God, it is not for us to judge. She has months since passed before a Judge whose mercies are above all His works. May she rest in peace!"

"Amen!" said Mrs. Kelly from her inmost heart.

"Amen, indeed!" repeated the Ambassador, turning toward her. "She made what amends she could, Mrs. Kelly; and

their present Majesties seconded her to the best of their ability. They themselves bore no grudge to the late Duke; in fact, his Catholic Majesty and he were the closest friends from boyhood until the time of the Duke's outlawry. He has instituted strict inquiries in Spain and among the Embassies for the whereabouts of your foster son, in order to repair in his person the injuries inflicted upon his father. To those of the court who would remind him that the late Duke's sword was drawn for the French, he replies that he wishes to see a united Spain, and that the very first and most essential condition toward it is to let bygones be bygones."

"Faith, your Excellency," said "Kelly the dacent man," "his Majesty should have been King of Ireland five hundred years ago!"

"We must not go into politics, Sergeant," observed the Ambassador, smiling. "And indeed I must not talk any more: the day is far spent. I must leave the Duke with you for a few days, or perhaps weeks, during which you can make your preparations to go to Alta Torre with him. And that will give him time to tell you how he came to be recognized in my pantry this afternoon by one of my old servants, who was born on his father's estate, and is a cousin of the farmer to whom he was entrusted at the surrender of the castle, with full papers of identity. The Sergeant's narrative has supplied the missing links. You are a brave man, Sergeant; for I could see what every word cost you in giving evidence that you knew might effect a lifelong separation. But you told all, wishing the best for your foster son. And so, for the present, I shall leave you with him,—all three good friends. *Adios!*"

His tall figure moved to the door, which had, of course, been closed and locked to casual customers during the prolonged and important interview. Tarranto undid the fastenings and was about to escort the Ambassador to his coach. But the

great man turned to him with a twinkle of humor in his dark eyes.

"Señor Tarranto," he said, "we must give our pupil his first lesson in the interminable code of etiquette prevailing in our country. His dukedom is older than my marquisate. Thus he will take precedence of me at court functions in Spain. But right here—on this London pavement—I represent the person of his King. So he must escort me to my carriage."

John Anthony sprang forward (we linger with affection on the name of his Irish adoption) and held the coach door open. The Ambassador put his arm about the boy's neck affectionately, resumed his seat, and the next moment was being whirled away in the direction of Spanish Place.

The Sergeant had been a silent spectator of this little scene. As Juan clung to his arm while they regained the inner room, the "dacent man" looked down at him seriously and said:

"See, *ma bouchal*—for I can't get my tongue to 'your Grace' as yet, though 'tis ever and always the graceful boy you were to me and your mother,—Johnnie darling, you must go to Spain alone. You have to learn court ways, avic, whether you like it or not, as I had to learn my drill. My wife and I would be a hindrance to you, Johnnie."

"Oh, no, no!" cried the boy. "Then I'll never go to Spain if you—if you and mother—"

His voice was choked with sobs, and he fairly flung himself on the floor at Mrs. Kelly's feet and burst into a torrent of passionate tears.

The Sergeant, however, had his way in acting for what he deemed the best interests of the boy he loved. The severance was terrible; all the more so, perhaps, because the Ambassador gave the young Duke a full two months with his foster parents when he learned the "dacent man's" inflexible resolution.

Juan sailed to Spain under the guidance of an *attaché* of the Embassy. He was made much of at Madrid, where his exquisite courtesy attracted all hearts toward him. A letter from him reached the lonely house in Soho within a week, saying that he had been placed under guardianship for a term of three years, and that he was to enter the University of Salamanca, with one of the most learned priests in Spain as private tutor. His guardian was not only willing but anxious that he should write as often as possible to those who had been father and mother to him. And then followed pages of affectionate chat about old times, which we now have not time or space to set down.

The three years that followed were far from unhappy to the Sergeant and his wife, though of course they were not as joyous as before, having the light of their home withdrawn. For one thing, good Luiz Tarranto found reason to abandon his cherished hopes of one day entering religion, and took unto himself a pretty Irish wife as the next best possible thing. In due time a tiny colleen, declared by all impartial observers to possess the combined beauties of Erin and Spain, made a welcome appearance, and Mrs. Kelly forgot much of her bereavement in attentions to the little stranger. Of course she was godmother—who else? And the godfather, if you please, was the Duke of Alta Torre, far away at Salamanca University, with the Sergeant standing at the font by proxy. A gold cup, with the Alta Torre arms engraved upon it, followed in due course. This came, for greater security, through the Ambassador's hands; and he forwarded with it a worn silver rosary, of no very great value in itself, but priceless as having once been used by St. Teresa of Avila, "who," the Marquis added with true Spanish pride, "was a member of my family. I intend this gift for the godmother till such time as her goddaughter is old enough to learn its use and value."

In this way was Mrs. Kelly's burden lightened; while the Sergeant's loneliness was relieved by the stirring events that led up to Catholic Emancipation. If Luiz was busy from morn till noon with the big orders from that London "society" which dearly loves a lord, and thus extended its patronage to a wineshop which had harbored a real live duke behind its counter, John Kelly was made happy by the presence on his own premises, out of Parliamentary hours, of many of the hard-fighting Repealers, including Dominick Daly, and sometimes grand "Old Dan" himself, who did not disdain to crack jokes with the "dacent man" while sipping a little wine to support his huge frame; and who perhaps would have dropped in oftener on his way from his lodging to the House of Commons had not the Sergeant and Tarranto peremptorily refused to receive a penny piece for quenching the great Tribune's temperate thirst.

And thus the three years sped, and the fourth began; and the void in the bosoms of the now aging couple, though never filled, was lulled from aching by the excitement of stirring days without and the witchery of home life within. One grey November, when Emancipation seemed farther off than ever, and the babe upstairs was wailing fretfully (as well she might, in the dank fog which settles on no city so dismally as on London in the month of the Holy Souls), the good Sergeant sat by the front window of the wineshop, thinking ruefully of brighter days, of brighter skies, and—sooth to say—of a brighter race. His last letter from Juan lay on the table beside him. Fluently read by Luiz and laboriously conned by himself a dozen times, he knew the long, gay message by heart. And the thought was thrust into his mind: "If the boy came now to kidnap us out of this, neither my wife nor I could resist him."

The deep orange tint of the smoke-laden fog grew deeper, and presently the front of the window was so obscured that

Mr. Kelly started and remained puzzled until, by rubbing a hole in the steam-cloud on the murky window pane, he dimly discerned a carriage which had just pulled up without, the sound of its approach having been muffled by the thick layer of premature snow that covered the grimy street.

There was the jingle of spurs and the clank of a sword, and the next moment the young Duke of Alta Torre, now tall and dignified, and wearing the insignia of his rank over the gorgeous uniform of his regiment, took the Sergeant in his strong young arms.

"Look here, father," he said, "if you and mother can get on without me, I can not and will not get on without you! Come to Spain with me! I am to be married at Christmas, and to an Irish bride—one of the Catholic Desmonds. Surely you will come!"

"Is it this minute you want us to come, Johnnie?" answered the Sergeant, whimsically, but eyeing the fine soldierly figure and the superb uniform with a trained and beaming eye.

"Johnnie" laughed aloud, and strode across the floor to the familiar stairway, calling:

"Mother, come down, please! I'm in a hurry."

Then, turning back again:

"No, father," he said; "I am in full dress for the English King's levee. I am going with the Ambassador; and should not have broken my journey thus, but really I couldn't help it."

"Tell the King of England there'll be trouble if he keeps standing out against Emancipation, Johnnie," said the Sergeant, smiling.

"Spain is too poor to afford another and a better Armada," said the Duke. "When is mother coming? Ah, I knew she wouldn't be long!"

And he kissed her reverently on the brow and lips and cheeks, in the form of a cross, after the manner of his countrymen when their affection is at its deepest.

Then he slipped on one knee before her, to receive the blessing he had so often sought and obtained when going forth to some field of carnage with his foster father and the regiment.

"You'll come with me, mother," he whispered,—*"you'll come, will you not, and cherish my children, if God sends them?"*

"To the world's end, alanna," she said, amid her tears.

"That settles it, father," said the Duke, gaily. "Now I can go and make my bow to King George with a clear conscience. They are promising me a career in diplomacy, in politics, in the army, and so on. But I have learned at your knees that the proper place for a landowner is in the midst of his tenants. My career is Alta Torre, and the land of Spain for over a dozen Irish miles around it. This journey to the capitals of Europe is the first and the last I shall ever make. I shall be busy for two days. On the third I shall come again, and then we'll all go home together."

There was no gainsaying Juan's appeal; and a week later the Sergeant and his wife began to breathe the sunlit air of glorious old Spain, which renewed their youth till their years numbered nigh a hundred.

As the Ambassador had said in the dingy purlieus of Soho, there is an honored position in Spain for foster parents, no matter how humble they be in all the world accounts great, nor how exalted the position of their foster child. Thus the "dacent man" and his wife were looked up to by all on the vast Alta Torre demesnes, though they lived quietly enough in a little house with a vineyard and garden attached, in a snug corner of the estate that it pleased the Duke to farm himself. They never lost their influence over him, so that his name is yet handed down on the lower slopes of the Sierras, not as the "brave" Duke or the "gallant" Duke—though he was all this and much more,—but as the "Good"

Duke of Alta Torre. A beautiful eulogy.

And if all this sounds too good to be true in a wicked world which is ever rebelling against the wise and lowly maxims of the Gospel, I must remind you of two things. First, there has been little rebellion against God and His Church in quiet Spain, outside of a few noisy towns. Second, there has been no such sedition at all among the Irish.

Should you be still unconvinced, and deem that I have made this footnote to history too like a fairy tale to be probable, I can only counsel you to go to Alta Torre. There, if the family be from home, the courteous custodian will show you a painting in the banqueting hall, representing a child in a high antique chair, speaking to Irish soldiers, and saying to one of them: "Tell the kind-looking man with the stripes on his arm to take his men away." The picture is entitled in Spanish "The First Meeting of Juan Antonio, Eighteenth Duke of Alta Torre, with his Greatest Benefactor."

Whether the Duke's descendants reside at the castle or no, you will have free access to the beautiful chapel. There, amidst the tombs of the Alta Torres, within the shadow of the very Tabernacle itself, you may read the inscriptions on the sepulchral brasses that cover the remains of John and Mary Kelly. One phrase that serves as the Sergeant's epitaph will at once please and convince you. It was composed by the Duke himself, put into good Latin by the kindly and learned Luiz Tarranto, and runs as follows:

OMNIA QUÆ DECEBAT FACERE, FECIT.

Word for word, this signifies that "Joannes Kelly, Miles Hibernicus"—John Kelly, the Irish soldier for whom the rest of the inscription beseeches our prayers—did all such things as were becoming (or decent) to do.

But that is only another way of saying that Sergeant Kelly, in life and in death, was ever and always the "dacent man."

(The End.)

My Picture.

IN the soft warm glow of the afternoon

I sit alone, an unfrequent boon,—

Alone with all the familiar things,

That fold me and soothe me like restful wings.

My flowers stir on the window-sill,

My bird beats his golden wires still;

But from other sounds I turn apart

To seek my picture—the "Sacred Heart";

And those eyes that follow me seem to say,

"Child of My Heart, oh, come and pray!"

I read, I think, I move about;

The children enter with gleeful shout;

Then away they patter,—I am alone!

The sun moves down to his western throne;

The golden glow steeps my pictured walls,

And over the beautiful face it falls;

O'er the slender hands and the wound-marks
there,

O'er the haunting eyes that call me to prayer;

And I lift my heart to the Heart above,

And my spirit folds its wings like a dove.

Twilight and starlight softly fall,

And steal the glow from my pictured wall;

The purple darkness gathers about,

And busy traffic is stilled without.

But the crimson lamps on my mantel start

A lifelike hue in the "Sacred Heart";

And the yearning eyes in the tender face

Follow and haunt me like touches of grace.

And safe in the darkness my hands I fold,

And offer my life to that Love untold.

MERCEDES.

WITH those we love it's never enough to forgive and forget. One must forgive and try to *understand*. To forget and forgive! Time helps us there. It does almost all of the work, so it's little credit we need take either for the forgiving or forgetting. But to try to understand! When those we love have hurt us or injured us, to study why it was done, what weakness in them, what fault of their environment brought it about; to study to understand,—that's the real Christianity.

—Elinor Macartney Lane.

Charlie.—A Failure.

BY MARY CROSS.

MRS. BRADY sat solitary in the room behind the shop—a small apartment where odors of greengrocery entered into a powerful alliance with the more domesticated fragrances of cooking and washing,—regaling herself with dripping-toast and stewed tea. She had wept until she could weep no more, and had reached the stage of telling herself that she would just have to put up with things. She had “come through worse” since fever had deprived her of her breadwinner and left her a widow in an alien land.

The shop bell tinkled. She leaned forward to see a familiar face, and called an informal invitation to a fat little woman with a string bag overflowing with parcels.

“Come in, Mrs. Marrow. I’m all me lone.”

“I heard as the doctors had been to see Charlie, so I come to ask what they was going to do for him,” explained the visitor.

But Mrs. Brady’s red and swollen eyelids had already revealed that there was nothing to be done for Charlie, her first-born son. A year ago he, a bright young fellow of two and twenty, had met with an accident, which had resulted in paralysis from the waist downward. He had lain six months in the hospital. The house surgeon had taken an especial interest in him; and when he had been sent home again, still unable to stand or walk, though otherwise well, the promise had been given that at the end of another six months a famous surgeon should see him, and decide if an operation were practicable. “Wonderful cures he had wrought”; he might achieve marvellous results again.

The promise was not forgotten. The great man had come, with his less distinguished colleague, to the mean street and meaner dwelling, had climbed the

narrow stair to the small, stuffy room where the patient had so long looked forward to this hour, clinging to the hope that science would release him from his dreary imprisonment; nerving himself for the ordeal of the operating room, since beyond it lay the joyful prospect of restored power. The great surgeon was touched to the quick of his humanity by the anxious, pallid, worn, young face; by the passion of appeal in the overlarge eyes, that, at the end of the examination, expressed itself in the question:

“Is there any chance for me, sir? Any hope that I’ll ever walk about again?”

“You are not very strong at present; we must get you toned up. Dr. Griffiths will report to me later about you,” said the surgeon, encouragingly; and Charlie did not detect that the reply was an evasion.

Once outside the little room, the surgeon spoke the cruel truth.

“There is no use sending him back to the hospital. The case is hopeless.”

“The germs of phthisis are there too,” murmured Dr. Griffiths.

“Ah! Well, that may be a blessing in disguise.”

Kindly and sympathetically they had told Mrs. Brady that her son was doomed for life to “a mattress grave,” then had gone their way to other sufferers. She had yielded to a storm of grief. Not until the sentence had been pronounced had she realized how confidently she had expected a different one, how high her hopes had raised themselves. They were low enough now; and a harder struggle than ever was before her,—the maintenance of a helpless man added to her burdens. There was a wide gap of years between Charlie and the other children, none of whom were over school age yet. It was hard that this should have happened when she most needed his help.

“I never ’ad no faith in doctors,” said Mrs. Marrow, with a vague intention of imparting comfort, when Mrs. Brady had stated the issue of the consultation.

"The Lord's will be done!" she said resignedly. "Poor Charlie is one of the unfortunates, ma'am, and that's a truth. It's been doctors and medicine and out of work ever since he was born. The first situation he ever had the master bolted without paying a farthing to any one. Then Charlie took fever. Then he was in a shop, and it was burned out. At his last place he got himself mixed up with the hoist, and he'll never put a foot to the ground again. He must lie there and suffer to the end, poor boy!"

"You ought to put him in an institution, or get something off the parish for his keep," suggested Mrs. Marrow.

"I've not come to that yet," declared Mrs. Brady, warmly. "Nobody belonging to me, was ever in an institution or took money off the parish, glory be to God! And I'll be harder driven yet before I do one or the other."

The house was small, the walls were thin, Mrs. Brady's voice was of an incisive quality. Every syllable she had uttered had penetrated to Charlie's room, and had been as so many sword-thrusts into his heart. For a time the shock of the disclosure stupefied him. All too soon full and perfect understanding of it developed.

When his mother appeared with a cup of tea and the statement that she was going out, but "the children are back from school, so you needn't feel lonely," the change in his appearance startled her.

"Charlie darling, what's wrong?"

He flashed the explanation on her in a sentence:

"I heard you telling what the doctors said, mother."

For a moment she stood aghast. Not thus had she intended that he should learn his fate.

"Doctors make mistakes, dear, like other folks," she said feebly.

"Not those doctors," he returned. "I made the mistake, mother,—the mistake of not being killed outright at the time."

"Ah, now, what's the good of talking like that, Charlie?"

"What is the good of me? Oh, do leave me alone for a bit! I want to get used to it."

He looked slowly round the small room, henceforth to be his world,—from the narrow window darkened by chimney stalks, from the discolored walls, their sole decorations an unframed print of the "Last Supper" and an oleograph of the "Mater Dolorosa," to the table made out of a packing-case, and holding his few books and simple toilet requisites. And as he looked, he shuddered. He was only twenty-three, and he might live to be an old man, lying here year after year helpless, a burden on others, who one day might taunt him with the galling fact. That he was so was not his fault. He had done well at school, had loved learning for learning's sake; but in the fight for daily bread misfortune had followed him, and brought him to this most desperate pass. How could he bear it? Why should he bear it? How much better if he had died in the hospital? There would be one mouth less to fill. He had always been a source of care and cost and anxiety. He was that more than ever now. From such thoughts chasing each other through his mind, like so many waves crested with the question, "What have I to live for?" was born a ghastly resolve.

There was a clattering of feet on the staircase, and presently Pat, his youngest brother, entered eating bread and treacle.

"Want ennything, Charlie?" he asked, perfunctorily.

A minute elapsed ere Charlie answered:

"Put my razor where I can reach it. Don't come upstairs again. Shut the door. I am going to—sleep."

Meanwhile Mrs. Brady proceeded on her business of buying next day's dinner in the cheapest market, so lost in melancholy reflection that she did not see a tall figure crossing the squalid street until she had collided with it.

"Beg your pardon, sir! Oh, is it yourself, Dr. Griffiths?"

"Yes, Mrs. Brady. I want to see Charlie

again for a minute or two before I go back to the hospital."

"He knows that he'll not get better, sir," she said mournfully. "He's after hearing me tell a neighbor, and I'm so grieved at my imprudence! His heart is broken, sir. If you could just give him a word of comfort,—if you only could! You were so good when he was in your ward, and kept him up all the time."

"We must try to keep him up still," said the Doctor. "Don't trouble to come with me, Mrs. Brady. I know the way."

He went through the shop and quietly upstairs. Charlie had not heard his approach; but careless Pat had left the door of the room open, and what the Doctor saw brought him to an abrupt standstill. "Show thyself a Mother!"—the prayer he had uttered by many a bed of suffering and sorrow went upward from his very heart now as the agony of that young soul was revealed to him.

There could be no doubt as to what had been Charlie's intention. He had unfastened his collar and bared his throat, and he clutched a razor. But his eyes were fixed on something, his expression was changing; and even as the Doctor watched, in silent appeal to the Queen of Sorrows, the instrument fell from those thin fingers, and slow tears started forth from those weary eyes. He was gazing at the picture of the "Last Supper." Strange it was that, in the very act of raising his hand to end his life, he should look at that; that a newer, deeper comprehension of its meaning should dawn upon him; that the words it illustrated, which he had heard and read many a time and oft, should chime their mournful, mysterious music in his ears now. "And whilst they were eating, He said: Amen, I say to you, that one of you is about to betray Me. And they, being very much troubled, began every one to say: Is it I, Lord?"

Charlie was only twenty-three. He might live to be sixty, lingering helpless as a log in this narrow prison,—live

perhaps to be neglected, to suffer more cruel pangs of soul and body. Reason itself might give way. Better to end all now with one swift stroke.

But through all those thoughts, above those whispers of the tempter, he heard that tremulous searching question, "Is it I, Lord?" with a growing identification of himself with it. "One of you is about to betray Me. . . . Is it I, Lord?" The sentences beat upon his brain until his mental and bodily anguish found vent in the cry:

"No, Lord,—no, it is not I! It shall not be. Help me, save me, strengthen me. I have denied Thee by my sins, my complainings, my rebellion against Thy will; but do not let me betray Thee. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for me a sinner, now—yes, *now*, Mother! Oh, pray now! Dear Lord, it is not I!"

When Dr. Griffiths entered, a wonderful peacefulness was settling on the worn, white face. There was no longer fear that Charlie would desert his appointed post before the Great Commander bade him. The strong, steady, skilful hand and the trembling, wasted one met in a clasp.

"Charlie, dear lad! So God wills that you are to serve Him here and thus! Dear lad! Well, I came back to ask you to help Father Farrelly, whom I have just been calling on. He has formed a club for working-boys in this district. You are very clever at wood-carving, I know, and could teach it if you would. May Father Farrelly send one or two of the boys to you as pupils? It is all to keep them off the streets and out of temptation. Will you do this for us, Charlie?"

"No, Charlie's no better," Mrs. Brady replied to the inquiring Mrs. Marrow a few months later. "But you'd wonder to see how cheery he is, since Dr. Griffiths put it into his head to teach wood-carving to Father Farrelly's boys. I tell him he'll be opening a school next. It's his cough that is the worst on him, poor boy!"

Mrs. Marrow prescribed "liquorice and

Spanish," secretly asking herself if Mrs. Brady really did not know that Charlie was "in consumption." The disease had made rapid progress, but the poor mother closed her eyes to the fact. When, after months of suffering, the Angel of Death struck off the fleshly fetters and released the patient soul, she broke down as she had never done before.

"I wonder at her taking on, Doctor,—I really do," murmured Mrs. Marrow, wiping her own eyes. "The poor lad's better away. He was never nothing but a failure."

"A failure?" The good Doctor smiled. "Ah, no! The highest success of all is his,—the success of the everlasting crown for the cross bravely borne."

Napoleon's Nurse.

BY EILEEN CONCANNON.

CAMILLA ILARIA had almost forfeited her right to her joyous-sounding name, when the message came which called her back to gladness. It is a glorious and a noble thing to have to remember that one's husband died fighting for his country; but Camilla Ilaria could only weep when she thought that the glory was hers. Of the other sacrifice which her country had exacted of her, she did not dare to think at all. Near where the Refugees' Camp had been, on Monte Rotondo, there was now a little grave, and in it they had laid Ilaria's baby.

But on her own day of joy—the Feast of her Assumption—the Blessed Mother of God had pity on Ilaria's loneliness. Ilaria had hurried down the mountain slope, in the exquisite dawn of a Corsican summer's day, to a very early Mass in the cathedral, and knelt in her own favorite spot at the foot of the Madonna. I think this was the prayer she said: "*Madonna mia*, to-day you were taken up into heaven, body and soul, and now you can stretch out your arms—

warm, living arms of flesh and blood—to your Son and take His dear head on your breast. *Madonna mia*, have pity on Ilaria, whose arms are empty." All during the Mass Ilaria made this prayer; and when it was over she rose from her knees and went back to her little hut on the mountain slope, much comforted. As she went about her morning tasks, milking her goat and drawing water from the well, she found herself singing the lovely old Corsican lullabies which she had thought she would never sing again.

When it was time for the High Mass of noonday, Ilaria dressed herself in her *abito da gala* and joined the bands of women who were hastening down the slopes to the cathedral. Poor women! Most of them were like Ilaria, and had paid tribute in the lives of their dear ones to the *patria*. But to-day was the Joy Day of the Mother they loved, and their loyalty made them put aside their grief to take part in her rejoicing.

Ilaria was kneeling again in her own little corner, and saying over again her own little prayer, when a woman pushed her way through the crowd, and laid her hand on Ilaria's shoulder.

"You are wanted immediately at the Casa Bonaparte," said the woman; and before Ilaria could question her further, she had disappeared.

So Ilaria made her way out of the crowded cathedral, and crossed the sunlit Piazza, where flowers and bright banners and the gay music of the bells proclaimed Ajaccio's part in Our Lady's gladness; and presently she stood on the threshold of the Casa Bonaparte.

It was Mammucia Caterina, the Signora Bonaparte's old nurse, who received her. To her Ilaria set forth the meaning of her coming; the while wondering not a little that it should need thus to be set forth, since she had taken it for granted that the messenger who had summoned her had come straight from Caterina herself. But old "Mammy" Caterina knew nothing of such a message.

Just then a shrill cry rang through the house,—a baby's cry.

"I must hasten back to the Signora," said Caterina.

"Yes," replied Ilaria, suddenly reaching out and taking the old hands in her own strong young ones. "You shall go back, and I will go with you, to nurse the child whom the Madonna sent the Signora to-day."

Caterina looked at Ilaria, and saw how splendidly young and vigorous she was; how the wholesome blood tinged her dark cheeks. She noted her black hair, her perfect teeth; and looking into her eyes, she saw the mother-look in them. Then she remembered she had seen Ilaria before—bending over a dying baby in the Refugees' Camp on Monte Rotondo.

"Come, Camilla Ilaria!" said Caterina.

Upstairs, in its mother's arms, the baby cried lustily and hungrily, while the poor Signora vainly tried to give him his natural food.

"Zitto, zitto!" said old Caterina, entering the room. "It was not a moment too soon for the Madonna to send him a foster-mother. Come, little hungry one," she said; and she stooped to take the child from his mother's breast and lay him in Ilaria's arms.

In a moment the cries ceased. The Conqueror had gained his first victory.

Poor little fellow! He was not a handsome nursling, with his pale face, and his great head which seemed so strangely big for his small body. Ilaria felt that the war which had hurt her had been cruel to him too, depriving him before birth of the store of strength which ought to have been his. It was a claim the more on Ilaria's passionate devotion. She vowed to spend herself so that her "little one" might have his own.

Sometimes wise old Mammy Caterina and the Signora Letizia herself felt uneasy at the possible consequences of Ilaria's absolute devotion. The little fellow had come into the world with a very decided will of his own,—an inclination to

despotism, which Ilaria's treatment was likely to foster. To the Signora Letizia's remonstrances Ilaria listened respectfully enough, only justifying her indulgence by saying that the poor child was not very strong. But to Caterina she would flash out: "Go away and say your prayers, and don't interfere with my little one! You have got nothing to do with him." And Caterina had perforce to adopt her recommendations, and 'say her prayers' that no harm might come of Ilaria's injudicious spoiling.

Both the mother and the old nurse saw how strong the child was growing under Ilaria's care; and that must have gone far to reconcile them to Ilaria's methods. The boy loved Ilaria,—loved her bonnie Corsican face, loved her old Corsican tales, loved to be hushed to sleep with her old Corsican lullabies. And so he grew up, gaining strength every day,—the splendid little Corsican boy who was one day to call the world his conquest.

When the little Napoleon was a few years old, Mammy Caterina died and her place as housekeeper was taken by Minana Saveria. Ilaria really liked old Caterina in spite of her quarrels with her; and we have every reason to believe that for Saveria, too, she cherished the most affectionate feelings. But Saveria had a fault: she was far too economical. Her devotion to her mistress' interests carried her to an excessive parsimony. Of course Ilaria resented that when it took the form of denying her some dainty on which she had set her heart for her foster child.

In course of time many other children were born to Signora Letizia, but Ilaria nursed none of them except Napoleon. They were a very stirring lot of children, the little Bonapartes; and Ilaria's nursling was the most stirring of them all. In the after time, when both the Signora and Ilaria were old women, and spending the lonely years in the great Roman Palace which stands at the corner of the Piazza

Venezia, they were fond of talking of the wild doings of that sturdy little troupe. It was always, "Do you remember?" "Do you remember," the Signora would say, "the big room on the first floor that we had to clear out for them?"—"Ah, Signora, and it was the Emperor who always led them on!" And then from many "Do you remember," the Dame d'Honneur, Rosa Mellini, could reconstruct the childish years of the "Man of Destiny." For it was always round him the story turned.

It was he who adorned the walls of the big 'cleared-out room' with drawings of soldiers in battle array. It was he who put the good nuns who were so kind to him in dire confusion by running after them in the streets of Ajaccio, one day, and shouting in their wake:

*Celui qui veut savoir où est mon cœur
Le trouvera au milieu du sein des Sœurs.*

It was he who, on his daily excursion to the Jesuits' school, exchanged the fine white bread of the well-to-do lawyer's son for the black bread of the soldier. "I scolded him," his mother would recall; "but he told me that, as he was one day to be a soldier, it was fitting that he should accustom himself to eat their bread." It was he who ran off on the back of a high-spirited and untamed young horse which the land-steward had brought into town, and convinced the steward that he would come to no good end, until, arriving at a mill, he slipped off the horse, and began to calculate how much wheat the mill could grind per day and per week, with so much accuracy that the steward changed his mind, and told the mother, the next time he was speaking to her, that if God granted the young master a long enough life, he would not fail to become the greatest man in all the world.

When her foster child had reached the age of ten (1779), Ilaria knew the grief of the first parting. A nomination had been obtained for the two elder of the Bonaparte boys to the Royal Military

School at Brienne; and thither Charles Bonaparte escorted his sons, Joseph and Napoleon. Ilaria's only consolation now was the letters which came with military regularity. She counted the days between. Sometimes they were sad, these letters; for the schoolmates were not kind to Napoleon, making fun of his Corsican accent, his poverty, his aloofness. Sometimes, on the contrary, they were full of courage and hope for the future. One day the news came that Ilaria's "little one" had been crowned laureate of his school by the Duke of Orleans himself. So the years passed.

And now so many of them had passed that it was time for the "little one" to be coming home again. Then it was by days that Ilaria began to count the time, until, on one glad morning, there was no need to count time any more; for Ilaria held her darling in her arms.

She was very proud and happy those days, looking at him going through the streets of Ajaccio in his smart lieutenant's uniform. The sweetest music she had ever heard was the click of his sword against the stone pavements. Exultantly, she told herself that she had kept her vow, and given back to the little weakling baby the heritage of strength of which the war had deprived him.

That was a thought of pride, Ilaria; and you were punished for it presently when your boy fell ill. It was, of course, the books and the long hours of work in the summerhouse of the "Milelli" which were responsible for the young lieutenant's ill health, and both the Signora Letizia and Ilaria hated the books in consequence. It was the one grief the two women had in the midst of the perfect joy of their boy's return.

During the next seven years Napoleon was fully occupied with his regimentary duties, and could return to Ajaccio but seldom, and then only for a very short space of time. In 1791, however, he came back to play a prominent part in his native town. In the year, when revolu-

tionary troubles were at their height, the men of Ajaccio elected Ilaria's nursing Captain of their National Guard. The honor they thus conferred on him was all the more memorable because the position had been eagerly sought by some of the wealthiest and most influential men in the country; but none of them could compare with "Napolione," as Ilaria called her boy in her Corsican dialect; and Ilaria was proud of her town for being able to appreciate the fact.

It is true that the new post brought its own dangers, and Ilaria began to spend even more time than usual in her favorite place at the Madonna's feet in the cathedral of Ajaccio. Once the news was carried to the Signora that the Captain had been poisoned by a revengeful woman, and it needed all Ilaria's and the mother's care and skill to save him from a frightful death. Once, too, a street riot had been provoked for the express purpose of encompassing his death. The plot was foiled by Captain Bonaparte's own intrepid conduct, but there was no knowing when it might be renewed. Ah, Ilaria had need to pray!

She had need to pray, she who remembered how many broken hearts and empty lives a war leaves behind it. Troublous times were coming on Corsica, — even more troublous, it seemed to poor Ilaria, than those which had robbed her of her all. Then it was *la patria* against the enemy: now it was *la patria* divided against itself. Ilaria could but dimly understand the question; but, in a sort of dumb, unilluminated misery, she realized that "the chief," for whom her husband had fought and died, had turned traitor to his own. Paoli was plotting to give Corsica to England. Paoli had proscribed the Bonaparte family, and Ilaria's mistress and children were fugitives and outlaws.

We lose sight of Ilaria for some time after this. We know that she was left behind in Corsica when the Signora Letizia Bonaparte and her children fled

from the prosecutions of the ungrateful Paoli, and found refuge in Marseilles.

But as the months passed, stray gleams of light came to illumine Ilaria's dark misery. It was from her "little one" these gleams came,—her "little one" who had set his feet on the first rungs of that ladder which led him to his glittering fortune. First came the news of the brave stand he had made as a young Captain of Artillery against the English at Toulon (1794). Ilaria hated the English. Paoli's defection had laid open Corsica to them, and they treated it as a conquered country. Ajaccio was desolate with their destructions.

Other news came fast on the heels of the message from Toulon. Ilaria's "little one" had become a General, had married, had been appointed to the command of the "Army of Italy," and (O happy Ilaria!) had won victory after splendid victory, until the whole world rang with his name.

One of these victories (though perhaps Ilaria did not know it) had an immediate effect on Corsica. The submission of Milan, followed by the payment of an indemnity of 9,000,000 francs, permitted the Directory to send substantial aid to those Corsicans who were still faithful to France. As a consequence, Paoli's adherents lost heart, until, in 1796, the "chief" gave up the struggle and went to live in London. After his departure, the English held the island in a very loose grip; and one imagines that they were rather glad than otherwise to hand it over again to France by a Treaty of Peace concluded in the October of that same year.

A short time after these events, Ilaria had the joy of welcoming back her mistress to the old home, and seeing the works of restoration, which the capable Signora set about with characteristic energy. The Signora prolonged her stay in Corsica during the time of her great son's campaign in Egypt. But when the Directory, having need of his services, recalled

the General-in-Chief, Madame Bonaparte hastened back to Paris.

Now Napoleon, amid his victories, often thought of his native Corsica and of Ilaria; and as he turned his laurel-laden ships homeward to France, he determined that they should pass by Corsica. Corsica went wild with delight when it heard of the General's intention; and what pen might describe Ilaria's sensations? Baron Larrey gives us a charming glimpse of the scene:

"The crowd hastened out into the quay in boats, to welcome back the Conqueror. In one of these boats stood a woman, dressed in black, holding out her hands to him and crying: '*Caro figlio,—caro figlio!*' Of course it was no other than Ilaria; and the Corsicans applauded as they saw the great and victorious soldier throw his arms round her dear neck and kiss her brown old face. He took her by the hand then and led her, before all the people, to the house in which she had nursed him."

It was one of Napoleon's dreams to give this house in Ajaccio to Ilaria. But in this desire he was thwarted by his mother. The Signora could not bear to think that the ancestral home of the Bonapartes should go out of the family. Finally an arrangement was effected by which Ilaria received a house of the Ramolinos.

Higher and ever higher went Napoleon up the ladder with the rungs of gold, and ever greater waxed Ilaria's joy and pride in him. At last one day the great news came that Ilaria's "little one" was to be crowned Emperor. Ilaria felt that she *just had to be there* to see the sight. Accordingly, she set out; and presently we find Portalis, Ministre des Cultes, writing thus to the Emperor:

"SIRE:—The parish priest of St. Agricole, of Avignon, has forwarded to me a letter from Donna Camilla Ilaria, who declares she was your Majesty's foster mother, and who comes from Corsica in order to witness with her own eyes

the glories of her august nursling. I hasten to lay this letter before your Majesty, knowing how near the matter will lie to your Majesty's heart, if it is true that Donna Ilaria is justified in her pretension."

The Emperor's reply was prompt and characteristic. Long afterward, in the weary hours of his imprisonment in St. Helena, he loved to recall Ilaria's delight at the reception he gave her. Ilaria, who was a devout Catholic, had another very great joy on this occasion; for she was presented to the Holy Father, Pius VII., and the audience lasted a long time.

After three months' stay in Paris, Ilaria returned to Corsica. One can imagine her talking over with her neighbors the events of those three wonderful months, and the pride with which she showed the beautiful gifts with which her "little one," who was now the great Emperor, had loaded her.

It will not take us long to tell the end of Ilaria's life-story. When all was over, when they had caged the mighty Eagle and left him to wear out his great heart on the lonely island, poor, broken-hearted Signora Letizia went to live in the Palazzo Rinnuccini in Rome. To her old mistress thus spending the evening of her life in the gloomy Roman Palace, came the faithful Ilaria. And as the shadows lengthened and the night grew darker, their talk was ever of the little baby who had come to them on Our Lady's feast-day in sunny Ajaccio, and whom they had rocked in their arms and pillowed on their breast, in the days when their names had a meaning—Letizia and Ilaria.

MILLIONS of men—kings, historians, philosophers, merchants, mechanics, and purest women—have believed that Christ is God. All who have devoutly believed this, and lived by this as a truth, have become exemplary for all that is beautiful in holiness.—"*The Light of Nations.*"

Ferrer and Spain.

WHILE there may be room for doubt about the expediency of Francisco Ferrer's execution by the Spanish Government, it is rather difficult to see how normally sane thinkers can at all call in question that execution's absolute justice. The resulting excitement, protests, and parades of Socialists and Anarchists in different European and even American centres do not of course affect in the slightest degree the right of Spain to protect herself against the avowed enemies of social order and existing laws; and the pretext of certain hysterical journalists that the death of Ferrer has shocked the conscience of humanity is mere vapid rhodomontade. Without accusing of unmitigated hypocrisy a number of English and American journals that are apparently throbbing with virtuous indignation over the removal of the Spanish Anarchist, we have a somewhat decided conviction that, had the incident occurred in either this country or England, these same journals would be lauding to the skies the government's refusal to yield to sentimentalism, and its determination to vindicate at all costs the majesty and the pre-eminence of the law. History, even contemporaneous history, affords ample grounds for the conviction.

Amid the chorus of emotional tirades of abuse vociferated against Spain and her ruler by the international press, there is of course an occasional dissenting note. The *Inter-Ocean*, for instance, has not lost its habitual poise and common sense. Commenting in a leading article on the whole matter, it says:

Ferrer was what is known as a "philosophical Anarchist." For years he had been teaching, in his paper and through the schools he established, that all government is oppression, that there ought to be no government as the term is commonly understood, and that all existing governments ought to be swept away, and in time would be.

What was the influence of the teachings of Ferrer upon those most subject to them is

revealed by the fact that his confidential assistant or secretary was caught in the act of trying to blow up King Alfonso on the latter's wedding day. The assassin had, of course, no personal grief or wrong to avenge. He could have none against a mere boy. But in the circle of Ferrer he was filled with fanatic fervor for killing a king just because he was a king.

Ferrer was easily recognized as one of the creators of the state of the public mind that resulted in the recent Barcelona insurrection. He had been preaching destruction for years, and when destruction was attempted it was plain that his advice had been taken.

Doubtless Ferrer did not mean that the destruction should take the exact form it did. It is the stock in trade of the intellectual Anarchist always to deprecate violence, and even to be genuinely horrified by bloodshed, while incessantly advancing arguments and spreading ideas that make for violence and bloodshed.

The Chicago journal calls attention to some analogical points in the case of the Haymarket Anarchists and that of President McKinley's assassin, and arrives at the same conclusion that "Ferrer paid a severe penalty for his crime, but it is still to be proved that he paid an unjust one."

As a matter of fact, the world at large ought to congratulate Spain on having dealt at least one blow at this "philosophical Anarchy," which is becoming so rampant, and which, unless effectively repressed, will soon menace the existence of law and order in empires, monarchies, and republics as well. It is significant, in this connection, that, according to the cable dispatches, King Edward has just expressed fear of a Socialistic upheaval involving every great country in Europe, if a general election is held in England. He is reported as saying he is afraid that not only the House of Lords but every hereditary institution in the country will totter. His Majesty's fears are only too well grounded.

It will probably occur to the average law-abiding citizen of any civilized country that governments owe it to themselves to repress Anarchy, and the Socialism that leads thereto, by somewhat more

drastic regulations than are yet in force as to freedom of speech and freedom of the press. Liberty in speaking and writing is undoubtedly the right of free citizens; but rational liberty is not unbridled license, though the blatant popular orator or the sensational editor does so often confound the two. Getting down to the ultimate rights of the matter, a man "ought to say what he pleases" only when he is pleased to say what he ought. The Spanish Deputy Lerroux, who, we believe, is now sojourning in London, should not, for instance, have been allowed to spread broadcast through Spain his journal *La Rebeldia*, filled as it was with advice to rebel against everything, to destroy property, to burn down churches and monasteries, and to work general ruin. There are moralists, it may well be, who not only thoroughly justify the execution of Ferrer, but would condone Spain's visiting the treasonable Mr. Lerroux with a similar fate, or at least with a prolonged incarceration that would put an end to his infamous journalistic propaganda.

Apropos of the whole question, students of Pope Leo XIII.'s Encyclicals will be impressed by the appositeness of the following paragraph from the one entitled "Concerning Modern Errors":

"It is to be deplored that they to whom has been entrusted the care of the common welfare, allowing themselves to be circumvented by the fraudulent devices of infamous men, and terror-stricken at their threats, have ever displayed toward the Church feelings of suspicion or even hostility; not understanding that the endeavors of these sects would have been of no effect had the doctrine of the Catholic Church and the authority of the Roman Pontiffs, among rulers and peoples alike, always remained in due honor. For the *Church of the Living God*, which is the pillar and ground of *truth*, proclaims those doctrines and precepts whereby the security and calm of society is provided for, and the accursed brood of Socialism is utterly destroyed."

Notes and Remarks.

One of the most interesting papers read at the recent conference of the English Catholic Truth Society was that on the rationalistic propaganda, by Mr. Leslie Toke, who deplored the lack of organization among Catholics in England and their neglect of the public press, of cheap literature, and of the lay apostolate. "The Catholics of Holland," he said, "support 14 Catholic daily papers, 33 papers issued twice or three times a week, 71 weekly papers, and 49 other periodicals. Pope Leo XIII. and the present Pontiff have again and again urged on us the importance of an *effective* Catholic press. We either do not care or we think we know better, and waste on feeble architecture and worse than feeble statues (to say nothing of silly extravagance on Societies' futilities) countless sums that altogether might build up a powerful Catholic press in this country. And as for staff, if but half of our really capable Catholic writers were encouraged to combine in the Catholic cause, instead of lending their talents to support and increase the circulation of the anti-Catholic press, they might be of immense service to the Church in England. As for cheap literature, why do we leave that field so largely to the enemy?"

The Catholics of Holland and England together are far from equalling us in numbers, and are certainly our inferiors in aggregate wealth; but there is not a single Catholic daily paper in the whole United States; and, more's the pity, the need of one is not generally realized either by priests or people. The neglect of the press by English-speaking Catholics certainly is extraordinary.

Mr. W. T. R. Preston, a Trade Commissioner of Canada, though an ardent Protestant, is in much disfavor with his coreligionists at present on account of his severe and outspoken criticism of

missionary methods in the East. "If the churches in the West do not force a change of policy on the part of the mission boards," he says, "then money might as well be thrown into the sea as expended along present lines. The only thing to do, in my opinion, is to pull up the present policy by the roots."

We think Brother Preston is right. It is too bad to waste money abroad that is so much needed at home. The average minister's salary throughout the United States is about \$840, and in Canada it is probably much less. In the majority of cases, too, we are informed, there is anything but prompt payment. Many Protestant ministers in country places are so poor that their wives are obliged to do tonsorial work for them; and when they change their hat or appear with a new umbrella, it is the talk of the town.

By all means let the money that is expended on fruitless mission work abroad be divided up amongst needy clergymen at home. The Protestant public should realize that, with the increase in the cost of living, the salaries of ministers ought to be raised to a more than living scale, and be paid as promptly as any other business obligation. The ministers, on their part, should try to render more efficient service,—avoid entangling themselves in secular business, as St. Paul exhorts; search the Scripture more diligently and prayerfully, prepare their sermons better, and refrain in season and out of season from bearing false witness against their Catholic brethren.

A book-reviewer in the *Athenæum* recently referred to "... that creed of the Roman Church which holds that, as animals have no souls, they have no rights against man, and that cruelty to them is not any transgression of the moral law." Further on, the same writer delivered himself of this bit of extravagance: "The deplorable effect of this view on the conduct of the Roman Catholic populations from Ireland to Sicily is only

too well known. As cruelty to animals is not reproved as a sin by the clergy, the treatment of domestic animals is often shocking, and reacts on the treatment of weak human beings, such as women and children."

In the next issue of the *Athenæum* appeared a communication in French from T. de Wyzewa, accusing the reviewer of absolute error, both as to theory and practice. The French writer, a European traveller, states that the kindest relations between man and beast to come under his observation were in the Catholic portions of Bavaria, the Tyrol, and the Rhineland; and that the greatest cruelty to animals he ever witnessed occurred in some towns and cities of Protestant Holland, "where the sole industry of the population consists in putting out the eyes of little birds, ... so that they may sing more melodiously and sell for a few florins more."

In a letter to the London *Tablet* advocating the employment of the Question Box at lectures or even at regular evening services in the church, the Rev. Henry Graham writes:

We tried it here during three months at the door of a hall where Catholic evidence lectures were being given to non-Catholics, and somewhere about one hundred questions were dropped in. The answering of them was, to the audience and probably to the lecturer, the most interesting part of the meeting. The people followed them with the liveliest attention, and kept pouring them in till the very end of the series. Many points are thus raised and settled which a lecturer would not naturally think of dealing with in his set discourses,—points about which Catholics themselves are sometimes puzzled or ill-instructed. The lecturer in his replies will probably also be answering some minister or professional Protestant Crusader, who will have covertly supplied some bumpkin with a few learned queries.

The most valuable point about the whole thing, however, is that you thus get at people's practical, urgent difficulties, in a way not otherwise possible; they are opening their minds to you and letting you see their thoughts in the most ingenuous manner. Occasionally, no doubt, the questions will be unpublishable;

at other times, obviously farcical or insincere. But, generally speaking, what these people ask is what thousands of others are thinking about, too; and this is exactly what we wish to know.

In our opinion, there is one serious objection to the Question Box—its name, which is conducive to frivolity and insincerity. The propensity to ask questions is general, and very often they are asked more for the sake of the asking than the answering. Then again the one to whom they are put is sometimes at a decided disadvantage in not being able to answer them adequately in a few words. Pointed replies are expected to pointed queries. Questions are frequently asked offhand that can not or should not be answered in any such manner. We hold that if the Question Box were called the Information Box, the advantages connected with it would be increased and the abuses minimized. There is much in a name, after all; as there is a difference in the mental make-up of the class of people who are in search of information and the class of people who always have questions to propose.

After an investigation extending over a period of nearly five years, our Census Bureau has published a report on marriage and divorce. The period covered by the statistics given was the score of years from 1887 to the end of 1906. The number of marriages recorded therein was 12,832,044; the number of divorces granted, 945,625. For comparative purposes, the number of divorces for the previous twenty years (1867-1886) is also given—328,716. That is, the second and later period furnished about three times as many disrupted marriages as did the former one. These figures ought to set people thinking.

Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., mourns the loss of the Rev. Dr. Edward McSweeney, who was for many years a valued and devoted member of its faculty. He was professor of moral

theology, ecclesiastical history, and canon law. A priest of exemplary zeal and energy, as well as of great learning and culture, he found time for much literary work, and was a frequent contributor both to Catholic periodicals and the secular press, for which he wrote many important articles on religious subjects. Beloved for his kind-heartedness and admired for his priestly spirit, Dr. McSweeney had numerous friends among the clergy all over the United States, by whom his death will be mourned as a personal loss.

The recently celebrated centennial of St. Louis emphasized the fact of that city's holding through ten decades her position as a Catholic centre. The supremacy enjoyed by the Church there one hundred years ago still subsists. The Catholic population is over 220,000; and there are 68 churches in the city proper, with nearly 450 priests, including those of the religious Orders. There are more than 140 parochial schools, with an attendance of 25,000 pupils. Let it be added that the present condition of matters ecclesiastical in the Missouri metropolis gives every promise of a future growth and development even more gratifying than that which has marked the century just concluded.

"The fault, if fault it be, of many American cities is their dull sameness," said Archbishop Glennon in an eloquent sermon preached on the occasion. "They live and grow just as others do. House is added to house, enterprise to enterprise, street to street, in the same monotonous succession; and all we can say of them is, 'How fast the growth and how large the city!' But of this city of ours can it be said not alone how fast it grows and how large it is, but also that its life stands individualized among the cities of America, with a history and a spirit all its own; and for the beginning of all this we are indebted to the Frenchmen, trader, and missionary,—the spirit

of one, the sacrifice of the other; and the union of both in the lives of those who benefited by their ministrations. That the representatives of the Cross of Christ came here as soon as, if not sooner than, the representatives of the Crown of France is evident from the names of the cities here in the valley; for as you sail along the Father of Waters, you feel as if you were reciting the Litany of the Saints — St. Mary, St. Genevieve, St. Louis, St. Paul."

It was characteristic of the speaker not to forget another element in the upbuilding of the city of St. Louis, and in the giving to it the flavor and form that distinguish it among the cities of the West:

It must be remembered that not only had you the chivalry and courage of the Frenchman and the devotion and sacrifice of the missionary, but you had what came nearer perhaps to the soul of the city and its inner life,—you had, namely, the refinement, the gentleness and the charity of the women of France. While the trader traded and the pioneer wandered, while the missionary went forth from camp to camp and tribe to tribe, there dwelt in homes that here were built, however humble they might be, the wives and daughters of the pioneers, who brought with them all the glory, all the civilization, all the Christianity of old France. So from the very earliest days this city became a centre where social culture, refinement of manners, benevolence, charity and faith found a home. Even at this later day, when several generations have come and gone, that influence is far from being spent. It remains still, to sweeten the lives and to bless the homes of the majority of our people.

The autobiography of the late Mr. Charles C. Starbuck, a Protestant minister, published in the *Sacred Heart Review* at the time of his death, is proof that the great maxim of Martin Luther, "Never be afraid of a lie," is still remembered and acted upon. "In the country of the blind, the one-eyed man is king," wrote Mr. Starbuck; "and therefore I hope I am not guilty of a very alarming vanity in giving myself considerable airs of superiority in this direction above my

fellow-Protestants. One of these (now dead) has signified to me that I knew too much about the matter to be trusted to write of it; evidently believing that, for a child of the Reformation, ignorance is the mother of efficiency. Indeed, my knowledge of these matters has been imputed to me in all forms, by A. P. A. acquaintances, as a misdemeanor and almost a crime. One or two of them (not acquaintances) have threatened to hang me for knowing too much for the good of the cause!"

What must Protestant persons think, how must they feel, after reading things like this?

The claim sometimes made by the advocates of Socialism that St. Francis of Assisi was the first Socialist is hardly less absurd than the assertion that he was a pre-Reformation Protestant. The Poverello was neither a faddist nor a heretic, but a wholesome-minded Catholic enthusiast, whose teaching bears the unmistakable mark of his wholesomeness and orthodoxy, as Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C., was at pains to prove in a recent number of the *Catholic World*. Let us quote:

St. Francis never for a moment assumed that all men would divest themselves of their riches and all be equally poor; nay, in his idea of life he took for granted that some would have wealth and others would not. Yet at the same time he did not deprive the rich of the benefits bestowed upon the world by the Lady Poverty. . . . Poverty to St. Francis was the corner-stone of a new edifice, the mistress of a new vision of life; it was not the edifice nor the vision of life.

It is important, in considering St. Francis as a social reformer, to remember that he embraced poverty, not as a measure of social reform, but as a means of personal sanctification. He became poor because in poverty he himself found liberty of soul. In the first instance he was thinking of himself, not of his neighbor; afterward, when others joined him, he was glad, because he would share with others that measure of spiritual liberty which he himself had found in poverty. When again he feels in himself the call to go forth and preach, he does not preach poverty to the people, but the love of God and peace amongst men. Only to the very few does he give the

invitation to renounce all worldly goods and share with him the delightful treasure of his own life of poverty.

He had not thought of revolutionizing the established forms of society. He took for granted the existence of feudal lords and civic republics, even as he took for granted man himself. He appealed only to the lords and burghers as men and Christians, and sought to bring them to a love of God and their neighbor, and to a proper discernment of the eternal values of life as opposed to the transient earthly values.

But St. Francis made his direct appeal to duties rather than to rights. He did not urge the weak and the poor to claim their due, but rather he urged the rich and the strong to give the poor and the weak their due. Certainly in setting before one class of men their duties toward another class, St. Francis implicitly or explicitly proclaimed men's rights, since there can be no duty without a corresponding right. But the difference of method springs from a fundamental difference of temper and aim. The claiming of a right may be of merely earthly value; the fulfilment of a duty has in it a directly eternal value. One may suffer the loss of one's rights without imperilling one's soul; but the same can not be said of the neglect of one's duties. The exclusive insistence upon rights denotes the materialist temper; the insistence upon duties, the religious.

Paradoxical as it may seem to say so, St. Francis of Assisi is the most popular and the least understood of all the saints. He was an idealist, though in reality anything but an impracticable one. St. Francis had no fads. His admirers are apt to be shallow, his followers become deep.

Unusually sincere sympathy from unusually multiplied sources goes out to the Sisterhood of the Third Order of St. Dominic in the affliction that has come to them through the death, at St. Clara Convent, Sinsinawa, Wisconsin, of their Mother General, Mother Mary Emily Power. The deceased religious was a remarkable woman in more than a few respects. Invested with the habit at the age of sixteen, and entrusted with the full responsibility of St. Clara when only twenty-three, she proved more than equal to the emergencies that necessarily con-

fronted her in the course of a long and active life, and impressed all with whom she came in contact with her exceptional personality. In any age of the Church she would have been reckoned among the valiant women. Simple in manner, gracious in address, of scholarly attainments and eminent business ability, and withal noted for spirituality, she was, over and above all this, the incarnation of charity; and thousands on thousands were made genuine mourners on the 16th inst., when the word went round, "Mother Emily is dead." *R. I. P.*

The junior Missionary Colleges of Ireland have heretofore served principally to furnish priests for this country, England, and Australia. Irish students for the Foreign Missions, properly so called, were obliged to seek the necessary knowledge and training in France and Belgium, and circumstances frequently conspired to turn them from the original goal of their aspirations. A few weeks ago, a new seminary for the specific training of foreign missionaries was opened at Blackrock Road, Cork; and, as the *London Catholic Times* comments, "in the course of a few years the Catholics of Cork will have the privilege of witnessing that touching spectacle, which even yet thrills the faithful of Lyons and Paris—namely, a group of young priests taking their stand on the altar, to bid farewell to friends and country before departing for the far-off lands where they are to plant the Cross of Christ."

With reference to that part of Daniel's interpretation of the handwriting at Belshazzar's feast in which he says, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting," it is curious to find that a custom of actually weighing kings is related in Sir Thomas Roe's "Voyage to India." From this it may be inferred that the familiar Scriptural passage may be taken in a more literal sense than it is generally supposed to bear.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

That Misunderstanding.

(As Told by One of the "Set.")

BY AGNES WEBB.



AY, girls, Demosthenes' cold is worse, and we'll have no elocution lesson to-day," Jennie Nichols was saying, as I joined the "set" in the recreation hall last Tuesday.

"Good!" cried Bertha Dalton. "I never can memorize, for one thing. Besides, I don't intend to go in for Woman's Suffrage, or anything else where you have to make speeches; so what sense is there in my taking elocution lessons?"

"By the way, why do you call him Demosthenes?" asked Bessie Reardon, our new scholar.

"Always talking about the way Demosthenes overcame the impediment in his speech," answered Annie Reynolds, in a great hurry. "But that bit of news about his old cold and our free-lesson period isn't a patch on what I have to tell."

Nobody looked particularly interested; for Annie is always declaring she has just discovered a mine of secret information.

"Tell us about it at noon, Annie. We have to finish some algebra problems now," called Jennie, as she and Bertha skipped down the corridor.

There was a possibility that Annie had something worth while on hand, so I stayed behind and said:

"Out with it, Annie, like a good girl!"

She looked pleased.

"You'd never guess who have fallen out," she answered. "Vera Haley and Vinnie Higgins."

"Not our Vera and Vinnie?"

"The very ones," said Annie.

It was a little too startling. Hadn't I seen Vera and Vinnie going home arm in

arm yesterday? I told Annie this; but she only looked at me sideways, and said lots of things could happen overnight. I asked her if she knew the story for a positive fact, or was it what somebody had told somebody else, and that somebody had told her. She said "No"; she used her eyes well,—was discerning.

Annie loves to have you think she is what Sister Clement calls "discerning." Sometimes, when she tries her little game of playing the know-all, she bores me and I lose my temper. But it was foolish to do that now. So I said:

"Annie, you're a wonder! You always do get hold of things before the rest of us. Of course it must be as you say."

You may be sure I didn't have to wait long after that to hear the whole story. But it was exactly as I suspected. She really knew very little. She remarked that she saw Vera come in one gate while Vinnie entered by another at precisely the same moment. It did seem a little odd for bosom friends; still, I wasn't convinced.

When I went down to class I hoped that I'd find Vera and Vinnie chatting as usual. Instead, Vera was talking to Sister Clement, and Vinnie was working geometry problems. Now, if there's one thing Vinnie detests, it's geometry; so I began to do some thinking and some seeing. I wanted to ask Vinnie what was up; but the nine-o'clock bell rang, and I knew my chance was gone for that time.

Our first lesson period was in our own room with Sister Clement. I kept watch, but nothing much happened till Sister Clement asked Vinnie to collect the maps we had drawn at home. She took all but the one Vera held out, and deliberately overlooked that. Poor Vera flushed. Then she carried her paper to Sister's desk and slipped it into the pile. Sister Clement was so busy at the blackboard, showing

us how to trace the route of the Vandals and Goths into Rome, that she never noticed. I didn't care a pin about the Vandals and Goths at that moment. Pa says I'll never be a scholar. That must be the reason those musty old fellows didn't interest me, for Sister Clement is certainly an A No. 1 teacher. But, truly, this little home affair was ten times more exciting than trying to follow long-haired barbarians over Europe.

After that period we were separated. Vera and Vinnie went to German class, and I was booked for the music room. Just as we were leaving, Sister Clement said: "Be sure to take with you all books needed during the next recitation."

(You see we carry our paraphernalia from room to room when we change classes every hour; lately there has been some trouble about forgotten needfuls.)

You can imagine how my eyes opened when I got back to class shortly before the noon recess, and heard all the girls jabbering about Vinnie. She had asked Fräulein Schmidt, the German teacher, to allow her to return to Room 10 (our classroom) for a note-book. Fräulein Schmidt is deliciously easy-going, and of course said, "*Yah, Fräulein.*"

Then Vinnie walked into Room 10 as coolly, they say, as if Sister hadn't given any hint. Sister Clement had the senior class in English History. Some of the girls are preparing to take Trinity entrance examinations, and have to work frightfully hard, I hear. You can imagine how welcome Vinnie was, particularly after a special reminder had been given. I understand Sister didn't say very much: she simply made some remark about consideration for others. I should think Vinnie would have felt pretty mean, for Sister Clement never scolds unless she *has* to. But, indeed, Vinnie didn't look a bit ashamed. There she was, preparing to go down to the refectory (all the girls stay for hot luncheon) as if nothing had occurred. What was coming over her? She held her head higher than usual,

and spoke only to Mildred Farley and one or two other girls who are so "too-too" that the "jolly set" (our set) never pays the slightest attention to them.

The next day, when we were leaving No. 10, Sister Clement said:

"Remember, young ladies, you are to leave in this room no books needed during the next hour. Any one transgressing the rule will see Reverend Mother at the close of the morning session."

My, but that *was* a shot! In the first place, Sister Clement says "young ladies" only when there is something very serious on the carpet; in the second place, she seldom threatens: she just *does* things.

I was the last girl to leave the room, and was about to close the door when Sister said:

"Frances, is that a text-book lying on the end desk?"

"Yes, Sister," I answered.

I think I got a little white, for I recognized it as the "Sketch Book." We were going to literature class, and we had to have that book for reading.

I was on the point of picking up the book when the door opened and Vera came in. I think she was going to speak; but Sister had the book on her mind, and, turning to Vera, said:

"I believe there is a book on your desk, Vera."

"Yes, Sister," Vera answered, glancing in that direction.

Sister looked at the cover, then at the fly-leaf.

"A book used during the coming hour in your English Class; is it not, Vera?"

Vera's "Yes, Sister," was very firm.

"These are your initials, are they not?"

I tell you I felt mighty queer when I heard Vera's "Yes, Sister," to that question.

"I'm very sorry this has occurred," Sister said. "At 11.50 report to Reverend Mother."

That was all. But you may be sure it didn't take me long to telegraph the news around the English Class. I thought that period would never come to an end. Of

course it, did, and then I fairly flew to Vinnie and told her what had happened.

"Come," she said.

"Where?" I asked.

"To Reverend Mother's office," she answered.

"But I'm not in this scrape."

"Well I am. I'm no coward, Frances Maher, and I'll do my duty; but you must help me. You know what happened in Room 10. Come!"

Vinnie is a born commander, and—the situation looked promising. I went.

Vera Haley had already arrived in the office, and was starting her story when we entered. Vinnie was so out of breath that she couldn't speak, so Reverend Mother said we had better sit down and collect ourselves a little.

Then Vera began all over again, and told of Sister Clement's order, and that the book, a mark of disobedience, had been found on her desk.

"But it isn't hers," interrupted Vinnie: "it's mine."

"Yours!" exclaimed Reverend Mother. "Child," she said, turning to Vera, "why did you allow Sister Clement to believe the book was yours and that you had violated her rule?"

"Sister asked if the initials were mine and I said, 'Yes.'"

"They're mine, too, Reverend Mother," interposed Vinnie, before Vera had a chance to say another word.

"How is that, Lavinia?" was Reverend Mother's next question.

"Oh, I'm 'Lavinia' only on the records! All the girls and the folks at home know me as Vinnie, so V. H. may mean Vinnie Higgins just as well as Vera Haley."

Reverend Mother doesn't often look surprised, but her eyebrows *did* go up—only for a second, though,—while Vinnie was talking. I don't know what Mother thought, but she turned to Vera and said:

"Well, Vera, I can not understand why you allowed Sister to be deceived."

"Truly, Reverend Mother, I never thought of it that way," —and Vera

blushed. "I just wanted to screen Vinnie."

You could have heard a pin drop after that. Reverend Mother moved some papers about on her desk, and then looked at Vinnie. Honestly, I pitied Vinnie at that moment, even though she had been hateful for the last two days; but she was self-possessed then as ever.

She looked straight at Reverend Mother, and told her that she hadn't been on speaking terms with Vera since Tuesday. She said she had left the "Sketch Book" on Vera's desk by mistake, and that she really had no notion of getting her former friend into trouble. "Give me any penance, Reverend Mother," she finished so meekly that I hardly knew her.

"I think you have already paid toll here. Now you are to apologize to Sister Clement."

"Certainly, Mother."

And, positively, Vinnie's voice had a glad sound in it; for she *is* a good-hearted girl; just quick-tempered,—impulsive, pa calls it.

Then the telephone bell rang; and, while Reverend Mother was answering it, didn't those two girls turn around and talk to each other as if nothing had happened! It was the prosiest "make up" I ever saw.

"So the breach is healed, children?" said Reverend Mother, hanging up the receiver and wheeling around.

"Oh, yes, Mother! It was only a little misunderstanding. You see Vera said—"

"Excuse me, Vinnie! You were the first to say—"

"I'm certain it was—"

"Both Children of Mary?" interrupted Reverend Mother quickly.

Of course they are.

"You remember one of the promises is to cultivate charity. Now, then," she went on so fast that they couldn't speak, even if they wanted to, "we'll consider this unfortunate little difference as if it had never been."

Both answered "Yes" so heartily that you'd know they meant it. I think I

saw something shiny on Vera's cheek, and Vinnie dropped her eyes—not a bit like *her*.

And there I stood like a perfectly good girl, keeping a discreet silence. To be sure, nobody noticed *me*. Well, Reverend Mother happened on a lovely way to end the "unfortunate little difference," didn't she? Somehow, our nuns know just the right way to take us girls. Strange, too; for it must be ages since they were girls. I was glad Reverend Mother patched up the quarrel so nicely, and got Vinnie and Vera to go off as pleased as *Punch*. Still, I *did* want to hear what had caused that misunderstanding; not that I was perishing with curiosity about other people's affairs, but—well—don't you know, it's a satisfaction really to understand a thing!

The Adventures of Ricardo.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

IX.

Ricardo soon became weary of waiting for his companion, who, absorbed in her devotions, had forgotten his existence. The twinkling lights at the various altars ranged at intervals throughout the church attracted his attention, as he turned his head from side to side in glancing up and down the aisles. Slowly edging toward the door of the pew, he stole quietly forth, with the intention of examining the numerous pictures and statues. He knelt for a moment in front of the main altar in reverence to the Blessed Sacrament; then made his way quietly, unobserved by Anne, to the left aisle, where he began to examine the Stations in due order. They were unusually beautiful pictures of the kind; and, though Ricardo had never made the Way of the Cross, he knew that the Stations represented the last sorrowful scenes in the life of our Blessed Lord. He knew also that it was customary to say a prayer at each one of them, and he thought he remembered

something connecting them with the Souls in Purgatory. As he paused before the different pictures, he bent his knee, saying at the same time: "Lord, have pity on the Poor Souls!"

When he reached the Seventh, he was obliged to step into a sort of embrasure in order to see it, as the light was fading and the figures were not very distinct. Here he was when Anne passed down the aisle looking for him. However, she directed her search only toward the pews, though she almost brushed him with her garments as she walked by. She had already traversed the remainder of the church, and went out into the vestibule immediately after.

When Ricardo returned to the pew, she had gone. It occurred to him that she might be in one of the confessionals. In order not to miss her, he went out of the church and sat on the steps. Persons going and coming passed him as he lingered; they were but few in number, however, as it was growing dark. Ricardo did not know what to do. He went back to the Blessed Virgin's altar and sat on the lower step of the sanctuary. He had not the slightest idea of the way homeward, and concluded he had better wait for Anne; for, wherever she had gone, he did not doubt that she would come for him at last.

There was a confessional close by. He had always felt considerable curiosity regarding the mysterious "closets" into which he had seen people disappear, his mother among them when he had accompanied her once or twice to the church of St. Vincent Ferrer. He lifted up the curtain on one side, then on the other, finally venturing to peep into the middle compartment, where he knew the priest usually sat. Opening the little gate, he went in and sat down on the bench—a more comfortable one, by the way, than is to be found in many churches,—and thought it a very pleasant place indeed. From it he could see the lights in front of the several shrines,—red, blue or

golden, according to the color of the lamps in which they burned.

And then—Anne was forgotten! He felt conscious only of being very comfortable. Leaning back in one corner, his eyelids involuntarily drooped and he fell asleep.

Nine o'clock was striking in the tower when the sexton came in to close the church. He was followed by a priest, who removed the Blessed Sacrament. The sexton, a very old and inefficient man, did not—as he should have done—make a careful examination in order to see if there were any loiterers. He did not take the trouble either to look into the confessionals, though that same church had once been set on fire by a drunken tramp, who had hidden in one of them for the purpose of spending the night there. But when he pulled the great wooden doors together, locking them on the outside with a heavy iron key, the noise waked the boy, who could not realize where he was or what had happened.

After a moment or two he slipped down from the little bench, and presently was standing, half stupefied, in the dark aisle. Yes, it was dark indeed. Nothing but the frames of the Stations and the outlines of the statues could be distinguished. The lights still twinkled on a small side altar.

Ricardo turned toward it. He knew now what was the meaning of the clanging doors: he had been locked in. For some moments he knelt in the darkness, wondering, half praying. Why had Anne left him? Why had she deserted him? Probably she had forgotten all about him, and his friends had not thought to look for him in the church.

He felt lonely but not afraid, and soon decided to remain where he was until morning, without making any effort to release himself, as he might have done by pounding on the door. If he did that, people would be sure to come in, perhaps even the police! There might be a crowd; perhaps they might arrest him. Nothing could harm him here, in God's own home.

He said his night prayers, and, stretching himself out in one of the cushioned pews, soon fell asleep.

It was a very confused and astonished Ricardo who opened his eyes next morning shortly before five, to see an old man with a gray beard bending over him, and that old man Sidi Belai. At first he neither heard nor understood a word the cobbler was saying to him. But his senses gradually returned; he yawned, smiled, and sat erect. A priest, with a long black beard sprinkled with gray, was coming out to say Mass. His vestments were somewhat different from those Ricardo had ever seen. With him came a young man, a server, who also wore some kind of strange surplice. There were only five or six persons in the church, near the front,—all, like Sidi, with dark skin and black eyes.

"Wait now till Mass is over," whispered Sidi in his ear. "Then you will tell me."

The boy was only half awake. He sat quietly in his place during the whole of the Sacrifice, feeling as though he were in a dream. The strange, unusual, droning chant of the priest, continuing all through the Mass, as well as the responses of the acolyte, tended to confirm the illusion. Not until, at the Elevation, when the cobbler bade him kneel, did the boy fully realize that he was hearing and seeing the Mass of the Syrian rite.

When it was over, as soon as the priest had disappeared from the altar, Sidi Belai caught Ricardo by the hand and drew him quickly down the aisle. People were beginning to enter for another Mass at six o'clock,—usually the first said in the church. In the vestibule Sidi halted.

"What means this, *hijo mio*?" he asked. "How are you here in the church so early, and asleep?"

"I have been here all night," was the reply.

"All night? And pray how?"

"I came with Anne, the seamstress, to a drug-shop. They were not ready with the medicine, and she said we would come

and visit the Blessed Sacrament. She prayed so long that I was tired and went to look at the pictures of the Way of the Cross. When I came back she was gone."

"When was that?"

"Last evening—soon after I said good-bye to you and came with Mary to Mrs. Grey's. We had not yet had dinner."

"Why did the woman go away without you? It was not right."

"I do not know, Sidi. Maybe I was in the confessional place when she went."

"Why there? To confess?"

"No: just to see it. I sat down on the little bench."

"That was a wrong thing to do. It is the first time I ever heard of such an act."

"I did not know it, Sidi."

"Well, now you know. And what else?"

"I went to sleep there. The noise of great doors shutting woke me up; it was very late. Then I lay down in the place where you found me, and slept all night. But how did you know, Sidi?"

"I did not know. I came here early to assist at the Mass of my countryman, the Syrian priest, who is to go to-day to the West; and here I find you. I do not know what to think. I could hardly hear Mass. Where is Mrs. Grey's house, Ricardo?"

"I do not know, but it is not far."

"Very anxious those people must be about you, *hijo mio*."

"At the drug-store they will know," said the boy.

"Very true. It is early yet to call them. Sit you here till I return. I must speak first to the Father and my young friend. Then I will go with you. Do not move from this spot, Ricardo."

"I promise that I will not."

The old man paused for a moment to speak to three old men who were leaving the church, and then hurried to the sacristy. He was absent but a short time.

"Come now," he said. "We will go to the drug-store."

It was not yet open, but Ricardo had no difficulty in locating Mrs. Grey's house

from that point. He hastened to do so.

Mary Callahan was turning the corner as Sidi and Ricardo appeared.

"The Lord bless us and save us, Sidi Belai!" she cried in wrathful tones. "Where have you had the boy?"

"I have just found him," said the cobbler. "He will tell you all. He has been spending the night in the church. He may be a priest yet, who knows? I must go to my friends, but I am glad I have seen the boy again. You will not scold, Mary, when he has told you."

Without waiting for the old woman to reply, the cobbler shook the boy's hand and hurried away.

Although Ricardo was not welcomed precisely like the prodigal son, there was a strong disposition, figuratively, to kill the fatted calf in his honor. The cook made pancakes for breakfast, as Anne had told her the day before that Ricardo liked them; and for the same reason sent out for honey, though there was already plenty of delicious maple syrup on the table.

"I hope we shall get away without further misadventure," remarked Father Featherstone to the boy, as they stood in the hall together when the meal was over. "Be sure that you do not leave the house while I am away this morning, Ricardo," he continued.

"I will stay here, Father," replied the boy. "I am sorry to be so much trouble. But it has seemed as though it had to be. I suppose I am what my mother used to call *azaroso* [unlucky]."

"Oh, no, my boy, do not think that!" quickly responded the priest. "I feel certain you are starting this evening to meet very good luck indeed."

About eleven o'clock Mrs. Grey was summoned to the library. A man who had sent up the name of "Beurrier" wished to see her on important business.

"He has nothing to sell?" she inquired of the servant.

"I hardly think so, ma'am; he came in a carriage."

"Very well; I will go down," replied Mrs. Grey. She glanced at Ricardo. He was reading a book of Spanish fables which Father Featherstone had given him. "He is safe for the present," she thought, and went down to meet the visitor.

She found him to be a tall, cadaverous, shabbily-dressed person wearing blue glasses. He had very thin lips and a decidedly unpleasant smile, which he endeavored to make amiable as the lady approached.

"Madame, I am M. Paul Beurrier," he announced. "I have come in haste this morning to see my nephew, Ricardo. I have just heard that he is here."

"Your nephew!" exclaimed Mrs. Grey. "I understood the boy had no relatives."

"It is not strange that you should think so," said the stranger, "when even my sister-in-law was not aware that I lived in New York. My brother—her husband, whom she deserted when she found him a poor man instead of the rich lord she had thought him—did not, I suppose, even know of my existence. But the tie of blood is strong, and all that I ask is that I may see for a few moments the son of my dead Leon."

"The desire seems reasonable," said the lady; "but I would prefer to have you call again, say at twelve, when Ricardo's guardian will be here."

The man shook his head mournfully.

"Impossible, Madame," he said. "At twelve I sail for the Bermudas."

"Wait a moment," continued Mrs. Grey. "I will see Ricardo. I suppose you can have a few moments with him. Please be seated."

"Thank you very much, Madame!" answered the Frenchman, sinking at once into the comfortable depths of a Morris chair.

"I do not like his appearance," thought gentle Mrs. Grey as she ascended the stairs. "But what can I do? If he is really the boy's uncle, there can be no harm in allowing them to have a sight

of each other. Apparently, he does not wish to claim him."

"Ricardo," she said, when she entered the sitting-room, "a gentleman who says he is your uncle wishes to see you in the library."

"My uncle!" exclaimed the boy. "I have never heard of him. What is his name?"

"M. Paul Beurrier, and he says—but what was your father's name, my dear?"

"Leon," said the child. "My mother had a book and in it was written 'Leon to Ysabel.' She told me it was my father."

"It must be all right, then," said Mrs. Grey, who had had misgivings as to the identity of the supposed uncle. "We will go down. I hope he will not interfere in any way with our plans. Are you glad he is here, Ricardo?"

"No, I am not glad," rejoined the boy. "But I will see him if he is the brother of my father."

Mrs. Grey had just entered the library door, followed by Ricardo, and was about to speak when she heard loud cries from the kitchen:

"O Mrs. Grey, ma'am, come! Anne has burned her foot with a redhot iron."

Releasing the boy's hand, she hurried to the scene of the disaster. Ere he had exchanged a word with the man before him, the boy felt something hard and round pressed into his mouth, he was lifted bodily from the floor, and as rapidly as it was possible for human hands to accomplish it he was carried out of the house, placed in the carriage which stood near the curb, and, seated beside the man who had seized him, was driven at full speed down the avenue.

The few passers-by who saw the occurrence probably thought him a sick child being taken for an airing. It all had been so sudden that Ricardo had made no resistance; and if he had wished to do so, he would not have been able, as his mouth was gagged, and he felt as though he should strangle.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"How to be Happy though Civil" is the title of a new book by the author of "How to be Happy though Married." These books are from the pen of the Rev. E. J. Hardy.

—Among some Oxford books in preparation we note "*Vitæ Sanctorum Hiberniæ*," by C. Plummur; and "English Monasteries on the Eve of the Dissolution," by Alexander Savine.

—It will give pleasure to many readers to learn that Anna T. Sadlier's charming story, "Phileas Fox, Attorney," is to appear in handsome book form next month, in good time for the holidays. The author has produced nothing more creditable than this story, which ranks with the best Catholic fiction in the language.

—"A Short History of Moral Theology," by the Rev. Thomas Slater, S. J. (Benziger Brothers), is a slender volume of fifty pages. Two-thirds of the contents is devoted to the Patristic Period, which, according to the author, closed with the death of St. Bernard, last of the Fathers, in 1153. The remaining third deals with the Scholastic Period, terminating with the opening of the seventeenth century and the Modern Period. The bibliography is comparatively full.

—The Rev. Henry Beauclerk, S. J., who passed to his reward last month at Barbados, will be gratefully remembered by many readers as the author of "Jesus, His Life in the Very Words of the Four Gospels. A Diatessaron," one of the most excellent Catholic books that we know of. The author's learning and painstaking are shown on every page. Only those who have made frequent use of this admirable work can have any idea of the labor which its compilation must have entailed.

—Writing in the *Nineteenth Century* on "Milton's Tractate of Education," Mr. Foster Watson discusses the educational projects and ideas of Juan Luis Vives (1492-1540). This Spanish author's great work, "*De Tradendis Disciplinis*," was published more than a century before the "Tractate" saw the light, and undoubtedly had much to do with moulding Milton's ideas on the subjects therein treated. Mr. Watson notes a number of parallelisms in the two works, and says in conclusion:

I submit that Milton's idea of his Academy is a reminiscence from his reading of Vives' proposed academies; that Milton's extensive curriculum is founded on the encyclopædic curriculum of Vives; and that the magnifi-

cence of conception of education and the exacting expectation from students are shared and suggested by Vives, on whom all this rests naturally and plausibly; living at an age when he entered into the heritage of the early and spacious days of the Renaissance, at a time when Pico della Mirandola had represented the Supreme Maker in addressing man, as saying: "Thou bearest within thee the germs of a universal life."

—A recent graduate of Harvard, deploring the modern utilitarian and scientific trend of college education, thus frankly expresses his sense of a lack in his own academic training: "If they had only crowded more poetry into my system while I was in college, there might have been some left in me now." There was wisdom in the old system of "humanities," modern educators "to the contrary notwithstanding." Despise not the poet.

—"The Human Body and Health," by Alvin Davison, M. S., A. M., Ph. D. (American Book Co.), is an intermediate text-book of essential physiology, applied hygiene, and practical sanitation for schools. The subject is important, and its treatment in the present volume is excellent; but we are old-fashioned enough to believe that the book will be most effective, not as a text-book, but as a book for supplementary reading. One of the greatest contemporary dangers to the youthful mind and the intellectual health of boys and girls is a plethora of text-books on "every knowledgeable subject and certain other ones."

—While "Three Years behind the Guns," by L. G. T. (The Century Co.), is scarcely likely ever to reach the classic fame of Dana's "Two Years before the Mast," it may not inappropriately be ranked in the same general class as that oldtime favorite. A young fellow of eighteen runs away from his San Francisco home, enlists in the U. S. Navy, crosses the Pacific on the *Olympia*, and takes part in the battle of Manila Bay. Throughout his three or four years of service, he keeps a diary, which gives the sub-title to his book, "The True Chronicles of a 'Diddy-Box,'" this last word being the twentieth-century equivalent for what used to be known as a seaman's chest. There is much in the book besides the illustrations, which are numerous, to interest both young readers who feel, and old ones who sympathize with, the spirit of adventure. Believing the author to be a seaman, Admiral Dewey and other navy officers have said very flattering things about the nautical knowledge displayed in this book. But we happen to know that the

author is a lady who received her education at a convent school. Her readers have all been at sea.

—Another Catholic paper whose book reviews are not perfunctory is the *Casket* of Antigonish, N. S. In reprinting as a pamphlet the beautiful story entitled "Father Jim," we had hoped that it would find many readers among young priests and seminarians, for whose benefit indeed it was written. The editor of the *Casket*, it is gratifying to notice, emphasizes the main point of the story:

"Father Jim," by J. G. R., is a charming little narrative. In the choicest language, it tells the story of a convert. He had perplexities of mind, and was disposed to be a critic of the Church more frequently probably than a disciple. But a deep spiritual change was soon effected in him through the influence of a young priest who had studied in Rome and who was then a curate on an obscure mission in London. The facts of the case are indeed striking, and afford material for a most interesting and instructive study of a psychological and spiritual character. The main point illustrated by the narrative is the influence of a good priest; it discloses, in an impressive way, how he "brings into life something of the world unseen,—of that divine atmosphere in which doubts vanish away and in which the soul senses the things that are eternal." The pamphlet may be procured from THE AVE MARIA, Notre Dame, Indiana; its price is 10 cents a copy.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Three Years behind the Guns." L. G. T. \$1.50.
- "A Round of Rimes." Denis A. McCarthy. \$1, net.
- "Cantus Ecclesiastici ad Usus Clericorum." P. Dom Johnner, O. S. B. 50 cts.
- "Makers of Electricity." Brother Potamian, F. S. C., D. Sc., Lond.; and James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$2, net.
- "The Holy Sacrifice and Its Ceremonies." M. C. Nieuwbarn, O. P., S. T. L. Translated by L. M. Bouman, 70 cts., net.
- "The Great Schism of the West." L. Salembier. Authorized Translation by M. D. \$2.
- "Sing Ye to the Lord." Robert Eaton. \$1.

- "The Monuments of Christian Rome from Constantine to the Renaissance." Arthur L. Frothingham, Ph. D. \$2.25, net.
- "Patrology. The Lives and Works of the Fathers of the Church." Otto Bardenhewer. Translated by Thomas J. Shahan. D. D. \$3.75, net.
- "A Textual Concordance of the Holy Scriptures." Rev. Thomas David Williams. \$3.50.
- "Giannella." Mrs. Hugh Fraser. \$1.50.
- "Missale Romanum." 32mo. Cloth, \$1.50; morocco, \$2.
- "The Life of Christ." Mary V. Merrick. 50 cts.
- "The Young Priest's Keepsake." Rev. M. J. Phelan, S. J. \$1.10.
- "The Holy Man of Santa Clara." Rev. Z. Englehardt, O. F. M. 75 cts.
- "Cousin Sara." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.50.
- "A Garland of Pansies." George Mark Jameson. 30 cts.
- "The King and the Cats." John Hannon. \$1.
- "Cerémonies of Low Mass." Felix Zualdi, C. M. \$1.25.
- "Holy Water and Its Significance for Catholics." Father Theiller, S. O. Cist. 50 cts.
- "The Book of the Lily, and Other Verses." A Sister of the Holy Cross. \$1, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Moise Georges Proulx, bishop of Nicolet; Rev. Augustine Brady, diocese of Newark; Rev. James O'Keefe, diocese of Milwaukee; Rev. P. Penin, diocese of Winona; Rev. Edward McSweeney, D. D.; Very Rev. Cyril Feehan, O. C. C.; Rev. Adrian Van Hulst, and Rev. Henry Beauclerk, S. J.

Sister M. Fabian, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Raymond, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Josephine, Sisters of Charity; Mother Mary Emily, O. S. D.; and Sister M. Clementine, O. S. B.

Mr. A. J. Chenier, Mr. Joseph Stenger, Mr. Dominic Corrigan, Mrs. Laura Garesché, Mr. John Mulville, Mrs. Elizabeth Watterson, Mr. Daniel Mahoney, Mr. John King, Mrs. Susan McKay, Mr. Henry Woeste, Mrs. Mary B. Callahan, Mr. John Crishall, Mrs. Charles J. O'Brien, Mr. Andrew Boex, Miss Annie McMurray, Mrs. Alice Skeffington, Mr. Harry Anderson, Mr. Stephen and Mr. Joseph Delaney, Mr. George E. Tate, Mr. Charles Meek, and Mr. E. L. Parmelee.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Queen of All Saints.

BY L. F. MURPHY.

QUEEN of the hosts of little children, who
Have gone in their white innocence to see
The Christ who loved them so in Galilee!
Queen of the virgin choir; the martyrs true
Till death; of prophets, patriarchs, who knew
Fair Cades' palm, and Sion's shimmering tree,
The Rose of Sharon stained on Calvary,
The sweetest, purest Flow'r earth ever grew!

Queen of each sorrowing heart that lifts again
In God's pure radiance; of each heart that faints
And falls in the dark path of sin or pain,
Yet lives and hopes and loves as thou hast done,
Who gave to us the sinless, Saving One!
Queen-Mother of the Christ, the Saint of saints!

The Sacredness of the Common Life.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.



HERE are times when the Catholic layman, while willing, as he must always be, to "obey them that bear the rule over" him in the Church, and to listen to their teachings as to "the oracles of God," feels a desire, natural and, it is to be hoped, lawful, to present, so to speak, his side of the case. He desires, that is, to remind his spiritual pastors and masters with, of course, the utmost deference, that piety, love of God, and devotion to His service are not necessarily confined to clergy and religious;

that the common life "in the world," as the phrase is, has, or ought to have, its own sacredness, its own peace, its own sanctity.

Most especially will he be thus disposed on hearing a discourse on the privileges, graces and blessings of the religious life. "It is almost impossible," he is told, "to love God in the world as in the cloister, almost impossible to attain to so great a measure of grace." To such a statement he will answer, humbly and unhesitatingly: "Granted." Yet, as he calls to mind saints he has known in the world—his own mother, it may be,—he will venture to lay stress on "almost." It is indeed, as he knows to his own cost, "*almost* impossible." The difficulty is of the very essence of the common life, springing from that "law of sin in our members" of which St. Paul speaks, and marks more than all else, one may say, the distinction between the religious and the layman. "Almost"; still, "with God all things are possible."

This distinction between the cloistered life and life in the world is, in a very real sense, as old as Christianity itself, though it is one of very gradual growth and development. Neither Scripture nor the Church, one may say—I write under correction,—recognizes the distinction explicitly. The very "counsels of perfection"—the rules of life to be found in the Gospels and Epistles—are addressed evidently to all "who profess and call themselves" followers of Christ, just as the Collects, Secret Prayers, and Post-communions of the Missal are intended

for the use and edification of every one of the Church's children. Yet, since the distinction exists, it is well that we should trace it back to its beginnings. It dates, indeed, from the day when "a certain woman named Martha" received Our Lord into her house at Bethany; though St. Augustine* takes Martha as the type of our earthly life, Mary of our eternal; thus explaining the betterness of Mary's choice, and the words, "which shall not be taken away from her."†

"The good part," however (St. Jerome, in the Vulgate, calls it "the best") chosen by Mary, has commonly been interpreted as signifying the religious life, with its calm, its peace, its immutability; and Martha's cares "about much serving," the life in the world. Yet, as St. Augustine is careful to point out in the sermon referred to, both Martha and Mary were "pleasing to Our Lord, both beloved, both disciples"; and St. John, who, we can not doubt, was a frequent guest in the house of Bethany, states of set purpose, as one may say—*vigilanti verbo*, weighing his words,—that "Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus." It was as if, speaking reverently, he foresaw that Martha might be misunderstood, and the common life made of too little account.

Martha, therefore—the type of the true "valiant woman," the active housewife, of many cares and responsibilities; a little hurt, it may be, at being "left to serve alone"; a little inclined even to envy her sister's choice of "an easier life,"—is mentioned by name as dear to that Master for whom nothing she could do was good enough to satisfy her loving hospitality. How could it be, seeing that she loved Him, and realized, in some measure at least, who He was? If, then, Mary's choice had been rightly taken as, in a sense, the beginning, as it is the norm, of the religious life, Martha's affec-

tionate, zealous service may equally be taken as symbolizing the sacredness of that common life which, in the Providence of God, most Christians are called upon to lead. It shows also that either life may be, and is, pleasing to Our Lord; more, that in either life, as He ordains it, we may serve Him equally well and be equally dear to Him.

But this, it will be said, is "almost impossible"; or, if possible, would put the common life on a level with the religious in such matters as grace, fervor and devotion. Not so; the insistence is rather on the sacredness of the common life, on its being, when rightly lived—since it is God's choice for the majority of His children,—as pleasing and as acceptable to Him as life in the cloister. Nor, when we ask why it should be "almost impossible" for Martha to love God as well as Mary, to attain to the same measure of grace and devotion, is it any sufficient answer to say: "Because Martha has deliberately chosen the pleasures of the world, and Mary has renounced them." Apart from the fact that such an answer takes no account of the multitude of men and women to whom, it may be said, no choice of the religious rather than the common life was ever possible, yet who serve God faithfully—whose lives are full of crosses and martyrdoms known to Him only,—does any follower of Christ, man or woman, "deliberately choose the pleasures of the world"? Would not the very act of such a choice cut him or her off from Christ absolutely and utterly, and amount to apostasy, since "the friendship of the world is enmity with God"?

Mary's renunciation is of the very essence of the Christian life, without which indeed it can not be said to have begun. "Whosoever forsaketh not all that he hath, can not be My disciple." The difference surely consists in this, that the religious renounces and forsakes "all that he hath," not only in will but in fact, makes both an habitual and an actual

* Serm. 27, de Verbis Dñi.

† Compare Our Lord's words to St. Peter concerning St. John: "If I will that he tarry till I come."

renunciation; whereas the Christian in the world renounces and forsakes in will only, habitually, as the theologians say. "Which," Venerable Bede* tells us, "is rightly done when a man, having renounced all he has for the Lord's sake, labors, nevertheless, in the work of his hands"—his life duties, we may say,— "that he may have wherewith to live and to give alms."

But there is another and a greater renunciation required of every follower of Christ. "Let him deny himself." It is St. Gregory who points out, in one of his homilies,† that it is, perhaps, not so difficult to renounce what we have, but that it is "very difficult for a man to renounce himself" (*abnegare semetipsum*). It is in this latter renunciation that the essence of the Christ-life consists; without which, as without charity, without the love of God, its only possible, its only sufficient motive, all other renunciation "profiteth nothing."

It is in this renunciation, moreover—this crucifixion with Christ, as St. Paul calls it; this utter annihilation of self, this hating, to use Our Lord's words, of our own souls,—that we shall find the true sacredness of the common life; its approximation, one may even say its assimilation, to the life of the cloister. For what, after all, is the religious life but the Christ-life lived more intensively, more perfectly, than it can be lived in the world? So at least St. Benedict, the father of Western monasticism, seems to have understood it, when providing that the houses of his Rule should be examples of "the life of the Gospel,"—examples which others were to follow, according to the possibilities of the state wherein God should have placed them. But to say that the Christ-life thus understood is "almost impossible" for those living, by God's ordinance, in the world, is surely, if I may venture to say so, to set limits—or to seem to set them—to

His grace. To say, further, that any Christian "deliberately chooses the pleasures of the world," is a contradiction in terms. The Christian, in any true sense, can make no such choice.

In matters of this kind, we must necessarily revert to first principles, if we would avoid misunderstandings. To some extent, as in defining the essentials of the Christian life, we have already done so; but there is more than this to be considered. Not only does no true follower of Christ, man or woman, "deliberately choose the pleasures of the world," but neither the one nor the other can, in the strict sense, choose his or her state in life.

And this, altogether irrespective of the purely human aspect of the matter,—of the fact that circumstances, training, family, and other considerations, do, for the most part, practically leave us no real choice of a state in life, however inclined we may be to believe otherwise. If self-denial, self-renunciation, is of the very essence of Christianity, it must, if words have any meaning, include—or rather it must begin, continue, and end with—an utter abnegation and utter annihilation of that will whereon self ultimately rests. "I came not to do My own will, but the will of Him that sent Me." That is the Master's example, and "the servant is not above his Lord." "Be it done unto me according to thy word." That is His Blessed Mother's. How, then, shall they who call themselves His followers and her children have any choice or will of their own?

But, again, there is more than this. The desire of peace, the longing to be hidden "in His tabernacle," in the very secret of it, "from the strife of tongues"—to leave the "much serving" and the many cares which trouble, and sit at the Master's feet,—is strong at times in all of us, most of all in those who labor and are heavy laden, to whom the years have come "in which thou shalt say: I have no pleasure in them." So strong that we cry out with

* Lib. 4. c. 54 in Luc.

† Hom. 32 in Evang.

David: "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away, and be at rest!" Or, with Thomas à Kempis: "I long for the joy of peace; the peace of Thy children I earnestly crave." So strong, indeed, is this desire, that the religious life, as we view it, seems as the very paradise of God. "Blessed are they who dwell in Thy house!"

Yet, though "it is not given to all to leave the world and to serve God in a monastery," it is possible for all, even in the common life, to attain to some measure of the peace of His children, since it is to all that He says, "Come unto Me, . . . and you shall find rest to your souls"; to all that He offers peace. "My peace I give unto you." It is possible, that is, for all to live, as a certain writer says, in "the cloister of the heart," if they will only give the key into the keeping of Him "who shutteth and no man openeth." And, while this desire of peace does not—thank God!—assail or influence those fervent young hearts whom the Master calls into His "closed garden" at the very dawn of day, who give themselves to Him in the cloister in the best years of their lives; still, it is no less true that such desire, when it comes to any one of us, is of God's sending, to bring us, when all other calls remain unheeded, back to Himself. It is there, and there only, that we shall learn the sacredness of whatever state He may have called us to.

This sacredness must, moreover, evidently, extend to the duties of that state, be they what they may, since state and duties are of God's ordering, and belong to Him. And, for women at least, to speak with necessary plainness, the two primary duties are, normally, those of wifehood and motherhood; even as they are, seemingly, those most in danger of being forgotten or lost sight of,—their divine immeasurable sacredness, especially.

Ah, wasteful woman, she who may

On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing man can not choose but pay
How has she cheapened paradise;

How given for naught her priceless gift,
How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine.*

Note that I do not say the highest duty, but the primary, the most general, the most necessary; since the fulfilment of the highest—that of the service of God in the cloister—is, obviously, reserved for the comparatively few. But, whether it be these fundamental duties or other less important and seemingly trifling ones, hardly, as we think, to be dignified by the name of "duties," the Christ-life, whether in the world or in religion, consists chiefly in their faithful accomplishment. This is what Keble meant when he wrote that—

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves,—a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

What other end can we desire to attain? Our success surely will depend on the use of the means within our reach, not in vain longings for those God has seen fit to give to others. Saintly George Herbert's prayer, in his poem "The Elixir," is to the same effect:

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

This, of course, is but another form of St. Paul's injunction to all Christians, to "do all things to the glory of God." Herbert's elaboration of it is, however, worth quoting further:

A servant, with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This sacredness of the common life has, moreover, one standard, and one only, by which it is to be measured. "As He who hath called you is holy, so be ye also holy in all manner of conversation." Further, it is to this sacredness, this per-

* Coventry Patmore, "The Angel in the House"; "Unthrift." Need I apologize for this quotation, or for those which follow?

fection of the Christ-life in the world—which St. Paul defines as “I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me,”—that we must look for that increase of vocations to the priesthood and to the cloister which we all profess to desire. The principles of that life are, and must be, the same in all three states—the world, the sanctuary, and religion,—as, speaking with all reverence, they were the same in Our Lord’s own life, whether in the carpenter’s shop at Nazareth, or in His active ministry: obedience, reverence, self-forgetfulness, devotion, love to God and man. And since family life, the relation of parents and children, is the norm of all Christian life, in the world as in the cloister, it is well to insist on its sacredness,—a sacredness which the Son of God raised to a divine standard when “He went down to Nazareth and was subject unto” Mary and Joseph,—to the creatures He had made. All our best relationships, indeed, are based on this. The true king is the father of his people; the schoolmaster’s best claim to obedience is that he stands, as we say, “in the place of a parent”; the superior of a religious house has no more honored name than that of abbot or abbess, father or mother; the Vicar of Christ himself is “our Holy Father the Pope”; even “pope” meaning just that—*papa*.

If it be true, then, that a man is what his mother makes him, what better training could there be for the future monk or priest than that which his Master was pleased to undergo at Nazareth,—that of submission to His Mother and to His foster father? If the good son makes a good husband, it is equally and, as a general rule, the good son who makes the good priest or religious,—he who has learned at home not the *duty* of obedience only, but the *virtue* of obedience as well; has learned that the relation of son to father is nothing short of divine, of God’s ordering,—“of whom all paternity in heaven and earth is named.” And, since it is even more true that a girl is what

her mother makes her, so it is the good daughter who, again as a general rule, makes the good religious, even as in the world she makes the best wife. Not that God’s arm is shortened or His grace limited, seeing that Mary Magdalen and Augustine are models for religious in all ages, and for poor sinners in the world as well. But it is the home training more than all else that counts, as the lives of the saints plainly show; and if there be, indeed, a lack of vocations to the priesthood and to the religious life, it must be that our home training is lacking or at fault.

If so, wherein lies the remedy but in a clearer and truer conception of the sacredness of the common life, of the Christ-life “in the world”; of the sacredness of all its duties, the smallest and most trivial, as well as the greatest and most necessary? Such a conception does not and can not detract from the immeasurably greater sacredness of the religious life, from the infinitely higher and more Christlike dignity of the priesthood. It means, rather, a fuller recognition of the fact that the Christian life is, and must be, the Christ-life; that its essence is self-abnegation; that its perfection is in our likeness to Him. It means further the realization of the only means whereby this life of Christ in us can be nourished, maintained and brought to perfection,—the means He Himself provides in the Sacrament of His Love. Surely, in these days of a renewal of frequent and daily Communion among those “in the world,” this conception of the sacredness of the common life will become clearer and more fully understood.

But if the Christ-life, so nourished and maintained, is indeed the common life of all His followers, it must for all of us, whether He call us to the “much serving” of life in the world, or to the “better part” of life in the cloister, begin, ordinarily speaking, in the home if it is to be continued and made perfect “in the secret of His tabernacle.” While, therefore, I

admit that it is "almost impossible" to love God in the world as well as in the cloister, since the more perfect love is the reward of the more perfect self-abnegation, or to attain to the same measure of grace, which also is the special lot and inheritance of His chosen ones, still I would venture to insist that it is not, and need not be, wholly impossible, since "it is God who worketh in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure," who "is able to make all grace abound" in us. That on which, however, I wish chiefly to lay stress is the oneness of the Christ-life—since it is His life,—whether in the world or in the cloister; on the sacredness of the common life and its duties; on the necessity, as a general rule, of beginning the religious and, still more, the priestly life in the Christian home. It is a necessity, I am bold to say, no less urgent, no less inevitable, than that of beginning our heavenly life in this earthly home in which God has placed us.

It is right and fit, it is only our duty, to insist at all times, and in these days most of all, on the high dignity and privilege of the religious life, of the need the Church—to say nothing of the world—has of many vocations to this "better part." All that I aim at here is to base the dignity and privilege of that higher state, and of the highest of all—the priesthood,—on the sanctity of the common life, and on the oneness of the life of Christ, Our Lord, in all who are His. It is in this that the sanctification of the priest and of the religious must begin. The more perfect we can make it therefore, the more we insist on its sacredness, on its high dignity,—a dignity no less than that of God's children, "fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God"; on its high privilege, that of serving and glorifying God in all things,—the more shall we see its fruits in multiplied, heart-whole vocations; its perfection in the sanctuary and in the cloister,

For is not the essence of the Christ-life, in the world, at the altar, or in the religious house, this and this only, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me"? Is not its end, its consummation, for each one of us, this, "We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is"? If so, then the Christ-life is the true common life, and is nothing less than divine, since it is His life, who is ours; common alike to priest, to religious, and to those in the world; its perfection in each state, its Christlikeness,—its likeness to Him who came that we might have life more abundantly, that we might abide in Him, and He in us.

And the reward? "None other than Thyself," as St. Thomas of Aquin prayed. What matter if the degree and measure of it seem less or more to our human vision,—if Mary seem nearer to Him than Martha? It is Himself that He gives; here in the world—for it was Martha who received Him into her house; in the cloister most of all; and most perfectly to His "other selves," His priests; best of all and most fully in His Father's house, where, as He tells us, we "shall see His face, and His servants shall serve Him." Surely we may say with David: "When I awake up after Thy likeness, I shall be satisfied with it." And, since it is by way of the common life—of life in the world, life "hidden with Christ in God,"—that most of us must hope to attain, if at all, to this reward, I have tried here to make its sacredness plain; thereby not lessening, but exalting, as I honestly believe and intend, the greater sacredness of the life rightly called religious.

It is customary with those who are not Catholics to fancy that the honors we pay to Mary interfere with the supreme worship which we pay to Jesus; that in Catholic teaching she eclipses Him. But this is the very reverse of the truth.

—Newman,

The Vengeance of Lucienne.

A STORY OF LIFE IN PARIS OF TO-DAY.

BY ALICE DEASE.

I.

THURSDAY was Madame Mauvoisin's "At home" day, and her beautiful apartment in the Rue Lafayette was prepared for the coming of her visitors. A wood fire burned brightly on the hearth, and the flames were reflected on the polished fender, and on the brass dogs that kept it in its place. The deep color of the beautiful Smyrna mats which were strewn over the floor glowed warmly in the light of the flames, making a rich background to the hothouse plants which had evidently been brought in to decorate the room for the occasion.

The furniture belonged to no special period; so that the owner, in arranging it, was not hampered by the laws of style or fashion; and the chairs, richly upholstered in brocaded satin, were placed as comfort and convenience dictated. In an alcove at one end of the room preparations were laid for five-o'clock tea, an institution now almost as important in Paris as it is in London. Half a dozen little tables, evidently belonging to a set which fitted into each other when not in use, were placed at intervals along the wall; and, besides the necessary tea things and numerous dishes of delicious little cakes, there were ornamental decanters of Spanish wines and pretty liqueur glasses for those who had not acquired the foreign taste for tea. Everything in the room, down to the smallest detail, was in perfect taste; and yet the whole was laid out according to the latest dictates of fashion.

Madame Mauvoisin herself was seated on a large Turkish divan, surrounded by innumerable cushions; and, whilst waiting for her visitors, she was idly reading the

latest sensational novel that the people of her world were talking about. Her hands were soft and white,—the hands of a woman who spent time and trouble upon her personal adornment. Her black silk gown was made with the simplicity which only the very best dressmakers dare to recommend; and the sombre folds gave a certain symmetry to the figure which age had begun to coarsen. She was already well past fifty; but time had touched her lightly, and it was only during the last year or two that her mirror had shown her that the inevitable sorrows of life can not be borne without some trace of their existence becoming visible. The only acknowledgment she made of coming age was the piece of finest Mechlin lace which lay over her abundant hair, that was still soft and brown under its gossamer covering.

In spite of the startling nature of her book as revealed by its title, Madame Mauvoisin's eyes kept straying from its pages to the clock; and before long it was cast aside altogether, for the bell in the hall of the apartment announced the coming of the first of her guests. A heavy embroidered portière hung over the doorway, and this was held aside by the footman as he said:

"Madame Philippe Gerard."

Madame Mauvoisin rose from her seat and held out her hands in welcome.

"You!" she cried in tones of surprise. "My dear Madame Gerard, this is a great pleasure. I had no idea you had already returned from Russia."

"We have been in Paris only a few days," explained her visitor, smilingly. "I should have come to see you sooner, only, fearing to miss you, I waited for your 'At home' day."

"I am glad you have come so early," said Madame Mauvoisin, drawing forward an armchair. "Your long absence has not made you forget your friends."

"It has only made me more anxious than ever to see them," replied Madame Gerard.

"Curiously enough, my husband and I were talking of you this morning," went on Madame Mauvoisin; "and I said that if you stayed away much longer you would become a naturalized Russian."

"Thank you!—no," laughed Madame Gerard. "I am more French than ever,—Parisian to my finger tips. This long exile has only made me love my country better than before."

"Then you will never make up your mind to leave it again, I suppose?"

"Never to live in Russia again," replied the returned traveller. "We went only to Volvoo, so that my husband might put all in order for the sale of the estate; and things took longer to arrange than we had foreseen."

"Well, at least you will have a great deal to tell us of your travels."

"Not even that, I am afraid. You see, travelling is so easy nowadays that there is no hope or fear of adventures. Of course, living as we did, we saw a great deal that the traveller merely passes by. Some day I will give you my impressions of the Berezina coast; but, first of all, I want you to tell me all about yourself. To begin with, how is M. Mauvoisin?"

"He is very well, thank you; and, as usual, very busy."

"I need not ask how you are," went on Madame Gerard. "You have not changed in the least. You look as young and as blooming as ever."

"As *young*! That is only flattery. I am becoming quite an old woman." And Madame Mauvoisin glanced at the mirror, where her reflection showed plainly how little her words meant.

"Indeed it is *not* flattery," said Madame Gerard. "I can hardly believe you are a day older than when I left Paris five years ago, and yet there has been time for many changes. Now tell me about your children?"

"My children!" Madame Mauvoisin's features contracted and her smile died away. "You must have heard what has

happened," she said quickly,—*"I mean about my son,"* she added in answer to her friend's look of interrogation.

Madame Gerard hesitated for a moment.

"I—I did hear that you had been disappointed," she said uncertainly.

"Disappointed! Say rather deceived,—grossly deceived."

Leaning forward, she seized the tongs and began toying with the burning logs.

"I am afraid it has been a grief to you," said Madame Gerard, gently.

"It has been, and is, and always will be a grief." Madame Mauvoisin's voice was harsh and decided. "I shall never get over it,—never!" And her lips closed as though she were registering an oath.

Madame Gerard sighed sympathetically.

"Of course I heard no details," she said tentatively, not certain how far her friend wished to confide in her.

"They had been married only six months," continued Madame Mauvoisin, "when the blow came; and all that Raoul ever saw or will see of her money is a paltry nine thousand francs."

"Nine thousand francs!" said Madame Gerard. "I thought that her fortune was secured."

"Not a penny more than that," replied Madame Mauvoisin. "Nominally, she had eight hundred thousand francs, but it was all swept away in her father's ruin."

For a moment there was silence, then Madame Gerard spoke again:

"We had been only a few weeks at Volvoo when we heard about it. I thought so much of you, and would have liked to write; but, being at such a distance, I knew so little—"

"What did you hear about it?" asked Madame Mauvoisin, cutting short her friend's condolences.

"They informed me that M. de Barli's cashier absconded, leaving the shareholders penniless."

"Say rather the shareholder," observed Madame Mauvoisin, bitterly. "There is only one man in the world fool enough to have been so taken in."

"Then is everything lost?"

"Everything. The business was worth £100,000, besides Lucienne's fortune, on which M. de Barli undertook to pay six per cent. Apparently a most generous proposal!"

"How unfortunate that the capital was not invested elsewhere!"

"That is what I shall never get over. Fancy persuading a man like my husband—for Raoul, as you know, is so easy-going that he left all the settlements to his father,—fancy getting round him and persuading him to leave all that money in a business on the verge of ruin!"

"Then M. de Barli refused to pay down his daughter's fortune in ready money?"

"Oh, no! He was not asked to do that. My husband agreed to leave it where such high interest was promised. You see, the marriage was a suitable one. Lucienne was an only child; and, rather than make difficulties, we accepted her father's terms. Who could have guessed that such a catastrophe was imminent? No credit seemed more secure in the business world than theirs."

"But M. de Barli—strictly between ourselves,—had he no idea of what was impending?"

"Oh, no! I did not mean to insinuate that exactly, but he ought to have known. No, indeed. It came to him, as it did to us, as a thunderbolt. He was like a mad man for days after that scoundrel took himself off."

"The unfortunate man!" said Madame Gerard. "How dreadful for him! Well, it is at least something that there is no blame attached—"

"Blame!—no blame!" cried Madame Mauvoisin. "What do you say to such imprudence, such blindness! Once when my husband touched on the subject of securities with regard to this Lozares, M. de Barli absolutely refused to listen to him. If he had had twenty millions of money, I believe he would have entrusted that man with every penny of it."

"What an extraordinary infatuation!" murmured Madame Gerard.

"Indeed, you may well say so. He maintained to the last that such friendship as theirs, such family ties, made even suspicion an insult."

"Ah! then the wretch was a relation of the De Barlis?"

"No, thank goodness,—no real relation! It seems that at the time of the Restoration, M. de Barli's father and the father of this Lozares were sent out together on some mission to Chili. The Lozares are Spaniards, and the two young men were brought up together,—M. de Barli at least looking on the other as his brother. In fact, until all this came out, he seemed to consider him a sort of idol, a regular demigod. The De Barlis lived, as you know, at Poitiers, but Lozares carried on his business in Marseilles. It was more of a financial than a commercial affair. M. Mauvoisin went once to his office and found him alone, his desk littered with papers and telegrams, and a huge burglar-proof safe taking up half the room. He was in the midst of having large sums of money transferred from Saragossa to Havana. Most of his business was between Spain and the Colonies, and he must have gambled heavily on the exchange."

"Then he acted only as an intermediary for M. de Barli?"

"Not at all, my dear! Can you imagine such folly, such wicked carelessness? He had in his hands every penny belonging to the De Barlis—a good three million of francs, if not more—to do with as he pleased."

"But what about Madame de Barli's fortune?"

"She had none. Her father was an officer in the army, whose family had been ruined at the time of the Revolution; and, as I say, M. de Barli trusted this Lozares as he would have trusted his own brother, perhaps even more so. His interest was paid regularly, and evidently he asked no questions about the capital, until one fine day Lozares disappeared,

and it turned out that he had put his friend's fortune and his own into the same purse, and either lost it or carried it off. In any case, everything was gone."

"How dreadful! How appalling!" said Madame Gerard.

"It is the kind of thing one can never get over," added Madame Mauvoisin.

"I can understand how terribly you must have felt it," replied Madame Gerard.

"And poor Raoul, too!"

"Yes, indeed, Raoul was absolutely dazed by it all; and of course it has entailed changes in their household, in their whole way of living, that are most painful for him. I insisted that he should keep his own horse, though they had to give up their carriage. It is only fair," she added, half to herself, "that he should not be the one to suffer most."

"They have no children, I think?" asked Madame Gerard.

"They had one, but it was very delicate and lived only a few weeks. We thought Lucienne would hardly get over it, but she did rally at last."

"Thank God for that! It would have been too dreadful for poor Raoul if he had lost all—*everything*—one may say, at one blow."

Madame Mauvoisin made no answer; but, seizing a fan, she held it up between her face and the fire, at the same time hiding her expression from her friend.

"She was such a charming girl," went on Madame Gerard. "I remember her so well at a ball that was given soon after their marriage. She was like a portrait by Titian, with that wonderful hair."

"Yes, she is pretty enough," replied Madame Mauvoisin, indifferently, — or rather she was pretty. She has changed greatly, and looks quite *pussée* already."

"And what has happened to her poor parents?"

"They left Poitiers immediately. It would have been too painful for them to remain in a place where everyone knew them, where their ruin was the talk of the town. They are in Paris, I believe,—

living somewhere near the Luxembourg, Raoul told us."

"Then do you see nothing of them?" persisted Madame Gerard.

"No, certainly not. We could not be expected to forget the past; and the gulf that swallowed up all our hopes for Raoul lies between us. Even if M. de Barli had shown that he regretted what he had done we might have forgiven him; but he has been most high-handed in the whole matter, and he and my husband had a regular scene. Since then, of course, any intercourse has been impossible."

"What happens, then, if you meet them at your son's house?"

"We begged that Raoul should do as we have been obliged to do. It is painful certainly, but he has agreed not to see his wife's people. After all he has suffered through their fault, he can not be blamed for what he does."

"But surely his wife still sees her parents?"

"Yes, I believe she does. Raoul has not forbidden her to do so. He just shuts his eyes and asks no questions."

"Has nothing been done to punish the wretched thief?" said Madame Gerard.

"Everything has been done to try to find him," replied Madame Mauvoisin; "but, so far, not the slightest trace of him can be discovered. He wrote to M. de Barli from Modane, but that may have been merely a blind. He has been condemned to twelve years' penal servitude. That, however, is very little satisfaction to us; for he is far too cunning ever to be caught."

"What a wretch he must have been! How could M. de Barli let himself be so taken in?"

"About thirty years ago, I believe the Lozares lost money in safeguarding the De Barlis' interests. What they did was merely common honesty, but M. de Barli chose to look upon it as something heroic. In any case, it was the father's doing. The son has shown himself to be a very different kind of a man."

It was altogether a painful subject; and, having heard all that there was to tell, Madame Gerard was not sorry to turn the conversation into a more pleasant channel.

II.

"Now tell me about your daughter, dear Madame Mauvoisin!" said the visitor. "I am sure that she at least has brought you nothing but happiness and consolation."

Madame Mauvoisin leaned back against the soft cushions of the divan, and the smile which the remembrance of her son's misfortunes had banished, reappeared upon her lips.

"You are right," she said: "Louise has been our great consolation. Her marriage was a joy to us all,—nay, more: between ourselves, I own it was a triumph. Dear child! She is indeed a favorite of Fortune."

"I am not surprised at that," said Madame Gerard. "She was such a dear little creature, so bright and full of life."

"Perhaps I ought not to praise her," returned her mother, smiling; "but there is no denying her talents. And marriage has improved her enormously. Since she has had a house of her own, she has become so dignified. Oh, you will find her quite a woman of the world!"

"I shall be delighted to see her," said Madame Gerard, "and to make acquaintance with the Baron de Charolles."

"He is well worth knowing. A wonderful man, my dear! Before he was thirty, he had made eight hundred thousand francs on the Stock Exchange. Since his marriage, he must have at least trebled that amount. If he goes on as he is doing, he will rival the Rothschilds. Such a head for business! Such discrimination! You can see even in his photograph that he is no ordinary mortal."

The proud mother-in-law held out a portrait of the object of her praise, and Madame Gerard studied it with interest.

The Baron de Charolles was certainly an extraordinarily good-looking man. His high forehead and deep-set eyes

showed great mental powers; but the lines round his mouth indicated a highly-strung nervous temperament; an impression intensified by the hands,—one tightly clenched, the other hardly able to keep still even before the camera. At first sight it was a picture to arouse admiration, yet in its very beauty there was something sinister. This latter was the impression that it left on Madame Gerard's mind. She was, however, too polite and too politic to express her real sentiments; but to the words of approval evidently expected from her she could not help adding that she thought he looked very serious and preoccupied.

"Yes, he is serious," replied his mother-in-law; "but he is perfectly charming, all the same. He is very fond of his wife; and as to his children, he is quite foolish about them. There are times when he is preoccupied and silent; but, with all he has on his mind, that is only natural. Luckily, his wife understands him thoroughly. They are a most devoted couple."

At that moment the sound of the door bell broke in upon Madame Mauvoisin's conversation with her friend, putting a stop to further confidences.

Without waiting to be announced, two newly arrived visitors ushered themselves into the room. They were about the same age; both were tall and slight, but here the resemblance between them ceased. The foremost, fair and graceful, was too much like Madame Mauvoisin for her identity to remain in doubt. Was Madame de Charolles good-looking? Perhaps not, strictly speaking; although her youth and the way she wore her beautiful clothes might have given her a claim to be called pretty, had she not been completely overshadowed by the wonderful beauty of her companion.

Classical features, almost perfect in their regularity, with deep dark eyes, were shaded by heavy masses of auburn hair,—not the ordinary reddish color that is so called; but the warm, ruddy tint so loved of artists. The skin was creamy

white, and the lines of the sweet, delicate mouth showed that troubles had already clouded the sunshine of the young life. There was a further difference between the sisters-in-law. A fair-haired boy toddled at Madame de Charolles' side; and she was followed by a nurse in pretty peasant dress, carrying a placid-sleeping babe. But Lucienne was alone.

"Madame Gerard! In Paris! Can I really see aright?" Madame de Charolles went quickly toward her old friend. "What a delightful surprise! It is so nice to see you again—"

"Louise dear," interrupted Madame Mauvoisin, "are you not tired after your night at the opera?"

"Not at all, thank you, mother! No, I will not sit down just yet. I must show the children to Madame Gerard."

She turned toward the sleeping baby, and Madame Mauvoisin took the two-year-old boy in her arms.

"Here is the favorite, the spoiled boy!" she said, laughingly. "Kiss grandmamma, darling!"

But the child, true to the character that his grandmother gave him, pushed aside her caresses impatiently, and struggled to get to the sweets upon the tea tables.

"Give him what he wants, nurse," said his grandmother, "or we shall not be able to hear ourselves speak. He is a young man who knows his own mind, I can assure you," she added to Madame Gerard. "He is accustomed to getting everything he wants."

Whilst this was going on, Lucienne was standing rather apart from the animated little group. Madame Gerard, who knew her very slightly, had merely bowed to her when she came in; and her mother-in-law had only vouchsafed a curt "Good-morning, Lucienne!" The conversation went on between the others, and nearly a quarter of an hour passed before she was able to say a word.

"I have a message for you from Raoul, Madame," she said at last. "He wished

me to tell you how sorry he is not to be able to come to you to-day."

"Raoul not coming!" cried Madame Mauvoisin,—*"not coming on a day that he knows I am expecting him! And pray what reason can you give for such neglect?"*

"M. de la Chenaie invited him this morning to Val-des-Bois. They are shooting there to-day. I do not expect him home until to-morrow."

"Ah, that makes all the difference!" said Madame Mauvoisin. "I knew he was to go one day to Val-des-Bois; in fact, I begged him myself to accept M. de la Chenaie's invitation." Then, turning to Madame Gerard, she went on: "It is a charming place and excellent shooting. Raoul will have a most pleasant visit. Of course the dear boy ought not to dream of giving up such pleasures for me. His life is dull enough—"

Madame Gerard could not resist stealing a glance at the young wife's face as her mother-in-law spoke; but there was no change to be seen upon it, beyond a slight color which showed in the pale cheeks.

"He will come to-morrow and tell me all about it," went on Madame Mauvoisin. "Tell him, Lucienne, that I shall be expecting him. He had better come to lunch, so as to be sure to find his father at home."

"Very well, Madame. I will give him your message," answered Lucienne, coldly; but her mother-in-law paid no attention to her tone, though her own voice changed as she turned to her daughter. The dictatorial manner became soft and caressing as she laid her hand on Louise's arm.

"What have you been doing to-day, dear?" she asked.

"Frederic had a bad headache this morning," replied Madame de Charolles, "so we went for a drive in the Bois."

On hearing this, Madame Mauvoisin was at once filled with anxiety on behalf of her son-in-law; but Louise reassured her, and they went on to speak of his

work, each vying with the other in praising him to Madame Gerard. From what they said their visitor learned that the Mauvoisins were evidently counting on their son-in-law's genius for finance to recoup the losses that their son had sustained through the De Barli's misfortunes.

Probably neither of them meant to be unkind to Lucienne. Louise, at least, forgot her presence as she extolled her husband's ability; but Madame Gerard thought she detected a tone of bitterness in her old friend's voice when she spoke of the Baron's successes, as though comparing them in her mind with the misfortunes that another financier had brought about.

Lucienne sat silent and apparently unmoved; but Madame Gerard guessed that her composure was assumed, and that even if her sister-in-law's thoughtlessness was excusable, her mother-in-law's hidden taunts must have goaded her almost past endurance.

The conversation had again changed, and Madame Mauvoisin was begging her daughter to stay and dine with them, offering to send to M. de Charolles' office to tell him to join the party, when Lucienne rose from her seat. Madame Gerard had been watching her covertly, and she could not check a feeling of indignation against her old friend as she saw how purposely she ignored her daughter-in-law. Though outwardly courteous enough, she seemed to take a cruel pleasure in saying the things most likely to be painful.

"Dear Madame, you are not going already?" cried Madame de Charolles, seeing that Madame Gerard had also risen.

"You must not go!" said Madame Mauvoisin. "Why should you not stay to dinner also? We should just make up a charming little party."

"You are more than kind, but really I must go," said Madame Gerard, glancing now openly at Lucienne, who, although her mother-in-law knew she would be

alone at home, received no invitation to stay.

"Wait one moment at least," urged Madame de Charolles. "I am just getting some Russian furs, and I want your advice about them. Oh, are you going, Lucienne?" she added carelessly, holding out her hand. "Well, good-bye, then!"

"Good-bye, Lucienne!" said Madame Mauvoisin, coldly.

Madame Raoul would have merely bowed again to Madame Gerard, to whom she had not been introduced; but the elder woman's warm heart was touched, and she held out her hand, looking up kindly as she did so into the sad young face. Lucienne did not speak, but her lips contracted, as though to hide their quivering; and the fingers that she laid on her new friend's palm felt cold even through the glove that covered them.

She crossed the drawing-room slowly, and walked through the hall, with her head held proudly high. The footman came forward quickly to open the door for her. All the servants in her mother-in-law's house gave ready service to Madame Raoul; and even now, in her distress, she forced herself to smile her thanks to the man as she passed out. Just as he closed the door again, a ripple of childish laughter reached her ears; and then at last, standing alone on the dark staircase landing, her composure gave way.

"God help me!" she sobbed, leaning for a moment against the wall; but steps below warned her not to linger; and, drawing down her veil, she hurried from the house.

(To be continued.)

To Mark their Footsteps.

THE first white rose that the earth e'er knew
Sprang up along the ways that Mary trod;
While roses red in loving memory grew,

To mark the footsteps of her Son, our God,

"The Cemetery of St. Cyra."

BY CORNELIUS DORGAN.



NE of the most interesting of monastic ruins in the south of Ireland is that of the Franciscan Abbey of Kilcrea (Killa Cyra, — "the Cemetery of St. Cyra), thirteen miles westward of the city of Cork. Prettily situated at the termination of an avenue of trees on the banks of the Bride, one of the most considerable tributaries of the River Lee, toward which the Clara hills gently slope, those venerable relics of a bygone age occupy the site of a nunnery, founded by St. Cyra as far back as the seventh century. The ruins consist of a nave, choir, and transept, with a tower, eighty feet high, rising between the choir and nave. Three pointed arches separate the nave from a side aisle, and a chantry is approached through a passage at the right side of the nave; two massive arches divide the aisle at the west end of the transept, which is some seventy feet in length. There is little ornamental detail remaining, and the mullions on the windows were entirely destroyed by Cromwell's iconoclastic troopers.

The Abbey, which was dedicated to St. Bridgid, was founded in 1465 by Cormac MacCarthy-Laider, the fourth Lord of Muskerry,—the same who erected the present far-famed Blarney Castle. The MacCarthys, as provincial kings, ruled in Munster with sovereign sway until the Norman came to overshadow and finally overthrow their feudal power and splendor. Their descendants, however, held Blarney and a considerable portion of the county of Cork up to the reign of William III., — until Donogh, third Earl of Clancarty, forfeited his estates and other possessions for his adherence to the cause of that royal poltroon, James II. This Donogh, who was educated at Oxford, married a daughter of the Earl of Sunderland, renouncing the Faith of

his fathers, and by this alliance identified himself with the English interest in Ireland. With the prolongation of the War of Succession, he, however, abjured his Protestantism and again warmly espoused the Stuart cause, for which he was attainted. His property was estimated to be worth £150,000 per annum, — a vast income in those days. He retired, a proscribed exile, to an island on the Elbe, near Hamburg, where he died — the last of the purely Irish Clancartys — in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

The fortunes of Kilcrea Abbey were as various as its destruction was inevitable in consequence of the frenzied malevolence and carnage of religious and political persecution by the invaders within Erin's shore. It is not, however, as a religious foundation, but as a place of burial, that Killa Cyra is invested with general interest. The Cemetery of St. Cyra was ever a beloved valhalla of the old Catholic tribal families, as the presence within its hallowed precincts of their tombstones testifies. Indeed, this favorite ancient burial place contains the ashes of quite a galaxy of doughty warriors, princes and prelates, and their kindred,— of people remarkable in history, and some not unknown to romance; all of whom risked and sacrificed dominion, and even life, in the cause of Faith and country.

It was only meet that so reverent a man as its illustrious founder should be accorded sepulture in the Abbey of Kilcrea. Cormac MacCarthy-Laider lies buried in the choir, together with many other members of that purely Celtic family. In the south transept, the fragment of a large tombstone, adorned with a floriated cross, marks the resting-place of one, the cause of whose beatification is at present before Rome. It is Thomas O'Herlihy, titular Bishop of Ross (as mentioned by a writer in THE AVE MARIA some time ago), one of the three Irish prelates who attended the Council of Trent, for which "contumacy" (*sic*) he was declared a rebel, seized, and confined in

the Tower of London for three years and a half. Very different from the saintly Bishop just noticed was he whose remains repose near at hand. Bishop O'Herlihy was a man of peace, of steadfast Christian faith, heroic virtue and fortitude; Roger O'Connor was a revolutionary of the worst type,—a democrat of the French Revolutionary school. Educated a Protestant, he lived an atheist, but died a Catholic.

Lo! Arthur Leary, generous, handsome, brave,
Slain in his bloom, lies in this humble grave.

Died May 4, 1773, aged 26 years.

So runs the inscription on the tomb of him whose life, brief as it was, was a record of adventure and romance; and whose death was a pathetic tragedy, he falling a victim to the atrocity of the penal enactments operating against Catholics. A scion of an ancient sept, and of considerable landed property, Arthur (or Art) O'Leary had been an officer in the Austrian army, but, returning to his native land, resumed occupation of his ancestral home at Carriganima, situated between Macroom and Millstreet in the county of Cork. Living in his neighborhood was a married aunt of Daniel O'Connell, the great Tribune. She was residing with her sister, recently widowed, and the youngest of a family of seventeen. O'Leary, gallant, handsome, and a bachelor, being a constant visitor, fell in love with the talented and prepossessing young widow. The tender feelings were reciprocated; but the O'Connell family disapproved of such an alliance, viewing the proposed union with uncompromising hostility. Though loath to offend and willing to obey where duty compelled it, the couple thought the holy covenants of love were not to be lightly disregarded, but rather to be revered and fulfilled. So, reduced to desperate straits, the impressionable and romantic pair agreed to elope. And, sooth to say, the end justified the means. So much for the romance, now for the tragedy, of Art O'Leary's life.

O'Leary had a horse, much prized and valuable, and brought by him from

Austria, which, matched against the horse of another landed proprietor, a Protestant named Morris, won the race. This led to a dispute; and Morris, profiting by the infamous law which disabled Catholics from having or keeping a horse exceeding five pounds in value, publicly tendered O'Leary the legal sum for the winner of the race. Naturally, one so high-spirited as he, an officer of the Imperial Army of Austria, indignantly refused compliance, notwithstanding the atrocious disabilities with which all of his creed were penalized. Then a scuffle ensued. As a result, the gallant fellow was summarily proclaimed on the spot by magisterial decree an outlaw, and a squad of armed troopers was instantly sent in pursuit of him. On the road to his residence, the armed band came within musket range and shot him dead.

The horse which he had been riding was the same which had won the race, and was an uncommonly sagacious animal. For, feeling his master on his back no longer, perhaps knowing something of his master's cruel fate, galloped home as fast as hoof could carry him. Seeing the horse riderless, and apprehending that something terrible must have befallen her husband, the brave young wife, twice widowed now, instantly mounted the panting and snorting steed. Nor had she need to direct or urge him on the course he should retrace: the instant his mistress was seated on his back, the faithful animal wheeled around and galloped off, with as fleet a hoof as he had come, to the spot where his brave young master lay lifeless on the highway. Then over the blood-stained corpse of him who was life and love to her, the grief-stricken young widow poured out her soul in an agony of song, which has given to the world the finest elegiac poem in the Gaelic language—"The Lament for Art O'Leary."

Subsequently, Morris went through the mockery of a trial in Cork for the death of his victim. Needless to add, he was acquitted. But a Nemesis was already

tracking his footsteps, and would soon overtake him. Art O'Leary had a brother who had sworn to be avenged of the cruel, cold-blooded assassination. As the law not only denied him justice, but both instigated and committed the crime, so would he himself exact retribution for a murdered brother. Over the slain corpse, and at the grave side again—over the honored ashes of his kith and kin entombed within the consecrated walls of Kilcrea Abbey,—he vowed, deep down in his heart, to execute the terrible deed. And he dogged his intended prey, finally shadowing him to Cork, where, after two months of ceaseless vigilance, he shot Morris in a lane in that city. The desperate man, in order to escape the consequences of the act, took flight to America.

To mention a few other of the ancient septs whose bones, after all the strife and heat of armed conflict, found a resting-place in the peaceful solitude of the Cemetery of St. Cyra, are the MacSwineys of Mashanaglas ("My Stronghold"), and the Barretts of Ballincollig ("The Town of the Boar").

The MacSwineys were a military clan, and formed the gallowglasses of the great MacCarthys. It was a sept renowned as much for its boundless hospitality as for its prowess in feats of daring and dexterity in many a hard-fought field. Like all others of Irish princely lineage who had heroically striven to preserve the Catholic Faith and Irish ideals, the MacSwineys endured various fortunes and had a disastrous end. The last of the warrior race forfeited his estates for the part he took in the Revolution of 1641.

The Barretts of Ballincollig were also a warlike sept, of Norman extraction, who held Ballincollig as their principal seat and stronghold. Their Castle of Ballincollig stands on an isolated limestone rock, its erection dating from the fourteenth century. The ruins consist of a square keep, forty feet high, amid an enclosed bawn. In 1642 the fortress was captured by the Lord President of

Munster. Later it was garrisoned by Cromwell, and finally occupied in favor of the then reigning Stuart.

Thus stands the renowned Abbey of Kilcrea, to-day crumbling to dust; thus lie the ashes, in the "Cemetery of St. Cyra," of its illustrious founder, with those of the chiefs and kindred who fought and bled and sacrificed their all for the honor of God and the glory of Ireland.

Carmelita's Novena.

BY E. W. ROBINSON.

ROBERT BENTLEY opened the door of his luxurious bachelor apartments in the Clarendon, closed it with a bang, and threw himself, with a gesture of weariness, on the couch. He had just returned from Dr. Wainwright's office, whither he had gone to consult that wise old medico about the remnants of a cough which still clung to him,—the legacy a cold of the previous winter had bequeathed to him.

"Bob my boy," Dr. Wainwright had said to him, "I think you had better make up your mind to go to Mexico—to Guadalajara—for the winter. You see, it is already very cold here; and, instead of improving, you do not seem to me to be as strong as you were the last time I saw you."

Bob had sat staring at the floor all the time the Doctor was speaking, looking up only when he realized he had ceased.

"Mexico be hanged!" he exclaimed. "If you intend to send a fellow away to die, why in the name of humanity don't you send him where the people are civilized? If I am to fall a victim to 'the great white plague,' let it be so. I think I prefer that to being scalped by a band of savages."

"Very well," the Doctor replied. "You are the one to make the choice. But if you choose to remain here this winter,

there is one inevitable result. As to your charge that Mexico is uncivilized, I will say that should you decide to go there, you will very likely have some strong eye-openers before you have gone far over the border."

Dr. Wainwright knew that it was not necessary to urge Bob Bentley. He had known the young man since he was a child; and he knew that when Bob was told by some one he trusted that it was imperative for him to seek a more genial climate, it would not take him long to decide. So, rising from his chair, the Doctor said:

"Well, Bob, think of what I have said, and don't forget that I feel as if I stood in the place of your good father."

That evening as Robert Bentley lay on his couch thinking over many things, he heard a racket at the door, and the next moment in dashed Jack Dwight and Chester Thornton. They were young friends of Bob's, and had run in to see how he was. Jack was passing the Doctor's office just as Bentley's auto whirled away, and he had noticed the look of distress on the young man's face.

"Well, old fellow, you must have had good news this afternoon, judging from the length of face you brought away from Doc Wainwright's."

Jack, "the cyclone," as his friends laughingly called him, had a way of always rushing headlong into things that were unpleasant.

"Good news indeed!" said Bob. "Old Wainwright has banished me to Mexico—to some place called Guadalajara,—to spend the winter. He says that I am not likely to see 'the flowers bloom in the spring, tra la!' if I don't go post-haste to that beautiful but savage land."

"Why, Bob Bentley, you know that Mexico is no land of savages," said Chester. "And as for Guadalajara, it is one of the most beautiful cities I have ever seen."

"Well, tell me about it, then, you seem to know so much," growled out Bob.

Jack broke in with, "If you had listened to us when we came back from there last winter you would have heard 'something to your advantage,' as the advertisements say. But nobody could get your ear then, you were so busy separating yourself from your good money in that altruistic attempt to help the great unwashed."

"Imagine," observed Chester, "a small plateau about five thousand feet in the air, in the form of a circle fringed around with mountains the queerest shape a fellow ever saw; then set in the midst thereof a city with all the beauties of medieval architecture, but with all the improvements that modern 'Yankeedom' knows, and—you have Guadalajara. And as for the climate"—Chester paused for words adequate to the subject.

"Really, Ches, you are growing quite eloquent! But what were you fellows doing down there, anyway?" put in Bob.

"Why, my father's firm owns the waterworks there; and when last winter some little complications arose that made it necessary for some one to go down and look the field over, *paterfamilias* sent his young hopeful, and I begged Chester here to go along with me," explained Jack. "Cheer up, old man! Here you are with any amount of money, nobody to give a thought to, the prospect of spending many months in a most beautiful place, and, better still, with nothing at all to do but get well,—which of course you'll do. I'll have my father write you a letter of introduction to Don Pedro Corral, the banker, and I'll send it around the first thing in the morning."

With this the door banged behind them, only to be opened again by Chester who called out:

"I say, Bob, let us know when you are going, so all the fellows can be on hand to wish you *buen viaje!*" And with that the door closed again and they were gone.

"Dear, clean-hearted fellows!" murmured Bob, as he rose to turn on the light. "I shall miss them in my exile,"

Robert Bentley smiled at the recollection of his expressed dread of being scalped by a band of savages, when he found himself in the sanitarium in Guadalajara, where the appointments were as perfect as in his own club. The letter of introduction from Jack's father would not have so easily opened the door to social life for him in the Mexican city had not Don Pedro Corral been a good judge of character. That quick-witted old Mexican saw at a glance that Bentley was all that Colonel Dwight had written of him; so, with the true courtesy of his race, he said:

"My dear young man, I am glad to welcome you to Guadalajara. My house is your house."

And so it came about that the young Americano was a constant visitor to this cultured Mexican home, where the family consisted of Don Pedro, his wife Donna Victoria, and their daughter Carmelita, who had lately returned home from California, where she had been educated by the Sisters of Notre Dame at San José. She and Bentley found much in common to talk about; for, in the course of an automobile tour, the latter had once visited California's "Garden City" to make the trip to the famous Lick Observatory near there.

The days were winged in the beautiful Mexican city; for one was scarcely ushered in before it gave place to another of equal beauty. And as for the climate, Bentley agreed with the enthusiast who had reverently declared that "the morning stars sang together when the climate of Guadalajara was decided upon in the councils of the Most High."

As time flew by, bringing Bentley nearer to the end of his stay, he realized that Carmelita was the "one woman" for him. She was all that he had ever dreamed a woman could be, and was the only one that had ever stirred his heart. He had never "gone in" for society; he had been more of an onlooker than one who took part in the social life of his set.

In fact, he was inclined to think not well of society as he had seen it; but here in Mexico things were different. It seemed to him that he had found his long-lost country for which he had sighed and of which he had known nothing.

All good things must end sometime; and so the morrow was to start Bentley, with all trace of illness gone, on his way to the bustling life of his Northern home. He was spending this last evening with the friends who had been so much to him in his "exile," as he had called it. Don Pedro and Donna Victoria had not realized his feelings toward their daughter, as his bearing toward her had been invariably one of dignified and deferential reserve; but, upon learning his intentions, and Carmelita's reciprocal regard, they upheld her in her decision.

"My father and mother would never consent to my marriage with one who is not of our Faith," Carmelita had said; "nor could I ever agree to join my life to one who does not worship with me at the altars of the Catholic Church."

This stunned Bentley, for he had never given a thought to the matter of religion. A bitterness against the Church which seemed determined to separate them began to stir in his heart; and Carmelita, seeing this, said almost as if to herself:

"If only Padrecito Carlos were here, he could show you the way to the Church. But, alas! he is far to the North, and I know not when he will return." Then, looking steadily into Bentley's eyes, she continued: "But I shall ask Our Lady of Guadalupe to pray for you, and I am sure she will bring you back to me a loyal son of our Holy Mother the Church."

Her simple faith touched him, and in his heart he responded: "So be it."

Robert Bentley's touring car was leaving the miles behind it lost in a cloud of dust, when suddenly the steering gear went wrong, and Pierre the chauffeur lost control of the machine. In an instant the monster had dashed itself against a tree

to be broken into splinters, while amid the wreckage lay Bentley and the Frenchman, both unconscious. The accident occurred as they were entering a village, and soon kind hands were doing everything possible to restore the two men. Alas! poor Pierre was past restoring; but Bentley was carried into a house near by, where, after a few hours, he awoke to find anxious faces at his bedside. He asked where he was; and just then a kindly-faced, black-eyed little man, whom Robert Bentley recognized as a priest, came into the room. Hastening to the bedside, the priest took Bentley's hand and said:

"My son, you are my guest; and these gentlemen are Dr. Glennon and nurse Barton, who are here to do all they can for you. You are in Glendale, which is only fifty miles from the city. If you wish a physician from there, we can telephone at once, and he can come out on the evening train."

Bentley gave them his name and that of his own physician; and Dr. Glennon was glad to telegraph for Dr. Wainwright, as he was not yet sure about the extent of the young man's injuries.

Dr. Wainwright arrived in due time, and found nothing more serious than a broken arm—which had already been set by Dr. Glennon,—and a general nervous collapse as a result of the accident.

"Father Sanchez," said the physician, "if you can find it in your heart to keep this boy here for a while, I think it will do him good. I've told him more than once that that infernal machine of his would send him to the next world, and it is only another evidence of his good luck that he is now in the land of the living."

"I had already made up my mind that your patient should not leave me until he has entirely recovered," replied Father Sanchez; "and I am glad he remains with your approval."

"Well, Robert, I must get away on that 11.30 train," continued the Doctor. "I have known Glennon here as long as I've known you, and I will trust

him not to kill you. But when you are well again, I am sure I'll not know whether to give Father Sanchez or Glennon the credit for the cure."

"But, Doctor," feebly put in Bentley, "you must see Pierre before you go. Poor fellow! I want to know how he is. I hope he is not seriously hurt. Father, you, too, must see him; for he is of your Faith."

"Pierre is all right," said Dr. Glennon. "Everything possible has been done for him." And with that he gave a meaning glance at Dr. Wainwright, who said:

"Why, yes, I will see him on my way out"; while Father Sanchez added:

"I have seen Pierre already, and he is in the best of hands."

Thus reassured, Bentley fell into a restful sleep.

On the morrow, in response to his continued inquiries about Pierre, Father Sanchez decided it best to tell him of the poor lad's death. Bentley was, of course, shocked and much saddened.

"Poor fellow! I am sorry I scolded him for our late start, which he explained by telling me that he had been to church. I remember now he said he had been to Communion, as it was some sort of a feast-day,—I am afraid I don't know much about such things. Anyway, I took no notice of it at the time, as I was in such a hurry to get started. I hope they fixed him up nicely."

"Yes," answered Father Sanchez. "His sister came down this morning and carried his body to the city, and I am sure all went well."

Bob mentally resolved to hunt up that sister and refund all expenses connected with Pierre's death.

As the days went by, Bentley seemed more prostrated than was at first thought; and Dr. Glennon gave him all the time he could spare, often spending the night at the priest's house, in order to be near if his patient should want him. They became very much attached to each other, the noble young physician proving to be a congenial soul to Bentley.

As time and good care brought continued improvement, Bentley began to plan for returning home; but the Doctor ordered him to remain where he was a while longer, and neither would Father Sanchez listen to his leaving.

"My boy, you can not know what a pleasure it is to have you with me. You and Dr. Glennon have made me young again," so the good priest argued.

What with going his rounds with Dr. Glennon, spending long hours in conversation with Father Sanchez, and in delving into that learned old priest's library, Bentley decided that he had profited by his accident rather than otherwise; for he was beginning to see the Catholic religion in its true light. Hitherto he had admired the marvellous organization, and the educational and philanthropic work of the Church; but now he realized the supernatural side of it all. Father Sanchez and Dr. Glennon, without being at all conscious of it, were a source of great edification to the thoughtful and sincere young man.

"Here," he said to himself, "are these two men, most highly endowed by nature and with the learning and true culture that one does not always find in the highest society, yet they are willing to give their time and talents freely to these simple countryfolk, and seem not to realize that they are doing anything out of the ordinary."

He understood their motive now. They were working for and loving these people for the love of Christ. While he had been preaching—and very earnestly trying to practise—the "brotherhood of man," they had not forgotten the "Fatherhood of God."

Father Sanchez thought he should not be hasty in making up his mind to enter the Church; that possibly, when he was out in the world again, the charm of life in the village would vanish. But he knew not Bentley. When that young man decided upon a course of action it was not to be changed. So in the little country

church the ceremony of his baptism was performed, with Dr. Glennon as the proud and happy godfather. Be it said to Bentley's credit that the thought of now being able to claim Carmelita was not uppermost in his mind: he would have become a Catholic had he never expected to see Carmelita again.

"Father," said Bentley to the priest one day soon after his baptism, "you have a Spanish name: are you a native of Spain?"

"No, my son: Mexico is my home, Guadalajara is my native city." (The good priest did not observe Bentley's start at the mention of Guadalajara.) "For a long time my health was poor, and it was thought that I needed a change from so high an altitude. I knew the Bishop of this diocese, and he was kind enough to offer me this country parish; and here I have been these five years."

"Why not return to Mexico for a visit?" (Bentley's plans were being made fast.) "I am going down there soon."

"Nothing would suit me better, Robert. I am well now, and it is my intention to return for good before long. You and I can go together. You may decide to remain there."

Father Sanchez was beginning to make plans too. Could it be that this was the Americano in whom his little Carmelita was so deeply interested?

"A little while ago," the priest continued, half musingly—"about the time your auto threw you into my care,—I had a letter from Guadalajara, telling me many things of my old parish there. Donna Victoria Corral—"

Robert Bentley gave a sharp start, but quickly recovered himself, explaining apologetically:

"Go on, Father! It was only a twitch of pain from that old hurt." He did not enlighten his companion as to what "old hurt" he meant.

"Donna Victoria Corral writes me that they are looking for my return," said

Father Sanchez. "The Corrals are like my own family. The little Carmelita" (Bentley was controlling himself admirably now, and Father Sanchez's keen, sympathetic eyes could detect nothing telltale on his face) "wished me to say a Mass for her intention. She was making a novena in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe for the conversion of a young Americano, who left her because he could not conscientiously accept our holy Faith. Perhaps I should not speak of these things, but—I wish you might have been the young man in question. These letters always take me back again in spirit to my people."

"But, my dear Father, let us not be content with letters that take us there in spirit: the trains of the Mexican Central will do that in reality. Let us be up and away," continued Bentley, with an enthusiasm that Father Sanchez could not fathom. "The winter is coming on, and Dr. Wainwright has just written me that he thinks I had better go South for a while. I am going to the city to-morrow; and when I return next week, you must be ready to accompany me to Guadalajara."

Joy, gratitude, and astonishment reigned in the Corral household; but Carmelita did not share in that part of the astonishment referring to the mere fact of Bentley's conversion and return. She assured Padre Carlos that she knew all the time it would be so; and, turning to Bentley, she reminded him:

"Did I not tell you, when you left here over a year ago, that Our Lady of Guadalupe would bring you back?"

If perchance there lurked in the heart of the good Padre a slight pain over Bentley's failure to confide in him before they reached Gaudalajara, that pain was forever swallowed up in thanksgiving when a few months later, in his old parish church, he solemnly blessed the happy union of his two beloved spiritual children.

The Legend of Ingelstein.

THE ruins of the Castle of Ingelstein, which once raised its proud head near the Lake of Boden, have long since disappeared. The legend, however, about its haughty mistress, Mechtildis, a member of the powerful family who owned this castle, is still related by the simple folk of the neighborhood.

This great lady was an extremely beautiful woman, but so uncharitable of heart that the poor and needy kept away from her, never venturing to beg for her bounty. Heaven had blessed her with one son and three daughters. Wonderful to relate, the youth had a kindly disposition, and always took compassion on those in want; while his sisters had inherited the mother's haughtiness and uncharitableness.

One day a farmer's wife from the adjoining village came to see the great lady; she was dressed in mourning and seemed to be in deep affliction.

"My only daughter died yesterday," said she, weeping bitterly. "She was seventeen years of age, and was the one joy and happiness of my life. I would so much like to make a wreath of white roses for her hair, for now she has become Heaven's bride. Noble lady, let me go into the garden of your castle, and pluck some roses for her."

"You may weave a wreath of nettles for your daughter," was the heartless answer. "Roses are fit for only such as we, not for common people."

"May your roses soon adorn your daughters on their deathbeds!" exclaimed the woman who had been so scornfully rejected, turning to go away.

Mistress Mechtildis laughed disdainfully and abused the "impudent beggar."

But the words of the farmer's wife were fulfilled. A year had hardly passed when the three proud daughters of the castle fell ill and died. Mistress Mechtildis' grief knew no bounds, and she murmured against her fate, and against

Heaven for having sent it. Soon she also died, after much suffering. Her heart had softened at last, but she had to do penance for her uncharitableness.

Ever after, when Death was threatening any female member of this family, the ghost of Mistress Mechtildis was seen at midnight sitting in the castle garden, weaving a wreath of roses.

Flowers vs. Prayers.

A COMMENDABLE way of showing affection, gratitude and compassion for the dead has long been observed in the diocese of Paderborn, and doubtless also in other parts of Germany. Instead of loading coffins with flowers, the relatives and friends of the deceased place in a receptacle, on the altar steps or near the corpse, an offering of money, one-half of which is given to the poor on behalf of the departed, the other half reserved for Masses. We hear that this custom is followed in some parts of the United States on All Souls' Day. The offerings, whether of money or promises of Masses, Holy Communion and prayers, are enclosed in an envelope and deposited in a basket on the altar steps.

There may be objections to this custom which do not occur to us; and it should not, of course, be introduced without episcopal approval. However, as we have many times observed, Masses, Holy Communion and prayers would be a fitting and blessed substitute for fading flowers. Our dead are too much honored on the day of burial and too much neglected ever afterward. Fulsome eulogies and floral exhibitions for men whose only claim to distinction consisted in wealth and social prominence, and whose daily walk and conversation were not especially redolent of sanctity, excite scorn and create scandal. Of course everyone recognizes the appropriateness of flowers at the funeral of children, but in the case of most men they are a mere mockery.

Notes and Remarks.

It is in the nature of things that there should be some subjects which a Catholic editor is not free to discuss fully, though they may be of much present interest and have a certain importance attaching to them. The worst kind of policy in such cases is to resort to misrepresentation or dust-throwing. One had better remain silent when one is not free to tell the truth, or when to do so would savor of disrespect or disloyalty. The denial of known facts can never be excusable, and is deplorable, inasmuch as any publicist who resorts to the practice deprives himself of the privilege of being heard in future when he would defend the truth.

We say this with certain Catholic editors and a certain non-Catholic editor in mind. In the case of the former, there is a praiseworthy desire not to add fuel to the fire; in the case of the latter, a pardonable curiosity to learn how it was started, and whose fingers have been burned, and how badly. A word to the wise will suffice. The Protestant editor has sources of information which some who have taken him severely to task do not seem to suspect. That fire had better not be stirred up any more by those who would like to see it extinguished. The sparks are doing mischief.

The assassination of the Japanese statesman, Prince Ito, treading so swiftly upon the execution of the Spanish Anarchist, Francisco Ferrer, furnishes the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* with an opportunity for this telling bit of sarcasm at the expense of Ferrer's ultra-emotional sympathizers on both sides of the Atlantic:

If Prince Ito was murdered by just a common everyday Korean, without modern improvements, we can all agree that it was a foul deed. But if Prince Ito was murdered by a Korean Anarchist, we can not all agree—not by a good deal. In that case several questions arise at once: Was the murderer a nice man when not engaged in murdering? Did he read

Elisee Reclus and Prince Kropotkin? Did he have a daughter who was friendly with the nobility and gentry? Did he read philosophy and poetry in his intervals between assassination? . . . Did he believe in murdering for the good of civilization or for the promotion of social peace? Did he believe conscientiously in the philosophy of the Cause and the Propaganda of the Deed?

Upon the answer given these questions in the dispatches of the next few days will depend the opinion of some of our best people on the assassination and assassin of Prince Ito. In the opinion of these people, an affirmative answer will make the Corean a martyr; a negative answer, a murderer.

This is not only "excellent fooling" on the part of Mr. Hinman: it is a graphic exposure of the ridiculous attitude assumed by many journals in connection with the well-merited fate of a foreign Anarchist, about whom they cared little and knew less.

As corroborative of the position we have always held regarding Spiritism and Spiritistic phenomena — viz., that, notwithstanding the multiplied frauds in connection with *séances* and mediums, there is still something real at the bottom of the matter — we quote the following from a twenty-five years' student of the subject and an eminent psychologist, Professor William James:

When imposture has been checked off as far as possible, when chance coincidence has been allowed for, when opportunities for normal knowledge on the part of the subject have been noted, and skill in "fishing" and following clues unwittingly furnished by the voice or face of bystanders has been counted in, those who have the fullest acquaintance with the phenomena admit that in good mediums *there is a residuum of knowledge displayed* that can only be called supernormal: the medium taps some source of information not open to ordinary people.

As to the information, when not vague or wholly worthless, it is misleading, often grossly deceptive. The teaching of Spiritism as formulated by its adherents is, broadly speaking, immoral and anti-Christian. And there is this strange fact about the phenomena: no matter how

amazing they are, or how often they may be witnessed, one can never feel fully satisfied. "I confess," says Professor James, "that at times I have been tempted to believe that the Creator has eternally intended this department of nature to remain *baffling*; . . . so that, although ghosts and clairvoyances, and raps and messages from spirits, are always seeming to exist and can never be fully explained away, they also can never be susceptible of full corroboration."

It is a privilege which we value highly to present Catholic readers with such an article as the one to which we assign first place in our present number. The subject is of paramount importance to all classes of the faithful; and it is treated with a fulness, clearness, and practicalness that could hardly be excelled. Long as this article is, it does not contain a single sentence that we could decide to omit. Besides affording an adequate explanation of a practical question little understood, Mr. Grey's paper holds encouragement, edification, and consolation for every reader. It is a sincere gratification to know that so excellent and timely a contribution is sure to be thoroughly and widely appreciated.

Fifty years ago the hospice of the Little St. Bernard received a new superior in the person of a young Abbé, Pietro Chanoux. A proficient scholar, an ardent nature student, as well as an exceptionally kind father and friend to lost travellers and the few poor families in his mountain district, he led for half a century a life of study, work, and prayer above the noise of the world in his region of perpetual snow. Father Chanoux died in February last, and a monument to his memory has recently been unveiled. In an appreciative notice of "the good Samaritan and man of science," the *Lancet* says:

His experience as a pastor and as a rescuer of the imperilled wayfarer, taken down from his lips, will doubtless see the light some day;

but the few publications of his own authorship with which he enriched his library of 4000 volumes are but the foretaste of what his writings, left in manuscript, will ere long reveal. For one thing, he was an accomplished meteorologist, so much so that Padre Denza, of the Vatican Observatory, in acknowledgment of his contributions to the science, called the attention of the Order of St. Maurice to his observations, and an opportune enrichment of his *armamentarium meteorologicum*, was the result. He had just completed his half century of life at the hospice when a brief illness carried him off on February 9 last. Still active in mind, he had begun to fail in body, his eyesight in particular having been injured by the constant glare of the snow; and, amid the sorrowing demonstrations of the poor families to whom he had been a "refuge and a strength," he "entered into rest,"—*felix opportunitate mortis*.

Proud of their compatriot and custodian, the Order of St. Maurice at once took steps to do honor to his memory, and commissioned the sculptor, Signor Tancredi Pozzi, with the design and work. The Abbé, his long robes fluttered by the mountain breeze and his white beard waving in sympathy, is represented *piccozza* (spud) in one hand and an Alpine flower in the other,—a felicitous work of art. On the pedestal runs the inscription: "Here for fifty years the Abbé Pietro Chanoux, rector of the Maurician Hospice, worshipped God in the poetry of sky, of snow and of flower; meditated and labored with ardent, amiable soul for science and for charity. His spirit keeps watch inseparable from the Little St. Bernard."

The importance of discipline in the matter of character formation is attested by Professor Van Dyke, of Princeton University: Acquiring the habit of following the line of least resistance he considers to be a greater peril in the college course of wealthy students than is the formation of habits of vice; since, in his experience, "a much smaller proportion of young men between seventeen and twenty-three form vicious habits in college than out of it." As the Professor puts it, writing in the *American Magazine*:

The peril which threatens many boys of these families whose parents are anxious to fill their children's lives with pleasures is that they grow up accustomed to doing invariably what they want to do, without training any power to make themselves do what they do not want

to do at that particular moment. It is not luxury which threatens them, but an incapacity for work, fostered and even trained by the willingness of parents to let them follow always the line of least resistance. . . . To let a boy drift along through youth to manhood along the lines of least resistance, without the power of making himself do anything he does not want to do at the moment, is to send him out into the world a cripple, even when he happens to be heir to millions.

The great majority of Catholic college students are, happily for themselves, *not* the sons of wealthy parents; and, still more happily for them, the tradition of Catholic colleges binds to the enforcing of salutary disciplinary regulations, — a fact often borne witness to by the secular press in its instancing the absence of hazing in our educational institutions. What the American youth supremely needs to learn is to follow the line of duty, even if it be the line of greatest resistance.

The joint Pastoral Letter of the Bishops of France on the subject of neutral schools makes instructive reading for Catholic parents the world over. These paragraphs, for instance, might well be promulgated *urbi et orbi*:

In all times and for all countries the Sovereign Pontiffs have denounced the neutral school. . . . The neutral school has been censured by the Church; and there can be no difficulty in justifying this reprobation, although certain minds accuse her of intolerance therein. For can we not see, in the suppression of all religious instruction in the school, the chief cause of the evils which are afflicting France, and which assail alike the family, morality, and patriotism?

At the same time the neutral school is spread throughout the country; and from that fact there arises for you, fathers and mothers of families, a point of conscience of the gravest possible moment: Is it lawful for you to choose a neutral school for your children, or, on the contrary, are you bound to adopt a Christian one?

We answer, in the first place, that wherever a Christian school is to be had, you are strictly bound to send your children to it, unless that course should entail some grievous detriment upon your children, or else upon yourselves. We reply, in the next place, that the Church

forbids attendance at the neutral school, on account of the risks to faith or to virtue which children meet there. This is an essential rule that must never be forgotten. Nevertheless, special circumstances may arise, in view of which, while preserving the aforesaid rule intact, it would be allowable to temper somewhat its application. She tolerates attendance at a neutral school when there are reasons of a serious nature for doing so. But persons may avail themselves of this toleration only under a twofold condition: there must be nothing about that school to violate the conscience of that child; and, moreover, parents and priests must supply, out of class-time, that instruction and religious training which it is impossible to obtain in the school.

Catholic parents can not be too frequently reminded of their responsibility for their children's spiritual as well as physical growth; and the less inclination or aptitude, or both, that these parents have to give their offspring due religious training, the more obligatory it becomes for them to see that at least the schooling of their sons and daughters shall be as Catholic as is at all possible.

The dispute as to whether Catholic or Protestant countries are the more addicted to cruelty to animals is not worth while; besides, it would be a hard matter to settle. Dogs, it is said, are well treated everywhere in Europe, donkeys rather badly. We have known Protestant persons to cudgel recalcitrant cows, and Catholic persons to throw hot water on quarrelsome cats. A priest of our acquaintance spoiled a fine horse by over-kindness; and we remember a Methodist that had the habit of hurling stones as well as epithets at his neighbor's obtrusive hens. The whole matter, like others over which controversialists wage war and waste words, is temperamental or racial, rather than religious.

The extreme delicacy of conscience and fine sense of the fitness of things displayed by politicians in election times is something at which to wonder. Their desire

to secure good government by putting the right men forward for office, the earnestness with which they express it, and the ease with which they assume high moral grounds, are well calculated to deceive all but the initiated. A Republican in a Western State who is a Protestant, and by no means "kirk greedy," as they say in Scotland, was recently heard to denounce the Democratic candidate for mayor in his city as being "no kind of a Catholic,—probably excommunicated. He never goes to church; besides, he was married by a Protestant minister." Evidently unworthy, on moral grounds, of the office, along with having the little disqualification of belonging to the wrong political party.

The decision recently given by the United States Circuit Court of Appeal in the case of Charles W. Morse is of special worth as furnishing an offset to the charge so commonly made by Socialists, Anarchists, and pessimists generally, that our courts are partial to the rich and discriminate against the poor, that there is no legal redress for the common man and no legal restraint for the wealthy one. That the convicted financial manipulator, while actually under a prison sentence, and out of prison only on bail, had managed to pay back seven and a half of the eight million dollars for which he was indebted, lends a special interest to the court's reaffirming his sentence of fifteen years in prison. Commenting on this remarkable case, the *New York Sun* says:

Of his guilt and his personal infamy there has never been any doubt; of his utter unfitness for any place of trust or confidence there has been no question. If he went unscathed it would only be because his bankruptcy was surreptitiously subtended by the possession of money, and because the money was backed by all the specious ability and devious rascality which first led him into crime. Such a decision reaffirms the stability of justice. There is not one law in our Federal courts for the poor and another for the rich.



Mother and Model.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

MOTHER of Saints is Our Lady fair,
Sovereign model of virtues rare,
Dowered with beauty beyond compare,
Perfect as is no other:
Never did God, for He never could,
Fashion a creature more pure and good,—
She is the flower of womanhood,
Mary, our Blessed Mother.

Martyrs, Confessors, and Virgins all
Walked in her footsteps lest they should fall,
Copied her virtues both great and small,
Living anew her story:
Mary, sweet Mother, may we like them
Ever the world and its wiles condemn,
Seeking through life its true diadem—
Sainthood and lasting glory!

The Adventures of Ricardo.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

X.

MARY CALLAHAN, whose daily routine had been considerably interrupted by the affair of Ricardo, had, she believed, once more settled down comfortably to business. The boy in whom she had taken so great an interest was, so far as she knew, certainly and safely provided for. She had, she thought, bidden him a last good-bye that morning, after they both had enjoyed a breakfast of pancakes and honey; and, although her satisfaction at the solution of the problem concerning him was mingled with regret at the thought of not seeing him again—for he had become very dear to her,—Mary felt pleased and relieved whenever she thought of his future.

She had sold a good deal of fruit during the morning hours; for the day was quite warm. She had also breakfasted early. At a quarter to twelve she prepared to eat her modest luncheon of bread and meat, with a few cherries for dessert, as was her daily custom when cherries were in season. They were her favorite fruit. Mary generally took her midday repast about this time, as the tide of men and boys going out to their own luncheon did not begin to set in until noon.

She had taken her first bite and was stretching her hand toward a particularly fine bunch of cherries, when, amid the rumble and clatter of the steady stream of vehicles forever passing up and down the roadway—a noise which had become so familiar that she no longer noticed it,—she became aware of a new sound: the dash and clatter of runaway horses and the shouts of a frightened crowd. The next moment a hack was overturned in front of her little stall, precipitating the Jehu to the ground with such force that he rebounded into the air like a rubber ball, and then, fortunately, landed on his feet, but little the worse for the concussion. Meanwhile the terrified horses, breaking away from their harness, had been stopped by several pairs of strong hands, alert and equal to the emergency.

Mary Callahan lost no time in getting to the curb, making her way through the gathering crowd, entirely regardless of possible danger to either herself or her wares.

"Was there any one in the hack?" was her first question; and even as she spoke a man could be seen crawling through the open door. "Is it you, Mr. Bury-er?" inquired the old woman in amazement, as she regarded his pallid face and bulging eyes; for he was holding a pair of broken blue spectacles in his hand.

"Yes, yes," he answered, while Mary observed that he glanced furtively behind him as he spoke. For a moment he appeared to hesitate, then made a hurried step forward as if to leave the spot, when the driver called out:

"Halloo, there! I want my fare. And there's something else. I don't believe he's straight. Policeman, hold that man!"

The guardian of the public peace, who had just appeared, laid his hand on the Frenchman's shoulder.

"Oh, it's Frenchy!" he said quietly. "Up to some mischief, I suppose? Stay where you are. And you, driver, keep your place."

At that moment the head of a child appeared at the door of the hack. It was a black head, boyish and curly; but the eyes were distended, the face swollen and purple from the pressure of the gag which held the mouth open.

"Father in heaven!" cried Mary Callahan, rushing forward and dragging the child from the vehicle with one hand, while with the other she dexterously removed the round object which was suffocating him. "Father of us all, 'tis my little Cardo being kidnapped away by this thief of the world. Mr. Murphy, sir" (this to another policeman), "handcuff that man. He's a robber and a villain!"

The Frenchman was trembling like a leaf. Fear and cowardice drove huge drops of perspiration to his forehead; his thin lips were drawn and livid. The two policemen exchanged some words with each other. Then, waving their clubs, they made the crowd stand back; and "Mr. Murphy," hailing a passing cab, motioned the hackdriver and the Frenchman to enter. Then, turning to Mary, he said:

"Jump in with the boy, Mrs. Callahan. You seem to know who he is,"—adding as he pointed to an old man on the sidewalk: "Go, Teddy, and mind the fruitstand a bit."

The old man disappeared instantly, while Mary and her charge entered the

cab, and seated themselves opposite the two men. The policemen mounted the box; in five minutes they had reached the precinct station house, into which the whole party was speedily ushered.

For once in her life, the old woman was speechless. She had never been in such a place before. The strange occurrences of the last fifteen minutes had completely unnerved her. She held the boy tightly by the hand. When Ricardo saw how deeply she was moved, he seemed to cast aside the gentle helplessness which had previously characterized him. He drew himself erect, pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and handed it to her, saying:

"Here, Mrs. Callahan. Wipe your eyes, and don't cry. No one will hurt me now."

The policeman, who had been speaking to Sergeant Donahoe at the desk, now turned to the old woman.

"Who is this child?" he asked. "What is his name and where does he live?"

"He is called Ricardo Beurrier."

"Beurrier?" repeated the policeman, glancing at the Frenchman. "Any relation of yours?"

"I am his uncle," rejoined the Frenchman. "And I was—"

"Nothing more wanted from you just now," retorted Mr. Donahoe, turning to the child. "Is this man your uncle?" he inquired.

"He says that he is," replied Ricardo, in his slow, labored English. "But before this day I have not seen or heard of him."

"The name is the same,—Bury-er," said the officer.

"No, sir," answered Ricardo; "my name is Beurrier."

"Same thing," said the Sergeant, laconically. "Has the child a home?" he asked, again directing his attention to Mary Callahan.

"He has, sir, and good guardians. Call up Mrs. Anna Grey, telephone No. —," responded Mary, now beginning to recover herself. "And at the same time telephone to Father Featherstone, please."

The policeman went to the telephone,

returning a few moments later to say that Mrs. Grey had responded, and that Father Featherstone, who was at the house, would be down directly.

Meanwhile the driver, no novice in the dark happenings of great cities, sat—entirely conscious of innocence—quietly reading the morning paper; while the Frenchman cowered in a corner as though he would utterly efface himself, were such a thing possible.

Ricardo, gradually releasing his hand from Mary Callahan's grasp, went and stood near the door, anxiously watching the passers-by. In a short time his eagerness was rewarded by the appearance of the two young priests, who entered in a great hurry.

"Ah, Ricardo mio!" exclaimed Father Featherstone in Spanish. "You poor little fellow! When will your misfortunes cease?"

"It is better that you put me in an orphan asylum, Padre," said the boy passionately, while he lifted his troubled eyes to the face of the priest. "Then I shall no longer be a burden to you. I am indeed *desgraciado*,—unfortunate, I think, you call it."

"It is perfectly astounding," said Father Clements, before the other priest could reply. "And here is Mary again! This is the funniest part of it all. Mary, how did you manage it?"

Father Featherstone went directly to the Sergeant's desk, as Mary replied:

"Och, don't joke me, Father John, till I get myself back! I don't know where I am nor what I'm doing. Only this: 'twas a miracle of God that the thing happened to take place in front of my own little stall."

Father Featherstone and the Sergeant appeared from behind the railing.

"I wish it to be distinctly understood, Sergeant," the priest was saying, "that I will enter no complaint against the man. We must leave New York to-night,—this boy and I. I do not suppose he has any claim on the child?"

"None whatever," replied the Sergeant. "His bad reputation is sufficient guarantee against his establishing one."

"May I question him?" asked the priest.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Who are you?" inquired the priest of the cowering Frenchman.

"I am called Paul Beurrier," he said.

"What proof have you that the boy is your nephew?"

"Signor Ferucci, who is a playman, told me of the boy. From some things that he said about the mother, I knew he was the child of my brother."

"Did you try to abduct him?"

There was no reply.

"Tell me the truth," said the priest, sternly. "I will have the truth. If you are frank with me, I shall enter no complaint against you. On the contrary, if you are not, it may go hard with you,—much harder than you think."

"It is a penitentiary offence. He knows that," said the Sergeant. "He has already served his time."

"At first I wanted only to see him," the man began. "One has human affection and feeling—"

"Some have, but not you, Bury-er!" interrupted Mary, who had come nearer as soon as the priest began his interrogations. "One that can steal the dead from their graves and sell the poor bodies to the doctors ought not to talk of feelings."

"What do you mean, Mary?" asked Father Clements.

"Oh, he is well known for it!" replied the old woman, in a state of great excitement. "That villain was a helper in an undertaker's, and I thought that's why they called him *Bury-er*. He was sent to prison for five years for stealing the dead. When he came out not a soul would have a thing to do with him, save only them that love deeds of darkness, like himself. He's what the children call a 'resurrection man,' Father John."

The Frenchman's eyes shot fire.

"Go away, old hag!" he said. "You have nothing to say here."

The Sergeant made a sign to Mary. She fell back into a chair, wiping her forehead and still glaring defiantly at "the wicked uncle."

"Tell me," resumed the priest, "why you came in a carriage and brought a gag with you, if you meant only to visit the boy?"

The man was silent.

"Speak!" thundered the Sergeant. "Why don't you speak?"

Here the hackman interrupted.

"He told me he was going to see a sick child, and that he might take him over to Brooklyn. I saw him carrying the boy out, and I thought nothing of that. But after a while I heard a queer sound, and I looked down through the 'peephole.' The boy was struggling; he seemed to be choking. And I'll take my solemn oath before the whole of you that it was for the station house I was heading, and not for the Brooklyn Bridge, after that. Then a boy fired off a giant cracker, and my horses ran away. That's as true as Gospel. I didn't like the man's looks from the first."

"That may or may not be true," said the Sergeant, after a pause. "It probably is, though."

"I have a good record, Sergeant. No one can say a word against me for fast driving or overcharging, or any other thing," rejoined the hackman.

"So much the better for you," replied the Sergeant.

Father Featherstone turned once more to the Frenchman.

"Hurry up!" he said impatiently. "You have not answered my question."

"I will admit," replied the man slowly, "that I hoped to take the boy away."

"For what purpose?"

"Money. I am very poor."

"You did a very lame job," said the Sergeant. "The hackman was evidently not in collusion with you; you did not try to disguise yourself. A strange thing in one so well known to the police as you are."

"Maybe," answered Beurrier. "I am not used to such work."

"But you are well used to work of another kind!" cried Mary. "'Tis midnight jobs you're skilful at, Bury-er. Oh, 'tis a shame to let you go this day!"

"I have nothing more to say," he continued, ignoring Mary and addressing himself to the priest. "It was all the thought of a moment. I can not excuse and I can not explain."

The two priests and the Sergeant stepped aside for a short conference. Mary kept close to Ricardo. The Sergeant was summoned to the telephone. When he returned he said to the hackman:

"I have had a good account of you. Since the priest is willing to let the matter rest here, you may go."

"Thank you, Sergeant!" replied the man. "But what about my pay?"

"Here is ten dollars," said Father Clements. "It will mend your broken harness. The hack is all right and so are the horses,—so they told us as we came by."

The hackman went gratefully away, having first remarked that he would be willing at any time to tell his story before a court of justice.

"There will be no necessity for that," replied Father Clements. "The incident closes here."

"Go now," said the Sergeant to the Frenchman. "But after this, remember that you will be closely watched. I advise you to leave the city."

Beurrier rose to his feet. Without a word or a glance, his gaze on the floor, he shuffled, like the furtive, unclean thing that he was, out of the open door.

And thus for the third time in less than ten days Ricardo was restored to his guardian and to Mary Callahan, who clasped him to her bosom in a final adieu.

"And let me hear, Father John, in God's name, that you've seen the last of them on the train this evening; for my mind will never be easy till Ricardo's off and

away. Such a one for getting into scrapes I never heard tell of. But—thank God!—he's as great for getting out of them. And that's a wonderful comfort and hope for the days that are ahead of him."

And Mary trotted off briskly to her stall, where she found the faithful Teddy endeavoring to fill her place.

"I believe there is something good in store for the little fellow," observed Father John to his friend, as they left the station house, with the boy between them. But, like Mary, I shall be glad for once to see the last of you. Did you try to get away, Ricardo, when you were in the carriage?"

"Yes, Padre; but he held me tight."

"Did you think that it was the end of you?"

"I thought nothing. I was angry."

"Angry! Not afraid?"

"Not very, for how could he steal me in the open day? I waited for the time when he would take me out of the carriage."

"Probably after Beurrier got you in his clutches he was frightened himself," said Father Featherstone. "Very likely he did not know what to do with you."

"I am sorry if he is my uncle," said the boy, after a pause.

"We all have some discreditable relations. Come in and have a glass of soda-water, Ricardo, and forget all about it," said Father Clements, leading the way into a drug-store.

(To be continued.)

Carrier Pigeons.

One of the strangest postal routes in the world is that in New Zealand, between Auckland and an island sixty miles distant, where the mail is carried by pigeons. The winged messengers perform their task of carrying letters with a speed and regularity that should make railways and steam packets ashamed; for they accomplish the distance of sixty miles in

about sixty-three minutes. The letters or dispatches are written on extremely thin paper and fastened to the bird's foot. When he reaches his destination, he pushes the trapdoor of his home—the pigeon house. The door automatically rings a bell, and an official receives the message. Then Master Pigeon is taken away on another visit, to be sent home again when occasion requires.

What is called the "homing instinct" of the carrier pigeon is so strong that it is one of the many marvels of nature. It is almost impossible to take one of these birds so far away from home that he can not find his way back in an incredibly short space of time. The carrier or passenger pigeon is about the size of a turtledove, with a long, wedge-shaped tail; and the male bird has his drab color enlivened by a gay necklace of violet, green and gold.

Napoleon's Bees.

Several reasons have been given for the adoption of the bee as the emblem of Napoleon I. One, however, seems to be generally accepted. It is said that when Childeric, the father of Clovis (the founder of the French kingdom), went into battle, he had an immense number of gold ornaments placed upon the harness of his horse and his own surcoat. When his tomb was opened in 1653, three hundred of these ornaments were found. The little *fleurons* looked wonderfully like bees, and were so called by Louis XIV., to whom they were sent. When Napoleon the Great, in the pride of his victorious career, was casting about for an emblem of the triumph and activity of his dynasty, he thought of the bees of Childeric, and ordered them sprinkled over the imperial robes. Since then the golden bee of Napoleon has ever remained the emblem of those who have striven to continue in France the supremacy established by the "Little Corporal."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Triumph of Life" is the title of a new book by Dr. William Barry, soon to be published by Hodder & Stoughton.

—"Confessions of an Unwilling Sceptic" is an interesting pamphlet from the pen of Mr. William Matthews, just issued by the English Catholic Truth Society.

—"The Sarum Missal in English" forms a new addition to the Library of Liturgiology and Ecclesiology issued by the De La More Press. The translation is by the Rev. Canon Warren, and occupies two volumes.

—We welcome a new edition (the fifth) of "How to Write the History of a Parish," by Dr. Charles J. Cox. It will be found of the greatest service by any one undertaking to prepare such a history. George Allen & Sons, publishers

—"Pitman's Commercial Dictionary" is a handy little book of 375 pages, especially prepared for stenographers, typists, and other commercial correspondents. A useful appendix gives a variety of information on subjects of practical interest to such workers. Isaac Pitman & Sons.

—The last King of Poland, Stanislaus Poniatowski, whose death occurred in 1798, was buried in the Catholic church on the Nevski Prospect. The inscription on his grave has been obliterated by pedestrians, and the exact spot is not known. A Life of this unfortunate man, who was put to the proof in many terrible tragedies, is among the new publications of Methuen & Co.

—While "The Making of Mortlake," by Father Copus, S. J. (Benziger Brothers), does not quite measure up to the supreme standard of a juvenile story—that it is equally enjoyable to young folks and grown-ups,—the former class at least are safe to pronounce the book a thoroughly good one. It is a tale of Rockland friendship, between college boys; and the college atmosphere predominates, although occasional scenes of family life relieve the monotony of class-room and campus. Jack Bramleigh is an exceptionally fine type of a manly Catholic young fellow; Frank Mortlake is an eminently fit subject for the "making" in which Jack takes a prominent part; and Tom Clare Hughson is as detestable a heavy villain as the most melodramatic youth ever anathematized. There is comparatively little preaching, save by

example; and the absence of any specific plot is compensated for by a succession of incidents that the small boy will find to be of absorbing interest.

—Messrs. Sands & Co. announce an important new book by the Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan, Bishop of Sebastopol. It is entitled "The Purpose of the Papacy and the Continuity Theory."

—A foreign correspondent relates a little story of the late Mr. Crawford which is new to us. He was once called upon to address a school in Sorrento, and began by saying: "Now, children, what shall I talk to you about?" Whereupon a little girl piped from a rear bench: "What do you know, Signor?"

—"On Retreats," a translation by the Rev. E. H. Buckland, S. J., of a letter by St. Alphonsus Liguori, is published in pamphlet form by Sands & Co. In the letter, written to a student who was deliberating about the choice of a career, the saint speaks of the great advantages of making the Spiritual Exercises. In this era of Men's Retreats, the pamphlet is a most timely one.

—The Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S. J., of St. Louis University, has added another to his growing series of excellent booklets on religious topics. "What Think You of Christ?" is an historical inquiry into Christ's Godhead, designed as a counterpoise to the Rationalistic and Modernistic tendencies of the day relative to the personality of our Divine Lord. The fact that little or nothing is said of miracles or other supernatural manifestations in this little treatise is accounted for by the character of the adversaries whom the author is opposing. As they summarily set aside the supernatural element altogether, he meets them in certain points of history, and successfully demonstrates that, "with Christ the God-Man as the Redeemer of a fallen race, the world's history has a meaning; without Him, or without His divine mission as Saviour of mankind, that same history is an unintelligible riddle." B. Herder, publisher.

—The North Pole controversy bids fair to be so interminable, and has already become such a bore to not a few of the readers for whom the daily press provides so much hyperborean explanation and recrimination, that we welcome as a positive relief, and pass on to

our friends, these remarks of Mr. G. K. Chesterton:

It is a safe and soothing subject; there is no heat about the North Pole. Certainly people have killed themselves trying to find the North Pole, but that does not make the matter particularly serious: they have killed themselves trying to find a fox. A fox is a much more solemn and sacred affair than the Pole; it is alive, and runs about, while the Pole (I think) keeps still. But I am not a scientist. What the people in question were really hunting was neither the Pole nor the fox, but fun,—a philosophical abstraction. I do not sneer at polar explorers: I admire them as I do all romantic lunatics. But it is really funny to hear men of science gibe at those superstitions which hold sacred the words of a prophet or the blood of a martyr, and then talk quite seriously about killing whole shiploads of human beings in order to find an object which isn't there when you get to it, and which is already on the maps,—in the only place where it could ever be useful.

If it be true that Dr. Cook and his two Eskimos have found the place, there is something very gratifying in the thing having been so silently and simply done. Everyone was saying that the North Pole would be discovered in an aeroplane—one felt inclined to say a motor-car. The people in motor-cars (steadily relapsing into barbarism) have already assumed the costume and appearance of exceptionally ugly Laplanders. They already wear furs and snow-goggles, and look as if they were shuffling along to spear a walrus. There should be splendid running and no stop-watches on some of the immense ice plains; and if the friction melted the ice, and the motoring section of the upper classes disappeared with a shriek, I dare say we should get on somehow.

But I am led astray by these sweet and alluring images. I was remarking on the plainness of Dr. Cook's performance and apparatus. So far from doing it in a flying-ship, he did not even do it in a ship. Two legs (which most of us possess), two dogs (which are easily procurable), and two Eskimos (which form no part of my present equipment, but which, no doubt, one can find in plenty if one knows where to look) were the six instruments of his success.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"What Think You of Christ?" Rev. Bernard Otten, S. J. 25 cts.

"On Retreats." St. Alphonsus Liguori. 6 cts.

"The Making of Mortlake." Rev. F. Copus, S. J. 85 cts.

"Three Years behind the Guns." L. G. T. \$1.50.

"A Round of Rimes." Denis A. McCarthy. \$1, net.

"Cantus Ecclesiastici ad Usum Clericorum." P. Dom Johnner, O. S. B. 50 cts.

"Makers of Electricity." Brother Potamian, F. S. C., D. Sc., Lond.; and James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$2, net.

"The Great Schism of the West." L. Salembier. Authorized Translation by M. D. \$2.

"The Holy Sacrifice and Its Ceremonies." M. C. Nieuwbarn, O. P., S. T. L. Translated by L. M. Bouman. 70 cts., net.

"Sing Ye to the Lord." Robert Eaton. \$1.

"The Monuments of Christian Rome from Constantine to the Renaissance." Arthur L. Frothingham, Ph. D. \$2.25, net.

"Patrology. The Lives and Works of the Fathers of the Church." Otto Bardenhewer. Translated by Thomas J. Shahan. D. D. \$3.75, net.

"A Textual Concordance of the Holy Scriptures." Rev. Thomas David Williams. \$3.50.

"Giannella." Mrs. Hugh Fraser. \$1.50.

"Missale Romanum." 32mo. Cloth, \$1.50; morocco, \$2.

"The Life of Christ." Mary V. Merrick. 50 cts.

"The Young Priest's Keepsake." Rev. M. J. Phelan, S. J. \$1.10.

"The Holy Man of Santa Clara." Rev. Z. Englehardt, O. F. M. 75 cts.

"Cousin Sara." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.50.

"A Garland of Pansies." George Mark Jameson. 30 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Very Rev. J. M. T. Massardier, of the archdiocese of New Orleans; Rev. G. Thomas Gannon, diocese of Dallas; Rev. Ernest Hiltermann, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Daniel Hughes, archdiocese of St. Paul; Rev. Bernard Quinn, diocese of Syracuse; Rev. Joseph Campeau, O. M. I.; and Rev. Erhard Vanino, O. S. B.

Brother Matthew, C. S. C.

Sister M. Monica, of the Order of the Visitation.

Dr. Nicholas L. Hornsby, Mr. August Kossler, Mr. Edward McGuigan, Mrs. George Ackerman, Mr. John Reilly, Mr. Jacob Frost, Mr. Thomas Dealy, Mr. Charles Yost, Mrs. Anna Gill, Mr. Thomas Kent, Mr. William Connor, Mr. David Godfréy, Mr. Walter Gibbons, Mr. William Bensing, Mr. Charles Huber, Mr. John Ashe, John, Louis and Elizabeth Gormley, Mr. A. J. Chenier, Mary Jane McCarthy, Miss Julia Maier, Mr. William Dougherty, and Mr. Thomas F. Rice.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Faith of the Birds.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

"YE happy birds!" Dame Nature cried,
"Come tell me why ye sing
When swift ye winnow heaven wide,
Or to the light bough cling?"

"I," said the bird with wings of blue,—
"I sing when skies are fair,
For violets smiling from the dew,
And young life everywhere."

"And I," said tenderly the thrush,—
"I sing at autumn noon,
For orchards and the vine-crowned hush,
Where fields of plenty swoon."

"But I," said Redbreast wild and sweet,—
"I sing the whole year long,
In sun and rain or snow and sleet,
For very joy of song."

Devotion to the Dead in the Days of Old.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

HOW charming those words* of the poet-priest in regard to Holy Church! The Adorable Sacrifice, "the gracious Eucharist," where "is the very presence of the Person of Christ under the form of bread,"—this great Sacrifice, from the earliest ages of the Church, has been offered for those who have gone before

* Every day passes,

A part of one great endless feast,
That moves round its orbit of Masses,

And hath not a west nor an east;
But everywhere hath its pure altar,

At each of its altars a priest
To lift up a Host with a Chalice,
Till the story of grace shall have ceased.

us with the sign of faith. And as we enter upon the month dedicated to the Holy Souls—the month when our prayers for them, like the perfume from censers, should ascend unto God night and day,—it is deeply interesting as well as it must be profitable to look back into the annals of the past, and to note how zealously—nay, with "what divine and charitable affection," as an ancient writer puts it—our Catholic forefathers fulfilled their obligation to the Faithful Departed—to the loved ones gone before.

In his extraordinarily interesting treatise on the Mass, written about A. D. 850, Florus emphatically and very luminously explains the belief and practice of the Church in this connection. The whole work is so replete with matter bearing upon the subject, that any number of quotations, all apt and to the point, might be taken from it. One extract, however, will suffice. "Our pious mother the Church," he says, "prays also for her dead, and commends them to God through the intercession of the Sacred Oblation; believing most certainly that the Precious Blood, 'which was shed for many for the remission of sins,' is available not only for the welfare of the living but also for the absolution of the dead, as St. John declares: 'The Blood of His Son Jesus Christ cleanses us from every sin.' Leaving their bodies, the faithful go before us to the Lord; but they are not cut off from the Church, because they go before us with the sign of faith and sleep the sleep of peace."

Again, a letter written by the King of

Kent and the Bishop of Rochester to Lullus, the successor of St. Boniface in the See of Maintz, expresses very fully the pious spirit of the times with regard to the mutual interchange of prayers and Masses. "It is our earnest wish," says this interesting document, "to recommend ourselves and our dearest relatives to your piety, that by your prayers we may be protected till we come to that life which knows no end. For what have we to do on earth but faithfully to exercise charity toward one another? Let us, then, agree that when any amongst us enters the path which leads to another life (may it be a life of happiness!), the survivors shall, by their alms and sacrifices, endeavor to assist him in his journey."

How wonderfully these words of prelate and monarch, penned so many, many years ago, bring back to us in vivid colors a picture of their own time, when the chief business of their existence here below was, as they themselves tell us, "faithfully to exercise charity toward one another"! What an energizing force was religion, when God's absolute laws, sanctioned by an eternal heaven and an eternal hell, governed every action of human life! More and more, when we remember the days of old, are we compelled to admit that "man has lost the soul out of him."

To quote the words of a great modern writer: "We have quietly closed our eyes to the eternal substance of things, and opened them only to the shows and shams of things." The strong, deeply-rooted belief in mysteries divine, whether in spoken words or, better still, in felt instincts, no longer springs fresh and green in every heart; and, this being so, it is sometimes well to contrast the present with the past, and to acknowledge humbly that, despite all our philanthropic schemes in the matter of fraternal charity, we may haply have progressed less rapidly than we could have hoped.

Holy Mass, as old records abundantly prove, was regularly and constantly offered

for the repose of the souls of benefactors after death, as well as for their welfare during life. This we see from the fact that, in A. D. 855, King Ethelwulf required, in return for benefits conferred by him, that "all the brethren and sisters of Winchester and Sherbourne during every week, in each of their churches, shall sing *fifty psalms*, and each priest shall say *two Masses*,—one for the King and another for his generals or nobles, for their good estate and pardon of their sins." After their death, one of the Masses was still to be offered for the King, the other for his nobles.

Eddius, one of the very earliest Anglo-Saxon writers, shows how sacred in his day was considered the obligation of offering the Adorable Sacrifice for the faithful departed; for he tells us, in his Life of St. Wilfrid, that Tatbert, to whom Wilfrid had entrusted the care of his monastery at Ripon, commanded a *Mass to be celebrated and alms to be distributed daily* for Wilfrid's soul; while in Tatbert's lifetime a tenth part of all the flocks and herds belonging to the monastery was distributed amongst the poor, in addition to the daily alms on St. Wilfrid's anniversary. On that day also all the abbots of the monasteries founded by Wilfrid assembled together at Ripon and assisted at the Solemn Mass offered for him.

The beautiful old Catholic custom of giving alms to the needy, and also of leaving stated sums of money in order to obtain the prayers of God's poor, so highly valued in those days, was a very general one during the Ages of Faith. In 1254 Bishop de Suffield, making provision for the feeding of one hundred indigent persons on the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, "and to give a dinner to a poor person every day in the year." Again, Anne Buckenham, of St. Edmundsbury (now known as Bury St. Edmund's, in Suffolk), leaves, A. D. 1539, "one penny to a poore body by the space of an whole yeare that would say the Psalter of Our Lady everie Saturdaye."

Sometimes articles of clothing were given; for in the will of one John White, a cloth merchant of Beverley, he bequeaths to thirteen poor men *a white gown and hood and a pair of shoes each*, on condition that they knelt round his body on the day of his burial and recited the Psalter of the Blessed Virgin Mother; and that, during the eight days following, they stood or sat around his grave and recited the aforesaid Psalter. The white gowns and hoods seem to have been quite usual; the effect must have been picturesque and quaint when a number of persons were so garbed, as in the following instance.

John, Lord Scrope, of Masham, who left instructions that he should be buried in the chapel of St. Stephen, in York Minster, before a much venerated image of Our Lady, desired that his body should "be preceded by twenty-four men clothed in white gowns with hoods, each of them carrying in his hands a new pair of wooden beads for the occasion, being all alike, without carrying any lights." The testator then adds: "The said twenty-four poor men shall recite, during the *Dirige** and during the Mass, the Psalter of the Blessed Virgin Mary, beseeching God that He would grant to my soul life everlasting." Mass and the intercession of Christ's Immaculate Mother,—these were the chief means by which our forefathers hoped to obtain eternal happiness; and the old wills and documents yet remaining prove how absolutely certain was their belief, not in a vast and vague "beyond," but in a home of peace unending, where they and those dear to them would rejoice forever in "God's bliss."

The urgent desire to be remembered after death was as strong amongst holy religious, who had passed their whole lives in the solitude of the cloister, as amongst

those living amidst the distractions of the world. The Venerable Bede, who grew from childhood to studious youth, thence passing onward from thoughtful manhood to an old age, as lovely and crystalline in its simple, unswerving devotion to the rule of his Order and the services of the Church as his pure-hearted childhood had been,—Venerable Bede, it must be remembered, spent all his life in the same monastery. "While still young," says a modern historian, "he became teacher, and six hundred monks, besides strangers that flocked thither for instruction, formed his school of Yarrow." His days were entirely given up to the duties of his state, whether prayer, teaching, learning, or writing those forty-five works which remained after his death, to attest his almost incredible industry. Yet this saintly man is as eager as any to secure a remembrance after he has passed away. We find him begging the monks of Lindisfarne, to whom he dedicated his *Life of St. Cuthbert*, that 'when he is dead they will pray and offer Masses for the relief of his soul, and place his name amongst those of their brethren.'

The same saintly writer is constantly alluding to the Adorable Sacrifice. When describing Heaven-Field, the spot where St. Oswald set up a cross, and, having fervently prayed, gained, against fearful odds, his famous victory over the pagan King Caedwaller, Venerable Bede goes on to say that there, every year, the day before the anniversary of Oswald's death, the monks of the church of Hexham assembled to keep vigils for the salvation of his soul; and in the morning, after long chanting of psalms, "to offer for him the Victim of the Sacred Oblation." Again, referring to a special mercy, Venerable Bede speaks of a Mass to be offered "either in thanksgiving, or else in memory of St. Oswald."

The feeling in regard to the state of the holy dead is well expressed in the quaint words of the Saxon chronicle. Speaking of Sexwulf, the first abbot of

* In Catholic England, the Vespers and Matins of the Dead were called *Placebo* and *Dirige*, being the words with which the antiphons begin; "hence," as a reliable authority tells us, "the term 'Dirige,' which included also the Mass of Requiem."

the monastery of Peterborough, and its joint founder along with Peada of Mercia, the old writer says: "He was greatly God's friend, and all the country loved him; and he was very nobly born in a worldly sense, and rich; *but he is now much richer, being with Christ.*"

Some idea of the extent of intercessory prayer amongst religious may be gained from the following "Agreement between the Monks of Westminster and the Monks of Durham." "When a Durham monk dies," so runs this ancient document, "seven full Offices will be performed for him in Westminster, in choir, and each priest sing for him one Mass, and the rest of the brethren one Psalter; and the lay-brethren, who do not know the Psalter, will sing one hundred and fifty *Pater Nosters*; and the same from the monks of St. Albans." When we remember the large communities which peopled the great monasteries scattered up and down the land, we realize how completely the whole country was "bound by gold chains about the feet of God." St. Dunstan, in his "Regularis Concordia," ordains that, besides the more solemn Mass said at the high altar for thirty days for a deceased monk, *each monk in private offer thirty Masses for his soul.*

In respect of founders and benefactors, two examples will suffice. "There did lie on the high altar," writes one who lived at Durham before the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century, "an excellent fine book, very richly covered with gold and silver, containing the names of all the benefactors toward St. Cuthbert's church from the very foundation thereof; the very letters of the book being, for the most part, all gilt, as is apparent in the said book to this day. The laying that book on the high altar did show how highly they esteemed *their founders and benefactors, and the quotidian remembrance they had of them in the time of Mass and divine service*; and this did argue not only their gratitude but also a most divine and

charitable affection to the souls of their benefactors, as well dead as living."

Again, in the agreement which the convent of St. Cuthbert promised "to observe forever toward Malcolm, King of the Scots, and Queen Margaret, and their sons and daughters," the religious of the Durham monastery undertook "daily to maintain," for the King and Queen while they lived, "one poor man." Two poor persons were to be admitted for them to the Mandatum on Holy Thursday, and a collect to be recited at the litanies and at the Mass. And, "during their life and after death, they and their sons and daughters" were to have a share in all that was done "for the service of God in the monastery of St. Cuthbert,—in Masses, psalms, alms, vigils, prayers. And for the King and Queen from the day of their decease, three full Offices of the Dead, and every day *Verba Mea*" (Ps. v). "Each priest will sing thirty Masses, and each of the rest ten Psalteries; and their anniversary to be celebrated festively, like that of King Athelstan."

To us, in spite of the fact that we are members of the same Holy Roman Church, in spite of our constant allusion to this world as "a vale of tears," the idea of celebrating "festively" the day when souls were called from it seems perhaps a little strange. We can scarcely realize that those who lived in the Ages of Faith regarded death as in very truth "the gate of life"; whilst we are sometimes tempted to exclaim with a great modern poet:

Ah, Christ, that it were possible

For one short hour to see

The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be!

It is interesting to find that it was customary at great funerals to carry banners bearing the image of Our Lady. For example, at the "entierment" of Elizabeth of York, banners of Our Lady—of her Salutation, Assumption, and Nativity—were borne near the car by knights and esquires. And at the "great

and solemn obit, kept at Paules in London, on the 7th of June, 1539, for the Empresse, late wife to Charles V., there were four other harrouldes houldinge [holding] four other banners of white sarcenet richly gilded, with the images of Our Lady and St. Elizabeth, in their mourninge gownes and coate armours."*

A word must now be said about old wills; though, in truth, the subject is so large a one that it can barely be touched upon here. One of the most interesting testamentary documents which has happily been preserved is that of "good" King Alfred. In it he says: "Also let them distribute for me and for my father, and for the friends that he interceded for, and that I intercede for, two hundred pounds,—fifty to Mass priests throughout all my kingdom, fifty to poor servants of God, fifty to distressed poor, fifty to the church where I shall rest. And I will that my aldermen and thanes meet together to distribute it." Alfred, as we know, was very far from being what we should call a wealthy man, and two hundred pounds represented a much larger sum in his day than it would in our own.

Another very quaint and curious will is that of an "anker," or hermit, who lived in the reign of King Cnut, and who seems to have been a nobleman and to have retained the disposition of his property; for he says: "Mantat, the anker, God's wretch, greeteth Knut the King, and Emma the Lady, most blithely with God's bliss; and I make known to you that our alms I have bestowed on Christ and all His hallows, for the comfort and bliss of our soul, where it longest shall endure. And first the land of Twiwell to Thorney, where our bones shall rest, and the land at Cunnington to priests and deacons who earned it of me in my lifetime. And they have promised to God, and confirmed to me in hand, that they *should each year do for us two hundred Masses and two*

hundred Psalters, and thereto eke many holy prayers. Now I pray you for God's love, and for our wretched request, that no man pervert this. . . . The King of Heaven's angels protect you here in life, and lead you in His light with Him, where without sorrow ye may ever dwell! Amen."*

It has been well said that "the charitable foundations established in Catholic times had almost always some reference to the Souls in Purgatory." In cases where these charitable institutions were not utterly destroyed, their confiscation and the appropriation of their revenues by the so-called Reformers excited the indignation and horror even of their own coreligionists; for in the report of the Royal Commissioners, in the beginning of the reign of Edward VI., the "greediness of a few men" is greatly deprecated; also "this ungodly means of gathering together goods by pulling down of towns and houses, which we ought all to lament. . . . Is it not a pitiful case that there should be so little charity amongst men?" continues this document. "Is it not a sorrowful hearing that one Englishman should be set to destroy his countryman? The places where poor men dwelt clearly destroyed!" As it does not appear that the self-interest of the Commissioners was at stake, we are justified in believing the accuracy of the foregoing account.

The brave old Lord Prior of the Knight Hospitallers in England, William Weston, who had been one of the heroes of Rhodes, died of grief the day his Order was suppressed. It will be remembered that the Order of the Knights Hospitallers, not being a monastic Order, was not included in the Act of Dissolution of 1539: it was dissolved by a special act. And the Lord Prior felt it so acutely that, as Weever tells us, "upon the seventh day of May, 1540, being Ascension Day, and the same day of the dissolution of the house [the

* See "Chronicle of England During the Reign of the Tudors," 1485-1559. By Charles Wriothesley.

* See the "Red Book," or "Cartulary," of Thorney Abbey, in Cambridgeshire.

Prory at Clerkenwell], he was dissolved by death, which struck him to the heart at the first time when he heard of the dissolution of his Order."

Examples of pious bequests, and of deep and reverent faith in the efficacy of the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass and the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, might be indefinitely multiplied. Devout persons thought nothing of making provision for as many as a thousand Masses to be said for their eternal repose; believing that "by so many sacrifices, and so many commemorations of the Passion of Christ, it would fare more leniently with their souls." In the sufferings of a crucified God, and in the sacraments of the Church, which received from those sufferings their power, the men and women of long ago, whether noble, wealthy and learned, or humbly born, poor, and simple, placed their hope of salvation. Having truly loved their Divine Redeemer and His Holy Mother during life, they desired after death to promote God's glory and Mary's honor by ensuring a remembrance during their time of purgation. Hence the Masses, prayers, and costly gifts to favorite shrines, and the extraordinary generosity in respect of the dead, which went to beautify our cathedrals, churches, and abbeys.

THIS voice out of far-off Middle Ages ["The Imitation of Christ"] came as the direct communication of a human soul's belief and experience. I suppose that is why the small, old-fashioned book, for which you need pay only sixpence at a bookstall, works miracles to this day, turning bitter waters into sweetness. . . . It was written by a hand that waited for the heart's prompting; it is the chronicle of a solitary, hidden anguish, struggle, trust and triumph, — not written on velvet cushions to teach endurance to those who are treading with bleeding feet on the stones. And so it remains to all time, the lasting record of human needs and consolations.—*George Eliot.*

The Vengeance of Lucienne.

A STORY OF LIFE IN PARIS OF TO-DAY.

BY ALICE DEASE.

III.

AT the time of his marriage, Raoul de Mauvoisin wished to take a house in one of the wide avenues that run off the Champs Elysées. Lucienne, who was accustomed to the space and air of a provincial town, shrank from the idea of settling down in a narrow, noisy street; but Raoul's parents were so bent on having the young couple near them, that they gave up their project, though not without regret, and established themselves in the Rue Taitbout.

It did not, therefore, take Lucienne long to get home from the Rue Lafayette. Yet before reaching her own door she had quite regained her self-command. Going straight to her room, she took off the long satin coat which she had been wearing, and laid aside her feather-trimmed hat, donning in their place a cloak and toque almost severe in their simplicity. Then, ringing for her maid, she told her that she was going out and would not return until after dinner.

Evening was closing in. It was past five o'clock, and a slight fog dimmed the gaslights which were already showing in the shop windows. The air was cold and damp, the streets were wet, and the continual traffic had made the pavements muddy and slippery.

Lucienne walked rapidly along, heeding neither hour nor weather; but after going a short distance her attention was caught by the contents of a shop window, before which a small group of people was gathered. It was a provision dealer's; and several delicious-looking dishes, cooked and ready for use, were displayed in tempting array. Those who looked with longing eyes at the delicacies were not purchasers, and Lucienne had to force her way through

them, which she did as gently as was possible. The dish which she chose to buy was less ornate than those which were shown in the window. It was a chicken *pâté*, crusted with most excellent-looking pastry. The shopman offered to send her purchase, but she said she preferred to carry it herself; and when it was wrapped in paper, she slipped it under the folds of her cloak.

A cutting wind met her as, leaving the shop, she turned toward the river, till after crossing one of the bridges, she was sheltered in a long, dark street very unlike the quarter she had just left. Twenty minutes' walk found her amidst surroundings poorer and darker still. An old house in a narrow street off the Place Saint-Sulpice was her destination. A porter sat, as though on guard, in a tiny boxlike office under the archway leading to the courtyard, whence the stairs mounted to the apartments above. Recognizing Lucienne, he let her pass without comment; and she crossed quickly to the staircase and began to ascend the steep steps, which time and damp and the passage of many feet had stained and worn away. On the third floor she paused to take breath. Young as she was, she found the stairs very fatiguing; but her thoughts turned in anguish from herself to those — old and, oh, so dear! — who had to climb that same way daily.

Still another flight lay before her; but at last she reached the door she sought, and rang gently. With little delay it was opened to her, and she saw a man standing before her in the dim light.

"Father dear, it is I!" she said.

"What! Lucienne at this hour! We had given you up for to-day." And he kissed her tenderly.

"Raoul had to leave home, so I have come to spend the evening with you," explained Lucienne. "How is my mother to-night?"

"Her cough is very bad." M. de Barli dropped his voice and spoke sadly. "Go to her, dear! She is in the sitting-room."

Lucienne went forward as she was told, and opened the door of the little sitting-room. There was no light in it, except what came from the dancing flames of a fire, whose telltale crackle revealed that it had only just been lit. The figure of a woman was silhouetted against the glow, which, feeble as it was, showed out the poor thin hands which vainly sought for warmth.

"Mother!" Lucienne sprang to Madame de Barli's side. "What is the matter? Are you very ill?"

"My darling, is that you?" (It was a very worn and frail figure that Lucienne pressed in her young arms.) "No I am not ill. It is nothing. I am tired to-night, and have caught a little cold. But, dear, how late to come to us and on so bad a night! It is raining: I feel your cloak is quite wet."

"I will take it off," replied Lucienne. "It is only damp from the fog, and there is plenty of time for it to dry. I am going to spend the evening with you."

"Why did you not send us word, dear, and I would have had dinner earlier for you?" said Madame de Barli.

"Send you word! Why, mother, I thought you would welcome even a surprise visit!"

Madame de Barli smiled a little sadly.

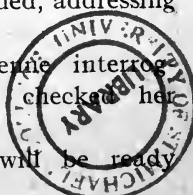
"You know the welcome that is always waiting for you here," she said. "Only if I had known that you were coming, our *menu* might have been less scanty."

"I thought of that, too," said Lucienne, playfully; and she produced the *pâté* which had been lying in its paper on the table.

"That is all right, then," said M. de Barli, speaking in a stern tone, and not even looking at the appetizing dish. "We may as well dine at once. I do not want to be late," he added, addressing his wife.

"Late?" repeated Lucienne interrogatively. But her mother checked her with a quick gesture.

"Very well, dear. It will be ready."



in five minutes," Madame de Barli said, rising from her chair.

"Where are you going, mother? Surely Manette is not out at this hour?"

"She—she is not in," began Madame de Barli; but her husband cut her short.

"Manette has left us," he said. "She wanted more wages."

"Prosper, let me explain!" remarked Madame de Barli, seeing how distressed her daughter looked.

"Lucienne is not blind," he replied dryly. "No explanations can get over the fact that we are alone here. She can see it for herself."

"But since when have you been without a servant?" asked Lucienne.

"Only a few days," replied Madame de Barli. "You must not blame her for having left us," she went on, seeing that Lucienne was about to speak. "Her father is old and she has to earn all she can for him."

"Ah," murmured Lucienne, "she is lucky! She at least can work for her parents. Let me help you," she continued aloud. "Let me be your servant just for to-night."

"No, dear!" Her mother's tone admitted of no further discussion. "No. I prefer to do it myself. I know where everything is."

She left the room to make preparations for the simple meal, and Lucienne and her father were left alone together. One of the miserable consequences following on the misfortunes that had ruined the De Barlis was the existence of a growing barrier between the father and daughter. In his wife's presence, M. de Barli never spoke openly to Lucienne of her husband or his people; but on the few occasions when they had been alone together, he did not try to hide the resentment, the hatred that their conduct had aroused in him. Duty forbade that Lucienne should listen to abuse of the man who was her husband, who, in his own careless fashion, was kind to her, and whom, in spite of all, she loved. And, besides this, the unchristian feelings to which her father

gave vent distressed her beyond measure, for his own sake.

No sooner had Madame de Barli left the room than he began in his usual vein; and, in spite of Lucienne's protests, he went on, pacing the room as he spoke, and ending in a voice that trembled with rage and baffled hate.

"What would I not give to have them in my power!" he cried. "If only I could make them feel something of the sufferings that they have inflicted on me, I should die content."

"Father, father!" said Lucienne. "It is not right to speak like that."

"Right!" he retorted. "Is it right to prevent a daughter from receiving her parents in her own house? Is it right to add to the miseries of a miserable man? Is it right to be heartless, unjust?"

His voice died away, for there was a sound of steps in the corridor without.

"I know, dear, dear father!—I know!" whispered Lucienne. "But nothing can make your wish for revenge anything but wrong."

At that moment the door opened.

"The dinner is ready," said Madame de Barli, and neither father nor daughter regretted that the conversation could not be prolonged.

Lucienne noted that the dining-room, as well as the sitting-room, bore signs of poverty, which was made the more apparent in contrast with a few costly articles of furniture, evidently relics of happier days, that dotted the room here and there.

The meal itself was poor and scanty. The soup, though served from a massive silver tureen, was indifferent; and, had it not been for Lucienne's contribution to the meal, a dish of vegetables and a plate of dried fruit would have completed the *menu*. Madame de Barli ate little, but her husband took his share of the *pâté* hungrily, almost greedily. As for Lucienne, every mouthful seemed as though it would choke her. She had known that her parents were poor, but never before had she realized that they

were in absolute want. She could not bear to see her father eat; her mother's cough went through her like a knife. He had been hungry; she had been cold. Lucienne shivered at the thought of what she was powerless to remedy. In the past she had always told her mother when Raoul's absence was likely to leave her free, and much had therefore been hidden from her. To-night she saw her parents' existence in all its sordid nakedness.

Lucienne had other troubles apart from those of her parents. She was often lonely and neglected at home; for Raoul's mother was continually asking him to her house without including her in the invitation; and her friends, seeing this, did the same thing. This neglect and the covert insults to which she was subject had been kept secret in the past, and now Lucienne found that she had not been the only one to have recourse to concealment.

"What time is it?" asked her father, breaking in upon her gloomy thoughts.

She could not trust herself to speak, so held up her watch before him.

"Seven o'clock already! Then I have no time to spare. I shall be back in an hour. Will you still be here, child?"

"Yes, father, I will remain with mother until you come back."

He rose from the table, answering his wife shortly when she begged him to put on his overcoat; and Lucienne, to her astonishment, heard the door that led from the apartment onto the staircase open and then quickly close again.

IV.

"What is it?" asked Lucienne. "Where has father gone at this time of night?"

"He is upset this evening, Lucienne dear, because — well, he has made up his mind to undertake a task that is most repugnant to him. M. Roger, who has a school close to this, has asked him to go in for an hour every evening to speak Spanish to some of the students. You understand how painful it is to him to do this."

"Poor father! Yes, indeed I do understand. Every word must bring before his mind the remembrance of Pedro Lozares."

"That is it. He has never ceased talking of him — ever since this arrangement was made."

"That makes it as bad for you as it is for him. Why did you let him do it, mother? He should have refused."

"He thought it better, dear. After all, it is only one more trial for us to take from the hands of God."

They had gone back to the sitting-room, and Lucienne put her arms about her mother.

"Poor, poor darling!" she said softly, stifling a sob, and leaning her face against the worn cheek, which she felt burning against her own. "Mother," she cried, affrighted, "you must be ill! Tell me! Don't hide anything more from me. I would much rather know the worst."

She spoke almost fiercely, as though any further sorrow would be intolerable to her. But her mother soothed her quickly.

"Really, dear, I am not ill. I had to go out in the cold to-day to see a girl the nuns recommended to replace Manette, and I must have caught a little chill; but it is nothing. I own that the state your poor father has been in all day has helped to worry me. There are times when it seems as though he *had* to talk of Lozares; and I can not — no, I can not — think of him as a Christian, so I try to put the remembrance of him from me altogether. I seem to see him enjoying his ill-gotten gains, whilst we are suffering for his faults; and — God forgive me! — I can not feel that I really pardon him."

"Don't think of him like that, mother. Surely, wherever he is, he can not be happy; for he must be tortured with remorse."

"Remorse! Lozares! Such men as he has proved himself to be, don't know the meaning of the word remorse."

"Yet Judas, the worst of criminals, was capable of feeling it," said Lucienne, softly. "Besides, I am sure that God will

not allow us to suffer forever. Some day justice will be done."

"We have been waiting a long time for that day," sighed Madame de Barli. "O Lucienne, I am afraid I am becoming very wicked!"

"You are over-tired to-night, dear!" said Lucienne, soothingly. "Let me put you to bed just as I used to do sometimes in the happy days that are gone."

"No, no! I see you too seldom to miss a moment of your company," replied Madame de Barli. "It rests me just to sit with you like this."

Lucienne rearranged the cushions at her mother's head, then seated herself on a low stool beside her.

"You must not think, dear child," went on Madame de Barli, "that I often feel as wretched as I do to-night. Sometimes, sitting here, I am almost contented, thinking of you in your happy life; for you *are* happy, dear,—are you not?"

For a moment Lucienne made no reply. Putting other things out of the question, how could she be happy, knowing how her parents were suffering? But Madame de Barli misinterpreted her silence.

"Tell me, Lucienne," she said peremptorily. "You must tell me if Raoul is unkind to you."

"No,—oh, no!" cried Lucienne, eagerly. "Indeed I have nothing to reproach him with, except in one respect,"—and she pressed her mother's hand. "He never refuses me anything for myself; but he is weak, and he has always allowed himself to be guided too much by his mother."

"Weakness such as his might be called by a harder name, I am thinking," said Madame de Barli.

"No, mother, you must not be too hard on Raoul. I know him so well, and I can see that he often regrets having to do as he is asked; but he feels that he is—that we are—dependent on his parents."

"And can not his mother see that she is making little of her son when she persuades him to act against his better instincts? O Lucienne, wherever I turn,

I find myself growing hard and unforgiving! There are times when I can hardly keep myself from wishing that the day may come when she will learn from experience what it is to be forbidden to cross the threshold of her own daughter's home."

"Mother darling, don't,—don't say that!" cried Lucienne. "It would be far worse for her than for you. You have nothing to reproach yourself with; you have only sorrow to bear, whilst she would also have remorse and humiliation."

"I could forgive her as far as we are concerned," said Madame de Barli, "if I thought that she was good to you."

"She is always very—polite," faltered Lucienne.

"Nothing more than polite to her own daughter-in-law?"

"I did not mean to complain, mother."

"No: you merely meant to be just," replied her mother. "I know how they treat you, darling! A mother-in-law who can not forgive your loss of fortune, and a sister-in-law who can not forget your beautiful face—"

"Dearest," interposed Lucienne, "you imagine things. When I married, Louise was only a young girl: perhaps she was a little jealous of the notice that was given to me as a bride; but now—"

"But now she has not changed," replied Madame de Barli.

"How can you tell that?" said Lucienne, trying to smile.

"I saw her a few days ago," answered Madame de Barli. "We came face to face in a shop, and she is prouder and more arrogant than ever."

The color flooded Lucienne's cheeks.

"Did she speak to you?" she murmured.

"Speak to me!" Madame de Barli gave a short laugh. "My dear, she cut me in the most pointed manner." Then, changing her tone, she added: "My dearest, all this talking does no good. I can only pray for a more forgiving spirit. In the meantime will you light the lamp? There is some mending that I must get through this evening for your father."

Madame de Barli's workbasket stood in an angle near the window, and, after setting the lamp upon the table, Lucienne went over to fetch her mother's work from it. The first thing that she drew from the recesses of the basket was nothing that needed mending. It was a square of canvas with a design of flowers drawn out upon it. Diving again into the basket, her finger came in contact with a roll of silken skeins, which she held up before the light.

"Mother," she cried, "what is this?"

A look of annoyance crossed Madame de Barli's features when she saw what her daughter had found.

"That is not what I want," she said, ignoring the question. "Put it down, and bring me those socks."

"You will not answer me," remarked Lucienne, sadly; "but I understand, all the same. You are doing work for some shop!"

"And why not?" returned Madame de Barli, in a tone she vainly tried to make indifferent. "I am well paid for it."

"Well paid—for fancywork!" cried Lucienne. "O mother, mother! And to think that you are brought to this!"

She could no longer restrain her tears, and for a few moments mother and daughter wept unrestrainedly together.

"I want you to tell me the whole, whole truth," said Lucienne, when at last she regained her composure. "Some new misfortune must have happened that has been kept from me. I can bear anything except being made a stranger of by you."

"Nothing has happened, dear, I assure you," replied her mother,—"nothing, at least, but this. Our landlord has raised the rent of these rooms. Poor as they are, they suit us; we have grown used to them, and your father would miss the Luxembourg Gardens if we had to leave the neighborhood. Indeed I have not the strength nor the energy to make a move, and so we have decided to try to pay the extra rent."

"How much is it?" asked Lucienne.

"Two hundred francs,—less than I would have paid for a hat in the olden days,"

"Mother," said Lucienne quickly and firmly, "you must let me pay this sum for you. Raoul is generous to me. He gives me plenty of money, and never asks me how it is spent."

Madame de Barli drew herself up; and Lucienne, foreseeing a refusal, went on:

"Don't refuse me, mother! You asked me just now if my life was happy. How can it be when you treat me like this? Don't make me hate it more than I do already."

"You know, Lucienne, you are asking an impossibility," replied her mother, coldly. "We would far rather beg our bread in the streets than accept your husband's money in charity."

"But, mother, in his heart I am certain that he would wish it."

"That makes no difference. When he asks to help us, you can tell him that some day he may pay for a pauper's grave for us; but as long as we have a voice to refuse his charity, we will do so."

Lucienne could not answer. Her mother's words were cruel, but her tone was final and admitted of no discussion. Sick at heart, she began mechanically to fold up the canvas, when a label sewn to one corner caught her attention, and she paused for an instant to examine it. "To be returned at latest December 23," it ran.

"When must this cushion be finished, mother?" she asked abruptly.

"Leave it alone, Lucienne," replied her mother. "Surely, enough has been said about it."

For a moment Lucienne paused, undecided; then, taking a piece of paper, she rolled the work in it, and laid the parcel with her cloak upon the sofa.

"What are you doing?" asked her mother.

"The only thing that I can do to help you," said Lucienne. "You are not fit to toil over any kind of work; and, though you will not take my husband's money,

you can not refuse what I earn myself."

"But, Lucienne, what will Raoul say?"

"I can manage that," replied Lucienne.

And as she spoke her father's step was heard outside. His evening's work had served only to deepen the cloud upon his brow; and he approached the fire moodily, refusing his wife's offer of a seat.

"I think," said Lucienne, "that I had better be going."

"Come, then," answered her father. "I will take you down to the Place Saint-Sulpice and see you into a carriage."

Lucienne rose at once and put on her cloak. "When coming in, its folds had served to hide a parcel. So now they did the same; and Madame de Barli's tremulous "good-bye" expressed the thanks that she did not dare to speak.

Lucienne's maid was waiting up for her mistress, but she was not kept long in attendance upon her. Once alone, Lucienne wrapped herself in a warm dressing-gown, then threw herself on her knees and prayed long and fervently. When her devotions were concluded, she did not go to bed. Passing into the drawing-room, she relit one of the lamps that the servants had put out, and drew a chair close beside it.

Outside, the carriages passed up and down the street, the lights of their lamps mingling with those that shone in other windows. But gradually the noises lessened; one by one the lights died out; the great city became silent and dark for a few short hours; then the traffic began again. The chill light of a winter's dawn came to drown the flickering lights that still burned dimly on the lamp-posts, but through it all the light in Lucienne's drawing-room kept bright. She had hardly stirred during all those long hours; only her fingers moved unceasingly, and now and again the head of the bent figure was turned aside. The silks with which the lonely watcher embroidered were delicate and fine, and if a tear had fallen upon them it might have tarnished their lustre.

(To be continued.)

Her Memories.

BY THE REV. E. F. GARESCHÉ, S. J.

WHEN the little child,
Innocent and lowly,
Prays the Mother mild,
"Make me pure and holy!"
Then she seems to see
Jesus at her knee.

When the manly breast
Groans in anguish, crying,
"Thou of mothers best,
Help, for I am dying!"
Then—oh, gain in loss!—
Then she sees the Cross.

Fra Francesco's Masterpiece.

BY GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.

FRA FRANCESCO stood before his superior with dejection written in every line of his expressive face. It was the face of an idealist, with mobile lips, arched brows, and luminous hazel-brown eyes, which, somehow, conveyed the impression that their owner looked at things material without seeing them.

"I must give it up, Father," he said. The superior regarded him with a keen, scrutinizing gaze.

"Is it that you have no courage to go on with a task which proves more difficult than you had imagined it?" he asked quietly.

The young friar colored.

"No, my Father. I do not think it is that."

"Is it," went on the low, level tones, "that your vanity is hurt because of your failure? You believed yourself a better painter than you are, and, now that you have discovered your mistake, you do not wish that other people should discover it also?"

"Perhaps you are right, Father," was the meek reply.

The superior studied him for a moment in silence. He knew well that a very promising artist had been lost to the world when Filippo Toni obeyed the Voice which commanded him to number himself amongst the followers of the "Poveretto d'Assisi"; and he had no doubt of his ability to paint a fresco of the Madonna to adorn a newly erected altar in the convent church. This desire, therefore, to abandon what was usually a labor of love to him must be due to some other cause.

"What is it, *figlio mio*?" he asked caressingly.

The friar hesitated for an instant, then he raised his eyes to his superior's face with the simplicity of a child in their clear depths.

"I—I am not worthy!" he murmured.

The superior lifted his strongly marked eyebrows. In addition to his knowledge of the speaker's artistic talents, he also knew something about his inner spiritual life and the whiteness of his soul.

"But—what do you mean?" he said.

"This is what I would say, *Padre mio*. It is a very great privilege to paint the Madonna, and when you imposed the task upon me I was happy; but each time that I have attempted to make a sketch of the features I have found it impossible to depict her. I can draw a fair-faced contadina smiling at her child; but—" (he paused expressively) "that is not the Mother of the Man-God. And it appears to me that either she does not consider me worthy to paint her picture, or else that my failure is a punishment for some grave sin."

"You are not conscious of any?" said the superior.

The color rose again to Fra Francesco's downcast face.

"That vanity you spoke of, Father,—I am not conscious of it, but perhaps God and His Holy Mother are aware of its existence in my heart, and therefore—" he stopped abruptly.

"With what motives are you undertaking this work, my son?"

"I am doing it out of obedience, and for the greater glory of God and His Blessed Mother."

The reply was given with the air of a child repeating his catechism, and the superior turned aside to hide a smile.

"Very well, *figlio mio*. Continue it from these motives, and do not trouble your head about the result. Do your best, and do not attempt the impossible. It is not given to mortal man to paint the Madonna as she is. The world does not contain a true portrait of her,—though Perugino, perhaps, has transmitted to us a faint idea of the spiritual character of her beauty. Why, then, should you, an humble friar, expect to perform that which the most famous artists of every nation have failed to accomplish? Go in peace, my son."

It was with still greater dejection that Fra Francesco returned to his cell. His superior evidently thought him presumptuous for having imagined that he could adequately portray the loveliness of Mary,—and of course, so he argued, that also must be her own opinion. No wonder he had failed so lamentably in depicting anything more than the features and expression of a pretty peasant girl.

He rose abruptly and stood at the little window, gazing with unseeing eyes at the fair Italian landscape outspread before him. The month was June,—the glowing time of midsummer, when the Sun woos Mother Earth with fond caresses, and smiles on her all day long from his couch of cloudless blue. The Franciscan convent, and the surrounding village of brown-roofed houses, stood upon the heights, and nightingales sang their love songs in the valley below, and scarlet poppies peeped out in their audacious beauty amidst the golden corn. In the distance, the purple Apennines raised their proud crests to the far-stretching azure above them, and the grey-green shimmer of the olive trees contributed their restful note to the harmonious blaze of color.

Nature in her brilliant moods is unsym-

pathetic to those in sorrow, and a grey-veiled sky would have been more in keeping with the friar's present frame of mind. In the simplicity of his childlike soul, he actually believed that it was on account of his unworthiness for the lofty task that he was unable to succeed in it; and in addition to this there was the baffled misery of the artist who sees before him an ideal to which he can not attain. He was also experiencing the mental distress of those who create, either with brush, chisel or pen, and find that the flood of their inspiration is at low tide.

Presently the bell rang for Office; and, with a sigh, Fra Francesco turned away from the window and joined his brethren in the chapel. From his place in the choir he could see the picture of Mary, under the title of Madonna del Buono Consiglio (Mother of Good Counsel), a copy of the painting which, tradition says, was brought by angelic hands across the sea to where it smiles down to-day on countless pilgrims to the shrine at Genazzano. It is said also that no copy of this picture corresponds exactly with the marvellous original, and this thought was in the friar's mind as he distractedly repeated alternate verses of the psalms. And who was he, he asked himself, that he should aspire to depict the Madonna other than as greater painters than he had already depicted her—just a human mother with her child in her arms? As he saw her in his imagination, she was far, far more than this; and he had dreamed of painting her as he believed her to be. But that dream was over, and it was not for him to reveal aught of her beauty and her queenliness. Then he realized that his prayers were very distracted; and, making a mental act of contrition, he returned to his devotions.

That night, when the fireflies were dancing hither and thither in the dusk, and the moon was casting her silvery beams on the brown-roofed village and the convent in its midst, Fra Francesco

lay on the hard narrow bed in his little cell, with a smile of ineffable happiness on his lips. There before him, in his dream, stood the figure of a crowned Queen in a flowing robe of blue, her hands crossed on her breast, and with a face of surpassing loveliness. There was more than the beauty of line and curve and color in those exquisite features; there was the purity, unstained and unstainable, of the Immaculate Virgin, the dignity of the Queen of Heaven, and the tender compassion of the Mother of men. It was the face of the Madonna he had longed to paint and could not, but even more majestic and beautiful than his fancy had depicted her. He gazed intently at the gracious vision, so as to impress the wonder of it on the tablets of his mind; and she stood there meanwhile, a smile on her lips,—a smile, so it seemed, of encouragement and love.

It was near the dawn, and Fra Francesco awoke suddenly with the feeling that something delightful had happened to him. And then, as the recollection of what it was flashed across his memory, he fell upon his knees on the hard floor of his cell and returned thanks to God. His prayer was answered, his dream fulfilled; and, after all, it would be his brush—the brush of an humble friar—which would be permitted to reveal the spiritual loveliness of the Madonna to a future generation.

The superior, however, when he heard of the night's revelation, took a somewhat different view of the matter. He thought it probable that the dream was sent him by the Evil One to distract the artist's mind and encourage his already too soaring ambition. He, therefore, commanded the crestfallen friar to put the whole affair out of his thoughts, and to set to work at once to paint the required fresco on the ordinary lines, without even attempting to reproduce the face in his dream.

Fra Francesco, the man and the artist in him at war with the religious vowed

to obedience, went away to fight his battle by himself; and, after a strenuous struggle, the religious (for the time being, at any rate), won the day. In his inner consciousness — that *ego* which no amount of penance can silence, and which exists under the veil of the nun as beneath the cowl of the monk, — he believed the superior to have erred in his diagnosis of the case, and that his dream was a heaven-sent sign to enable him to carry out his appointed task in the most perfect manner. Apparently, however, the powers above in the person of his superior had decreed otherwise; so, making an act of resignation and humility, he devoted all his energies to the work.

At first it went well. The surroundings, the figures of attendant angels, the conception and coloring, satisfied even his own critical eye, and he felt that he was in the vein. At last he began the central figure, — Mary with the Divine Child in her arms; and, this being the cue he was waiting for, the devil appeared upon the scene to play a leading part in the drama. Why, so flashed the thought across the friar's mind, — why not, after all, paint the Madonna as he had seen her in his dream? His description, although graphic, would hardly enable the superior to detect his disobedience. Might it not happen that the remembrance of her beauty, as he had seen it, proved impossible to forget? The suggestion had come to stay, and for a few moments it seemed as though it was beyond the artist's power to resist it. He threw down his brushes at last, and, leaving his painting, went out into the cool, shady cloisters. And there the temptation finally left him, and the peace and joy of the golden summer afternoon stole over his soul and stilled its tumult.

So he returned to his work; and when in due course the fresco was completed, the face of Mary bore no resemblance to the one which had smiled upon him in his dream. It was a fair face enough, but there was little or no originality in the

treatment. One sees the type in almost every picture gallery in Italy: just a human maiden gazing with maternal affection at a sleeping infant; the love of a mother at its highest and best, — that is all one can say, but it surely falls very short of the reality.

"You have done well, my son," said the superior, kindly.

In his inmost heart — so inconsistent is human nature even in the case of the superior of a convent — he was a trifle disappointed that Fra Francesco's conception of the Madonna resembled that of so many others. But he fully appreciated the spirit of obedience which had prompted it; and divined, moreover, something of the sacrifice involved.

"I am glad it pleases you, Father," said the friar, listlessly.

There was none of the joy of the successful artist in his tone or demeanor; but on his features there was an expression of peace which had been conspicuously absent from them during the last strenuous days. He had failed as an artist, — no one knew that better than himself; he had not attained his ideal, but he had fought and conquered his own inclinations, and obedience and sacrifice had joined hands and crowned him victor.

It happened, on the following day, that a celebrated German artist arrived at the little brown-roofed village and made his way to the convent. The superior, with a fatherly pride, led him to the friar's fresco.

"This," he began, "was painted by one of our friars, a young man but with much talent and —" he started violently and paused abruptly, leaving the rest of the sentence unfinished. "*Madonna mia!*" he exclaimed.

For a moment the visitor regarded him curiously.

"What is the matter, Father?" he inquired.

"Tell Fra Francesco to come to me," said the superior, hurriedly turning to a passing friar.

"But what is it?" persisted the artist, who was eagerly examining the fresco. "Do you say one of your community painted this? Why, it is a marvel, a masterpiece! There has never been a Madonna like it. Where did he find the model? Here, in this village? I must see her at once."

The superior shook his head. Speech was beyond him; and at that moment Fra Francesco arrived upon the scene. He raised his downcast eyes to the painting, and then he uttered a sharp exclamation. There before him was the representation of the gracious Lady who had visited him in a dream, with that expression of virginal dignity and tender compassion,—a Queen among women and yet an humble Maiden with the light of heaven in her face. He had painted a contadina, but here was his ideal, depicted in glowing colors, for all the world to see. As in a dream, he heard the superior's voice admonishing him sternly; heard also, without heeding, the compliments showered upon him by the delighted artist at his side.

"When did you commit this act of disobedience?" demanded the superior.

Then at last the friar pulled himself together, and explained the situation to his bewildered auditors. There fell a sudden silence, while the three men gazed at the loveliness of the Mother and her Child. And then the artist spoke.

"Ah, my friend," he exclaimed in his broken Italian, "cherish your ideals always, strive to attain them, and never, never forsake them for lower ends!"

And then he turned to the superior.

"Have you not heard, Father, the German saying, that he who aims at the noonday sun hits higher than he who aims at a bush?"

The superior laid his hand on Fra Francesco's shoulder with a smile.

"You are right, sir," he said. "That is a good saying. I—I will bear it in mind."

But Fra Francesco said nothing, for his eyes were riveted on the face he saw in his dream.

The Last Kings of Pagan Ireland.

BY E. B.

IN 431 Pope Celestine sent Palladius "to the Scots believing in Christ," to be their bishop, thus showing that there must have been Christians in the island to render such a measure needful. But there is no authentic account of the manner or way in which these early Christians received the Faith. Conjecture, however, has it that in the numerous plundering excursions made by the last two kings of pagan Ireland into Britain and Gaul, the Irish (or Scots, as they were called) may have come to know something of the Christian religion. These two kings were Niall of the Nine Hostages, and Dathy, his successor; and both were feared and dreaded by the natives of those countries. It is supposed to have been during the reign of the former that St. Patrick, with his two sisters, was carried captive to Ireland. Niall paid for his love of warfare with his life. He was assassinated on the banks of the Loire in the year 405.

Niall was succeeded by his grand-nephew, Dathy, who inherited the military ambition of his dead kinsman. No sooner was he established on the throne than he began to make raids on the lands of his neighbors. His Druids had told him that he was to be king of Alba (Scotland), and Dathy was delighted with the prophecy. He held a great meeting at Tara, and a feast of more than usual magnificence was kept. Bonfires blazed, the Druids chanted, and, with the approval of all, the King set out on an expedition to Gaul at the head of an immense army. He pursued his victorious way, striking terror wherever he went.

Darkly their glibs o'erhang,
Sharp is their wolf-dog's fang,
Bronze spear and falchion clang,—
Brave man might shun them,
Heavy the spoil they bear,
Jewels and gold are there,

Hostage and maiden fair,—
How have they won them?

From the soft sons of Gaul,
Roman and Frank, and thrall,
Borough and hut and hall,
These have been torn.

The foraying went on successfully till Dathy and his host reached the Alps. In one of the solitudes at the foot of the snowy mountains, there lived a hermit of royal race named Parmenius. The pious old man led a very austere life, shut off from all intercourse with the world. But the cruel King had no respect for his sanctity. Dathy demolished the tower that gave the holy hermit shelter; and the legend goes on to tell how he warned the King of his coming sudden death. The elements verified the prophecy:

Forth from the thundercloud
Leaps out a foe as proud,
Sudden the monarch bowed,
On rushed the vanguard.
Wildly the King they raise,
Struck by the lightning's blaze,
Ghastly his dying gaze,
Clutching his standard.

The army was terror-stricken. Dathy's son took command; and the host began its retreat, carrying the remains of the King. It is said that as many as ten battles were fought before the Irish forces could reach the coast. Then:

... mournfully and dolefully
The Irish warriors sailed away
O'er the deep resounding sea,
Till, wearily and mournfully,
They anchored in Eblana's bay.

This carrying home of their dead shows that the Irish had, as they still have, a great reverence and love for the dead. Dathy was interred with his kin.

Broad is his carn's base,
Nigh the "King's burial-place,"
Last of the pagan race,
Lieth King Dathy.

It is a characteristic of the spirit of God to work with gentleness and love; and the surest way of succeeding in whatever we undertake is to imitate Him.

—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

Consolation for Catholics.

THERE is much in current literature that affords consolation to Catholics, and that should make them hopeful of the ultimate triumph of the Church over ignorance and prejudice. Irreligious and immoral literature of all sorts does have its legion of readers, one must admit; but so does what makes for religion and morality. Witness the extraordinary popularity of such an excellent series of books as "Everyman's Library," referred to in another column. Twenty years ago there were scores of anti-Catholic publications, of every description, to one that now finds any considerable number of readers. Certain books of this class, for the multiplication of which an ocean of ink has been consumed, are now excluded from the mails in at least two countries that we know of.

And how different the attitude of non-Catholic writers toward the Church has become! Bigotry is receiving deathblows on all sides, and there is hardly a Catholic doctrine that nowadays has not defenders among Protestants. For instance, in a recent work on immortality, the learned author, a parson of the Church of England, advocates prayers for the dead, and contends that the practice is perfectly legal; indeed, for the most part the book shows the reasonableness of Catholic teaching. In three volumes recently issued by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, there is little or nothing that might not equally well have been written by a Catholic. Yes, the S. P. C. K. The non-Catholic author of a recent book about Rome remarks that "the Mass would seem to have been said always, even in the Apostolic age, almost as we have it to-day." "*We*"! A Life of St. Peter Claver has long been included among the publications of a Protestant Tract Society. New editions of many such books as the "Following of Christ" and the "Confessions of St. Augustine"

are constantly appearing. The oldtime Protestant Sunday-school books, not a few of which are filled with hatred of the Church, are being replaced by such wholesome literature as Canon Schmid's delightful tales, originally written for Catholic children, and formerly known only to them.

Even in books—novels perhaps more especially—that one might hesitate to recommend, one often finds passages calculated to benefit all readers. A recent novel which some reviewers would characterize as immoral and gross, though in reality it is a strong argument against divorce, abounds in such thoughts as these: "He shut his eyes to the obvious but rarely seen—or, rather, rarely admitted—truth that a man is as he does, not as he pretends or dreams." "The wise make of their mistakes a ladder; the foolish, a grave." This second sentence, by the way, points the moral of the story, which was written, it would seem, for the benefit of divorced people. May it have a wide circulation among them! They are not likely to be scandalized, we think, by any portion of the contents of this book, plain-spoken as the author shows himself.

Any one who reads with a pencil in hand might fill a scrapbook every week with extracts in defence of Catholic doctrine from new books by non-Catholic authors. Indeed, there is any amount of evidence going to show that, among thinking people, interest in what the Church teaches is everywhere on the increase, opposition to it everywhere on the wane. Protestant ministers no longer dare to write and to rant against our holy religion as so many of them—God forgive them!—were wont to do in former years. It is in the power of every Catholic, by simply living up to his religion, to intensify interest in it and to lessen opposition,—an obligation of which we can not be too frequently reminded, or of whose seriousness we can not be too thoroughly persuaded.

Notes and Remarks.

Writing of the Lourdes pilgrimages of 1909, Abbé Georges Bertrin, the distinguished champion of the Pyrenean shrine, relates this incident: "Quite lately I was chatting at Lourdes with a very competent man, whom I had never met but who had asked to see me. His scholarship and the official position he occupies are his efficient passports; but, unfortunately, in the great city where he lives he ranks as a stranger to our beliefs. After a few moments of desultory conversation, he suddenly remarked: 'I have read your book, and was greatly interested.'—'Did you perchance find any scientific inaccuracy in it? If so, please tell me and I shall hasten to correct it.'—'No, no: everything is quite exact.'—'In that case, then, we are at one as to the conclusions.' To this he replied that he could not accept a fact as miraculous on the sole ground that science can not explain it. Whereupon I rejoined: 'But I have discussed that point, too. I pointed out facts of such a nature that not only does science not explain them, but it never *can* explain them, since they are contrary to the very constitution of organic life as it exists in actual creatures. Don't you remember reading that part of my work?' Then he said: 'One must be fair, mustn't one? Very well. Your point is well taken; the argument is unanswerable.'"

The agitation against the Belgian administration in the Congo continues, but is now confined to England, where prejudice dies hard. However, the testimony of two English gentlemen, who were sent to the Congo region on behalf of the British Museum, will doubtless produce an effect in time. The following statement is from the *Daily Express*:

Leaving England in October, 1907, the travellers have thus spent nearly two years in the great forests, plains, and rivers of the heart of the Kasai. Proceeding by train from Matadi

to Leopoldville, where some stay was made, the expedition travelled on to Dima, about six hundred miles in the interior. They worked as far east as Mokunsi, a station on the Lubefu River, where they remained among the Batatela people; and then proceeded north to the Lomela River, in the forest region.

For a large portion of the time — about four months — they were working in the *Domaine Privé* of the King of the Belgians. During the whole period of their stay they declare that they never saw a single act of brutality on the part of the State officials or the company's people. They further state that they never had the least difficulty with the people who formed their expedition, although eighteen of their twenty-five porters were cannibals from the Kwilu River. Of these, Mr. Hilton-Simpson says that they are some of the best natives he has ever met, — mild, obliging, honest and industrious.

The heart of the Kasai, where the English travellers spent two years, is the very district, it will be remembered, in which the worst of the outrages are said to have occurred. When they were first reported, Protestants themselves who had spent some time in the Congo cautioned the public against the selfishness of English merchants and the prejudices of sectarian missionaries.

Our readers will rejoice to hear that on the Vigil of All Saints' the Anglican Society of the Atonement at Graymoor, near Garrison, N. Y., numbering seventeen members, was corporately received into the Church by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Conroy, vicar-general of the Diocese of Ogdensburg, acting under the authority of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York. The Monsignor was assisted by the Rev. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M., and the Rev. Patrick H. Drain, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Loretto, Cold Spring, in whose parish Graymoor is situated.

The Society of the Atonement heretofore has been a body of Anglicans living under the rule of St. Francis; and its founder, "Father Paul," has become well known as an advocate of the corporate reunion of the Anglican Church with the

Holy See, especially as editor of the *Lamp*, a widely circulated monthly, published under the auspices of the Society, and as joint author with the Rev. Spencer Jones, a distinguished English clergyman, of "The Prince of the Apostles." The reception of the Society of the Atonement as a body, preserving its name and corporate existence, is an exceptional privilege granted by the Holy See, as the result of a petition made last August to Pope Pius through Mgr. Falconio, the Apostolic Delegate at Washington.

Anent the overcrowding of the public schools in Chicago, the *New World*, presumably well informed as to the accommodations of the Catholic schools of the city, observes:

Ten thousand Chicago children of public-school age are without room in the public schools, and the school board has a problem on its hands. Solution, however, is really very easy. Let the board order that number of Catholic children to attend the parochial schools, where they belong, and then the young people of the Ghetto can be accommodated.

We wonder what would occur, either in Chicago or New York, if, at the opening of a school term, Archbishop Quigley or Archbishop Farley were to close the parochial schools and place the burden of providing other buildings for Catholic children upon the city.

Commenting on the facts of the situation in Italy subsequent to the execution of Ferrer, our well-informed contemporary, *Rome*, says: "They prove, if there were any need of further proof, that the press and the proletariat and the extreme parties and the workingmen's organizations in France and Italy are in the hands of Freemasonry and Anticlericalism, and that Italy is almost ripe for a terrible and final assault on the Church. . . . To do them justice, the Italian Anticlericals make no secret of their aims. Their leaders tell you plainly that they want the abolition of the last shred of religious

instruction in all schools, the rising generation brought up with purely 'lay' ideals; they want the abolition of Christian marriage, the destruction of all the religious Orders, and the confiscation of all property held by religious; they want the State to banish the Pope from the Vatican and to seize on all the treasures of art both there and in the churches. And how far their wishes are destined to be gratified will be determined by the events of the near future."

The international character of the conspiracy against the Church was clearly revealed in the nature and extent of the protests made at the time of Ferrer's condemnation and death. The wildest calumnies against the religious Orders and the Church were disseminated as unassailable facts; and the ebullient rage of Anarchistic organizations the world over was a palpable proof that Anarchy had received a sorely needed lesson. It is to be hoped that the first overt act of Italian Anarchists in the sense outlined by *Rome* will be visited with as signal a vindication of the law as marked the crisis in Spain.

A new organization of the Catholic women of this country has recently been formed. Its founders aim to make it national in scope. The society has chosen a name which ought to be an inspiration to its members — "The Daughters of Our Lady." The declared purposes of the organization are: "To extend the influence of the Catholic press; to spread Catholic literature and encourage Catholic writers; to exert an influence against bad books and plays; to establish a better social relationship between Catholics; to organize protection for Catholic working-girls and to better their condition; and to take a special interest in the growing boys of the land, by studying their needs and providing them with proper safeguards as regards their moral, material and physical welfare. In brief, the

sociological, industrial, economic and educational problems of the times, especially as they affect Catholics, will be carefully considered."

Catholic women throughout the country who are interested are requested to write to Mary G. Murphy, Secretary, 4010 Kenmore Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Apropos of the first Plenary Council of Quebec, whose deliberations terminated on the festival of All Saints, the Rev. Dr. Burke, president of the Canadian Church Extension Society, called attention to an interesting historical fact. "Most people," said he, "are of opinion that modern legislative systems were the outcome of local conditions and the civilization of the moment. Not so. They were taken from the Church's polity. Go to Quebec and see the form of legislation the Church has always used in her councils, and you will remark the similarity to the most modern of our Houses of Parliament. The Synod in which legislation is initiated is just like the House of Commons, the Commissions are the committees to which important matters are referred, and the Sessions of the Fathers resembled the Senate or Lords. And never was any House better conducted."

The heroism of the commonplace is an old theme with both essayists and poets, and withal, though ever ancient, is ever new. One phase of it is thus discussed, under the caption "The Quality of Womankind," by "Looker-On" in the *Boston Pilot*:

The hardest stress is that which comes in homely guise among commonplace surroundings. A girl thinks she marries a demigod and finds herself mated to a brute. But the children are there and the tie is for life. She lives on and does her best. Who can fathom the desolation of that soul or measure the depth of her heroism? A daughter gently reared sees her father taken, her mother helpless, and hungry mouths at the family table. She shoulders the yoke. Suitors disappear, the roses on her cheeks fade. With only the skill of her hands and the courage of

her heart, she accepts her lot unwaveringly. There will be crowns for such women. Then there is the young widow with a circle of little hands clutching at her skirts. The world is callous. She stills her sobs, draws on the fount of energy in every good mother's breast, and faces life to bring those children to maturity. You need not search history for valiant women: you can find them in your own neighborhood, and their devotion is so unconscious that they never dream it is exceptional.

Certain unsexed Amazons with nothing else to do are filling the public eye and storming public places shrieking for votes. They deem themselves the flower of their sex; but the courage of them all boiled down to its essence, with the pluck of ten good men added, would not equal the steadfastness of one small widow who takes in washing on some mean street or sews in a sweat shop to feed her little ones.

True heroism, like true sanctity, consists not in the doing of deeds great or remarkable in the eyes of the world: the little things constantly and perfectly accomplished fill up the measure of genuine heroism as of genuine holiness.

Modernism is rather a threshed out subject on this side of the Atlantic; but over in England, anti-Catholics apparently still consider it a good-enough bludgeon with which to belabor the Pope. A certain Rev. Dr. Forsyth recently made such a use of it in an address to the Congregational Union, provoking the *Catholic Times* to this adequate bit of criticism:

All astray in his facts, Dr. Forsyth is quite as much adrift in his principles. To cast out to condemn, to protest, to utter warnings, to censure and excommunicate, — all these acts are to him signs of weakness. No: they are signs and marks of strength. A society which can and does cast out evil can never disappear from its own sphere. What is human life but a continual casting off and casting out of evils? When a man loses the power of doing this, he dies. So of society. A society which casts out evil, lives. Dr. Forsyth belongs to a dying sect, because his sect can not cast out the evil within it. To some extent indeed we allow that it does and can do so; but only to a small and to a diminishing extent. Because the Catholic Church can do this always and thoroughly, it has an undying life. Dr. Forsyth throws the word "panic" at the Pope. He might as well call out "panic" when a brave army attacks its foe. The use of such a word is nonsensical.

The Pope does not know what panic means any more than he knows what death means. Such terms are unintelligible to the ruler of a Church that is the Bride of the Lamb. Dr. Forsyth and his brethren have reason enough to be in a panic. If they do not feel its force, it is because they can dwell snugly and comfortably together under the shelter of the convenient hut called "apathy"—till the roof falls in upon them.

It was, of course, somewhat inconsiderate on the part of the Sovereign Pontiff to deprive our non-Catholic friends of such consolatory reflections as the spread of Modernism promised them, by promptly condemning that "synthesis of all heresies"; but they really should not falsify contemporary history in the endeavor to "get even" with him.

Mr. John Dumphreys, of Bermondsey, who won a Parliamentary vacancy by nearly 1000 plurality, is likely to prove a thorn in the side of the present English Ministry. He is sound on the school question, we are glad to notice. He is reported to have said in an election address:

All my life I have thought that education is of the very highest importance. I am strongly in favor of dealing fairly with all schools, and of giving to the parent the absolute right of having his child instructed in the principles of religion.

One of our English exchanges refers to the new member of Parliament as a bearded giant with a stentorian voice, who greatly enjoys the turmoil of public meetings, and speaks with considerable animation. An American reporter would probably describe Mr. Dumphreys as a tall, perspiring orator, gifted with strong lungs and long whiskers; a citizen who has the appearance of preferring politics to poetry.

We notice that some of Ferrer's sympathizers in the secular press are referring to King Alfonso of Spain as a weakling, an incompetent youth, etc. Such charges are, to say the very least, silly. The young monarch of Spain has repeatedly shown himself very much a man, and has extorted the admiration even of his

opponents for his ability in more than one field of activity. A London paper of recent date publishes a couple of incidents demonstrating his versatility. While he and Queen Ena were motoring some miles outside of Madrid a few weeks ago, the royal car suddenly went wrong. The chauffeur endeavored to repair the machinery, but failed to start the car. Then—

King Alfonso jumped out, and in no time was on hands and knees examining the state of affairs underneath. Presently, covered with oil and grime, he emerged and laughingly observed: "I think it will go now." And "go" it did. Toward the end of last year it came to the young monarch's ears that his private secretary was terribly overburdened, working very often far into the night. An assistant was suggested, but the secretary thought he would rather be alone. "Oh, well," said the King, "I must help you all I can myself!" And, under his secretary's tuition, he soon made himself proficient in the intricacies of the "twin arts," with the result that it is now no infrequent sight to see the King tapping the keys of a typewriting machine with the swiftness and ease of a professional.

Referring to the recent submission to the Church of a minister belonging to his diocese, Dr. Grafton, of the Protestant Episcopal Society, says: "I wish to bear testimony that he is a man of marked piety and personal holiness. I have no question about the conscientiousness of his action, and shall always hold him in high regard." Which is very creditable to Dr. Grafton as well as to the "deposed presbyter"; also distinctly refreshing. Seceders from the Protestant Episcopal Society are not generally referred to in such terms by their former bishops.

It is a gratification to us to have an opportunity of praising Dr. Grafton, we have so often had occasion to censure him for his antagonism to the Church, which all Christians are commanded to hear. There is no higher authority on copes in the world than Dr. Grafton; but in religion he is a blind guide, as yet seemingly ignorant of things which, according to St. Ambrose, there can be no excuse for not knowing.

Notable New Books.

The Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, in Meditations. By Maurice Meschler, S. J. B. Herder.

Father Meschler clearly announces the object he had in view in writing the life of Christ in the form of meditations, and the reader is at once in a position to decide whether or not the book is for himself. The object is threefold: first, to bring into relief whatever each mystery in Christ's life contains, in order to gain a deeper appreciation of our holy religion; second, to make the person and character of Jesus Christ stand out in full and strong view; third, to present each mystery in logical or historical order. Some of the titles of these meditations would indicate that they soar high in transcendental doctrine; but the subjects are treated in so direct a manner, with so clear a view to lift up the soul to God, that they do not leave it in bleak mysticism, nor do they entangle the intellect in the disputes of the Schools; nor, again, do they perplex the imagination in the vagaries of Higher Criticism. In fact, they do not intend as a result exegetical explanation of the Gospel, but rather edification; not study, but an aid to prayer. It is a meditation book, and the author's short instruction, "How to meditate on the mysteries of Our Lord," will be a real help not only to those who are just beginning to learn the difficult art of meditating, but also to those who are already advanced in this salutary practice of the spiritual life.

A distinct feeling of pleasure comes to the reader from the very start. There is a fascination about the subject-matter. And this is felt even in the preface; also in the Introduction, which gives a clear idea of the scenes and times of Christ's ministry, of the political and religious condition of the people at His coming. The meditations are original, clear, timely, practical. They remind one of the "Instaurare Omnia in Christo." Some of the subjects naturally call for more detail than others. The first meditation, on Advent, the four meditations on the life of Christ in the bosom of the Father, are stimulating throughout. Six more meditations treat of Christ in the Prophecies. Then follows the bulk of the two volumes, treating of the temporal life of Christ; this part covers nearly every Sunday of the year. The third part presents the glorious life of Our Lord on earth and in heaven. The fourth part shows the mystical life of Jesus in the Church. A full table of contents of twenty-six pages facilitates the finding of any particular point. Besides, there is a table showing the meditations for

all the Sundays and chief festivals of the year.

Meditations of this kind seem to be especially made for priests, though we would feign express the wish that the number of laymen who have taken up the habit of daily meditating should profit by them. Great good must come from these meditations. The picture of Our Lord's life is complete. We see it graphically depicted before our eyes. The simple text of the Scripture quoted in full at the head of the meditation furnishes the inspiration.

We do not hesitate to say that the priest who follows the method laid down by Father Meschler, and makes a half hour's meditation every day, lays up a great treasure for himself, and will never be at a loss for what to say in his next Sunday sermon; nor will he have to consult any so-called sermon books, good as some of them may be. The material gathered during the week will supply him with a superabundance of solid thoughts for his Sunday instruction, and the faithful will get the full benefit of this daily augmentation of spiritual riches.

The translation, by a Benedictine, of Father Meschler's *Life of Christ* is a very meritorious piece of work. The difficulties connected with such an undertaking are easily understood. Yet the fact that the "translatress" has had the benefit of the author's advice vouches for the faithful reproduction of the original.

A Certain Rich Man. By William Allen White. The Macmillan Company.

In the sermon preached by Dr. Washington Gladden with this novel as a text, a comparison is suggested between Mr. White's story and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the hope is expressed that what Mrs. Stowe's book did for slavery this one may do for mammonism. In reading the book, however, the present reviewer has been reminded of "Vanity Fair" rather than of the anti-slavery classic. Mr. White has adopted Thackeray's plan of treating his characters as a company of people on a stage or puppets in a show, and of periodically discussing them with his readers in a semi-confidential vein. The plan is not without its advantages, although even Thackeray has been roughly handled by certain critics for using it; and Mr. White lacks some of the qualities of the great English satirist, or satirical humorist. For one thing, he rather disregards chronological sequence. What John Barclay remembered, twenty or thirty years after an event that is taking place now, too frequently interrupts the course of the narrative, and makes one long for "a plain straightforward tale."

The book is a strong one,—strong enough, by the way, to dispense with the ultra-realism of occasional profanity scattered through its

pages. Its verisimilitude will perhaps be lessened in the estimation of many readers by Barclay's repentance, and voluntary cession of his unjustly acquired millions. Americans can find plutocrats more than a few to correspond to Barclay the getter; they will be rather at a loss to name the actual counterpart of Barclay the abnegator. Several love stories enter into the warp and woof of the narrative, and at least one of them ends in the satisfactory, even if conventional, good old way. As for the religious tone, or want of it, in "A Certain Rich Man," it embodies no definite creed or dogma, beyond the general principle that God is to be worshipped and His law observed. On the whole, a realistic presentation of a dominant phase of American life in the twentieth century.

Waifs and Strays. Being a Collection of some Sermons, some Lectures, Essays, etc. By the Rev. Henry A. Brann, D. D., LL. D. Edited and published by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. Franciscan Missionary Printing Press. Volume I.—Sermons.

The reverend author of this collection of twenty-two excellent sermons is well known as the writer of the "Life of Archbishop Hughes," "The Age of Unreason," "Truth and Error," and other excellent works; and still better known perhaps to readers of the New York press as a contributor of pithy, scholarly, and effective letters on timely religious topics that need elucidation to be understood of the people. In a modest preface to this volume, Dr. Brann disclaims the notion that he considers any sermons he ever preached or any essay he ever wrote worthy of permanent preservation; and relates that the present work's publication is due to his sympathy for the Franciscan Sisters, in aid of whose charities the work is sold. Whatever be the occasion of its appearance, however, the reader of its pages will be glad that the occasion arose. There are more than a half dozen at least of these sermons, which only the hypercritical could declare unworthy of permanent preservation; and we look forward to an enjoyable hour or two in the near future when we shall have in hand Vol. II. of this series, presumably the lectures of the venerable and venerated author.

The Glories of Lourdes. By the Chanoine Justin Rousseil. Translated from the Second Edition by the Rev. Joseph Murphy, S. J. R. & T. Washbourne.

Among the more than two hundred volumes in prose and verse dealing with Our Lady's far-famed Pyrenean shrine, Canon Rousseil's charming work—a happy blending of the his-

toric, the poetic, and the mystic—deservedly takes high rank. Like that matchless bit of advocacy, the Abbé Bertrin's famous volume, this one was inspired by the Golden Jubilee of the Apparitions, celebrated in 1908; and its excellence is attested by the Holy Father's blessing, the approbation of three bishops, a discriminatingly laudatory preface by Dr. Boisserie, and the uniformly appreciative criticisms of the French Catholic press. Our readers are so familiar with the story of Lourdes that perhaps the best service which this notice can render them is to give the titles of Canon Rousseil's twelve chapters: Holy Ground, The Apparitions, Bernadette Soubirous, Providential Opportunity, The Powers of Darkness, The Enthusiasm of the World, The Abbé Peyramale, Monseigneur Laurence, Henri Lasserre, A Glorious Diptych [Mgr. Schoepfer and Dr. Boissarie], The Liturgy of the Apparition, and The Festivities of the Golden Jubilee. An appropriate epilogue is a splendid analysis of three sermons preached by Mgr. Izart.

It is the merest justice to the author of this notable work to declare that his distinguished French style suffers considerably at the hands of his translator. Some such suffering is, of course, inevitable in any translation; but a more competent interpreter would easily have avoided many a blemish in this English version.

Gleanings of Fifty Years. By the Sisters of the Holy Names, Portland, Oregon.

The labors of the Sisters of the Holy Names in the great Northwest since their foundation in Portland, Oregon, October 21, 1859, surely entitle them, and all who admire their courage, constancy and devotion, to a period of rejoicing—a Golden Jubilee. In commemoration of those fifty fruitful years, the Sisters have published a record of rare interest, entitled "Gleanings of Fifty Years."

The development of each new section of our country, under the auspices of holy mother Church, has been a renewal of the Apostolic Age; faith and hope and unbounded charity have worked miracles akin to those of Apostolic years,—miracles of fortitude, miracles of conversions, miracles of success in the face of impossible conditions. All this is confirmed by the Sisters whose efforts are traced in their Jubilee book. The pages are quickened with life and love, and can not be read without a thrill of admiration for the heroic women who labored and achieved so nobly, and a thrill of thanksgiving to God that our Faith is so potent in these so-called material days. The age of saintship is not past, nor is the age of miracles over. "God is in His heaven," and on His earth there are yet souls who serve Him with love. May

the "Gleanings" of the next fifty years, for the Sisters of the Holy Names, be as blessed as were those of the past!

The Diocese of Limerick, Ancient and Medieval.

By the Rev. John Begley, C. C. With a Preface by the Most Rev. E. T. O'Dwyer. Browne & Nolan.

This book contains the history of the Diocese of Limerick from the very beginning, when it was simply the territory of Hy Fidhgente, to the end of the fifteenth century. In the first part, which extends to the thirteenth century, it describes the manners and customs of the early inhabitants, the journeys of St. Patrick through the territory of Limerick, the foundation of monasteries, the Danish and Norman invasions. It then gives us information about every locality or church of the diocese during each of the three following centuries, with its site, patron, etc.; the ecclesiastical and civil organization of the diocese with minute details, the divers events and personages of interest, etc. The book contains about forty interesting illustrations of old churches, monasteries, ecclesiastical vestments; and there are appendices, reproducing some Bulls, charters, and canons of councils. Such a work necessarily exacts from the writer a vast amount of labor. While rather local in character, it will prove interesting to all who are acquainted with the places described and recognize in them the scene of the life and prayers of their forefathers.

The Priest's Studies. By T. B. Scannell, D. D. Longmans, Green & Co.

The title of this particular volume, in the Westminster Library series of handbooks for clerical readers, is so far unfortunate that it may give rise to the impression that the work is meant merely for students aspiring to the priesthood, or at most for those recently ordained, and consequently does not appeal to the middle-aged or old members of the clergy. The substitution of "reading" for "studies" will perhaps more accurately describe the content of the book; and it may be stated at once that there are few priests so experienced and mature as to be beyond deriving benefit from its suggestive pages. An excellent introductory chapter is followed by one on Holy Scripture, another on the Fathers, three on the different branches of Theology, and one each on the Liturgy, Church History, Secular History, Art, Science, and Literature. While different readers will, of course, form various estimates of the practical value of several of the subjects discussed in these chapters, the reading of the chapters themselves will uniformly be considered well worth while.



Jimmie's Faith.

BY M. REBECCA HINDER.

FATHER, I'm going to be a priest." There was determination in the voice of the boy who sat in a low chair in Father Henry's garden. He was eleven years old, but so small one would not think him nine. A fall in babyhood had left him a cripple; and Father Henry gazed compassionately at the eager face lifted to his own, and gently repeated:

"A priest, Jimmie?"

"Yes, Father, a priest. Oh, I know I'm crooked" (with a slight motion toward the injured hip), "but I ask Our Lord every night to make me strong and straight, and I'm sure He'll do it. I don't know when" (the confident smile faded), "but sometime. It won't be soon, I'm afraid; for I can't walk as far as I could, and I get so tired."

"Perhaps the walk up here is too far, Jimmie?"

"Oh, no, Father! I wouldn't miss my lessons for anything; and when I get very tired, I roll down the last two hills."

Father Henry laughed.

"Do you never strike a stone?"

"Sometimes, but I go over it so slowly it doesn't hurt. I'll have to move on now, Father. Mother worries when I'm late."

"Yes," said the priest. "Perhaps you'd better start soon, Jimmie. There's a storm brewing. Look over in the west."

Although the sky above them was clear, the distant clouds were black. Father Henry knew a storm was gathering, and that it would take the lad an hour to reach his home in the valley, a mile and a half down the hills.

"Good-bye, Father! I'll be up on Thursday to tackle those verbs."

"Very well, Jimmie. Good-bye and God bless you!"

Father Henry watched the little figure hurrying down the hill.

"Brave of spirit, but helpless of body," he thought.

It was the first time Jimmie had spoken to him of his desire to be a priest, although the boy's mother had said how earnestly he prayed to be made strong and well and to become a *good* priest.

"Jimmie will never be a priest, Father," sobbed the poor mother; "and I'm afraid when he realizes it the disappointment will kill my boy."

Father Henry had comforted her and bade her leave her son's future in the good God's care.

Jimmie Burke's father had died six months before, and a few days later another baby sister was born. Mrs. Burke, with her six children, lived on a small farm not far from the bend of the river. Mary, the eldest child, with Jimmie's help, cared for a vegetable and flower garden, and sold the products to the hotel on the hill. This, with the butter and eggs and a slender income which Mrs. Burke received every month, enabled them to live in comfort. Jimmie had attended the Sisters' school, where Father Henry had noticed him, pale and delicate, growing paler as the months went by, and had taken him to see a doctor. After this Jimmie stopped school and went instead to Father Henry's three times a week for his lessons.

As he hurried homeward the first drops of rain began to patter about him and the wind bowed and swayed the trees. He had just entered the cottage when the storm broke in torrents of rain, peals of thunder and vivid lightning. Mrs. Burke

gave the children their supper and put them to bed; then when the storm, which had raged for several hours, seemed to subside, she also retired.

In the early morning, awakened by the crash of a falling tree, uprooted by the flood from the hillside, she sprang from the bed to find the floor covered with water. The dam must have given way; for the river had begun to overflow, and in a short while the entire valley would be flooded. Hastily arousing the children, she tore a sheet in three parts and bound two-year-old Agnes to her shoulders. She held the baby to her bosom, and called to Mary to take little Harry in her arms.

"Jimmie," cried the distracted woman, "keep close to mother! But what can I do with Ruth?"

Dear little Ruth was only five years old; yet, with the three younger and more helpless children, how could Ruth be cared for?

"I'll carry Ruth, mother," faltered Jimmie bravely.

"No, Jimmie! You are weak and lame, and Ruth is as heavy as you. Take hold of my dress, Ruth darling; and, Jimmie dear, keep as close as you can to mother."

Mary went first, and, with lips moving in prayer, the overburdened mother left the cottage; but as they crossed the yard Jimmie and Ruth were swept apart from the others, and the roar of the storm drowned his mother's voice. Bravely the boy struggled to keep the path up the hillside to Father Henry's. When Ruth began to cry he took her on his back and went on through the rain, which continued to pour down upon them. In the darkness Jimmie's foot slipped.

"Dear Lord," he prayed, "please help us and save us!" And, despite pain and weakness, he scrambled up the hill.

At last the rain stopped, and he sank exhausted at the foot of a big tree, where an hour later the priest found them. Ruth lay with her head on Jimmie's breast, sound asleep; and Jimmie, his eyes closed and his face pale as death, held her

fast. He opened his eyes as Father Henry bent over him.

"O Father," he cried, "I'm so glad you've come! I'm so tired! Tell mother I've got Ruth safe. Where's mother?"

"At the hotel, Jimmie," cheerfully answered Father Henry, "with Mary and the babies. They're all right, Jimmie,—all safe."

The strained lines of his face relaxed and his eyes closed again; then the other searchers arrived, and the children were soon in the arms of their grateful mother.

The flood went down as rapidly as it had risen, and in a few days Mrs. Burke was back in her cottage, in which the guests at the hotel had replaced all household goods destroyed by the flood.

Jimmie did not recover as quickly as the others. The exertion and exposure were too much for the frail boy, and Father Henry took him to St. Joseph's Hospital that he might receive every care. For weeks he lay ill; but his cheerfulness and patience won the admiration of doctors and nurses, and attracted the attention of a famous surgeon.

When Jimmie was able to be wheeled in a cushioned chair around the broad porches that encircled the hospital, this surgeon had a talk with Mrs. Burke, and obtained her consent to operate on the injured hip. The operation proved successful; and shortly after, when Father Henry came to see his pupil, Jimmie greeted him with a happy smile and whispered:

"I'll be straight now, Father; and" (with a delighted laugh) "Dr. Hill says I can have my books next week."

Twelve years later Mrs. Burke was in the beautiful cathedral of the near-by city. It was a lovely day in June, and sunlight came through the stained windows like showers of gold. The air was filled with incense and the perfume of roses; but Mrs. Burke saw only the priest at the altar,—a young priest in all his strength and vigor. It was her son "Jimmie," and this was his first Mass.

The Adventures of Ricardo.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XI.

Mrs. Grey thought that, after the double experience of Ricardo on Sunday and Monday, the travellers ought to remain a few days longer in town.

"The child must be perfectly exhausted after what he has gone through," she said. "You can surely have your tickets extended, Father."

"No," replied Father Clements. "Their berths have been reserved; and, as there is considerable travel Westward at this time of year, there might be difficulty in getting others. For my part, Father Richard, the sooner I get rid of you the better. I shall not be able to attend to any of my duties as I should until I know there is no longer any chance of being summoned on account of a new disappearance on the part of poor little Cardo."

"Yes," said his friend, laughingly. "I appreciate your feeling, and shall be glad to get away with him. The long journey will act as a tonic. Boys like to travel; he will be all right."

They started according to previous arrangement. Father Clements saw them safely on board the train.

"What a fuss Mary Callahan would make about that!" he said, pointing to the number of Ricardo's berth, which proved to be 13. "I don't think I'll tell her about it, poor woman! It would cause her no end of worry."

"I was born on the 13th of the month, and on a Friday at that," said Father Featherstone; "and, all things considered, I don't think I have been particularly unlucky. At any rate, I have been better for having had to struggle a little."

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor.

The next moment Cardo found himself standing with trembling fingers, that good Father Clements had hurriedly closed over

a bright new silver dollar, the first the boy had ever possessed.

Alone with Ricardo, who seemed to place implicit confidence in his protector, Father Featherstone found him more talkative and expansive than he had hitherto been. He asked intelligent questions, which showed he had unusual powers of observation for one so young. He was very much interested in all they saw along the road, especially after they drew farther West and passed through the long stretch of farming lands. The priest would have liked his companion to be a little less serious, but he was sufficiently acquainted with the Spanish strain in his blood to know that seriousness and reserve are characteristic of that inheritance. Moreover, Ricardo had suffered a great deal in various ways, and on that account seemed, in some respects, older than his years.

"You are a little pale, *hijo mio*," said the priest one morning. "The last days were hard on you, but where you are going you will have plenty of room to run about and play and ride. Would you like a horse of your own?"

"Very much," replied the boy, his eyes sparkling. "I have always thought I could ride well if I had a pony. My mother told me once that when I was three a man put me on one and I rode away. It was gentle and did not hurt me, but she was frightened. And she said I was not at all, but cried when they took me down. I do not remember it myself. My mother said often, when I longed to ride, that I would be no true Ibañez if I did not love horses."

"But you are not an Ibañez, Ricardo."

"My mother said always that I am," answered the boy, earnestly. "And she said it made her very happy to know it."

From these remarks the priest inferred that Ricardo's father had not been a model husband, and hoped that the Ibañez blood was of better quality than that of the other Beurrier he had seen.

"Father," said the child, "would it be

possible for me to live with you instead of those to whom I am going,—if they do not like me, I mean?”

“Hardly,” replied Father Featherstone. “I have a tiny house and garden. I am liable to be sent to another place at any time, and I could not do for you what the Miramontes can and will do. They have a large ranch and a comfortable home. You will have love and care such as your own mother would give you.”

“I am a little afraid they will not like me when they see me,” rejoined the child. “Ferucci always said I was no good.”

“Perhaps not for his needs, Ricardo; but your new guardians will have higher aims for you. And you must not think too little of yourself either. I fancy you can do a great deal of which you do not suspect yourself capable. I have great hopes for you, my boy.”

On Sunday morning they reached Laguna, where Ricardo had his first glimpse of the Indians. There were not as many as usual around the station, as it was the hour of Mass, and the Zúñis are good Catholics. But they fascinated him, and from that time forward he watched at every stopping-place for the picturesque Redmen.

As they went farther into the desert, the Indians whom they met were not nearly as civilized in appearance as those at Laguna. Many of them were of forbidding aspect, owing to the fact that their half-naked bodies were tattooed. They had feathers in their hair and bows and arrows across their shoulders.

“They will not hurt you, Ricardo,” said the priest. “They are really very peaceful, and get themselves up in this manner to attract attention and obtain money from the tourists. They sell their arrows for a good sum, return to their huts, and next day come back with others which they dispose of also. They really do a thriving trade in that way.”

“And those pretty blankets that they sell,—do they make them, Father?”

“The women weave them. They also

make those beautiful baskets, for which they are getting such good prices.”

“I would never tire of looking at them,” said Ricardo.

“There are many more than usual assembling in the neighborhood, they tell me, as they are soon to have a *fiesta*.”

They had been taking in water, and the train was once more in motion.

“Where do they live, Father?” asked the boy. “We always see them when we stop here in the desert, but where are their houses?”

“Just off beyond,—a little way out of sight,” responded the priest. “Here and there we catch a glimpse of a tepee as we whirl along. But they never establish themselves very close to the railroad.”

Ricardo was fascinated by the desert, as well as by its nomadic inhabitants. The long stretches of shifting sand, its monotony varied by the irregular hummocks that rose at intervals out of the desolation; the grotesque and diversified forms of cactus; the occasional oases of green, showing the presence of water near by; the ever-changing outlines of the distant mountains, assuming varied hues of coloring with every hour of the day,—all held him captive.

They had been twelve hours crossing the Sahara, and had left perhaps two-thirds of it behind them, when in the middle of the night the train came to a sudden halt. The stoppage woke Ricardo, as it always did, while his companion slumbered peacefully on. The boy lifted the curtain of his window, and saw that they were stopping at one of the water tanks that lie at intervals along the route. At the same moment he heard a man say in Spanish (which language, since the previous day, he was beginning to hear frequently along the road).

“They can not get away from here before two hours. It will take that long to repair the engine.”

And then, just behind the speaker—a Mexican laborer,—by the light of the pine torch he was holding, the boy saw

the form of a gigantic Indian, wearing only a scarlet breech-clout, with a splendid bow and arrow slung across his shoulder, and a bunch of green and red feathers stuck in his black hair, which was fastened in a topknot above his forehead. His mahogany-colored skin gleamed in the light, his long arms were outstretched, his head was swaying from side to side, while he uttered a peculiar guttural sound.

Suddenly the torchbearer turned upon the Indian, pushing him rudely away. But in a moment he had thrust himself to the front, where torch after torch was being lighted; and Ricardo continued to gaze, fascinated, upon the weird figure as it appeared, now in one place, now in another, close to the train. He could not resist the temptation to get up, dress himself, and go out to the scene of action, where many of the passengers were already assembled. It was only the work of a moment, for he had been but partially undressed. The night air was chilly, though the heat of the day had been intense; and Ricardo took the precaution of putting on his cap and jacket. On his way out he peeped into the berth where the priest was sleeping, intending to tell him where he was going; but Father Featherstone did not move.

When the boy reached the platform of the observation car, he expected to see several Indians; but to his disappointment there were none in sight. Even the weird warrior had vanished. While the boy was dressing, the Mexican torchbearer had driven the Indian away. Some one had built a fire on the opposite side of the track, around which a group of passengers had gathered. Uncertain whether to join them or to remain where he was, as the situation had lost interest for him since the Indian had disappeared, Ricardo stood irresolute, looking into the dark spaces behind the water tank. And then he caught a gleam of scarlet, another, and again the whirling outstretched arms; for the light from the fire was beginning to cast a broad reflection.

He had no thought of fear or repulsion; he did not mind the darkness; he wanted only to get close to the strange dweller of the desert, to watch his peculiar gestures and hear his barbaric speech. Sliding quickly to the ground, he passed through the group of men busy about the engine, and, seizing a petroleum torch some one had laid down, he advanced into the darkness. But the Indian was not there. For some time the boy stood with the torch in his hand, waiting for him to reappear. The stars above him sparkled like huge diamonds in the midnight sky; the air was deliciously pungent of sagebrush and kindred plants that spring from the burning sand; the distant cries of the coyotes, attracted by the fire, grew more and more distinct; and at last Ricardo perceived them, a ghostly pack, slowly advancing, one behind the other, toward the light of the flames which had lured them from their lairs. But as they came closer, and the beast in front saw the moving forms surrounding the fire, he turned, as though warning his companions with a dismal, long-drawn-out wail, to which they responded in similar fashion. Wheeling about simultaneously, they stole silently away; but when they felt that they were safe out of human reach, they again resumed their weird, unearthly cries.

While this had been taking place, Ricardo was moving mechanically from one spot to another, unconscious that he was doing so, yet at every step leaving the water tank farther and farther behind him. Neither had he perceived that the petroleum torch was leaking and burning very low, which was probably the reason it had been abandoned when he found it. Therefore he was unprepared for its sudden extinction, which left him in total darkness. He was not alarmed, however, but turned, as he thought, to the spot where the train was standing. No longer guided by the light of the fire, which he supposed had gone out, his ears were attracted by the neighing of a horse not

very far away. Not doubting from this fact that he was in the right direction, Ricardo quickened his steps, though he could not run, as he endeavored to do, through the heavy sand. He could hear the blows of hammers in the distance, but with every step he took the noise seemed to become fainter. The neighing grew louder and yet louder; and presently a clump of giant cactuses, looking like a group of camels guarded by a monster Arab, made him conscious that he was not by any means travelling the way he had come.

And now he could hear the quick, sharp thud of the horse's hoofs, and a voice coaxing the animal; and from behind the cactuses, in the starlit darkness, stealthily appeared a figure which he recognized as that of the Indian he had come out into the desert to see. Still wildly gesticulating, still muttering those strange, unintelligible sounds, the savage paused in front of the boy, and, snatching the bow and arrow from his shoulder, made a feint of presenting them to him. Not knowing whether to accept them or not, Ricardo hesitated and drew back a step.

"Do not fear," said the Indian in Spanish. "Smile-in-the-Night will not harm thee."

Again he offered the bow and arrow, and this time Ricardo took them, with a low-murmured "*Gracias!*"

The Indian laid his hand on the horse, which, even in the semi-darkness (for the moon was rising) Ricardo could see was a splendid animal. With a spring he mounted, and, bending low, asked almost in a whisper:

"Wilt thou come with Smile-in-the-Night to the *fiesta*, White One?"

"I can not," answered the boy, shrinking a little, for the eyes of the savage alarmed him. "If you will show me the way to the train, I shall be very glad," he continued.

"No,—no!" cried the Indian, stooping

from the horse, and with one bend of his long, sinewy arm lifting Ricardo in front of him, holding him fast, while with the other hand he guided his swift-footed animal away from the railroad, over the trail that only the scouts, prospectors and Indians know, into the very heart of the desert.

The train was again in motion when Father Featherstone awoke in the early dawn. Unable to sleep longer, he rose, dressed himself, and took a cigar from a box at the back of his berth. He went out to the observation car and sat there until the sun began to appear from behind the roseate and purple mountains. He thought Ricardo must now be awake, and went in to tell him to get up and see how very beautiful they looked in the early morning light, behind the hazy veil that but half encircled them.

But the boy was not in his berth, and he did not appear later. No one had seen him,—no one but the Mexican fireman, who had caught a glimpse of him on the platform near the water tank when the cars had stopped at midnight. The repairs had been completed at two in the morning; since that time they had travelled about a hundred miles, for the cars seemed to crawl on the desert. They did not expect to reach Barstow, from which a telegram could be sent, for two hours more.

"No telegram could reach the kid where we stopped last night," said the conductor. "It's not a station. I'm very much afraid, Father, you'll never see him again. He probably wandered off in the darkness and couldn't find his way back. He's more than likely to be lost altogether, unless he should happen to strike some Indian camp, which is not improbable. But I'm afraid it's a hard proposition."

"Poor Ricardo!" thought the priest, almost in despair, as he gazed from the platform at the sandy waste through which they were passing. "I am afraid that you are indeed unfortunate."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

To a list of "verbal beauties" compiled by a correspondent of the *Academy*, H. P. H. suggests the addition of a phrase of Ruskin's in which he speaks of Nature weaving "the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills."

"Everyman's Library" now numbers four hundred volumes, and is thus in sight of the halfway mark in its steady progress toward the thousand goal set for it. It is announced that five million copies have already been sold, and that an additional hundred volumes will be published next year.

A selection from the writings and correspondence of the late Charlotte Grace O'Brien, the "Emigrants' Friend," edited, with a memoir, by her nephew, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, M. P., has just been published by Messrs. Maunsel & Co., of Dublin. Miss O'Brien was the author of a novel, "Light and Shade," dealing with the Fenian movement, and two volumes of verse.

The complaint of an English novelist that half of the persons who write reviews of novels do not take the trouble to read them, provokes one reviewer to retort that a very much larger fraction than one-half of such books are not worth reading. "The fact of the matter is," he says further, "that if novels were read with serious critical intention they would never be reviewed at all, because as a general rule they are not literary productions."

It is pleasant to announce the publication this month of two new books by Katherine E. Conway, author of "Lawlor's Maples," etc. The first is "The Story of a Beautiful Childhood" (C. M. Clark Co.); the second, "The Woman Who Never Did Wrong," a collection of short stories. (Thomas J. Flynn & Co.) The author has many admirers, by whom these volumes will be cordially welcomed. It need not be said that they should have a place in every collection of Catholic books.

About a year and a half ago, Father Power, S. J., accepted the invitation of the president of the Edinburgh Branch of the Social Democratic Federation to deliver a lecture before that body. It has just been brought out in pamphlet form by Sands & Co., under the title "At the Root of Socialism: A Study of a Glasgow Manifesto." The specific statement of the manifesto in question, a somewhat dogmatic declaration by the Glasgow Socialists, with which Father Power deals, is: "We of the Social Labor

party, with full knowledge of all that the problem involves, declare for confiscation as being the only adequate solution, and therefore the only moral one." The lecture is easy reading, the solidity of the argumentation being modified by an abiding vein of humor none the less effective for its being quiet.

A paper-covered edition (the fourteenth) of Father Bernard Vaughan's sermon-book, "The Sins of Society," has been brought out by Kegan Paul & Co. This cheaper volume will doubtless reach many a family hitherto unacquainted with the forcible discourses which were the talk of London society during the season of 1906.

"The Fifteenth Annual Report of the Superintendent of Parish Schools of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia" is a handsome brochure of 152 pages. The report proper of the Superintendent, the Rev. Philip R. McDevitt, takes up about one-sixth of these pages, and contains much of interest to Catholic educators everywhere. While his ideal has not yet been completely attained, it is evident from his report that Catholic school conditions in the archdiocese, and more particularly in the city of Philadelphia, are exceptionally gratifying.

A nun of the Order of St. Benedict, Dame Gertrude More, a descendant of Blessed Thomas More, committed her exercises of devotion, her prayers and meditations, to writing, of course by order of her spiritual director. This was in the early part of the seventeenth century, and yet the fragrance of holiness still exhales from the pages of her soul-life. The title of Dame More's book is "Holy Practices of a Divine Lover," and the considerations and exercises offered are for those advanced in the spiritual life. Sands & Co.

The Anglican Bishop of Bristol, discussing that decadent literature which Dr. William Barry aptly styles the "Black Death," has this to say of the responsibility of authors:

The author of a novel constructs a book which he or she intends as a companion for men and women in times of relaxation, in times of quiet thought, in times when the reader is alone and in private, with mind open and feelings free from the guards and fences we put up in our social life. The book is to reach hundreds and thousands of persons whom the author will never know, will never see. It is to introduce to many an innocent mind a stranger, who will at once be admitted to the closest intimacy, to direct influence in the most unguarded moments. It is to teach something of life to some fair young girl as she sits at night by her bedroom fire; to put thoughts

into the heart of a young man making his resolves for life. The responsibility is nothing short of tremendous.

A correlative responsibility, let us reiterate, so far at least as concerns young people still under parental control, is that of fathers and mothers who fail to exercise judicious supervision over the reading of their children. When will parents, and more particularly Catholic parents, learn that to allow boys and girls in their teens to read indiscriminately twentieth-century novels, even certain of the "best-sellers," is as criminally imprudent as would be their allowing their babies to play with razors?

—The Rev. Robert Eaton, of the Birmingham Oratory, might well be styled the apostle of the sick; for he has compiled two books which have for object the comfort and spiritual help of those who are deprived of the blessing of health. These books are "Auxilium Infirmorum," a manual for the sick; and "Night Thoughts for the Sick and Desolate." Both abound in reflections and suggestions that not only cheer the sick, but must lead to such dispositions as make suffering highly meritorious. B. Herder is the American agent for these excellent publications, the price of which is 45 cents.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"At the Root of Socialism: A Study of a Glasgow Manifesto." F. Power, S. J. 10 cts.

"The Glories of Lourdes." Chanoine Justin Rousseil. \$1.10, net.

"A Certain Rich Man." William Allen White. \$1.50.

"The Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, in Meditations. Maurice Meschler, S. J. \$4.75, net.

"Waifs and Strays. Being a Collection of Sermons, some Lectures, Essays, etc." Rev. Henry A. Brann, D. D., LL. D. Volume I.—Sermons. \$1.15.

"The Priest's Studies." T. B. Scannell, D. D. \$1.20, net.

"The Diocese of Limerick, Ancient and Medieval." Rev. John Begley, C. C. \$3.85, net.

"Holy Practices of a Divine Lover." Dame Gertrude More. 75 cts.

"What Think You of Christ?" Rev. Bernard Otten, S. J. 25 cts.

"On Retreats." St. Alphonsus Liguori. 6 cts.

"The Making of Mortlake." Rev. F. Copus, S. J. 85 cts.

"Three Years behind the Guns." L. G. T. \$1.50.

"A Round of Rimes." Denis A. McCarthy. \$1. net.

"Cantus Ecclesiastici ad Usus Clericorum." P. Dom Johnner, O. S. B. 50 cts.

"Makers of Electricity." Brother Potamian, F. S. C., D. Sc., Lond.; and James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$2, net.

"The Great Schism of the West." L. Salembier. Authorized Translation by M. D. \$2.

"The Holy Sacrifice and Its Ceremonies." M. C. Nieuwbarn, O. P., S. T. L. Translated by L. M. Bouman. 70 cts., net.

"Ceremonies of Low Mass." Felix Zualdi, C. M. \$1.25.

"The Monuments of Christian Rome from Constantine to the Renaissance." Arthur L. Frothingham, Ph. D. \$2.25, net.

"Patrology. The Lives and Works of the Fathers of the Church." Otto Bardenhewer. Translated by Thomas J. Shahan, D. D. \$3.75, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Mark Cooney, Archdiocese of Dubuque; and Rev. Thomas Swift, S. J.

Sister M. Aloysius, of the Order of St. Ursula; and Mother M. Desert, Marianites of Holy Cross.

Mr. George E. Clarke, Mr. John J. Johnson, Mrs. Thomas McNiff, Mrs. Edward Jones, Mr. Neil O'Donnell, Mr. Francis Cyphers, Mr. Charles Farrell, Mr. Benjamin Koeber, Mrs. Juliette Walsh, Mr. William King, Mrs. Catherine Regan, Mr. Henry Wahler, Miss Irene McLearn, Mr. J. A. Bahle, Mr. John Reardon, Mrs. Eliza Colvin, Miss Mary Carty, Mr. Albert Burkhart, Mrs. K. O'Brien, Mr. John Carter, Mrs. Catherine Morrissey, Mr. Herman Deters, Mrs. Elizabeth Kane, Mr. William Garesché, Mr. Terence Gaffney, Mrs. Anna Pfeser, Mr. John R. Kelly, Mr. Alexander Herbert, Mrs. Bridget Malone, Mr. Sebastian Hessler, Sarah A. Kinsella, Mrs. Mary A. Konerman, Mrs. R. Malone, Mr. John Joseph White, and Mr. Frank Nahlik.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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A Spirit in Prison.*

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

My soul refused to be comforted.—*Ps. lxxvi, 3.*

THOU speakest peace! I have no peace nor rest,

Nor any comfort. Hope, retired afar,
Scarce more than marks the gloom; or, like a star

Across a dim-lit sky, withdraws her beams
When I would upward look. It ill beseems
Me now to dream of comfort. This is best—
To suffer. Yea, I bless these healing fires
Whose throbbing agony is all my life;
Yet not so keen as this sad, lonely strife
Wherein my being onward to its Love
With urgent force would tend, yet may not move

To meet the Blissful One of my desires.
O Love! O Pain! O Sin that binds me here!
O Lord! O Light! O Life supremely dear!

Sweet Mother Mary, Spirits Blest, kind friends
On earth who loved me, lift pure hands for me
In merciful petition; so may He
More quickly bring me where all sadness ends!

* Suggested by Chopin's Nocturne, Op. 62, No. 2.

AFTER the fret and fever of a few short years will come the river of the water of life—"the times of refreshment," and the rest of God. Let us remember that He who is the Resurrection is always with us; and if we be in Him, all things are ours, all shall be restored to us, all made new, all sinless and deathless, all our own again and forever.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Of Will Power and Temperament.

BY E. I. CULLEN, C. M.

I.

AFTER some thirty years of educational unrest, the cry is still: "Wanted people of character." Is it that the educationalists in their congresses and treatises have given more attention to the understanding than to the will? Perhaps so. Or is it that the attitude of aloofness to religion that pervades the modern world has made men neglect this inestimable and essential factor in character-building? Perhaps so, too. Whatever the cause, the effect is troubling thoughtful people and bringing them face to face with a great modern problem. How is it, such men are asking themselves, that, with the progress of educational methods, and the immense extension of education among the masses, the world is not getting that leavening which the presence of great characters, high ideals and high standards in social life, implies? Is not public morality drifting more and more from the recognized ethical standpoints? Is not crime advancing with appalling rapidity, and showing itself where it is most hideous—in the youth of the present generation?

Modern psychologists maintain that one of the most pressing actual needs is the education of the will. Now, while educationalists do not neglect this point, they are inclined to undervalue its importance, and to develop the powers of understanding

to the exclusion of those of the will; forgetting that the savant, if he be not also a man of character, limits his influence for good; and that even mediocre ability, allied to a strong will, is a genuine force in the battle of life. Speaking of a phase of education, a German doctor thus expressed himself: "My boy has two heads but no heart." Perhaps the criticism would apply pretty generally to the youth of the present day; certainly the second part, absence of heart — that is, want of will power, — is very noticeable.

It is to strength of will people allude when they describe persons as possessing character. No doubt to define character as will power, is to have the definition incomplete. But courageous enterprise, continuous application, tenacity of purpose, and perseverance — all of them qualities of the will, — are what, according to a very common use of the term, make up character. Now, good will in this sense is in part born with a man; but in part also, and to our mind in greater part, it results from careful upbringing. A celebrated French psychologist concludes a treatise on the will by remarking: "To will, then, is not so simple a matter as it seems. . . . One must learn to will. Learn, then."

We propose to offer a few suggestions on the dignity of the will and its education. In the latter process we side with those who hold that the influence of religion is not only important but absolutely indispensable. Clear notions about the will, its freedom and man's consequent responsibility, were never more necessary than at the present hour; for, as a recent writer expresses it, "Nearly all our secular education, nearly all our socialism and humanitarianism, are permeated with the desire to render man *automatically good* by eliminating *choice* as far as possible. The desire has its root in the denial of goodness and the substitution in its place of 'social efficiency.' And 'socially efficient' man may become in some such fashion as the bee or the ant; but it will

be at the expense not only of his spiritual but of his moral nature also." To limit man's destiny to his becoming 'a healthy, useful, social animal,' is surely an awful degradation; yet this is a popular creed at the present day, and one has but to read between lines to see how widespread it is.

II.

Man's great faculties of understanding and will flow from the spirituality of the soul. The will makes itself known by the fact of our experiencing in ourselves a constant indwelling power, which reduces to action the unconquerable inclination which we feel toward what is good as our proper end. These two faculties exist together and for each other. So true is this that truth, which is the object of the understanding, and goodness, which is the object of the will, are really one. As the poet has it, "Beauty is truth; truth beauty." They can be only mentally distinguished according to the corresponding faculties in man. In so far as the understanding points out to the will what is good and worth striving for, and so acts as the will's councillor, it is entitled to a certain pre-eminence. But the knowledge of what is good, and the obligation of pursuing it, is but the first step; the actual willing of the thing, the deciding on the thing and the carrying out of the decision, rests with the will itself.

In man's will, in his reasonable will, lies his whole moral worth and greatness. And this because man's will is free. For those who believe in God, there is no necessity for proving the freedom of the will; the alternative held out by God to man of hell or heaven is unintelligible in the hypothesis of determinism or fatalism, or any other system that denies to man perfect freedom of action. For atheists who (like the French Government the other day) maintain the penalty of death, this consideration ought to suffice to establish the freedom of the will, — that the only justification for the penalties

If criminal procedure lies in the assumption that man is free. In the absence of that justification, it is as monstrous to punish a man for murdering another as to punish him for squinting.

The freedom of the human will consists in this, that a man can elect to do or not to do this, that or another thing; all conditions requisite for making the choice being present, the will is perfectly free in its choice. No bodily organ nor any external influence can force the will; even the understanding and known truth are powerless to compel the will. And while the understanding finds itself, as it were, held in bonds by truth, the will retains its great prerogative; nor need it bend to any conviction. The final rounds for acting, the choice of motives, always rests with the will. It wills its own will.

No doubt the will ought to follow the understanding, and as a rule it does; but when just as often, and as it were to prove its sometimes fatal power, it decides on a course of action directly opposed to the light given it by the understanding. Truth as such does not limit the freedom of the will: it is only a condition of its freedom. By the general tendency of the will to good, and by this alone, is it limited; but yet before each separate good embraced in this general tendency, the will again asserts its freedom. Even God Himself, since it is the divine will that man should be responsible for his conduct, neither changes nor forces the human will. He, however, acts on the human will by the gentle yet powerful insinuations of His grace; but God usurps not one tittle of human liberty. "If thou wilt come after Me," says Christ, leaving the making up of his mind to the young man. God is the author and defender of human liberty, let man use it as he may. Purely free will is man's greatest and most fatal privilege; it is also, the source of his glory. It makes man image in a sublime way the Divine Essence, existing in Himself independent of all external to

Itself, the source and term of Its own operations.

From what has been said we may easily judge of the important rôle played by the will; man, as a moral person, may be said to consist of will power properly used. Virtue is nothing more than the conformity of man's will with reason and the will of God. Even the virtues of the understanding derive their existence, as virtues, from the share which the will has in them.

Now, if, as we know from Holy Writ, the will of perfectly harmonious natures in whom there was no inclination to evil, abused its freedom, how frequent and widespread must we expect this abuse in creatures who have inherited infirmity of will so malignant that the inspired writer calls it a law of the members! And if inherited weakness were the sole enemy the will had to fight, it would be sufficient to make one work out salvation in fear and trembling. But the influences at work against man's will are as multitudinous as the motes that people the sunbeam. Not to mention evil spirits, there is that indefinable atmosphere, called the world, almost insensible in its workings, but as dangerous to the will as marshy exhalations to a consumptive, and at once tyrannical and protean in its attacks. To-day it is the world of fashion that entices; to-morrow, a so-called culture or a hazy, ill-defined code of morality, that makes genuine vice assume the mask of virtue.

An example of this subtle tyranny is, to take one from many that might be chosen, the tendency of present-day literature, and especially of journalism, to palliate vices of the most revolting nature, so long as they seem not gross or hideous, as if they could for a moment cease to be one or the other. When Burke said that vice might lose half its evil by losing all its grossness, he spoke under chivalrous emotion; none the less, his words were the most immoral that ever escaped a great and discerning man. But Burke

is simply nowhere compared to some of our modern æsthetes in whose view sin becomes an "inartistic blunder"; and it is very doubtful whether the list given by St. Paul in the fifth chapter of the Galatians would find itself reproduced in the Index of modern æstheticism. There is a sample of a real danger; for let the will make choice of such doctrine, degradation follows, abyss calling on abyss of vice.

The commoner and less disguised forces that militate against man's will are known to everybody. The will then finds itself forced to push its way through the serried ranks of thousands of hostile influences. Is it any wonder that this will, weak by inheritance, should exchange slavery for its glorious privilege? Is it hard to believe the Catholic doctrine that a man, without the grace of God, can not for any considerable time observe even the natural law? Is it not a touching mark of divine beneficence that in the economy of grace there is more strength given to the will than illumination to the understanding?

For our consolation, it is well to remember that, as a psychologist alluded to before remarks, it is easier for us to develop the powers of the will than those of the understanding. Furthermore, this training process of the will is a game well worth the candle, and claims the attention of every sensible person, whether he views himself, his own or other people's children.

The first step in the process is to convince ourselves that we can train the will. Our own consciousness and experience force this conclusion upon us. Not to speak of heroic people, nor again of remarkable resurrections or transformations of the grossly vicious, have we not all of us met with, in the ordinary paths of life, people who give evidence of a respectable reserve force of will power in the daily and constant practice of commonplace virtues? The unselfish mother, the devoted priest, the truly conscientious doctor, are types of great

will power. And such power as these display is the consummation not of one victory, but of whole campaigns of strenuous fighting.

Now, since it is an indisputable fact that the occurrence of an event leaves a facility for its reproduction; since, too, habit is a second nature, and character is not badly described as a bundle of habits, it follows that if, with constancy, regularity, and exactness, we form, either of ourselves or by the aid of others, good habits, we have, as it were, a strongly charged storage battery of will power. But the difficulty is to know what habits to set about forming; and, having come to the knowledge of our specific wants, a greater difficulty still is that of screwing our courage to the sticking point till the habit is formed.

III.

We must first learn the special infirmities of the will; and in this connection a knowledge of temperament is requisite, that we may diagnose the extent to which such weaknesses exist in ourselves, or in others with whose will-culture we are concerned. As to the actual formation of our habits and the invigorating of the will, we must combine nature and grace; that is, while heeding in a docile manner the excellent admonitions of skilful psychologists, we must ever remember that it is the divine Physician who is the real healer of our infirmities; that He bore them to render His divine sympathy more tangible to us; and that with Him is the fountain of life, — a great reality actually existing and abundantly flowing in the sacramental system of His Church.

The first and most dangerous vice of the will is its tendency to sensuality; the tendency, if not mastered, implies a cruel slavery to animal instincts that quickly ruins soul and body. To shake off this slavery and subject the will to the law of reason is no detriment to the liberty of the will; for freedom is given us to do, of our accord, what is morally good. To have the liberty to do wrong is not man's

glory but the condition of this latter; for to do right while one is free to do wrong is glorious. And if a man, in order to do what is reasonable, rejects sensuality by submitting to certain restraints, he makes a noble and truly manly use of his liberty. The bravest and the freest man is the conscientious man.

The second will infirmity is indecision. We meet this betimes in people who are always late, and who, though they may have excellent schemes in abundance, achieve scarcely anything because they are ingenious in finding just one little difficulty which upsets their plans; and, from wilful omissions and culpable loss of opportunities, their lives are bound in shallows and in quicksands.

Another weakness might be described as the absence of courageous perseverance. There are people who at the start are "like a pawing horse let go," but who will not finish. "Patience is necessary for them," St. Paul would say.

The discovery of the degree to which these infirmities of the will exists in individuals is a difficult matter. It is here a knowledge of temperament will help us.

IV.

The ancients, some of whom were fine psychologists, distinguished four temperaments, founding their distinction on physical constitution. The relation of temperament to physical constitution has been long since abandoned; but the fourfold classification of temperament, as bilious, sanguine, nervous and phlegmatic, has been maintained. By this we are not to understand that we can take a crowd, or even a family, and classify the members of it as so many of sanguine and so many of other temperaments. The temperament is called from the prevailing bias of the disposition, and implies only that a person characterized as bilious, for example, is more bilious than sanguine or nervous, but still may possess traits common to these latter temperaments.

Sanguine people are easily, but seldom

profoundly, impressed. Rapid and unexpected changes of affection, for instance, are a characteristic of such people; in such matters "out of sight out of mind" is their motto. In things intellectual they, as a rule, grasp a subject easily but superficially, and hence are without that solidity begotten of studious and prolonged application. In society they are usually brilliant; their buoyant disposition, easy manners, and adaptability to all classes of persons, making them rather welcome everywhere. Yet those that know sanguine people are clear about their great defect of will power, and systematically discount their projects, however hopeful they may appear. It is comparatively easy to recognize this pleasant temperament; and it is well if it is recognized early in life. For this temperament is more prone than others to sensuality; and it is in youth, the seedtime of life, that the will may be effectively strengthened against this dangerous foe. The sanguine youth is weak in temptation, and requires clearly defined regulations to safeguard his conduct; otherwise he falls to cureless ruin.

For the will-cure of the sanguine, nothing will take the place of religion. A Catholic of this disposition has no excuse if he fails and becomes an early wreck; because he has within his Church wise directors who will explain to him his peculiar disease, and above all he has abundant opportunities for receiving grace, the very tonic that his will requires. For such a person, the spiritual medicine that comes from regular reception of the Sacraments is the first and best that can be prescribed.

But, to combine nature and grace, sanguine people will most profitably take to heart the recommendations of Professor Bain with respect to the acquisition of moral habits: "To start with as vigorous and decided an initiative as possible, and to permit oneself no exceptions till the new habit is formed, and firmly rooted. We must never lose a battle at the begin-

ning of the campaign. Many victories will be needed to make up for an early defeat; and they will be more difficult to win because of it." Another very excellent hint is that given by Professor James, of Harvard: "Keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day. Be systematically ascetic or heroic in little unnecessary points, for no other reason than that you would rather not do it; so that when the hour of dire need draws nigh it may find you not unnerved and untrained to stand the test." With regard to the attitude of the will to sensuality and all that leads to it—as, for instance, sloth, strong drink, absence of restraint in regard to dangerous objects,—these hints can not be too much insisted on.

We must not forget the excellent qualities of sanguine people. Unselfishness, generosity, an enthusiasm which is catching, enterprise, and what is called "go," are in the same order of ideas as this temperament. Let them but develop self-control and a sense of responsibility, and, above all, tenacity of purpose, and their temperament becomes a help rather than a hindrance to their career.

Those in whom the nervous system predominates over the other parts of the physical organism, are inactive folk; for they are deficient in muscular energy. But when stirred to activity, as they may be at times, their conduct easily becomes feverishly violent, to be followed immediately by a period of almost complete inanition, a total eclipse of will power. Nervous people are generally sufferers; they seldom "sleep well o' nights," and then are commonly irritable to an intolerable degree. Their imagination, too, is a torment to them; for they fancy all kinds of wrongs done them even at the hands of their friends. Intermittent will power is their special defect; and its danger consists in this, that these periods of collapse, which inevitably succeed overstrained effort, may lead to moral degradation of an appalling nature. The

prevalence of suicide among young girls has sometimes been accounted for in this way. Where such extreme measures are not thought of, very dangerous stimulants are resorted to, with, of course, disastrous results.

Where the cure of nervous people is taken in hand, sympathy must be the prevailing note of the remedy. It is not force of will, but excess and indiscretion in the use of their powers that is the trouble in their case. The will, as it were, overrides the body or the mind; and these latter take their revenge by complete prostration, in which the will itself takes part. What a blessing for such a person to find a kind friend who will restrain where necessary, and encourage unobtrusively when the clouds gather!

A machine charged with electricity at high tension is not a bad description of a person of bilious temperament. These sallow-complexioned individuals have little sensibility; rather their very obtuseness enables them to push their way through men and things, irrespective of all consequences to themselves or others. They gravitate always to the practical; hence in conversation they are abruptly positive, assertive, and overbearing, and consequently seldom popular. They are inclined to let their will, which is a blind faculty, run away with them; their haste and precipitation often leaves very imperfect work, not to mention wounded feelings. A bilious general like Napoleon achieves great things in comparatively short periods of time, but the fields are strewn with dead. The bilious have strong passions, which, if not mastered in early life, will blight what might otherwise be a really useful career. They have also inestimable qualities in the shape of energy, application, and tenacity of purpose. If the will in their case submits to reason, and the valuable habit is acquired by them of pausing before acting—looking before they leap,—their temperament will stand them and others in good stead amidst the trials and labors of life.

The Dutchman painted so graphically by Irving in Knickerbocker's "History of New York" is a type of the phlegmatic temperament. Not that these sedate and imperturbable personages are always as big frauds as Irving's hero; for these apparently stoical people, when they take up a cause, are capable of devotedness verging on the heroic. The difficulty, however, is to get them in motion at all. Not that they are idle: activity is rather their note; but a monotonous, majestic activity, like the flowing of a deep river. The virtues of such folk are negative for the most part; and if virtue were altogether negative, they would be very virtuous; but for the phlegmatic virtue is a positive thing as well, demanding strenuous and constant performance of moral duties.

A doctor once said to his patient: "I prescribe nothing for you but yourself,—that is, your will." Now, that is the precise prescription for the phlegmatic. Their will power is generally dormant. They need to wake up; and a life that necessitates regular labor is a blessing for them. With their ingenious talent for seeking the line of least resistance, they often do so at the compromise of principle; and their faults of omission often involve others besides themselves. It is, therefore, of immense importance to treat this apparently harmless disposition. Such persons require to place themselves, or be placed by others, in such a position as will call out their will power; otherwise their valuable qualities—judgment, reflection, prudence—will count for nothing, if they do not become vices by excess.

As a conclusion to this paper, the following suggestions are offered: 1. Will culture is a personal affair. The will, so to speak, must work out its own salvation. 2. The educational process must go on calmly but constantly, daily effort being absolutely necessary. 3. Let sound moral habits founded on religious principles be the basis of your character. 4. Conceive an intellectual appreciation

of the sacramental system of the Catholic Church. 5. Avail yourself of this supernatural force under the guidance of a skilful director.

These hints are pertinent to any time of life, but most of all to the dangerous stage that intervenes between the end of a secondary school course and the settling down to a definite calling in life. It is practically true that, between seventeen and twenty-five, man's destiny is made or marred for this life and the next.

The Vengeance of Lucienne.

A STORY OF LIFE IN PARIS OF TO-DAY.

BY ALICE DEASE.

V.

RAOUL MAUVOISIN had promised to return early from his visit to the country, and by ten o'clock everything was ready for him in the cosy, little apartment which ought to have been such a happy home. Lucienne had bathed her eyes, and dressed herself with even greater care than usual, so as to hide all traces of her night's vigil. The canvas work that had occupied her for so many hours was hidden away; but, even so, her fingers were not idle. As she waited for her husband she was making a dress for a poor child, and all the while her mind was busy with a plan for helping a struggling artist in whom she had succeeded in interesting Raoul. They had paid a visit to his studio together, and Lucienne had hoped that this might rouse her husband's interest, and that works of charity might come to be a bond between them.

She was deeply engrossed in such castles in the air as these when a sharp knock at the door announced the return of the master of the house. Throwing down her work, Lucienne ran out to meet him.

"Brr! I am cold!" he cried, swinging

his arms together. "The heating apparatus in the train was out of order, and by bad luck I just hit on a cab without a hot water tin."

"Come in quickly, then," said Lucienne. "There is a good fire in the sitting-room." She pulled a low chair to the hearth, and Raoul threw himself into it, holding out his hands and feet to the blaze.

"That's better," he said. "I was half frozen. Why, I don't believe I've even said good-morning to you!" he went on, and he put his arm caressingly round his wife's shoulder.

"I hope you enjoyed yourself," said Lucienne. "Tell me what you did."

"It was not enjoyable," replied Raoul, drawing to him the bowl of violets that had been bought for his special delectation, and burying his face in their sweetness. "La Chenaie is not a bad fellow, but one soon has enough of him."

"Was there no one else there?" asked Lucienne.

"Not a soul, worse luck! I had to bear the brunt of his conversation, and he is a talker if ever there was one."

"And you had to listen all day, poor you!" returned Lucienne, laughing.

"Poor me indeed! I had to listen all day and half the night. And to such talk!"

"Well, I hope the shooting made up for it?"

"Not in the least, I assure you. We did not see more than two hares, and they were at such a distance that even La Chenaie, good shot as he is, could not touch them. Eventually I shot a brace of partridges; and, after walking goodness knows how many miles, we got home, frozen and exhausted, coated with mud to our eyes. And you, Lucienne,—what did you do with yourself?"

"I went to your mother's 'At home,' as we arranged, and then I dined with my own parents."

A look of annoyance came over Raoul's face.

"I hope they are well," he said formally, speaking with an effort.

Lucienne shook her head.

"My mother has a bad cough, and my father was not looking well either."

Raoul made no further comment, but began fidgeting with the burning logs.

"By the way," said Lucienne after a moment's silence, "your mother told me to tell you that she would expect you to lunch to-day."

"Does she expect me to turn out again when I have only just got home? That's rather too much," remarked Raoul, impatiently. "What did you say to her?"

"I said I would give you the message. You can do exactly as you choose about going or not."

"I'd much rather not."

"Then don't go. I am delighted that you are going to stay with me for once. I will send Julien to let your mother know. Shall I tell him to say that we shall go and see her to-night?"

"Yes; to-night will be much better."

Lucienne rang the bell; but when the footman answered it, instead of giving the message, Raoul told him to go away and to come back in five minutes.

"After all, I think it would be better to write a line," he said to his wife. "My mother might not like a verbal message."

"That's true," she replied. "A note would be more considerate."

Rising, Lucienne collected writing materials and laid them before Raoul. He took up the pen and dipped it into the ink; but, instead of beginning to write, he held it undecidedly over the paper.

"I say, Lucienne," he exclaimed after a moment's hesitation, "as my mother spoke to you, don't you think you ought to send the answer? Yes, I am sure it would be better for you to write than for me."

An ironical smile played for a moment round Lucienne's lips.

"Do you think it matters much who writes?" she said. "Can't you say, 'My dear mother, I have only just returned home, and shall therefore go and pay you my respects this evening instead of at

lunch time, as you so kindly suggest. I write this line to remind you that, although at a distance, my heart is always with you?"

"How very clever you are!" said Raoul, admiringly. "I should never have hit on so pretty a way of putting things."

"That is all very well," she answered; "but I should like to know when you are ever at a loss for a pretty speech?"

"Often indeed," Raoul assured her laughingly. "But honestly, Lucienne, I wish you would write this note yourself."

"You are very unreasonable," said Lucienne, taking up the pen unwillingly. "The truth is that I spoil you."

"You are a treasure, a jewel!"

She could not resist his coaxing; and when the footman returned, she handed him the note that she herself had written.

Raoul had risen from his seat, and was standing with his back to the mantelpiece.

"Then my mother was not annoyed when she heard that I was not going to her 'At home'?" he questioned.

"No, not when she heard where you had gone instead."

"Had she many people?"

"Not whilst I was there. No one came in before I left except Louise and a Madame Gerard."

"Madame Gerard," repeated Raoul,— "the old lady who has been at Moscow?"

"She is not very old," said Lucienne; "but she is probably the one you mean, for I heard them talking about Russia."

"Sure to be the one, then. A hideous old thing, like a bat."

"Raoul, you are too bad! She is not as ugly as all that, and she seemed to be so kind."

"The kindest creature in the world. She and I used to be great friends. Let us go and see her this afternoon."

"That would be very nice," answered Lucienne.

Suddenly Raoul stooped and looked at his wife.

"Aren't you very pale?" he asked, turning her face toward him. "What's

wrong, dear? You are not ill, are you?"

"Not in the least, thank you!" replied Lucienne, flushing slightly. "It is nothing. The weather has been trying lately, and I am rather tired. That is all."

"I say, Lucienne," he resumed, "as we are going to Madame Gerard's, we might as well pay some other visits too."

Raoul took a pencil from his pocket and jotted down some names on the back of an old letter. All at once he paused, and began toying with the pencil as though he had suddenly remembered something disagreeable. Lucienne, who had taken up her sewing again, did not notice the change that had come over him, until he murmured his thoughts half aloud.

"Well?" she asked inquiringly. "Is there anything wrong?"

"No, only—look here, Lucienne! What do you think my mother will say when she hears that I have been paying visits after refusing her invitation?"

"Surely she could not object when we are going to her this evening."

"But that is just what I am afraid she will do."

"I think you make her out too exacting."

"My dear, I know what she is, and I don't want to do anything to annoy her."

"Then let us put off the visits until to-morrow."

"I am engaged for to-morrow. If only your note had not gone!"

"But it has gone; it went half an hour ago."

Raoul said nothing more; and, although Lucienne knew what he was hoping for, she also kept silence.

"What would you say to my going to lunch, all the same?" he suggested at last; but his tone showed that he was ashamed of his own suggestion.

Still Lucienne was silent.

"It is the only way that I can see to get out of it," he went on.

"It would have been more considerate if you had made up your mind sooner what you wanted to do," said Lucienne in a low voice.

"I wish to goodness I had," replied Raoul. "It is most annoying."

Again there was a pause.

"Anyhow, I must decide now. It is nearly time to start; if I do go. Can't you advise me, Lucienne dear?"

"Surely you can decide such a little thing for yourself." She could not keep a touch of contempt from her voice, and Raoul heard and felt it.

"Very well, then; I suppose I'd better go," he said. "But I shall stay only a short time. Will you be ready to start by three o'clock, if I come for you then?"

"Quite ready," replied Lucienne, "at whatever time you wish."

"Then let us say half-past two."

"I shall be ready."

He laid his hand apologetically upon her shoulder.

When he had left her, Lucienne sat white and silent.

"How can I mind such pin pricks as this," she murmured at length, "after the real wounds that I have had to bear?"

She sighed deeply. Then, putting away the poor clothes she had been sewing, she took out the canvas work and settled down to embroider at it again.

By half-past two she was dressed and ready for her husband's return. Whilst she waited, she read again a letter that had just come for her. Only a few lines from her mother, telling her that a night's rest had worked wonders for the old couple, and that the present and the future seemed brighter and more hopeful when looked upon by morning light; she begged Lucienne to forget what she had seen and heard the previous night.

Such brave and loving words could not fail to comfort the devoted daughter; but even as she read them another note was taken to her, bringing with it a very different message. Lucienne recognized the dainty, scented paper, and with no pleasurable feelings broke the seal. It ran:

MY DEAR LUCIENNE:—M. de Charolles has promised to introduce Raoul to a friend of his at four o'clock to-day, so I

write this line to tell you that he can not accompany you on the visits you wish to pay this afternoon. I told him that I would let you know this, as it seems that the correspondence between our two households rests with us. Do not imagine, however, that Raoul will think better of this decision, as he had the good sense to do when you thought fit to refuse my invitation for him this morning.

Your mother,

THERESE MAUVOISIN.

Lucienne rolled the note into a little ball and threw it into the fire. She was very pale and her lips were folded tightly. For a moment she sat with closed eyes, as though offering this new humiliation to God, who allowed it to come upon her. A photograph of Raoul stood upon an easel close beside her. He had given it to her when they were first engaged, telling her to keep it near her until the original should have the right never to leave her. The original had the right now to stay with her, but how seldom he availed himself of it!

She went quietly to her room, and, taking off the beautiful clothes that she had donned to please her husband, she told her maid to give her the plain gown and the cloak and hat she had worn on the previous night.

VI.

In the early education of Lucienne de Barli, the teachings of religion had not been neglected. Her parents were not what in France are called "dévotés"; but they had their daughter properly instructed, and from her childhood she had been aware that the first of all duties is to God. It was not, however, until after her marriage that the fullest consolations of religion were brought home to her. Her baby was born a few months after the catastrophe which ruined the happiness of so many lives; and for many weeks it seemed uncertain whether she herself would succeed in struggling back from the valley of death, weighted down

as she was by the triple loss of her child, of her fortune, and one might almost say of her parents. Even when youth asserted itself, and her life was pronounced out of danger, there were many days of weakness and weariness, which even her husband's attentions failed to shorten. Flowers, fruit, the latest books,—everything that he could think of was taken to the sick room; but though, to please him, she tried to listen when he read the newest novel or the most exciting story of a current magazine, nothing really roused her interest.

One day he gave a parcel of books to one of the maids who did not usually wait on her mistress, and bade her take them to Madame's room. The girl, who had been only a few days in the house, fulfilled her errand shyly. Whilst she unfastened the parcel and laid the books within reach of the invalid, she could not help casting looks of pity on the weary white face.

"Madame will enjoy reading these nice books," she said timidly.

Lucienne smiled faintly.

"I am tired of reading," she answered.

"They never seem to have anything interesting at the library." And she turned over the new selection listlessly.

The girl looked at her in surprise.

"When I was with the Marquise de Vignerolles, she used to get a number of very beautiful books from the Faubourg Library," she said, still shyly. "Sometimes she used to suffer great pain, and then when I read to her she said it made her forget her suffering."

"What kind of books did you read?" asked Lucienne.

The girl was so earnest that, in spite of herself, her mistress was interested in what she was saying. She mentioned several works, and Lucienne bade her see if they were to be had at the library whose catalogue lay on the table. There were novels galore, a small selection of travels and biographies, and such like books; but Madame de Vignerolles' taste

had evidently been of a different kind, for none of her favorites were to be found.

"If Madame would allow me," began the maid eagerly, "I can get her a catalogue from the Faubourg Library. Madame la Marquise used often to send me to change her books."

"Never mind, thank you!" replied Lucienne. "I dare say that one of those Monsieur has chosen for me will do very well."

The girl felt herself dismissed. But the following day, happening to pass the library, she bought a catalogue with her own money, and waited for an opportunity to give it to her mistress. Lucienne, who had forgotten all about the incident, was surprised when, a few days later, the girl offered her the catalogue; and, more for the sake of not hurting her feelings than from any desire to read the books, she marked the titles of a few, and told the maid she might get them for her.

It so chanced—or, rather, Providence ordained—that the chosen books were out, and two others were sent in their places. One of these Lucienne had never heard of, and there was no author's name upon its title-page; only a motto, a single line, but Lucienne's attention was caught by it: "What doth a man know who hath not suffered?" The reading of this anonymous little work was a turning-point in Lucienne's whole existence. The book told of the anguish and desolation of a soul who, after years of agony, had found the only consolation that the world holds. "Come to Me all you that labor and are burdened," says Our Lord, "and you shall find rest." The unknown soul had sought and found. Lucienne learned from her to look at least to the light.

Other books followed the first one—some purely spiritual, others telling of the life and works of saints and holy people,—and from them Lucienne learned that to serve the poor was not only the duty but also the privilege of the rich. She could not escape the crosses that were

laid on her own shoulders; but, in trying to ease the crosses of others, she forgot at times the weight of her own.

She had begun, even before her strength had come back to her, to work for the poor, and lately she had taken to visiting them in their own homes. On the afternoon that Raoul, at his mother's instigation, had refused to accompany her on the round of visits that he himself had proposed to pay, Lucienne determined to go to see some of the poor people in whose lives she had learned to take so deep an interest.

The pale rays of a winter's sun were lighting the street as she went out, and the feeling of freshness and freedom did her good after the trying morning that she had passed. After walking some distance, she called a cab and bade the driver take her to the Rue du Temple, where she dismissed him, and treaded her way on foot through the narrow and intricate streets of the district. It was a miserable quarter. Openings off the streets led to alleys that were narrower still. Lucienne turned up one of these that crept in between two shops, and was so dark that she was obliged to feel her way along. Soon she came to a broken staircase, flight after flight of which she climbed, till at last she reached, six stories from the ground, a landing off which two doors opened. One of these led into an attic, the other into a loft, which was used as a store-room.

Lucienne knocked at the former, and was immediately bidden to enter. The attic was, like many of its kind, poor and bare; but it was at least light and airy, having large windows that looked out over the roofs of the neighboring houses. A woman was seated, propped up with cushions, in an armchair near a table. She was a widow whom Lucienne had befriended at the time of her husband's death. For a while she had been able to support herself and her two children by sewing; but lately her health had given way, and, had it not been for the charity

of her benefactress, she would have died from hunger and neglect. The armchair and its cushions, the stove and fuel, the nourishment needed to bring back the poor woman's health, had all been provided by Lucienne; but the invalid was hardly more thankful for the material aid than she was for the sympathy with which her visitor listened when she spoke of her husband and the happy little home that had been theirs for ten years.

Lucienne had been listening for some time to the poor widow's account of her troubles, when she suddenly became aware of a noise that came apparently from the landing without.

"What is that?" she asked. "Does some one want to come in?"

"Oh, no, Madame!" replied the widow. "We have a new neighbor on the landing, I am sorry to say; and he coughs like that all day long and half the night as well."

"But that is not coughing," observed Lucienne, as the muffled sound of words came to her through the wooden partition.

"He is always going on like that," said the widow. "If he is not coughing, he is grumbling or calling out for something. The porter comes up now and again to see to him, but he is never satisfied. I can't think how the landlord can let him stay there; he ought to be in a hospital."

"Poor creature!" said Lucienne, pityingly. "How dreadful for him to be alone, if he is ill!"

Later, when she bade her protégée good-bye, she stood for a moment on the landing, wondering where it could be that the sick man lay.

On each side of the attic, where the roof of the house sloped down to the eaves, there were two holes, little more than cupboards, and the groans apparently came from one of these. Lucienne had to peer here and there before she could make out the door. It stood flush with the woodwork, but it was so old and dilapidated that the interior of the hole was partly visible from the outside,—at least to eyes that had grown accustomed to the

darkness. A single pane of glass, forming a skylight amongst the rafters, showed that the place was bare of all furniture; but the outline of a human form was silhouetted, lying on a heap of dirty straw.

The man lay with his back toward the door; but, even had he looked in her direction, he could not have seen Madame Mauvoisin in the dim light. One of his legs seemed to be doubled under him, the other was stretched out straight and motionless. It was evident that he could not move it without pain, and the overpowering atmosphere of the garret told that mortification had set in. His head moved restlessly from side to side; and all the time he kept raising his hands, stretching them out, then wringing them as though in great distress, whilst stifled cries for water were ever on his lips.

There was something here worse than mere poverty or even than suffering. Lucienne could not help shuddering as she turned again to the widow's attic, and reopened the door.

"The man next door keeps begging for something to drink," she said. "May I borrow a glass from you and a drop of water to take to him?"

"Madame must not go in there!" cried the woman, starting from her chair.

"No, no!" said Lucienne. "You are ill. I will take it myself. But, to please you, I will leave the door open, so you can see for yourself that he does me no harm."

With this the woman, who was herself hardly able to stand, had to be content; and Lucienne passed out again on to the landing, carrying the glass. There were no fastenings to the garret door, and she gently pushed it open. Stepping inside, with head bowed to escape the rafters, she said softly:

"Here is something for you to drink."

With a startled movement, the man turned on his side.

"Who is there?" he asked quickly.

But Lucienne made no answer. A cry

of horror escaped her lips. The glass fell from her hand, and broke on the floor. She staggered back, stretched out her arms, groping blindly for support; and, finding none, she fell heavily forward on her knees.

The sick man had started upright, but his broken leg prevented his making any further movement.

"What is the matter?" he panted. "Who are you?"

She raised her face from between her hands, and for an instant their eyes met. There was horror, loathing, in hers; but in his—amazement, the most awful terror, and despair.

"Lucienne!"

She felt more than heard the whisper of her name. Then all was silence in the garret.

VII.

It was the man who first broke silence: "It's come at last! I'm done for, after all; for I can not get away."

"What do you mean?" asked Lucienne; and, although her voice sounded far away in her own ears, the effort of speaking brought her gradually to herself. Holding to the wall for support, she drew herself to her feet.

What a sight was before her! There he lay, dragged down by his own act to the lowest degree of misery and destitution; bound to the wretched heap of straw that he called a bed; longing for a drop of water to assuage the burning thirst that tortured him. At her mercy, at her very feet, was he who, for his own selfish enjoyments, had sacrificed his friends, his honor, his very soul,—he, the criminal, the thief, for whom search had been made in every country of Europe, who had baffled the skill of the greatest detectives,—he, Pedro Lozares!

His agony at being discovered was so intense that, even in her own agitation, Lucienne saw and noticed it.

"Hush, hush!" she cried at last. "You need not be afraid of me. I will not expose you."

Lozares turned upon her a face, ghastly white from fear and anguish.

"Do you mean it? But no, you can not mean to spare me! Why should you?"

"Why should I seek to have you punished by men," she said, "when I see the state you have come to through the justice of God?"

His head fell upon his breast and he was silent, bowed with shame before her,—bowed to the very dust.

Lucienne dragged herself to the door; but on gaining the landing she suddenly remembered the errand which had taken her to that accursed bedside. She had gone to relieve the sufferings of a fellow-being, and she could not go away and leave her task undone. The mug that the sick man had pushed away from him had rolled to where she stood; and, picking it up, she carried it to the attic next door.

The widow was frightened and distressed at the change that had come over her benefactress; but Lucienne explained away her pallor, saying she found that the sick man was a person she had known before, and in her surprise at seeing him she had dropped and broken the glass. Now she sought only to refill the man's own mug; and, having done this, she left the room again.

Lozares could hardly believe his eyes when, a moment later, he saw Lucienne returning. Then for an instant he forgot everything in the overpowering craving for the water she had brought. He seized the mug, and swallowed its contents greedily in one long gulp. Lucienne did not wait to see him finish it. Without casting another look upon him, she moved to the door; but in the passage she could not help hearing the words he murmured to himself, yet half aloud.

"Poor child!" he said. "Is it possible that it is from your hand that I have received such a return for the past?"

Once in the street, Lucienne thought she would soon regain her self-command. But the struggle she had gone through was too severe; and, in spite of the fresh

air playing on her face, she felt as though everything were turning round, and her knees were trembling under her. No vehicle of any kind was in sight; and as soon as she reached a clean-looking shop, she went in and asked if she might sit down whilst some one called a cab. A few minutes later found her rolling homeward along the streets that she had walked down with such very different feelings only a short time before.

Raoul had been at home for over an hour when his wife returned. He was waiting impatiently for her, but the sight of her pale face and wearied air made him forget the momentary annoyance that her absence had occasioned.

"What is the matter?" he inquired quickly. "What has happened to you?"

"I have such a bad headache!" she answered, truthfully enough.

Her husband frowned. In his heart he reproached himself for his behavior of the morning, and he thought it was wiser to ask no questions as to the cause of his wife's indisposition.

"I wish you could get stronger," he remarked. "The least thing seems to upset you."

Lucienne did not answer, but she pressed his arm lightly.

"Stay with me for a little while this evening," she said. "That will do me more good than anything."

"An easy remedy," said Raoul, bending to kiss her pale cheek. "Let us have dinner now, and I will read to you afterward until you feel inclined to go to sleep; then I'll look into the club for a bit."

"Thank you!" said Lucienne. It was very seldom that she asked a favor from her husband, but she felt to-night that she could not bear to be left alone.

Raoul picked out all the most interesting things that he could find in the paper; but, although the sound of his voice soothed her, she could not bring her mind to follow what he read. The figure of a man was before her eyes as plainly as though she really saw him,—

a wretched, haggard, awful figure, that kept staring at her in horror and despair.

Lucienne was tired out when at last she went to bed, but even then she could not sleep. The misery of those days, now five years past, came back to her. She seemed to suffer over again the anguish that had struck her then. She heard the words that had told her of the catastrophe. She saw Raoul, white to the lips, pacing the room like a wild beast in a cage. She saw Monsieur and Madame Mauvoisin, and heard the words they flung at her. She saw her own parents ruined, penniless. She seemed to hold in her arms the lifeless body of the child that for one short hour had been hers.

All the sorrows that the cowardly, treacherous erstwhile friend had brought upon her called for judgment against him. Yet this man, her worst enemy, was ill, perhaps dying. He was alone, abandoned in his dire need even by his boon companions. He had come to the lowest depths of poverty and destitution, and he was suffering torture. It was not chance that had thrown him across Lucienne's path. Surely God Himself had directed her steps to that house out of all the many thousands wherein the poor of Paris dwell. Perhaps God intended her to save his life; perhaps the fate of his immortal soul lay in her hands. At these thoughts Lucienne shuddered. She had promised not to give him up to justice, but more than that she could not bring herself to do. Vainly she tried to put the thought of his suffering from her; vainly she tried to pray.

"O my God," she cried at last, "have pity on me!" and she raised her crucifix to her lips. "I wish to do what is right. Teach me how Thou didst pardon Thy murderers. Help me to pardon my enemy."

Tears would have been a relief, but her eyes were dry, her lips parched and burning. Gradually merciful sleep crept over her; the struggle with herself was at an end; her heart was at peace. But even as she slept the voice of Lozares sounded in her ears, and the words he

used were the same as those used by another,—by One who forgave far more than Lucienne was called upon to forgive: "I thirst!"

When morning came, Lucienne foresaw a difficulty that she had overlooked up to this. It did not seem right to keep her discovery a secret from her husband; but, on the other hand, she feared for several reasons to tell him all. She had given her word that no punishment should come upon Lozares as a consequence of her visit. Would Raoul feel bound to respect this promise? And even if she could persuade him not to seek directly for vengeance, could she trust him to keep so important a secret? No: he was no more capable of keeping Lucienne's secret than he was of understanding the struggle she had gone through or the sacrifice she had decided to make. She did not like to act in so important a matter without her husband's sanction, and yet it was not possible to ask for it. Fortunately she had his consent to visit the poor, and with that she must be satisfied.

Four days passed before she felt able to carry out her resolutions. She had by that time got over, to some extent, the physical shock that her discovery had caused; and, taking advantage of Raoul's absence, she went out early so as to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion in the church of Notre-Dame des Victoires. Thus strengthened, she set out on her mission of charity. Now that she had decided what to do, she did not hesitate; but she could not control the feeling of repugnance and of fear that came over her, and her knees were trembling as she mounted the steep staircase of the tenement house.

Lozares lay in the same place. It seemed as though he had not moved since she last saw him, only there were signs that his leg had become worse in the few days that had passed. Lucienne entered the garret noiselessly, and stood for a moment gazing down with irrepressible feelings of disgust on what had once

been a prosperous, happy, self-respecting and respected member of society. Could she bring herself to go forward, to touch him, to minister to him? Great drops of perspiration stood out upon her forehead. She wrung her hands together and felt as though she was suffocating.

"Pedro!"

The sick man turned quickly round, and his eyes fell on Lucienne as she stood under the skylight.

"You have come back,—you!" he cried hoarsely. "What has brought you here again?"

"I have come," she said in a low voice, "to tell you that one at least of those you injured so cruelly has forgiven you."

He gazed at her for a moment as though her words conveyed no meaning to him. Then all at once he burst into tears. During her first visit, his bodily sufferings and the misery of his surroundings had failed to excite Lucienne's pity; for she could look upon them only as a just return for the past. Now, however, his agony of remorse touched her heart.

"O Pedro, Pedro, how your crime has found you out!"

He threw up his hands in despair.

"You and yours have been well avenged," he said.

"Do not speak of vengeance," answered Lucienne. "We—I have forgiven you."

She had brought a bottle of wine and some other things, which she proceeded to lay beside him on the floor. He watched her every movement; but he could not speak, for his voice was choked with tears. A cursory glance at the injured limb showed plainly that medical skill was needed.

"Have you seen a doctor?" she asked.

The sick man shook his head.

"It is useless," he said. "He could do nothing for me. I am too far gone. Besides, I don't want to live. What is there left for me to live for? Tell me," he went on,— "tell me about your parents. Are they alive, or have I their deaths to

account for as well as everything else?"

"No, no, thank God! They are alive."

"Do they know?"

"No: I have told no one that I found you."

He gave a deep sigh of relief, and looked up at the girlish figure beside him. A ray of sunshine fell through the skylight, turning Lucienne's hair into a golden aureole. Her face was pale from the trouble of mind she had so lately gone through, but the victory she had gained over herself had left an expression of indescribable peace and purity on her features. She looked like an angel of mercy come down from heaven to visit the haunts of shame and sorrow.

Lozares threw himself back on his bed, striking his brow with his hands.

"What a wretch, what a miserable wretch I have been!" he cried in anguish.

Lucienne knelt down beside him.

"Hush, Pedro!—hush!" she said. "You are exhausting yourself. It is God who has sent me to you: you must do as I tell you. Listen to me now. I am going to fetch a doctor to you."

She moved as though about to get up from her knees; but, without the slightest warning, Lozares threw himself upon her. She felt her arm seized and held as though in a vise, and, despite herself, she was dragged down across the bed of straw. His gasping breath was in her ear. She saw his free hand tearing at his chest, his eyes started from his head, and his features were moved in violent contortions.

Lucienne was terrified at the sight of such a paroxysm. She struggled vainly to free herself from his grasp; and, failing to do so, she called aloud for help. The widow had spoken of her intention of leaving the garret, and it was evident that she had carried out her intention. All was silence except when Lozares groaned and gasped for breath, and Lucienne thought that he was dying. Even so, his grasp upon her did not lessen, and she was powerless to help him.

(To be continued.)

Pontifical.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

HARK! there are silver trumpets through the dome!

The shimmering year deploys its last array
Of scarlet and of purple and of chrome.

Who shall pontificate to-day,
When mitred Junes, and April acolytes,

And all the cardinal ranks of autumn close,—
Who take the sunset monst'rance from its heights?

Hark! 'tis the Holy Father of the Snows.

Dublin the Beautiful.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

COMING to Dublin from any other town, even from London, the first thing to strike one is its imperial beauty; the next thing is its leisureliness. People have time to stand to talk in its streets, to joke, to tell stories and listen to them. A Dublin man with his head flung back listening to a good story while he *roars* would be a bedlamite in Fleet Street; in Dublin, the man who did not laugh would be the bedlamite.

The architectural beauty of Dublin is in its principal streets. There are slums behind—backs of a notable picturesqueness. A castle or a cathedral may stand up in the midst of the slum. What you will not find is the ordered dreariness of London's million mean streets of an irreproachable respectability. A Dublin slum is flaunting in gaily-colored rags, with baskets of fruit and fish by the kerb, children and dogs in the gutter, a shawled, tousled woman cleaning fish, a subject for a painter under Dublin's gorgeous skies; or she presents you long rows of haunted houses that once were great, grimy, squalid, with broken, dust-encrusted windows, area railings, and noble hall doors with the paint off, blistered in the suns of decades. You go by such with the inexplicable fear that would have sent

you scampering when you were a child; but there is a wild sensation of adventure about it,—nothing of the soul-destroying monotony of London's mean streets.

The imprint of the eighteenth century is all over Dublin. She was made beautiful by the genius of a master-builder of the eighteenth century, one John Claudius Beresford, First Commissioner of Works. He found Dublin of mud and left her of marble. To him were due Westmoreland Street, the greater part of Sackville Street—which half the world of Dublin calls O'Connell Street,—the fairy fabric of the Custom House, designed by that noble architect, James Gandon, who also had his finger in the pie of the Four Courts. Beresford made gorgeous the great main artery of Dublin. But he was nobly seconded by the Irish gentry and nobility, who were at their most splendid in those days of the eighteenth century, when Ichabod was already written above their Houses of Parliament, when within a few short years the grass should grow in their streets.

They went house-building furiously, as though with a premonition that the time was short. Yet they built as for immortality, with the result of making a city strangely beautiful. In a Greek spirit they lavished all on beauty. Everyone who was pre-eminent in the arts of decoration must come to Dublin to help to decorate her. There was Angelica Kaufmann; there was Cipriani; there was Bossi, the Italian who gave his name to the secret of inlaying white marble with beautiful designs in colors as it yet survives in some of the old Dublin houses; but the secret died with him. There were hundreds of workmen who followed the designs of the masters who hung the ceilings of the old Dublin houses with wonderful creations in stucco, who decorated the walls in like fashion, who set up mural paintings and mythological subjects upon the ceilings, from which the great glass chandeliers sparkled with a million facets.

Stand now on O'Connell or Carlisle Bridge and look to the four winds of heaven, and you will praise John Claudius Beresford, his aiders and abettors. "What a city!" you will say, drawing deep breaths of delight. There she sits with her strangely imperial air, wrapped about in her dreams, our immortal city. Who was it named the magical cities of the world—Rome, Venice, Florence—Dublin? He was right: she has the authentic air of enchantment; the Spirit of Peace wraps her about as in a royal garment.

The ancient University of Queen Elizabeth faces the Parliament Houses, now, alas! given over to the money-changers. Over against the Parliament Houses used to be Daly's Club House, where the wits, the orators, the statesmen, the duellists, the gamblers of the eighteenth century foregathered. What ghosts there are that flit in the twilight hours across the broad space of College Green! Go westward up Dane Street, named of the Normans from the Convent of St. Mary, which stood opposite to where Trinity College now is, before ever a Tudor was dreamed of, and you will come to Dublin Castle, now a nest of bureaucracy, an abode of vice-royalty, but with such a history to it as the Tower of London need not disdain. Looking at the squat strength of its Birmingham Tower, I have always thought less of its statesmen than its State prisoners. I have remembered especially Hugh O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell, who escaped from it by way of a drain-pipe and a sewer some time in Elizabeth's days, and, reaching the mountains of Wicklow, all but perished in the snow before he was rescued by an O'Toole of Wicklow, — from which sept I claim descent. By the way, another O'Toole compiled a history of our famous clan some quarter of a century ago, with a genealogical tree which traced the O'Tooles back, without a gap, to Adam.

Close by the Castle you come upon Christ Church, one of the two cathedrals which Dublin alone of the cities of North-

ern Europe possesses. Lambert Simnel was crowned in Christ Church. The e also for long abode the Staff of St. Patrick, which was burned by a too zealous reforming bishop in the days of the Sixth Edward.

Turn down a steep, narrow street from Christ Church, and you come upon the other cathedral, St. Patrick's, a great and gloomy beautiful pile, which to the imaginative is the cathedral of Swift. His is the ghost that haunts it. Stella's ashes and his are under our feet as we walk there; and over a doorway is his bust with surely the most terrible inscription of all its kind: "Here, where fierce indignation no more can lacerate his heart." What a concatenation of words! In the Deanery House close by, he lay a sick man at dead of night, watching the lights of torches in the cathedral where they made a grave for Stella. St. Patrick's is his monument as well as his tomb.

What ghosts jostle one in the narrow streets!—Swift, Goldsmith, Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Flood, Berkeley,—there is no end to them. The splendid houses of the great of the eighteenth century are fallen upon evil days. You come upon them unexpectedly in back streets. Whole ranges of them have come to be tenement houses. Some of them, dingy and dusty, are government offices. The last thing a government office in Dublin would think of doing would be to clean its windows. On Usher's Island—that quayside, the very name of which derives from the eighteenth century and an archbishop—there is the Mendicity Institute, called by the Dublin beggars "The Mendacity," once the home of the Earl and Countess of Moira, the noble, the good, the generous, the splendid. Wesley visited them there, and, sitting in the famous room lined with mother-o'-pearl, sighed prophetically: "Alas that all this must vanish like a dream!" With the Moiras, too, poor Pamela, Lady Edward Fitzgerald, found refuge when her husband lay dying in prison. Leinster House, which Edward

and Pamela found a prison after their pretty country house at Blackrock, belongs now to the Royal Dublin Society, and has tacked onto it the National Gallery and the National Library.

The whole place is full of memories and dreams. Bucks, beauties, bishops, clerics, soldiers, statesmen, bullies, wits, — there is no end of them. Even the little houses at the outskirts of the city smack of the eighteenth century, and have handsome fan-lights above their hall doors, with a ramping horse in plaster, such as I have never seen outside of Dublin.

I was there recently, and from an upper window of my hotel I saw the long line of the Dublin mountains swing mysteriously in the clouds. They showed above the housetops of St. Stephen's Green, across a square which it is said is the finest in Europe. That was what the Dublin builders of the eighteenth century set out to do,—to make the finest square, the widest street, the finest house, and so on, in Europe; and they succeeded. Where shall you equal the splendid spaciousness of Sackville Street?

You will see in Dublin many barefooted children and tousled girls, and women with a shawl thrown across the head and held under the chin, Oriental fashion. You will see a good many ragged and merry pilgrims. They will attract your attention, as will the little Irish donkeys, with their soft, appealing faces, under their low carts, and the beautiful little Irish horses which go at such a speed under the outside cars in Dublin streets. You will find the ways of the people delightful. The speech of the Celt is all softness when he is minded to be friendly. "I've been three weeks in Ireland," you say to an Irish waiter, apropos of something or other.—"Sure, you're lookin' lovely on it," he says; and it is only a simple, natural speech, to surprise no one.

The eighteenth-century houses go out into the country,—the delightful country between the mountains and the sea, in which stately and spacious houses, of an

outward modesty of demeanor, hide themselves behind grey stone walls and green wickets, by roads on which eight coaches could travel abreast. Between the mountains and the sea, the whole shining plain of Dublin stretches. What a coast-line! What hidden glens and singing waterfalls up there in the gracious mystery of the hills! See the plain of Dublin from the Three Rock Mountain and die!

Ah, my Lady Beauty, it is no wonder that I suffer discontent when I turn my face to any wind but the west! With an uplifted heart, ever I turn my face to the sunset, because it is the way Home.

The Best Teacher I Ever Had.

BY A GROWN-UP SCHOOLGIRL.

SO many things are being written in these days about schools and methods of teaching, that I feel moved to give this little sketch of the teacher I consider the very best I ever had.

I had so many of them I couldn't begin to count them, of different ages and temperaments; and their ways of teaching differed as much as their individualities. There was but one who put her mark upon me, who imparted a love of knowledge for its own dear sake; one who made study a pleasure more to be sought after than more fleeting joys of youth. For I was a normal girl and very much averse to work. In my years of adolescence, other pleasures might oftener have weaned me from my studies, had I not been blessed by contact with a woman who possessed the rare and truly God-given knack of "teaching" in the highest sense of the word, and who in full measure imparted to her pupils that fine enthusiasm for all branches of knowledge which made study, instead of drudgery, a delightful search for things that were good,—oh, so wondrously good, when we had come to know them!

There was never a dull moment in her

classroom. "What! dull," as Sir John Lubbock says, in his essay on the value of time, "when earth, air and water are all alike mysteries to you, and when, as you stretch out your hand, you do not touch anything the properties of which you have mastered? . . . Go away, man! Learn something, do something, understand something, and let me hear no more of your dullness."

She gave us "that love of learning which is better than learning itself." She did not "strain the memory instead of cultivating the mind"; nor did she burden our memories with useless rules and unimportant dates. She simply put life and reality into dull text-books, and turned hours of study into hours of pastime.

And how did this teacher, of such dear memory, weave this spell upon us? By her own sunny personality, first and foremost. An appreciative twinkle of her eye was worth whole *hours* of study, and things were "talked over" in her class in some such way that it became almost impossible to forget them.

I will not "fess up" to all the little lapses of energy and all the wasted minutes of which I was guilty even under her care, because I am genuinely sorry that I did not improve every priceless second of such tutelage. She was the best teacher I ever had, for this reason simply—that her influence is upon me still. I have had other teachers, many of them, since; other influences have come into my life; a home has been created, and children of my own have sprung up about me since the day my training was given into her hands. And yet to-day, when I touch the dear old text-books and finger their unforgotten pages, I long to delve into the world's treasure-house of Truth. The enthusiasm of the pursuit of knowledge comes upon me as in the old days in that Sister's sunny little classroom; and in my heart I am glad to acknowledge the tremendous debt I owe to the dear, good woman who was—the best teacher I ever had.

The Claims of the Departed.

THERE is a quaint old Scottish canticle* which so well expresses the claims of the departed souls that a few stanzas may be thence extracted, as expressing the sentiments which, in this solemn Month of the Dead, are animating the entire Church:

O mortals that still live above,
Your faith, hope, prayers and alms in love,
Still merit place
With God's sweet grace,—
O faithful, pity me!
My fervent groans don't merit here:
Strict justice only doth appear;
My smallest faults
And needless talks
Heap chains and blames on me.

For me, who alms give, fast or pray,
Great store of grace will come this way;
By this good thought
Great help is brought,
And souls from sin set free.
If you for me now do not pray,
The utmost farthing I must pay;
The time is hid
When I'll be rid,
Unless you pity me.

These and several other verses of this quaint old spiritual song indicate the means by which the dead, now for evermore powerless to help themselves, may be assisted. Fasting that entails the smallest act of self-denial; good works of every kind, notably almsgiving; prayers, including all those enriched with indulgences by successive Pontiffs,—these are so numerous that, as a holy priest once remarked, "it is a wonder if any souls are left in purgatory."

There are, in the first place, the innumerable and highly indulgenced ejaculations, which may be said at any time or place; for example, the devout invocation of the three sacred names of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph; and the petition "Merciful Jesus, grant them eternal rest!"—for each of which there is an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines. Then there

* "The Request of a Soul in Purgatory," published at Aberdeen in 1802.

are the indulgences granted to the pious wearers of the different Scapulars. Membership in the various Third Orders and pious confraternities is another fruitful source of these spiritual riches.

The recitation of the Rosary, as Our Lord Himself assured St. Gertrude, brings immense relief to the faithful departed; and when said upon Crosier or Dominican Beads it is a veritable mine of indulgences. The making of the Stations, or the Way of the Cross, is again a potent means of assisting those who languish in the prison house of divine justice.

There are many associations formed with the special aim of helping the dead, and of these mention may be made of the Helpers of the Holy Souls, with branches extending over the entire world, to which lay people may become affiliated by the payment of a yearly fee in proportion to their means, and by reciting a very short daily prayer.

Every one of these affords solace and relief to innumerable souls; and the membership therein, for the living, is an excellent provision against the time when each in turn must enter the dread valley of tribulation. They are all organized efforts to cause as many Masses as possible to be celebrated for the dead; in addition to which it is the pious custom of the faithful to have offered up in their parish church or elsewhere, and especially at this solemn time of universal remembrance, as many Masses as may be for those who "have fallen asleep in the Lord." It has become, moreover, the accepted etiquette in some places for the faithful to send to Catholic houses of mourning, not flowers, but Mass cards signed with the name of a priest. All this is in perfect accordance with the teaching of the Church, and in harmony with the revelations vouchsafed to many servants of God, that the offering of the Holy Sacrifice, the new oblation of the Body and Blood, the sufferings and death of Christ the Redeemer, is supremely efficacious for the remission of sin. St. Jerome says that when a Mass is cele-

brated for a soul in purgatory, the fire, at other times so devouring, suspends its action, and the soul ceases to suffer throughout the celebration of the Sacrifice; and the same holy Doctor declares that every time a Mass is said many souls are released from purgatory and take their flight to paradise.

During the month of November, when Nature itself suggests change, decay, and death, the Church fittingly turns toward the region of purgatorial pain, where the blessed dead are waiting the "day of the Lord." There, in that veritable "twilight of the gods," to make use of the ancient poetical expression, the loved and lost may be detained for weary months and years. There, amid intolerable flames, may linger those who have been our friends and our benefactors, no less than those who have injured us; and the duty of charity is alike for both. There may be tormented those whom we have injured or to whom we may have been the cause of sin; those again who have none to pray for them, or those who are close to the gates of paradise.

In those penal fires, even the most faithful of Catholics may be purging away the venial fault, the slight transgression. Or it may be the earnest outsider, who, without the body of the Church, belonged to its soul by his faithful correspondence with light, but who must, nevertheless, pass through the expiatory flames, having none on earth to offer up a prayer or to cause the celebration of a single Mass. And this may be the case with the convert who has no Catholic relative or friend. Then comes into play the charity of the Universal Mother, with the daily remembrance of all who "have died in the Lord"; and also the work of those confraternities and of individuals who pray for departed souls in general, and those most forsaken in particular.

Poor human nature, in the excess of its tenderness, and unable to realize the dread majesty of God's justice, would fain believe that those whom they have loved,

and especially they who have been good and even saintly upon earth, must have passed to the immediate enjoyment of paradise; and thus they fail to procure for them the necessary suffrages, or they soon discontinue supplications in their behalf. This thought is thus expressed by the late Father Henry Van Rensselaer, S. J.: "Mistaken judgment sometimes deprives the beloved departed souls of needed help. They seem to have lived and died so holily that Masses and prayers may be deemed superfluous. But such may not be God's verdict; for to whom many graces are given, of them proportionate holiness may be expected." As our old hymn again quaintly puts it:

Tepidity and good works done
With imperfections mixt, here come;
All these neglects
And least defects
Great anguish bring on me.

As to those who have marred their lives by grievous sin and escaped everlasting perdition merely by a late repentance, their sad plight requires the utmost that can be done for them on the part of the living. As heaven has its "many mansions," and its degrees of glory greater or lesser, so no doubt has purgatory its heights and its depths; and, as "star differeth from star in glory," so, as seems probable, the fate of one soul differs from that of another in the intensity of its pain or the duration of its torment. For them all, happily, there is the certainty of ultimate bliss, toward which they are impelled by every effort that is made for them on earth. For them all goes up, moreover, from one end of Christendom to the other, during this month of November, a cry of supplication, an appeal for mercy:

Eternal rest, eternal gloire,
Eternal light, eternal store,
To them accord,
O sweetest Lord!
There's mercy still with Thee.
Let mercy stay Thy just revenge;
Those scorching flames to glory change;
The precious blood
Of Thine own Blood
For them we offer Thee.

Notes and Remarks.

Chicago, as everyone knows, is a wicked city—one of the worst in the world; but it will not be such for long,—that is, if its school board's plans are carried out. In order to combat degeneracy, the members propose to place social hygiene in the curriculum of the high schools for the last two years. One of the school trustees has lately been airing his views on this subject in an educational journal, and most probably some professor of the University of Chicago is already at work on a text-book. There is no telling what may be done in the name of education by well-meaning people, whose judgment is as faulty as their intentions are good. A law is already in force in Illinois which imposes upon all teachers the obligation to devote a certain amount of time each week to the inculcation of ideas concerning the humane treatment of the lower animals. Now it is proposed to make instruction in social hygiene compulsory. Could folly go further? When will American parents understand that occasional doses of ethical pabulum can never supply for solid religious teaching, begun and enforced in the home, and carried on as a matter of course in the school?

Mgr. Le Roy, former Apostolic Vicar of Gabon (Africa), and Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, but now Bishop of Alinda, invites the attention of Catholics the world over to the apostolate of Foreign Missions. He recalls the fact that, according to the "United Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," Protestants collected for their missions, in 1907, \$21,418,869, or 107,094,345 francs; and asks what a figure is cut, before this sum, by the 6,402,586 francs collected in 1908 for the Work of the Propagation of the Faith in the whole Catholic world. The Bishop points out the painful truth that, while some dioceses—such as Lyons,

New York, Boston, and Metz—do contribute notable sums for Foreign Missions, there are, unfortunately, many others that do not give a single cent or furnish a single man to that most necessary apostolate. He attributes this lamentable failure in the first place to ignorance. The faithful, he declares, are not taught, as they should be, that the command of Our Lord, "Go and teach all nations," imposes a positive *duty*.

Concluding a reply to an inquirer who wanted him to define civilization, the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, after remarking that all the ancient civilizations of the world have perished, overwhelmed finally by the tools they have devised and the morals they have developed, asks, "Will our civilization perish, too?" His answer is worth quoting in full:

It will, unless the moral side of man progresses in proportion to the progress of his intellectual and material powers. There is one thing in the world now that makes for the development of the moral and spiritual side of mankind that the ancient civilizations did not have. That is the Christian religion. If that does not save our civilization from fatal smash, we can not guess what will. Railroads won't, nor telephones, nor steamships, nor even universal education and universal newspapers. Those are all tools; great tools, but tools in the hands of men. They do not shape the spirits of men, however much they may strengthen their hands. What they do accomplish is to compel society to take thought, on pain of destruction, that the spirits of men shall be so shaped and their conduct so regulated that it shall be safe to intrust to them the tools that civilization brings them.

In his inaugural address at the annual conference of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, Dr. Windle spoke of the intellectual claims of the Church. Here are a few of his statements, well worth pondering over by Catholic, and other, laymen everywhere:

But because our religion is one which is suited to the simple needs of the poor and the ignorant, because it is capable of being comprehended by them in all its essentials, and of being their guide and mainstay through life, it is, therefore,

sometimes assumed and even proclaimed that it is a religion fit only for the poor and for the ignorant, and quite unworthy of the serious consideration, even for a passing moment, of really intelligent and educated persons. Such is the verdict, and that not merely of that most objectionable of creatures, the "superior person," but of many others who have been contented to take their information at second-hand—as, unfortunately, so many do,—and have never troubled to examine the real facts of the case for themselves. . . . In fact, I entertain a kind of suspicion that some even of *us* have an uneasy sort of feeling that perhaps the foolish and ignorant critics are right, and the Church has fewer claims on the intellect than she has upon the heart. We forget, or perhaps we have never known, that the Church has been the mother, and in very many cases the fondly-loved mother, of more great writers and of more discoverers in all branches of discovery than have all the other religions of the world put together.

The truth of this last statement has of late years been clearly manifested in the popular expository works of many such writers as Dr. James Walsh; and it is a truth to be kept in mind by young Catholics exposed to the influence of university professors who dismiss the claims of religion as really not worth while.

The Commissioners of Queen's College, Belfast—all Protestants,—some time ago established a chair and lectureship of Scholastic Philosophy electing a Catholic layman to fill the former, and a Catholic priest the latter. The Presbyterian Conference denounced this action, maintaining that Scholastic Philosophy was nothing more or less than St. Thomas Aquinas; and *he* was Catholic Philosophy and Catholic Theology combined. A special committee of the Privy Council, one member only being a Catholic, was appointed to consider the matter, and the evidence given is more than interesting. For instance; Professor Seth, of Edinburgh University, on cross-examination, was compelled, like the other petitioners, to admit his ignorance of Scholastic teaching; and when appealed to "as a man of common-sense," he naively admitted: "I

am here not as a representative of common sense, but of philosophy." Another witness who protested against the "Romanization" of the University, had no answer to Sir James Dougherty's question: "Is it more sectarian to have Catholic Philosophy taught by a Catholic, than Philosophy, approved by Presbyterians, taught by a Presbyterian?"

Judge Shaw, of the Belfast University Commission, said the Queen's College had been essentially Protestant, and they had established this chair in order to give equal chances to Catholics, and therefore make the new University really non-sectarian. He had known of fourteen Protestant ministers and quite a number of Protestant students who had attended Father Finlay's lectures on Philosophy, and declared that Catholic dogma was never obtruded. Two of them had won studentships in Scholastic Philosophy.

The inquiry lasted three days, and at its conclusion the Lord Chancellor announced that the committee had decided to uphold the action of the Belfast Commissioners. Accordingly, Scholastic Philosophy will continue to be expounded by Catholic professors in Queen's College.

The gentleman of Grand Rapids, Michigan, who, in responding to a toast at a recent banquet in that city, made the following appeal to the Filipinos, is an entire stranger to us. We have no reason for thinking that he is not a strictly temperate as well as truthful citizen. Still we should like to know whether there were any Filipinos present at the banquet, and to be sure that the speaker was not addressing the Negro waiters. In any case he meant well, and showed commendable frankness. He said:

You Filipinos don't know what you are missing by not wanting to become citizens of this grand country of ours. There isn't anything like it under the sun. You ought to send a delegation over to visit this great land of ours with all its fine churches and 40,060 licensed saloons, Bible-houses, forts, prisons and insane asylums; where millionaires and paupers abound,—theo-

logians and thieves, schools and scalawags, trusts and tramps,—a land where you can get a good Bible for fifteen cents and a drink of bad whiskey for five cents; where we have men in Congress with three wives and a lot more in the penitentiary with only two; . . . where we put a man in jail for not having the means of support and on the rock pile for asking for a job of work; where we license dens of infamy, and fine evangelists for preaching on the streets; where we have four hundred representatives that make laws, which our Supreme Court, consisting of nine men, sets aside; where newspapers are paid for suppressing the truth and are made rich by spreading lies; where professors draw their convictions from the same place they do their salaries; where preachers dodge the devil and tickle the ears of the worldly at the same time; where business consists in getting hold of all the money possible in any way that won't land the grabber in the penitentiary.

Apropos of the crucial question of Catholic education in England, the *Universe* and *Catholic Weekly* declares:

Our sentiments are in full harmony with those of Dom Fulton, O. S. B., who, speaking at the South London meeting, said that he would rather see the Education Question in the desert another hundred years than that the Catholic policy should be voiced by any combination other than that of the ecclesiastical authorities. We would even go further, and say that we should prefer to see every Catholic school in the country razed to the ground than see it saved by action which would slight and ignore the rightful position of the bishops.

It is to the bishops that Catholics must look for guidance in all questions of religion, and in the present day there are few questions of religion grayer than the Education Question. But this does not mean that no other voice has a right to expression. What it means is that the ultimate determining voice is with the bishops, and that any attempt to place it elsewhere is disloyal and un-Catholic.

The point is so well taken that we deem it unlikely to be gainsaid by politicians of any school, — Catholic politicians, at any rate.

Mr. Hugh Sutherland, the American journalist whose letters in the *Philadelphia North American*, on the Irish Question, have excited so much interest (and incidentally done so much to elucidate a

confessedly involved situation), has been baited by a number of anti-Irish, and anti-Catholic critics who naturally resent the excellent showing which he has given of Ireland's rights. Mr. Sutherland, in a recent issue of his paper, publishes a quasi-reply to some of these perfervid critics. Our readers will enjoy this extract from his good-humored article:

To begin at the beginning, the most frequent criticism of my articles is upon religious grounds. As a matter of fact, that is not only the beginning, but the end and the middle as well. With one or two exceptions, from persons who wrote intelligently as well as with conviction, the letters condemned what I had written as being part of a religious controversy or propaganda. In a single breath, or rather with a single dip in the inkstand, these correspondents denounced me for dragging religion into the discussion, and then proved I was a literary outcast because I did not make their religious views the paramount factor. One indignant person—I recall that his letter made a radiant break in a rather dull day—dismissed my labors with the charge that I was “a narrow-minded bigot,” hopelessly enslaved by the church to which he assigned me. Perhaps this will be sufficient apology for the very personal disclosure that back of my Americanism is an ancestry of double-dyed Ulster Scotch Irish, and the nearest approach to a saint in my church is John Wesley. (Upon my word, I don't see that this fact is of surpassing interest, now that I have written it. But if my views on Home Rule are to be repudiated on account of my theological convictions, let's get the record straight.)

A Methodist, and taking the side of Rome and the “ignorant Irish”!

Political documents generally, and the “cards” of political candidates particularly, are apt to be a weariness to the spirit. 'Tis no wonder, then, that a Wisconsin millionaire lumberman has contributed not a little to the gaiety of at least one nation by his conspicuous departure from the stereotyped style of the average candidate, and his absolutely frank exposition of his reasons for desiring the governorship of his State. The reasons are two: he believes the State needs his administrative ability, and—he would like the honor of holding the office. As if this last admission

were not a sufficiently radical recession from the position of the typical candidate, this ingenuous gentleman adds:

Furthermore, I am a candidate for Governor purely of my own volition. No delegations of admiring friends have called upon me and urgently solicited me to permit my name to go before the people; nor have I been picked out or chosen, or even solicited by, any person, or combination of persons, who care far more for their own interests than they do for the State they live in. My candidacy is in no sense a case of the office seeking the man, but the deliberate seeking of the office by the man, who does so because of his inherent right as an American citizen, and because he sincerely believes he is qualified by long years of business experience to fill the office as the people want it filled.

If we had a vote in Wisconsin, it would require considerable argument to induce us to cast it for any other than this candid, outspoken, unhyphenated aspirant to the governorship.

The inscription on Webster's tomb, written in part by himself, runs as follows:

DANIEL WEBSTER.
BORN JUNE 18, 1782.
DIED OCT. 24, 1852.

“Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.”

Philosophical argument, especially that drawn from the virtues of the universe, in comparison with the apparent insignificance of this globe, has sometimes shaken my reason for the faith that there is in me; but my heart has always assured and reassured me that the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. The Sermon on the Mount can not be a merely human production. This belief enters into the very depth of my conscience. The whole history of man proves it.—*Daniel Webster.*

Quoting this inscription from a long article in the *Boston Herald* on Webster's farm at Marshfield, Mass., the *Republic* adds: “If Daniel Webster could revisit the scenes of his lifetime and note the changes in the faith of the various Protestant denominations within little more than fifty years, he would undoubtedly conform to the action of his niece, Mrs. Day, and his granddaughter, Miss Edgar, both of whom became Catholics; and he would have rejoiced that the latter became further a Visitation nun.”



My Comrade.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

I HAVE a faithful comrade
To guide me in life's race,
Who never for one moment
Is absent from his place.
From morning until, even
He has me in his care,
And through the midnight darkness
I know that he is there.

Mine eyes have never seen him,
Mine ears have never heard
From this most gentle comrade
A single loving word.
I do not hear his footstep,
Nor meet his gentle eyes,
Although he walks beside me,
Unerring, strong and wise.

But one day I shall see him
And feel him take my hand,
And lead me through the shadows
Into the better land.
Oh, may I walk forever
Beneath his guidance here,
That I may know in heaven
My Guardian Angel dear!

The Adventures of Ricardo.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XII.

Y EARS afterward, when Ricardo had grown to be a man, whenever he recalled the incident that took him from *terra firma* to the back of the fleetest of horses, upheld by the strong, sinewy arm of a half-naked Indian, he thought it strange that his first feeling was not one of terror, but one of wild exhilaration in the swiftness of the ride. Neither did he fear that his captor

would injure him in the least. His sensations were those of pure enjoyment, until he remembered Father Featherstone and what his feelings would probably be when he should find his charge was no longer on the train. But it was some time before these thoughts assailed him, as they penetrated farther into the desert and the light of the moon grew almost as bright as day.

When the realization of what had happened to him came at last, he tried to free himself from the Indian's grasp, and spoke the first words that had been uttered since the beginning of their rapid flight.

"Take me back now," he said. "We have gone far enough. I must not miss the train."

The Indian drew up his horse to a full stop.

"We go to the *fiesta*," he replied, as though in surprise. "We shall not be there till broad day. Afterward — to-morrow maybe — Proud-in-the-Face will take the White One back; but not Smile-in-the-Night. No, never. It is the first time in many days that I have left the corral, and they will not let me go again."

"I do not want—" began the boy, but the Indian shook him roughly.

"Speak not!" he commanded. "It is the White One who will be the prince of the *fiesta*. But speak not. We are losing time."

Again they were speeding over the trail; and the boy, now thoroughly terrified, kept perfectly silent, as he was bid.

After a time he slept, and was awakened by the sound of many horses' hoofs in the distance. The Indian listened attentively, made a wild dash across the sands, and in a few moments halted in front of a small tepee, or hut made of brushwood and Yucca. It was now five o'clock

in the morning, and broad day. The hut seemed to be entirely alone in that portion of the desert where they had stopped; and as the Indian dismounted, dragging the boy after him, Ricardo wondered what was now to befall him. A ragged piece of canvas hung in front of the entrance. The Indian lifted it, pushed the boy inside, and bade him stay there till he returned. Then he galloped away.

Ricardo looked about him. The hut was no doubt the dwelling of his captor. Two skins lay in one corner, evidently used as a bed. One or two cooking utensils stood on the floor in the middle of the tepee, close to a pile of ashes,—the remains of a recent fire, for they were still warm. Above the ashes, a round hole in the middle of the roof permitted the smoke to escape. The heat, even at that hour, was stifling. But Ricardo knew that, even if he dared disobey his captor, he would find the atmosphere without still more fervid, as the walls of the hut were at least some slight shade.

The reader has already observed, no doubt, that the hero of our little story did not find it difficult to fall asleep when plunged into any of the unfortunate situations to which he had lately been a victim. On this occasion he followed his usual inclination. After examining the skins, which did not look inviting, he pulled off his coat, folded it under his head for a pillow, and stretched himself on the bare ground. He was soon wrapped in oblivion, and so remained for two hours, when he was roused by the Indian, who stood beside him with a can of water and some thin, flat cakes made of ground corn and water, with which he was later to become familiar under the name of *tortillas*.

He was both hungry and thirsty, and relished the food and water. The Indian went out and brought in another full can, which he placed on the floor.

"White One," he said, "here you must stay till night, and then another day, and another night. The priest may come. If

he comes, he will take the White One away. I do not like the priest. He is an enemy to Smile-in-the-Night. I do not believe in his teachings. Long ago—long, long ago,—before they made schools for the children, a prophetess said it was a young white chief who would come on the fleetest horse, to give us all our lands again. And last night you came, on Fly-in-the-Air, the fastest horse of the three tribes. But here you must stay till the priest goes."

"Yes," answered Ricardo meekly, while hoping that the priest would come soon and release him.

The Indian now began to stalk up and down, with uplifted arms; and Ricardo wondered if such was the habit of the Indians, or if this particular one might not be crazy.

"Who is Proud-in-the-Face?" asked the boy, remembering what Smile-in-the-Night had said the night before.

"He is the Son of the Morning," was the reply, "the fleetest rider and strongest warrior of the Navajos."

Suddenly the savage seemed to be listening intently.

"They are coming! I hear them!" he cried. "And they must not find you. I will go outside and draw the magic circle, so that they will be afraid to come near the tent of Smile-in-the-Night."

But Ricardo could hear nothing.

"Will you not take me back to the place where you found me?" he asked. "My friend will be looking for me. He will not know where I have gone. He will be very much troubled."

The Indian studied him attentively for a moment.

"No, not yet," he answered slowly. "Perhaps after the *fiesta*, if you are not he whom they want. When the priest has gone, I will show you to the braves, and Proud-in-the-Face will decide."

"When will that be?" asked Ricardo, keeping back his tears.

"On the third day. Be quiet now, and do not show yourself, so that none may see."

With a wild whoop and threatening backward glance of the eye, the Indian disappeared. After he had gone, the boy furtively lifted the door of the tepee and peeped outside. Smile-in-the-Night was drawing a large circle around the premises, placing a stick here and there to define it. On each of these sticks he had tied a piece of white rag. From time to time he would stand in the attitude of listening. At length he sat down on the ground, lit a pipe which he drew from his belt, and, with a bound like that of an antelope, sprang into the open. Ricardo began to hear the noise of horses' hoofs, and could soon discern, at a distance, quite a company of Indians — men, women and children — approaching from the direction of the foothills. For a long time the boy watched them, and saw them at last bring up the rear with two lumbering wagons, each drawn by four mules, and in which were a few old men and women and some little children. Tents and provisions were produced from the wagons; others had been carried behind the travellers on horseback.

In a short time the camp was pitched, a fire started, and the women began to prepare a meal. While Ricardo was thus intently gazing through a slit in the tepee, as he feared to continue at the door, he saw Smile-in-the-Night reappear, yelling and bounding with great strides from group to group. He observed that the women and children shrank from him, and that the men rudely pushed him aside; from which he inferred that the man was crazy and an object of aversion to his companions.

A little later, however, he remarked that the crazy man sat down with the others to eat, and the sight of the company thus assembled made him feel very lonely and desolate. Leaving his post of observation, he once more threw himself upon the ground and bitter tears welled from his eyes. As he lay there, wondering if in some manner he could not get away, and whether the other Indians would be

friendly or unfriendly, his captor once more entered the tepee.

"You are brave and good, White One!" he said. "Here are warm cakes. And to-night you shall come out into the gathering of the tribes. But until then silence; for I have told them that by the light of the fire Smile-in-the-Night would show them what he had found. Sleep now, for the night will be filled with merriment. The priest does not come this year, and Smile-in-the-Night is glad."

The heat in the tent was oppressive, but Ricardo doubted whether it was not cooler there than in the blazing sun where the Indians were gathered.

"Sleep, White One!" said the Indian once more. "No one shall discover thee. They fear to come nearer than the magic circle; and they know that Smile-in-the-Night, the Medicine Man, can work them evil if they disobey him."

With these words he rushed from the tepee as suddenly as he had appeared; and Ricardo, his mind filled with apprehension, rose to his feet and began to walk the few steps that were possible in the narrow area of the hut. The exercise soon fatigued him; he lay down again, and after a long time he slept.

The light of a great fire was illumining the desert when he awoke. His slumbers had been deep. While they lasted, more Indians had arrived, also wagons; a ramada, or brush house, had been erected; and he could hear the twanging of harsh, discordant instruments. He soon recognized them as Jew's-harps, of which the Indians are very fond, and on which many of the young bucks are quite proficient. Knowing that they could not see him, for the tepee was in the shadow, Ricardo sat gazing intently at the scene before him, munching a *tortilla* and sipping the tepid water; and as he looked he became overpowered with fear. The Indians whom he had seen in the earlier part of the day partially attired, at least in the garments of civilization — red or blue shirts and overalls, — had disappeared, and a motley

savage crowd had taken their places. Some of them wore a dirty, whitish-yellow tunic, which reached midway between the thigh and the knee. It also covered the head and was closed at the top, leaving two holes for the eyes and another for the mouth. Around the rim of these holes were painted lines of vivid scarlet. Pieces of bark had been sewed on, to represent ears; the whole effect was most grotesque and horrible.

This head covering was surmounted by bunches of feathers, scarlet, green and yellow; the limbs, which appeared from the arm-holes and beneath the edge of the tunic, were stained in vivid scarlet, purple and orange, with an occasional streak of black to accentuate the bizarre effect. There were also other Indians, who seemed to be entirely naked save for a single cloth about the loins; and these were painted from head to foot in lines parallel, curved and horizontal, with crude and startling colors. The white-robcs stood at one side of the fire, at some distance from it, while the unclothed warriors were marshalled on the other. Around the fire in a circle, very close together, were the women, in their ordinary attire, save that most of them wore red, green or yellow cloths upon their heads. Their faces were painted in horizontal lines of scarlet, blue and yellow.

If Ricardo had only known that the half-clad savages were in reality peaceable and peace-loving Indians — the same he had seen unloading the horses and wagons in the morning, — he might not have been so much alarmed. Or if he had been aware that they were "neither on cruel warfare bent nor on murderous thoughts intent," but merely preparing to celebrate their tribal festival in the usual fashion, his blood would not have begun to course wildly through his veins in terror. He was quite sure that they were about to perform some sacrificial rite, in which he was to be the victim. He had read of some such incident in a little History of Peru which some one had once given him.

Fascinated, he continued to watch the scene before him, as the women, joining hands, began to sing a weird, monotonous song. It seemed to be a signal for the men to begin their part of the ceremonies.

At first singly and then together, they engaged in a barbaric dance, in which they alternately marched, crouched to the ground, jumped high in the air, bent backward nearly double, then forward till their heads almost touched the ground, — all with unearthly yells and grimaces; while the women kept steadily on in their sing-song chant.

Finally, they sank down, one by one, exhausted, till there remained only a single, tall, splendidly formed young Indian, who seemed quite as fresh as when he had begun. As he writhed and twisted and jumped, yelling at the top of his lungs, the women ceased their singing to join the men in clapping of hands and wild shouts of applause. And still the brave continued the frenzied dancing, with each step approaching nearer the fire.

The women drew closer together; he made a passage between them, and at last jumped upon the bed of burning coals, now fast fading into embers. He did not seem to feel the fire, but evidently the time for putting an end to the performance had arrived. The men rushed forward, and, taking him upon their shoulders, marched round and round the circle, followed by the women, clapping their hands and once more singing.

Then suddenly silence fell upon the assemblage. The men flung themselves upon the ground in various attitudes, the victor seated alone in the centre. The women busied themselves in the darkness close to the tents, and soon reappeared with large jugs of pottery, from which they poured into smaller vessels copious draughts of some liquid, which Ricardo supposed was wine. It was not wine but whisky, forbidden under pain of imprisonment to be sold to the Indians on all the Reservations. But in some mysterious way they always become possessed of it

during the time of their *fiestas*, and are deterred from drinking it only by the presence of the priest, who was unable to be on hand on this occasion. Often it makes them quarrelsome, especially when they have been drinking all day; but, owing to some delay, the supply had not arrived until the last festivities of the day were in progress. Fatigued with their exertions in dancing, the men partook of larger quantities than usual in one round; and in less than an hour were stretched near the dying fire, in the mingled sleep of fatigue and semi-intoxication.

During the progress of the dance, the boy had looked in vain for Smile-in-the-Night, whom he momentarily expected would come to fetch him. But he was not to be seen; though if Ricardo had been able to look through the back of the tent he would have found him lying there in a drunken sleep. He had stolen some liquor early in the evening, and had hastened with his prize from the vicinity of his fellows.

"That terrible dancer must surely have been Proud-in-the-Face," thought the boy. "How strange that they should all go to sleep!"

For himself, he had no desire to do so. He wanted to get away, and knew so little about the dangers of the desert that he resolved to set out immediately; believing that, by walking all night along the trail he had travelled on the previous journey, he could reach a railroad station. If his Guardian Angel had taken him by the hand he might have done so; but the chances are that he would have lost the trail almost immediately, and his bones would have been left to bleach on the desert.

(To be continued.)

THE deep sea is blue because it reflects the blue rays of light; but shallow bodies of water seem green because this blue light is mixed with yellow reflections from the sand and stones at the bottom, green being a mixture of tints.

"Big Ben."

The large bell in the tower of the House of Parliament in London has always been called "Big Ben," but the average Londoner himself seems to have no idea how it got its name. When the building was designed, Sir Benjamin Hall had a great deal to do with carrying out the plans of the architects, being High Commissioner of Public Works; and his co-workers appreciated the fact that to him the city of London was largely indebted. So when the question came up in Parliament as to the name of the enormous bell that was to hang in the tower, a member shouted: "Why not call it 'Big Ben'?" This suggestion was received with much applause as well as roars of laughter; for Sir Benjamin was an enormous man, both in height and girth, and had often been called "Big Ben." No opposition was made to the speaker; and from that day to this the bell whose peals every Londoner knows and loves has been called "Big Ben," in affectionate remembrance of the towering Baronet.

Ants at Work.

In Burmah and the Far East, they have a curious fashion of setting the ants to work. The sandalwood is worth its weight in silver, but it is only the hard heart of the wood that is fragrant and valuable. This precious portion is overlaid by a soft and worthless layer, which forms two-thirds of the trunk. When a tree is felled and cut into suitable lengths, the loggers just let it alone, and the ants attack it, attracted by its sweetness, and no doubt fancying that they are doing mischief instead of rendering assistance, as they really are. In a few weeks the little insects have finished their work, and the valuable heart of the wood is freed of its worthless covering and ready to be made an article of commerce.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—New books issued by Longmans, Green & Co. include "The Life and Times of Bishop Challoner (1691-1781)," by the Rev. Edwin H. Burton, D. D. With 34 portraits and other illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo.

—In a brief notice of Mr. Henry Charles Lea, of Philadelphia, the *Athenæum* refers to his death as "a real loss to scholarship, for his work was admirably thorough and judicious." Which is one of the most ill-considered judgments we have ever seen in the *Athenæum*. It has been abundantly shown that Mr. Lea's work was anything but thorough, and that he was decidedly partisan rather than judicious.

—"Practical Agriculture," by John W. Wilken-son, A. M. (American Book Co.), is yet another text-book proffered to the already somewhat crowded curriculum of the public school. A volume of 383 pages, it purports to be a "brief treatise on agriculture, horticulture, forestry, stock feeding, animal husbandry, and road building,"—all of them excellent subjects for the study of the prospective farmer or general reader; but none of them, be it emphasized, important enough to displace any one of the Three R's, or to encroach on the time that should be given to those educational fundamentals. The book is clearly printed, well bound, and profusely illustrated.

—Lyman Abbot's "The Temple" (The Macmillan Company) is stated by its author to be a book, not of theology, but of religion,—which terms, by the way, Dr. Abbot thus distinguishes: "Religion is the life of God in the soul of man; theology is what men have thought about that life." The title is synonymous with man; and the author's aim in this volume is "to point out, as an interpreter of the Biblical writers, some of the laws of health of both body and spirit. . ." It is obvious that Dr. Abbot's interpretations of the Bible will not always commend themselves to Catholic readers. When he asserts, for instance, that "Christianity affords no justification for asceticism," he provokes distinct dissent. Notwithstanding this drawback, however, there is in the volume much that is worth while. It is made up of fourteen brief essays; seven of these discuss the body and its organs; the remainder treat of the appetites, passions, imagination, conscience, intuition, reason, and love. (Longer than any one of the essays, and very much better worth while than most of them, our readers will find Father Cullen's paper, "Of Will Power and Temperament," in another part

of this number of THE AVE MARIA.) The publishers have given the essays a handsome setting, and what with thick paper, large type, wide spacing, and generous margins, have made a good-sized book.

—The Angelus Co., Norwood, London, that brought out a year ago "The Catholic Diary, 1909," found so kindly a welcome extended to the little work that the Diary for 1910 is now on the market. It is a compact booklet of about 380 pages, bound in art linen, and embodies a number of improving changes from last year's edition.

—It is gratifying to learn, from the twenty-fifth anniversary number of the *Young Catholic Messenger*, the excellent little semi-monthly of Dayton, Ohio, that it can boast of a *bona fide* circulation of thirty-six thousand. That is a very satisfactory proof, not only of the paper's *raison d'être*, but of the good judgment of its subscribers.

—"Character and Character Formation," from the press of Harrigan Brothers, Worcester, Mass., is *not* Father Ernest Hull's work of the same or a similar name, but a lecture by the Rev. Robert Swickerath, S. J. We have found, in glancing through its pages, a number of good things well said, and can recommend it as a helpful and suggestive discourse on an ever-timely subject.

—The Gateway Series of English texts (American Book Co.) is steadily growing, which in itself is proof of the excellence of these publications. A late addition is "Selections from Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and Browning," edited by Charles Townsend Copeland and Henry Milner Rideout. Byron is represented by only two poems, but they are wisely chosen selections—namely, "The Prisoner of Chillon" and "Mazeppa." The choice in the case of the other poets includes the best of each,—the poems that every student should know.

—"Macbeth," edited, with notes, by Homer B. Sprague, A. M., Ph. D. (Silver, Burdett & Co.), is a volume of 269 pages; and, accordingly, the reader will not be surprised to learn that the notes are copious, and the critical comments many and of generous length. The book contains, in addition, an elocutionary analysis with suggestions for expressive reading, plans for the study of English literature, and specimens of examination papers. To the teacher who is introducing his pupils to the study

of Shakespeare, the book should prove of inestimable value; while the general reader to whom the play is more or less familiar will find within its covers much to excite his curiosity, and possibly not a little to improve his critical judgment.

—People have different ideas as to what constitutes the essence of poetry; however, we think most readers will agree that in the following lines contributed to a recent number of the London *Academy* by Olive Douglas, and aptly entitled "The Prisoner of God," there is something which differentiates them from at least four-fifths of what is commonly classed as poetry:

Once long and long ago I knew delight.
God gave my spirit wings and a glad voice.
I was a bird that sang at dawn and noon,
That sang at starry evening time and night;
Sang at the sun's great golden doors, and furled
Brave wings in the white gardens of the moon;
That sang and soared beyond the dusty world.

Once long and long ago I did rejoice,
But now I am a stone that falls and falls;
A prisoner, cursing the blank prison walls,
Helpless and dumb, with desperate eyes, that see
The terrible beauty of those simple things
My soul disdained when she was proud and free.
And I can only pray: God pity me,
God pity me and give me back my voice!
God pity me and give me back my wings!

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"At the Root of Socialism: A Study of a Glasgow Manifesto." F. Power, S. J. 10 cts.

"The Glories of Lourdes." Chanoine Justin Rousseil. \$1.10, net.

"A Certain Rich Man." William Allen White. \$1.50.

"The Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, in Meditations. Maurice Meschler, S. J. \$4.75, net.

"Waifs and Strays. Being a Collection of Sermons, some Lectures, Essays, etc." Rev. Henry A. Brann, D. D., LL. D. Volume I.—Sermons. \$1.15.

"The Priest's Studies." T. B. Scannell, D. D. \$1.20, net.

"The Diocese of Limerick, Ancient and Medieval." Rev. John Begley, C. C. \$3.85, net.

"Holy Practices of a Divine Lover." Dame Gertrude More. 75 cts.

"What Think You of Christ?" Rev. Bernard Otten, S. J. 25 cts.

"On Retreats." St. Alphonsus Liguori. 6 cts.

"The Making of Mortlake." Rev. F. Copus, S. J. 85 cts.

"Three Years behind the Guns." L. G. T. \$1.50

"A Round of Rimes." Denis A. McCarthy. \$1. net.

"Cantus Ecclesiastici ad Usus Clericorum." P. Dom Johner, O. S. B. 50 cts.

"Makers of Electricity." Brother Potamian, F. S. C., D. Sc., Lond.; and James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$2, net.

"The Great Schism of the West." L. Salembier. Authorized Translation by M. D. \$2.

"The Holy Sacrifice and Its Ceremonies." M. C. Nieuwbarn, O. P., S. T. L. Translated by L. M. Bouman. 70 cts., net.

"Ceremonies of Low Mass." Felix Zualdi, C. M. \$1.25.

"The Monuments of Christian Rome from Constantine to the Renaissance." Arthur I. Frothingham, Ph. D. \$2.25, net.

"Patrology. The Lives and Works of the Fathers of the Church." Otto Bardenhewer. Translated by Thomas J. Shahan, D. D. \$3.75, net

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Gabriel Ussel, of the diocese of Denver; Rev. Bernard Kroeger, diocese of Fort Wayne; and Rev. Henry Doerner, diocese of Cleveland.

Sister Anna, of the Congregation of Notre Dame; and Sister M. Anita, Sisters of Charity.

Mr. Joseph Mason, Mr. Florian Mueller, Mr. Edmund P. Walsh, Mr. James Weldon, Mr. Nicholas Laughlin, Mr. Jacob Hoffman, Dr. Francis E. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Clara Seabright, Mr. Edward T. Reilly, Mr. F. D. Stemmer, Mr. Thomas O'Connell, Mrs. Mary Enders, Mrs. Anna McAleenan, Gen. John Coppinger, Mr. William McGurk, Mr. Robert Hall, Mr. Timothy O'Brien, Mrs. Mary Brown, Mrs. Bridget White, Mr. John M. Smyth, Mr. Daniel Sheahan, Mr. Thomas Bloomfield, Mrs. Martin Griffin, Mr. Wolfgang Vogel, Mrs. Bridget McKenna, Mr. Louis Van Loo, and Mr. Theodore Wortman.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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My Prayer.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

GOD of the day, the sleeping world awakes
And dawn finds millions on a purpose bent;
God of the night, the wasting heat is spent
And stars are trembling over breeze-blown lakes;
God of the sea, no billow ever breaks
On any shore but follows Thy intent;
God of the sky, when cloudful and storm-rent,
We think of all Thy suffering for our sakes.
God over all, a feeble cry is mine;
Yet hear in pity as I breathe my prayer:
Teach me to fear Thee ever who art just,
To call Thee Father, knowing Thee benign,
To keep Thy image with me everywhere,
To copy Thee, remembering I am dust.

A Pilgrimage to Our Lady of the Fountains.

BY H. CECIL POOL.

Here man more purely lives, less oft doth fall,
More promptly rises, walks with nicer heed,
More safely rests, dies happier, is freed
Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains withal
A brighter crown,—on yon Cistercian wall
That confident assurance may we read.

—Wordsworth.

A VISIT to the ruined Yorkshire Abbey of Our Lady of the Fountains is a red-letter day for even the most surfeited tourist who has been "doing" the British Isles. Cathedrals, castles and other memorials of a storied past have flitted by, leaving a sort of composite picture, but the recollections of Fountains will remain as a sharply defined mental picture.

The tourist becomes aware of the compelling force of Fountains as soon as he touches Ripon. Unless he is a lover of archæology and architecture, the cathedral will not long detain him. The people of the sleepy little city will tell him, with just a suspicion of jealousy, that the ruins are *the* great attraction of the district. From the verger who conducts visitors over the cathedral comes the plaint: "You'd 'ardly believe it, sir, but 'undreds of people comes 'ere, and 'urrys off to the *H*-abbey without even *h*-enterin' the cathedral."

By all means walk the five miles to Fountains. An automobile may tempt you, but you can not do justice to the ruins after being whirled there through clouds of dust. All travelling loses its interest in exact proportion to its rapidity. Ruskin has it that railroad travelling is merely "being sent," like a parcel, and telegraphic transmission would have to be the next step. What a mercy Ruskin passed before the automobile!

Try for a few hours to forget everything up-to-date, so that your mind may be in the proper state of receptivity. It was no idle æstheticism that led the Cistercians to build their abbeys in such vales as that in which Fountains now moulders. Meditate on the words of St. Bernard, the founder of the Order: "*Experto crede; aliquid amplius invenies in silvis quam in libris. Ligna et lapides docebunt te quod a magistris non possis.*" Can it be possible, by the way, that Shakespeare had these words in mind when he wrote of "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones?"

These ruined abbeys have a wonderful fascination. When the hand of the spoiler had wrought its worst havoc, the abbeys for centuries became the prey of devouring elements. The very memory of the sites of some of them almost perished. Antiquarian zeal, added to a sentimental admiration, brought about a revival of interest. We may attribute a large share of this awakened interest to love of romanticism, but deeper than this is the pervading sense of veneration which makes all alike feel that there is a lingering sanctity in these desecrated shrines. We have to love them because these walls revive memories of noble souls who built into the very fabric their heart, their blood, their all. The light from the Lamp of Sacrifice can not be extinguished.

Plunging at once into the fields, we soon sight the little hamlet of Studley, with its church spire peeping out of rounded masses of brilliant verdure. The English landscape never loses its vernal brilliance, and we need no nature-study to induce a love of things rural. Crossing the one village street, we enter the fair domain of Studley Royal. A magnificent avenue of luxuriant limes and chestnuts crosses the park from east to west. Red and fallow deer gaze listlessly at us from sylvan recesses. We turn off into a charming avenue of beeches, and arrive at a small lake fringed by such woodland as the artist loves. This is the vale of the Skell.

The vale is of exquisite loveliness. Every natural beauty has been enhanced by the most skilful landscape-gardening to an unrivalled perfection. The rivulet Skell is hemmed in by gently undulating ridges clothed with rare shrubs and trees; the banks recede, and the rivulet forms shallow pools and lakes. We wander along a well-kept walk with a veritable wall of foliage on one side, and just as we begin to feel a sense of monotony there is a cunningly devised break in the leafy wall through which we catch a glimpse of the murmuring stream and miniature

cascades. Artificial lakes of various shapes, statuary and classic temples, waterfalls and picturesque rustic bridges, well-trimmed exotic trees, among which we note some old American favorites,—all this, added to supreme natural beauty, bewilders us, and we rub our eyes wondering whether it is not all an illusion.

But there is a peculiar elusiveness in the ruins; twenty times we have expected to see them at the very next turn, and our short-lived disappointment has been compensated by still another scenic gem. Suddenly the vale widens, and we are in a sort of natural amphitheatre enclosing a lake. Passing a classic building, named the Temple of Piety, we ascend the bank to an octagonal tower. Following the ridge, we notice that the vale has again contracted; and just as we have come to the conclusion that, somehow, we have missed our path, an unexpected gap in the timber reveals a view that amply repays a voyage across the seas.

No pen-picture can do justice to this inimitable scene. The vale has widened out to form an elliptical hollow, with the Skell creeping along the south side as a tortuous silvery thread. The bounding ridges on the north have become rugged walls of rock. In the background, beyond an expanse of emerald green turf, rises "a noble wreck in ruinous perfection." A great grey ghostly ruin, beautiful even in decay, crowned by a graceful tower, and presenting to us such another magnificent east end as we see at Durham cathedral. It is a view that sinks deep into the soul; translated into music, we have Beethoven's Sonata Pathétique.

From the dark backward and abysm of time comes a monkish voice from the cloister of Kirkstall, telling us of the beginning of Fountains. Seven centuries have passed away since the chronicle was written. The original settlement was made in 1132 by monks of St. Mary's Abbey at York, doubtless influenced by the example of St. Bernard, who had founded a new branch of the Cistercian Order at

Clairvaux. These monks, moved by a desire to lead a more austere life than the Rule of St. Benedict demanded, sought the solitudes of Skelldale. Their first abbey was a shelter formed by thatching the limbs of a friendly elm, and afterward by making an enclosure round a group of yews, two of which survive as silent witnesses of the rise and fall of the great Abbey. The little community suffered severe hardships, but nobly persevered. They were instructed in the Rule by Geoffrey, who was sent to Fountains from Clairvaux by St. Bernard himself. The existing remains prove to us that there was constant and consistent improvement until the time when England's ancient Faith suffered that almost total eclipse, plausibly termed "The Reformation."

What to see first is the great question as we approach the ruins. Fortunately, plans of the ruins are posted in various parts of the remains; so that we need not wander aimlessly. We first notice the foundations of a building extending over an area of 30,000 feet. No tradition existed as to the purpose of this building, and for many years it was pointed out as the palatial residence of the Lord Abbot. It would have remained as a reproach to "monastic luxury" if subsequent excavations had not made it apparent that it was the infirmary. And so it goes; one by one the fables of the great "Protestant Tradition" fade and die, and monastic vices are transformed to virtues.

In our tour of the cathedrals we felt sorrowful at finding little but architectural bone and sinew as a result of Protestant appropriation. When we reflect on the iconoclastic storms through which they have passed, we are thankful to find that they have been spared the final degradation of being rendered uninhabitable. This has been the sad fate of the magnificent Abbey church of Fountains: the bare walls remain simply because they were of no intrinsic value, and no utilitarian exigency presented itself. The

dominant note of the church is its majestic simplicity. From the west end of the nave we have an uninterrupted vista of nearly three hundred and seventy feet. The massive walls of the nave are sustained by eleven obtuse pointed arches springing from typical Norman piers, sixteen feet in circumference. In the naves of the cathedrals we find a bareness resulting from the intentional removal of all the accessories of Catholic worship; here we have a bareness induced by centuries of exposure to elemental fury. Everywhere in the piers and aisle walls we see holes and cuttings that denote the former presence of altars and chapels. Nature itself seems to have pitied these crumbling walls, and attempted to hide the scars caused by human malignity by mantling ivy, festoons of vines, and frescoes of mosses and many colored lichens.

Crossing the transepts, we reach the choir. The hand of the spoiler wrought the greatest havoc here, as it represented the most sacred portion of the building. Nothing remains but the external walls, with five early English windows on each side. Empty stone coffins speak of the greed which even robbed the graves of the honored dead and scattered their remains. In the crossing is the empty stone coffin of Abbot John de Rypon, who died in 1434. The footpace of the high altar has been relaid with tesserae from all parts of the ruin. The writer found the footpace occupied by a portly individual in a loud check suit, who was delivering an impromptu lecture on monastic life to several ladies.

To the east of the high altar is the Chapel of the nine altars, forming a great eastern transept. The slender octagonal pillars, dividing it into three bays, are standing reproaches to modern jerry-building, as well as marvels of graceful beauty.

We are told that when the church was in its prime the lights on the altar of the Blessed Virgin were never extinguished; and the semblances of saints and angels turned on the pillared walls and marble

pavements, as the sun and moon in their courses shone through the pictured windows. No Catholic surveys these pitiful ruins with any feeling save of grief. As the winds howl and moan through shattered walls and piers and vacant windows, we feel the terrible agony that moved one in Holy Writ when his heart went out in the wail, "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people!" we realize the full significance of all that is described as "the abomination of desolation." We burn with indignation as we remember the last sad days of the Abbey, before its fall, when its destinies were being molded for the final catastrophe by a shepherd who was literally a wolf in sheep's clothing. But we thank God that ex-Abbot Thirsk, the last *true* head of the house, who was ousted by Henry's creatures in favor of a more complaisant successor, gave up his life for his share in that last effort to fan the dying embers of the Faith, known as the Pilgrimage of Grace. We trust that on that day when last these walls resounded to the *Laus Perennis*, when the last lights were extinguished on the altars, when our Blessed Lord was banished from His sanctuary, when the last monk had had his white robe torn from him at the Abbey gate, that there were some few who lingered in its sacred precincts, feeling in their hearts a void which could never be filled, because their glorious Abbey, with its daily services, its frequent means of grace, its hospitality to strangers, and its loving care for God's poor, had passed away like a morning dream and was gone forever.

If we desire to gain a knowledge of monastic life, we have an eloquent lesson in these ruins. Kitchens, lavatories and domestic buildings still exist as they were when last used. The refectory is an interesting building. In its graceful lancets we see a progress from the Norman to transitional early English art; truly a magnificent dining-hall, one hundred and nine by forty-six feet. The lectern, with a sculptured representation of an unfolded

flower, reminds us of the monastic regulation of reading the Holy Scripture during meals.

Passing out in the cloister-garth we enter the chapter-house. At the east end we find the memorial slabs of several abbots; for this was their appointed resting-place. On one stone can still be read the memorial of Abbot John de Ebor, who died 1209: "*Hic requiescit Dominus Johannes X. Abbas de Fontibus qui obiit viii die Decembris.*" On another can be deciphered in abbreviated form: "*Hic requiescit Dominus Johannes XII. Abbas de Fontibus,*" which was to perpetuate the memory of Abbot John de Canacia, who died 1211. Their rest has been disturbed: every coffin has been rifled. In a vaulted passage near the church were found human skeletons which must have formed the remains of at least four hundred bodies. They were once more reverently laid to rest—this time, let us hope, in peace—in a large pit in the interior of the ancient church.

One final thought: perhaps in all the history of the Church, through all the changes and vicissitudes of the ages, no more consummate effort was ever made to wrest a people from its ancient Faith than that most vital blow which was aimed at the Church by the dissolution of the monasteries. Where force availed not, the most insidious wiles were adopted; and it almost appeared that the gates of hell had prevailed, and that the "Dowry of Mary" had been dissipated. And yet, though our most sanguine hopes will not allow us to believe that these desecrated shrines will ever again echo the "holy mutter of the Mass," the Faith still abides. With other ages, other perils arise; in our own age of tolerance and ease we have to beware the

Signs of storm,

Waverings of every vane with every wind,
And wordy trucklings to the transient hour,
And fierce and careless looseners of the faith,
And Softness breeding scorn of simple life.

—Tennyson.

The Vengeance of Lucienne.

A STORY OF LIFE IN PARIS OF TO-DAY.

BY ALICE DEASE.

VIII.

IT seemed to Lucienne that she had been kneeling in the invalid's grasp for an hour, but in reality only a few moments had elapsed before the force of the attack began to lessen. Lozares' features relaxed, his breath came more easily, and Lucienne was able to rise from her cramped position.

"Don't go!" the sick man murmured, in so weak a voice that his words were scarcely audible. "I am better now. It is passing away for this time."

"What was it?" asked Lucienne, still affrighted.

"I don't know. I have had several such attacks. Last night I thought I should surely die in one of them."

"Die!" repeated Lucienne. "O Pedro, are you ready to die,—to appear before the judgment-seat of God?"

Shudderingly he shook his head.

"I must go and fetch a doctor," she said. "Let me also bring a priest to you."

He tried to speak, but a fresh attack of breathlessness came upon him.

"A priest—first!"

She could hardly hear the words; but, guessing at them, she repeated them; and Lozares nodded that she had heard aright. She was afraid to leave him, but still more was she afraid to let him die in his sins; and as soon as the attack began to subside she started on her errand.

In the parish churches in Paris it is the custom for one of the priests to be always within call in case of need, and Lucienne, driving as fast as a cab could take her, was able in a few minutes to deliver her message to the curate in charge of Saint Joseph's. From him she obtained the address of a doctor, and, leaving her cab so as to enable the priest to reach

Lozares' bedside as soon as possible, she continued her way on foot.

In a few words she told of the state in which she had found the sick man. The doctor was free to accompany her at once, and as they walked together toward the house where the priest had preceded them, the former questioned her as to the cause of the attack she described.

"I know no more about it than you do, doctor," replied Lucienne. "Finding that his leg was injured, I went to visit him; and then, when this attack suddenly came on, I was terrified and came for you at once."

"What a place for any one to live in!" exclaimed the doctor, when, after a few moments' walk, they reached their destination, and began to mount the dirty, ill-ventilated staircase. "We pride ourselves upon our sanitation, yet such hotbeds of disease as this are allowed to exist!"

On reaching the garret door they found the priest on his knees beside Lozares. The sick man's head lay on the arm of the worn, black cassock, and the confessor was bending low to catch the faltering words of confession. He raised his hand as a sign to the doctor and his companion to wait for a moment, but almost immediately he got up and came toward them.

"I am afraid there is not much for you to do, doctor," he said. "Come in; I am sorry if I have kept you waiting."

"Me, yes; but not you, Madame," said the doctor. "You are trying to do too much, and unless you retire and rest for a while, I shall have you on my hands also."

"I am stronger than you would think," replied Lucienne, grateful for his thought of her. "But I will do as you tell me. I don't want to hinder you, so I will wait outside; only you must promise to tell me if I can be of any service."

She went out and seated herself on the stairs. The priest, at Lozares' request, had returned to the bedside, and after some time the doctor rejoined Lucienne, having finished his examination of the patient.

"Well, doctor?" she asked, in a low voice.

"His constitution is shattered by his own excesses," replied the doctor; "and poverty has finished him off. His leg was broken days ago, and now it is past mending. However, he may linger on for some time. I can at least relieve those attacks of suffocation. They do not come from the heart, but are caused chiefly by the condition he is in and his surroundings." Then, speaking aloud, so that Lozares could hear him he went on: "The first thing to be done is to get the patient into a clean bed, where the injured limb can be properly dressed, and where he will be given regular nourishment. In short, we must have him taken at once to the hospital."

"No, no!" cried Lozares, trying to rise. "I will not go to hospital."

"Nonsense!" said the doctor, shortly. "If you do not care to go for your own sake, you must be made to go for the sake of others. That leg of yours is a danger in any house, and if it is not properly looked after, I can not answer for the consequences. It is no use your resisting, because, willing or no, I shall have to send you."

Lozares turned to Lucienne. He was too weak to argue, but she could not resist the pleading in his eyes.

"What can I do, Pedro?" she whispered, understanding what he meant.

"For God's sake, don't let him send me to hospital!" he answered, in the same low tone that she alone could hear. "Leave me to die if you will, but let me keep my liberty."

There was something almost contemptible in a man who knew that his days were numbered clinging like this to liberty, yet to Lucienne it was inexpressively sad. She turned to the doctor, doubtful as to the possibility of her request being granted.

"Is it absolutely necessary for this man to go to hospital?" she asked. "Could he not be nursed at home. He seems to dread the idea of being moved."

"At home, Madame!" replied the

doctor. "But where is his home? We can hardly dignify this hole with such a name."

"Of course he must be moved from here," returned Lucienne, quickly. "But the attic next door is empty. He could be carried in there and a Bon Secours Sister could nurse him."

"And who is to pay for all this?" asked the doctor.

"I will," said Lucienne, quietly.

The doctor looked up at her sharply. Evidently there was something more in this case than appeared at first sight. Who was this aristocratic-looking lady who was so deeply interested in the outcast who lay dying at her feet? It was evident he was no common tramp. What link may have bound these two together in the past?

"If you are kind enough to see that he is properly looked after at home, Madame," he said, "I have no objection. I will write down what is necessary, and if you wish me to attend the case here, I will do so."

He pulled out his pocket-book and began to write.

"How can I get all these things at once?" cried Lucienne in dismay, when he handed her his list. "There is so much to be done—"

The priest, who had been standing by, now spoke to Lucienne.

"Perhaps I could help you," he said. "I know some one who works amongst the poor in this district; and I am sure she will undertake to look after this man, if you wish."

"That *would* be kind." Lucienne felt as though a load of care had been lifted from her. "I live so long a way from here that I could not do much myself, and even to superintend would mean coming here oftener than I could undertake."

"You need not be uneasy," said the priest. "I can promise that nothing will be neglected or overlooked, once my friend takes charge here."

"Will you tell her, please, to have everything put to my account?" said

Lucienne. "I will send you whatever money is needed as soon as I go home." Turning to the doctor, she added: "You will come again? And if he should get worse, or if I am needed for anything, will you let me know at once?"

She held out her card, and the doctor took it, assuring her that he would do all he could for the patient.

"Lucienne," said Lozares, in a low voice, when she went to bid him good-bye, "give me your hand. Let me kiss it!" he pleaded.

She shook her head. "What am I to call you?" she asked, speaking very low.

"My second name is Manuel," he replied.

"Well, good-bye, Manuel!" she said aloud. "M. l'Abbé will send some one to you very soon. I know that I am leaving you in good hands, and I hope you will be very patient."

She held out her hand to the priest. "Thank you, Father!" she said simply, looking up at him.

But he, holding her hand, spoke fervently. "God bless you, my child!" he said.

Lucienne and the doctor went down the stairs together, leaving the priest with Lozares. It was not so late as Lucienne thought; and, finding she had half an hour to spare before her husband was due home, she bade the coachman drive her back to Notre-Dame des Victoires. Benediction had just been given, and the church was full of people. The scent of incense hung heavily in the air, and as she knelt down, a boy's voice rose up clearly. "*Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes,*" he sang, "*Laudate eum, omnes populi!*"

All at once Lucienne felt that during the years that had passed since the fatal day when the secret of Lozares was first discovered, her heart had never been really pure and free from stain, so as to give praise to God as was fitting. Now a great weight had rolled away. Her forgiveness was complete. At last, in deed as well as in word, she could offer up her struggle and her victory, joining with the singer and saying truly: "Praise be to God!"

IX.

The season had begun, and as Raoul was unwilling ever to refuse an invitation, his wife had little time to spare during the weeks that followed her discovery of Lozares. Whenever she could snatch an hour from the round of gaieties in which, to please her husband, her life was passed, she spent it with her parents. Each time she saw them their poverty struck her anew, till there was more pain than pleasure in the visits.

Perhaps the brilliant scenes amongst which she moved made their surroundings appear more sordid than ever; perhaps as their strength lessened, they had less courage, less patience with their lot. It certainly seemed to Lucienne that they spoke oftener and more bitterly of the past than they had formerly done; of their ruin, and of him who was the cause of it. When her father called down the vengeance of Heaven upon his false friend, or her mother spoke of the luxuries and pleasures that all his ill-gotten gains were purchasing for Lozares, the scene in the garret rose up before Lucienne, and it was all she could do to keep her secret. Yet every word her father said showed her more and more the impossibility of revealing it. In the state of mind he was in, nothing could have prevented him from giving Lozares up to justice, and her mother had too much to bear already to be burdened any further.

It was several weeks before Lucienne had an afternoon at her own disposal, but on the first possible opportunity she started off for the Quartier du Temple. On reaching the landing at the head of the long stairs, Lucienne could hardly believe that she had come to the right house. The whole place had been scrubbed, and a faint smell of disinfectant cleansed the air. The garret had been swept, and a store of wood was piled in it, together with a table, on which stood several necessities for a sick room.

She knocked at the door of the attic, and a feeble voice bade her enter. Inside,

the transformation was as complete as it was without,—all might have belonged to a hospital in charge of nuns. And the change in the patient himself was as thorough as was that of his surroundings.

Propped up with pillows, deathly white, but clean and cared for, Lucienne for the first time saw something of the friend whom she had known from childhood. The last time she had seen him, he had indeed been a revolting spectacle; yet, curiously enough, in this new, more familiar guise, she found him more repulsive than ever. This was the man, now in comparative comfort and ease, whose cowardly self-indulgence, to call it by no harder name, had brought all their misfortunes on the De Barlis and on Lucienne herself.

His eyes fell before hers, but she noted that their expression had completely changed. He no longer looked dazed and terrified, at war with himself and with all the world. He could do nothing to repair the past; but at least she was assured of his repentance.

"Are you feeling any better?" asked Lucienne.

"A little, thank you!" he replied. "The pain in my leg is much less, thanks to the doctor and my kind nurse!"

"Who looks after you?" asked Lucienne.

"A nun comes every morning to dress my leg," replied Lozares; "and a woman who lives downstairs brings me my meals and arranges the room; and Mademoiselle Fanny comes very often to see how things are going on. It was she who arranged everything as you see it and who superintends it all. Indeed I have all I want—all," he added in a lower voice, "except what I would willingly give my life to obtain, if it were possible."

Lucienne understood that he referred to her father, but she made no answer.

"I sometimes think that it is too presumptuous even to think of pardon," he said suddenly.

"No, no!" replied Lucienne. "God will accept your desire for atonement. You must hope in His mercy."

"Tell me, Lucienne, have you any children?"

"I had one," replied Lucienne, in a low voice; "but he is dead."

"If God gives you others," went on Lozares, "teach them to deny themselves. Tell them this from me, from a man who learned the truth from the bitterest experience. For thirty years I was honest and honorable, but I had never learned the lesson of self-denial. Then I was tempted, and in one moment I fell—"

"Why dwell on these things?" said Lucienne, seeing how much he was overcome. "They are past now, thank God, forever."

"I *must* tell you" (It seemed as though he was forced to speak). "I was led into temptation and I fell. I needed money; but at first, believe me, I never thought of betraying the trust that your father had placed in me. From Marseilles it was very easy for me to get to Monte Carlo, and, unfortunately, luck favored me at first. Before the tide turned, the gambler's fever had got hold of me, and though I had begun to lose, I could not stop playing. In less than a year I had lost over four hundred thousand francs. In order to pay this I had to borrow,—nay, to steal from your father, and to try and repay this so-called loan. I gave myself up more fiercely than ever to play. I was no longer able to frequent the Casino, having quarrelled with a German there who was a noted duellist, and who threatened to shoot me if I crossed his path again. The only places where I could indulge my passion for play were low gambling hells in Marseilles, which managed to exist in spite of the police. Sometimes luck favored me, and I was able to keep my business going; but before very long I had to take from your father's capital to pay him the income which he thought was only interest.

"This had been going on for ten years before your marriage, so you can imagine how much was left by that time of the sum your father had originally confided

to me. Then came the question of your fortune. If your husband had not been willing to take the six per cent that I offered him through your father, I should have been found out at once. Looking back, I do not know how I dared give you a present, how I dared sit at your table and break bread with you all, unconscious victims of my wickedness. Even then, when little more than a hundred thousand francs was left of your father's capital, I still hoped, mad fool that I was, to win enough to repay all. I thought that I had time before me; but when you settled in Paris, your mother wished to buy a house at Juvisy, so as to be nearer to you; and your father wrote to me for eighty thousand francs from his capital. The long expected moment had come. Two courses were open to me: I could confess all, face your father's just anger, and expiate my crime as far as I could by giving myself up to justice, or I could fly. You know which course I chose."

A knock at the door interrupted his story, and it was Lucienne who said: "Come in!"

The door opened very gently, and a little lady entered, small and frail and old, just like the pictures of a fairy godmother in a child's picture-book. Her silk dress was nearly covered by a wadded cloak, old-fashioned in shape, and rather shabby. A hood was over her head, so that nothing but the frill of her bonnet was to be seen, and she carried an ivory-headed cane in her hand.

"Mademoiselle Fanny!" said Lozares.

Lucienne rose from her chair and went forward to welcome the newcomer. She held out a daintily gloved hand, and Lucienne noticed the fine lace ruffles at her wrist.

"I know that I have the pleasure of speaking to Madame Mauvoisin," she said, in a sweet, low voice.

"I am ashamed to think how often you have been here without seeing me," replied Lucienne; "and I have so much to thank you for."

"We have been expecting you for a long time," went on Mademoiselle de Roche-feuille. "I have heard so often of you that I confess I was getting impatient to see you."

Her looks, as they rested on the beautiful face at the sick man's bedside, showed that her expectations had been more than fulfilled.

Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille and Lucienne had much to talk of together. The former told of what she had done, and the latter could not express her gratitude for all that had been thought of and the way in which it had been carried out. From this their conversation turned to other things; for, despite the difference of age, the two women brought together in so strange a manner felt from the first that they were congenial spirits. The sight of Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille's servant was a fresh surprise to Lucienne, who came in carrying a basket of oranges. He was tall, slim, and as black as polished ebony, wearing a pale blue livery that suited his dusky complexion to perfection.

Mademoiselle Fanny took the oranges from the dark hand, baring her own so as to prepare it for Lozares, who, like a true Spaniard, enjoyed nothing better than the fruit of his native land. Lucienne noticed the rings on the shapely little hands, and catching sight of the coat of arms that was cut on one of them, she guessed that their wearer was a member of an old family which had once been of importance, but that had sunk to insignificance on account of its poverty in this money-loving age. In spite of her shabby garments, everything about the little old lady confirmed this opinion of her; and when Lozares had eaten the fruit, she rose with the air of a duchess and held out her hand to Lucienne.

"It is time for me to be going," she said. "But, dear Madame, now that I have had the pleasure of meeting you, I want to ask you a favor. Could you spare time in your gay life to visit a lonely old woman?"

"Mademoiselle, if you will allow me!" cried Lucienne, her whole manner emphasizing the truth of what she said. "I shall indeed be honored."

Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille drew out a card from her case and handed it to Lucienne. Seeing the address it bore, the latter could not help exclaiming at the distance it was from where they were. The old lady only laughed at her dismay.

"We are independent people, José and I," she said; but her serious tone was belied by the twinkle in her steel grey eyes. "My carriage is waiting for me. I am sorry, however, that I can not offer you a seat."

Lucienne bowed, somewhat mystified, as the little lady evidently meant her to be.

"May I offer you my arm?" she said; for José had disappeared at the first mention of the carriage.

Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille laid her hand on Lucienne's with a smile, but Lozares held her back a moment.

"Come again soon!" he pleaded. "It does me good only to see you."

"Hush!" said Lucienne, drawing her dress away from him; for it seemed so ungrateful after all her companion had done for him that it should be she whom he wished to see. "I will come as soon as I can, be sure of that."

They went slowly down the long stairs together, the little old lady and the tall young one; but, to Lucienne's surprise, on reaching the door, there was no sign of the carriage.

"José will be here in a moment," said Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille; and as she spoke the rumbling of wheels was heard in the courtyard, and José appeared, dragging a light bath-chair.

"You see, I am a selfish person," said Mademoiselle Fanny, laughing delightedly at Lucienne's amazement.

"That I can never believe," replied Lucienne, as she helped the old lady into her chair; then, standing for a moment, she watched the quaint pair out of sight.

Lucienne had delayed longer than she

had intended, and, calling a passing cab, she told the man to drive quickly to the Rue Taitbout. Her thoughts were very different from what they had been on the occasion of her last visit. Then they had been sorrowful, dwelling on Lozares and on the past, now they dwelt happily on the present. She was enjoying the rare feeling of having made a true friend after only a single meeting.

X.

The address that Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille had given to Lucienne was away at the other side of the Luxembourg Gardens, and it was some days before Raoul's engagements left his wife free to pay her promised visit there. It was an old-fashioned quarter, and each house was built round a courtyard. The gate before which Lucienne stopped enclosed not a yard, but a veritable shrubbery of plants and evergreen trees; and, entering, she found that the farther end, which was guarded by a wire railing, was a real garden where spring flowers were struggling into bloom. Unlike its neighbors, the house in this garden was small and low. The door stood ajar, and no sooner had Lucienne rung the bell than a Belgian griffon ran out yapping a welcome, and wagging its tail in the most friendly fashion. The lapdog's note of warning was heard by José the Negro, and a moment later he had ushered the visitor into a tiled hall spotlessly clean, with Indian draperies covering the four doors that led off it to the other parts of the house.

The Negro raised one of these curtains, and Lucienne, passing under it, found herself in a small drawing-room, furnished half a century or more ago in a style that had been the very best; but as the upholstery dated back to the same period, the room had the same quaint air of faded distinction that its little old mistress bore.

Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille was an old maid. She was shabby and apparently

poor. Her life was spent in an unfashionable part of Paris, and her time was devoted to good works; yet her visitor discovered something in her conversation quite unlike, and infinitely more attractive than, anything she had ever met with elsewhere. She was accustomed in her own home to associate with well-educated, even with cultivated people. The Mauvoisins' friends had all the attractions that money can give; but this little old lady in her old-world home possessed the nameless fascination that before the Revolution may have been more general in France, but that is only to be found nowadays in the few families who can claim to belong to the Faubourg Saint Germain.

Lucienne was completely subjugated by this charm, and whatever her hostess had said, she would have listened with attention even if the subject had been of less engrossing interest to her than it was. Although she did not know it, it was her own sympathy that drew the recital of her past life from Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille,—a recital that had not passed her lips for years, although her mind dwelt continually upon the days gone by.

When scarcely more than a child herself, she had been left an orphan with four little motherless sisters in her charge. A miniature larger than the others, hanging round the woodwork of the fireplace, showed the four baby heads grouped together in the style of Raphael's angels. Three of these children had not lived to grow up. The heart of the young adopting mother had early learned the lesson of pain; but the fourth, the only remaining treasure, had perhaps taught her greater depths of suffering than the loss of the other three had caused. Against the advice of her relations, Sophie de Rochefeuille had married a distant connection and had gone to live in India. Ten years later, she had come back to her sister, alone, her youth gone, stolen away by the illness that ever since, for almost thirty years, had kept her a prisoner in her room.

"How good God is!" concluded Mademoiselle Fanny gently, when she had recounted all this to Lucienne. "I am twenty years older than my sister, although her illness has altered her so much that you would never think it; so when she goes, I can hope that our parting will not be a very long one."

She smiled so serenely that Lucienne was almost startled. She was realizing for the first time that suffering and death may be met with peace, even with content; and it came to her suddenly to wonder if she and her husband were spending their lives in a way that would earn for them, when their end drew near, the serenity that this lady enjoyed.

"I wonder if you could spare the time to pay my sister a little visit?" she asked. "I have spoken to her of you, and she would like so much to make your acquaintance."

"There is nothing that I should like better," replied Lucienne, eagerly. "I was hoping that you might propose it, as I should not have dared to suggest it myself."

José did not answer the bell that Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille rang. But the curtain was raised by his double; only this second black apparition wore the plain gown of a maid, and the dusky curls were covered by a muslin cap.

"Is Madame la Comtesse ready to receive us, Rita?" asked Mademoiselle Fanny.

The Negress smiled, and showed a row of teeth as brilliantly white as those of her brother.

"Madame la Comtesse is waiting," she said, holding back the curtain.

"Come!" said Mademoiselle Fanny to Lucienne. "You must remember that the days of which I have been speaking, when my dear sister was acknowledged as a queen of society beauties, are long past. You will only see the wreck of her former loveliness."

Entering the big, sunny room, where the signs of loving hands and loving

thoughts for its invalid inmate were everywhere visible, Lucienne's first thought was indeed: "Oh, what a wreck!" But she quickly forgot all else in the beauty of the great dark eyes, more blue than grey, that lighted up the white fragile face lying on pillows hardly whiter than itself. The delicate features were drawn, and the soft grey hair, falling loosely above the brow, cast an almost deathlike shadow upon them.

"She was acknowledged everywhere as a queen of society beauties." Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille's words came back to Lucienne: now they gave her quite a shock. Those lovely eyes belonged to some one of a higher order than a mere society beauty. Perhaps the younger woman's own eyes showed something of the admiration that she felt; for, smiling at her visitor, the invalid stretched out her hand with a gesture that was almost caressing.

"How kind of you to come and see me!" she said. "My sister has spoken of you so often that I have been looking forward to your visit as impatiently as she has herself."

The color mounted to Lucienne's pale cheeks as she expressed her regret for having been unable to take advantage of Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille's invitation any sooner. Then, embarrassed by the scrutiny with which Madame de Mantelon continued to regard her, she went on haltingly to refer to her gratitude for all that had been done for Lozares.

"There is no need to apologize for any trouble that your poor man has occasioned," said Madame de Mantelon, smiling rather sadly. "My sister has had so much experience of illness that such a case as yours is only an excuse for showing her powers, both of nursing and of organization."

Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille disclaimed all merit beyond a naturally active disposition which had to find an outlet outside the little home sphere enclosed between the garden walls; and listening, as the

sisters spoke half playfully together, Lucienne was struck anew by the extraordinary charm that seemed to lie in their every word and action. Time passed so quickly that she could not believe that half an hour had gone by when the Negress appeared a second time at the door, and announced that Monseigneur wished to see Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille.

"Monseigneur!" cried Mademoiselle, rising quickly. "Will you excuse me, Madame?" turning to Lucienne. "I had no idea that he had arrived in Paris. He wrote to us from Lyons only two days ago."

Lucienne had happened to notice the arrival recorded in the papers that morning of this prelate, a high dignitary at the Vatican, and she could not help wondering how so busy a man could spare time in the few days he was to spend in Paris to visit the little old lady.

"You are surprised to find what an important personage you have come to see!" said Madame de Mantelon, laughing, and again reading her visitor's thoughts; then, seeing that Lucienne was confused at being read aright, she quickly changed the subject, begging her visitor, who had risen to depart, to come and see her again before long. And as she left the room the last words that Lucienne heard were a softly spoken "*Au revoir!*"

The sorrows that had pressed so heavily on her young life had raised a barrier between Lucienne and her own contemporaries; but she had hardly realized how lonely this barrier had made her until these two old ladies, who had met and conquered sorrow, and whose hearts had remained youthful in spite of all, had stretched out their hands to her and drawn her to them with the steadfast clasp of true friendship.

(To be continued.)

Few are placed in a situation so gloomy and distressful as not to see every day beings yet more forlorn and miserable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.—*Lecky*.

To a Poet.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

HOPE'S what the world wants—hope and love
and prayer,—

A man's voice, deep and sweet in song and
laughter;

Deeds, and a heart that's strong, a soul that's
fair,

Faith in the Here and hope in the Hereafter.

What of these long vain searchings high and far,
This weary seeking for a newer vision?

What of this crying, but to voice a star?—

Have you forgot the Lord will make provision?

Cease, little vain one, all your self-made war;

Turn to your task with soul made new,
believing!

Sing of God's hope,—what is your singing for

If not to make hearts lighter, cured of grieving?

Betty.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

IT was nearing the end of the season,
yet the tourists lingered, as if loath
to leave. The aspen and woodbine
were a glory of gold and crimson; while
the jagged peaks rising on all sides with
their wonderful coloring—exquisite tints
of blue and amethyst and pink, with
dashes of crimson and gold in ever-varying
tones—are a never-ending delight to the
nature lover. There was a delicious “tang”
in the air that made the mere act of
breathing a joy.

“Who was it said, ‘See Naples and
die’?” cried Betty Millard, throwing out
her hands in a gesture of extravagant
abandonment. “‘See the Rockies and
die’! say I. This air is at once a tonic
and a wonderful elixir. One can not
help feeling glad to be alive on a day
like this.”

“My dear Betty, you are such an en-
thusiast!” said her aunt indulgently. “I
think I remember hearing you expressing

yourself in much the same way about
the Alps,” she added, dryly.

“Of course you did, Aunt Elizabeth,”
returned Betty, unabashed. “The Alps
are—‘The Alps’; but, as a well-regulated
American, I appreciate the beauty of my
own country. And, after all, the Rockies
are second only to the Alps.”

They were sauntering along the prin-
cipal street of the quaint little town,
making their way unhurriedly to the
pavilion, where the fashionable throng
congregated every afternoon to listen
to the music and drink of the health-
restoring waters of the mineral springs.

Two young men of distinguished ap-
pearance even in that crowd of well-dressed
people, whom Miss Millard did not recog-
nize, raised their hats and bowed to Betty.
She asked who they were.

“The slight fair one is Arthur Benham;
the taller one is Bobby Burton.”

“Why, Betty!” exclaimed her aunt in
a shocked tone, “when did you meet
them? I do not remember seeing them
before. And how can you be so familiar
as to call them by their first names!”

“My dear aunt, I shouldn’t dream of
calling either of them by his first name,”
laughed Betty. “I simply gave them their
full names as I knew them.”

“But where did you meet them?”
persisted the older lady.

“The young man with the brown eyes—
the taller one—saved my life yesterday,”
Betty said slowly.

“Betty! What do you mean? You
didn’t tell me.”

Miss Millard was fairly gasping with
amazement and alarm.

“No, I knew it would make you nervous,
and—”

“But tell me now—everything!” she
interrupted in a tense voice.

“You remember I went with Mrs.
Ayers and her party for a horseback ride
through one of the cañons early yesterday
morning?” Betty began, slipping her hand
through her aunt’s arm. “It was a rather
stiff climb, and I enjoyed it, but I think

we were all glad to rest a while before returning. The guide took care of our horses, and we wandered about for some time. I saw the loveliest cluster of columbine growing at the edge of—"

"Betty! How *can* you be so reckless!" Miss Millard cried, drawing her breath sharply, as if she were witnessing the act.

"Forgive me, Aunt Elizabeth, I shall certainly be more careful in the future," the girl said, earnestly. "Well, to make a long story short, I—I lost my balance" (she shuddered slightly, closing her eyes at the recollection), "and rolled unceremoniously down the mountain side."

"My God!"

She told her story calmly, in as matter-of-fact a tone as possible; but her aunt stopped still, and stood clutching her arm in wild terror.

"Oh, don't look like that!" Betty cried, a little catch in her own voice. "You see I am all right: I was not even hurt."

"But how—how—" the older woman began, with trembling lips.

"There is a narrow trail winding around the mountain about one hundred feet below where we were," Betty went on hurriedly, "and these two young men happened to be climbing that trail. I say *happened*; but I really think, Aunt Elizabeth, that Providence had something to do with it."

"No doubt,—no doubt indeed! But how did they save you?"

"It seems Mr. Burton was looking up and saw me fall. He braced himself and caught me before I struck the ledge. I dare not think what would have happened if he had not been so sure-footed or so quick to act. He is strong and brave. If he had lost his balance—" she ended with a little shudder. "Don't let us talk about it," she added, in a different tone. "'All's well that ends well.' But I can not help thinking that Providence took care of me. The feeling was so strong that I got up early this morning and went to the little Catholic church to Mass as a sort of thanksgiving. The Protestant as well as

the Catholic pupils attended Mass every morning at the convent, and—"

"Betty! Couldn't you have knelt down in your room and made your thanksgiving to God just as well as to go to the Catholic church?"

"Perhaps," Betty returned, doubtfully. "I think I felt the need of making some outward sign of gratitude. At any rate, I witnessed a very edifying sight. It was early, the sun had not yet climbed over the mountains, and the little church was dim and shadowy and sweet with flowers. There was no boy to serve the priest, and you can imagine my surprise when I saw Mr. Burton leave his place in the body of the church, enter the sanctuary and begin making the responses reverently, and without the slightest trace of embarrassment or self-consciousness."

"The young people of our acquaintance have not been brought up to—" Miss Millard began vaguely, in a troubled tone. "I know some estimable people who are Catholics. Well, well! we certainly owe this young man a great debt of gratitude. I must thank him."

They had reached the pavilion by this time. Betty found a seat for her aunt, and brought her a glass of water—she was still rather weak and shaken,—then stood beside her chair, smiling and bowing to acquaintances. The older woman understood her better, perhaps, than she understood herself; and she sighed as she noted the color coming and going in the sensitive face, and the gray eyes lighting with intelligence,—faithful mirrors of the eager, restless spirit within. The empty, frivolous life of the fashionable woman would never satisfy such a nature. Her aunt was wise enough to recognize this; and she sighed with a vague, unacknowledged sense of defeat.

She loved the girl,—loved her as her own child. Had she not mothered her from babyhood? And she was willing to make sacrifices for her happiness. But this, this—the wrenching away from old traditions, old prejudices! Why, it would,

to a certain extent, mean social ostracism!

She had made a dreadful mistake when she placed her in the convent. She might have known that a religion possessing so much beauty and poetry would appeal to such a nature. The vague, haunting fear that had been troubling her for some time had taken definite form. And yet if the child really wished to be a Catholic—if her happiness depended—She sat up suddenly, drawing in her breath sharply. She had forgotten Robert Norman!

Betty's father died when she was scarcely two years old (her mother died at her birth), leaving her to the care and guardianship of his sister, who had lived with him since his wife's death. Shortly before his death he betrothed her to the six-year-old son of his oldest friend and partner, Robert Norman. The betrothal of the children was to him a seal of the friendship which had existed between the parents, and he impressed upon his sister a sense of the obligation he placed upon her in seeing that his wishes were fulfilled.

Robert Norman senior died when Robert junior was ten years old. Mrs. Norman was an invalid, and she and her son spent their winters in Italy, and their summers cruising about on the water or somewhere in the mountains.

When her education was completed, Betty and her aunt spent a year abroad,—a year that was a continual succession of delights to the beauty-loving Betty. They spent some time with Mrs. Norman at her beautiful villa; Betty having learned that Robert, whom she had not seen since she was a child, was in Africa; for, with the perversity of youth, the young people did not fall readily into the plans of their elders.

Mrs. Norman was charmed with the girl; and lamented, secretly—and openly to Miss Millard—that an unkind Fate had ordained that Robert should be in the wilds of Africa just at this time. The two older ladies had kept up a brisk correspondence ever since.

So it was with a kind of shock that

the thought of Robert Norman came to Miss Millard just now. The Normans were of English extraction, blue-blooded, aristocratic. Miss Millard remembered that Robert Norman senior hated everything Catholic; he would not even tolerate a Catholic maid in his own household. Poor Betty!

As if negating the thought, Betty's voice, clear, low and musical, with a laughing cadence in its depths, reached her ear. She was replying to the sallies of Mr. Rivington, a white-haired old gentleman whom they had met through a mutual friend; he had just come from the post-office, and handed her three letters. She gave one to her aunt, dropped the other two into her bag, and continued her conversation with the old gentleman, whom she always found very entertaining.

After a hasty glance at the superscription, with a hurried "Pardon me!" Miss Millard tore her letter open. It was from Mrs. Norman, and it bore the New York postmark.

Glancing down the closely written page, her eye caught this paragraph, which seemed to stand out in startling distinctness: "Robert and his friend, who ran over for only a few weeks, have gone on to Yellowstone Park—"

Robert Norman here in America. Miss Millard sat like one stunned. The inevitable had happened. The duty imposed upon her by her brother so many years ago had suddenly risen to confront her, and at a moment when she felt least inclined to cope with it. It was several minutes before she went on with the letter.

Mrs. Norman was looking forward anxiously to seeing Miss Millard and Betty in New York. She suggested that it might be better not to mention the fact of her son's being here to Betty; for one never could tell "what foolish notion a young girl might get into her head. As for Robert, he still holds the ridiculous idea that marriage without love is no marriage."

Miss Millard sighed. In her youth she had been engaged to a young Confederate

officer, who fell fighting for his beloved South. She had remained faithful to his memory ever since. Robert's idea of marriage pleased her. If only—

Meantime Betty's eyes kept wandering to the little crippled girl with the basket of sweet-peas, who stood at the entrance of the pavilion, timidly offering her wares to the passers-by. She was a familiar figure to most of those present, as she had not missed many afternoons all summer.

Betty had learned from the child herself that her mother was ill, and that they were dependent upon the few pennies she earned selling flowers, not only for the needed medicine for the invalid, but for the bread they ate. Betty had bought every variety of flower from her and always paid double the price asked; and the child, with keen appreciation, saved the choicest blossoms for "the beautiful lady," as she termed her. The little figure appeared unusually small and pathetic to-day; and the big basket was slow in parting with its fragrant burden.

The young girl watched the well-dressed, thoughtless crowd idling past, and wondered how they could be so indifferent. Suddenly the tears that had been slowly gathering in the child's eyes, brimmed over and ran down her thin cheeks. She hid her face for a moment in the corner of her apron; when she looked up, Betty was taking the basket from her.

"Let me see what I can do," she said, smiling down into the wet, troubled eyes.

And then a wonderful thing happened. "The beautiful lady" slipped quietly through the crowd, offering the flowers for what the child considered a fabulous price. And, strangest of all, the big basket was soon quite empty of blossoms; and when it came back to her, there in the bottom was a glittering pile of gold and silver coins.

"Oh!" she gasped,—*"oh!"* That was all. But the look of dumb gratitude she gave Betty brought a sudden mist to that young lady's eyes.

Turning rather hurriedly to rejoin her

aunt, she found herself looking into the brown eyes of Bobby Burton; and the admiring approval she read therein brought a deeper flush to her cheeks. With a nod of recognition, she was moving away; but the memory of what he had done for her yesterday stayed her steps.

"My aunt is anxious to meet you, Mr. Burton," she said, with a frank smile. "She feels greatly in your debt, and wishes to thank you."

"I shall be delighted to make her acquaintance; but we will waive the 'thanks,' if you don't mind," he said, with a smile as frank as her own.

What with the excitement of her niece's thrilling experience of the previous day, the shock of the letter she had just read, and which she still held in her hand, and the startling spectacle she had just witnessed—a Millard selling flowers!—she was as nearly flustered as it was possible for so dignified a person to be.

"Betty, how could you!" she fairly gasped, before that young lady could utter a word. "I never was so mortified in my life! What possessed you to do such a thing!"

"I couldn't help it, Aunt Elizabeth. No one would buy the poor little girl's flowers," Betty said, in a quick, low voice; then added in a lighter tone: "Aunt Elizabeth, I know you will be glad to meet Mr. Burton, who rendered me such a great service yesterday."

Miss Millard was too much a woman of the world to show any personal feeling before a stranger. She pulled herself together, and was outwardly her old, gentle, dignified self,—a gentlewoman to the finger tips.

"But you will admit, Mr. Burton," she said presently, when the first greetings and formalities were over, referring to Betty's recent escapade, "it was a very foolish bit of girlish impulsiveness."

"Pardon me!" the young man said, with a frank, winning smile. "It seemed to me one of those acts that the angels must rejoice to see."

"I dare say Aunt Elizabeth is right," Betty was beginning rather hurriedly, when old Mr. Rivington pushed his way to her side, and grasping her hand shook it warmly.

"A brave, noble act, by Jove! One of the prettiest things I ever saw!" he cried, pumping her hand up and down in his enthusiasm. "I am proud to know you, Miss Betty." Then, as his near-sighted eyes happened to fall upon the young man at her side, he stopped short, staring in amazement. "*Norman!*—Bless my soul! It is Robert Norman! Why, man, where did you drop from? I thought you were still in the wilds of Africa. Well, well! I am glad to see you. Is your mother here with you?" he broke off, peering around in his short-sighted fashion.

Betty's eyes met those of the young man she had known as "Mr. Burton" in one swift, startled glance; then fell as swiftly to the flowers in her hand, while a deep blush mounted to her temples.

Miss Millard was the first to speak. A great load had suddenly been lifted from her shoulders. "Is it possible!" she said, extending her hand impulsively. "I suppose I should have recognized you; yet it must be fully ten years since I saw you last; and ten years does wonders for a lad of seventeen."

"The years have not changed you in the least, Miss Millard," returned the young man gallantly. "I recognized you at once."

"I have a letter here from your mother. She said you and a friend had gone to Yellowstone Park. Ah, you sly rogue," she broke off, playfully shaking her finger at him (her heart had suddenly grown wonderfully light and buoyant) "to come masquerading under a fictitious name! Ah! Robert Burton Norman, I see! You simply dropped the Norman. But," lowering her voice, "I—I think Betty said you are a Catholic?"

"I am," he returned simply, in the same tone. "I have lived nearly all my

life in Italy, where the very ground one treads has been saturated with the blood of martyrs."

"Ah!" Miss Millard said wonderingly,—
"ah!"

Betty and Mr. Rivington were deep in an animated discussion of the relative merits of the English and American modes of travel. Mr. Rivington appealed to Robert in support of his argument, and the conversation became general.

Betty kept close to her aunt all the afternoon. But on the way back to the hotel, Miss Millard managed to secure the attendance of Mr. Rivington and Mr. Benham, leaving Robert and Betty to follow. They talked on different subjects, as people will sometimes, when an important issue is at stake; and it was not until they were nearing the hotel steps that Robert said hurriedly, in a low, eager tone:

"Can you forgive the deception I practised? It is unpardonable, but do say you forgive me, and let me try to win your respect and esteem."

Betty hesitated. Her face was flushed and her eyes downcast.

"It wasn't acting fair," she began slowly. "But," lifting her eyes suddenly to his, a smile playing about the corners of her mouth, "I am not ungrateful; and—you risked your life to save mine."

IN reading the Gospels I feel myself in presence of One who speaks as never man spake; whose voice is not of earth; who speaks with a tone of reality and authority altogether His own. . . . Jesus Christ existed before He came into this world, and in a state of great honor and felicity. . . . He was entrusted with the execution of the most sublime purpose of His Father. . . . He ever lives, and is acting for mankind. He is Mediator, Intercessor, Lord and Saviour. . . . He is through all time, now as well as formerly, the active and efficient Friend of mankind.

—William Ellery Channing.

Her Greeting for Thanksgiving Day.

BY C. M. EDGAR.

"IS there a letter for me?"

"Nothing here, Mr. Cotter. Very little mail came by the evening train. But Miles left word this afternoon that there was a parcel for you at the express office."

The old man turned away from the wicket, plainly much disappointed. He made his way mechanically to the express office, received a large square box from the clerk, and turned out again into the night. It was Thanksgiving Eve, crisp, and bracing and starlit. The streets were crowded, and many shops were bright with lights and alive with throngs of eager customers. Merry greetings rang out everywhere, and there is no sound so heartsome.

But the old man spoke to no one, nor took any heed of the scene about him. He passed on with bowed head through the busy streets and out into the quiet country road. His burden was awkward to carry, and he seemed to find it heavy. It was with difficulty he kept his footing in the narrow sleigh tracks. As he labored wearily along, he thought of his old wife waiting for him at home; and the disappointment he had felt so keenly himself he felt all the more for her. He thought, too, of his absent child, the darling of his old age, and the only one that death had spared him of all the merry band that once had made his home so bright. He thought of her far away in the great city, striving to hold her own, perhaps against fearful odds, unprotected, alone. And his heart was full of a bitter trouble.

Why had he let her go? He had held out long and sternly against it. He had been reproached with sacrificing his child's interests to his own selfish love; had been told of voices with no approach to the power and pathos and sweetness of hers holding great audiences spellbound, and making for their owners fame and fortune

in the world; yet he had stood firm. But when her gentle old mother, who loved her so, and whose heart he knew was breaking at the thought of parting from her, added her voice to the chorus of entreaties, his resolution had wavered, and finally he had yielded a reluctant consent. But it had gone hard with him. He knew something of the dangers that beset the young in the big cities, of the pitfalls the world has always concealed for the unwary; and his heart had never ceased to misgive him. True, her frank, loving letters coming every Wednesday had kept him cheered and reassured; and they had never failed him till to-night. What could it mean?

Reaching his own door, he halted a moment, pulled himself together with an effort, and strove to banish the gloom from his face and manner; then he pushed open the door and stepped into the hall, shaking the snow from his feet.

An elderly lady, with a sweet, motherly countenance and gentle blue eyes, sat knitting by the fire. She looked up eagerly when he came in.

"Is it snowing?" she asked, smiling a bright welcome.

"Yes, but not heavily. It's a beautiful night."

He set down his burden on the floor, and removed his hat and greatcoat, she all the while watching him expectantly. When he came over and held out his hands to the heat, her eyes took an anxious look.

"Haven't you got a letter?" she asked, unable longer to restrain her impatience.

"No; there was none to-night," he returned, with assumed unconcern. "The mail is delayed. We'll have it to-morrow." Then, seeing the bitter disappointment in her face. "But we have something else," he added cheerily. "I almost forgot it."

He picked up the box, and, placing it on the table, proceeded to remove the wrappings with an air of deep interest.

"Why, what in the world have we here?" he exclaimed, in unfeigned surprise, as he raised the cover and disclosed the contents, — a queer-looking black

box, or block, partially hidden by what appeared to be an immense brass funnel; while standing against one side was a shallow, square box, securely tied. He gazed at the odd-looking objects in wonderment; then turned the box round and round, examining it in the light.

"It's a gramophone!" he announced at length, finding the label. "Come and see it, mother!"

She was looking into the fire through a heavy mist of tears. At his words she wiped her eyes, and, rising listlessly, came and stood beside him. He lifted the parts out, examined them carefully and tried to put them together.

"There must be directions somewhere," he said at length, struggling clumsily with his unaccustomed work. "Search the box, please, will you?"

She drew it toward her, and, taking out the remnants of the wrappings, came on a closely printed card. As she lifted this out, a glad cry broke from her; for there, from the bottom of the box, smiled up at her the dear face that filled her sleeping and waking dreams. She snatched up the photograph, laid it a moment caressingly against her cheek, then held it to the light. Together they feasted their eyes upon it, their hearts swelling with fond pride. Yes, it was the same open, guileless face. But the mother fancied she detected a new wistfulness in the smile that lay about the pretty mouth, which, while it brought the tears to her eyes afresh, yet told her loving heart that the world had not spoiled her darling: that still she yearned for home.

When her husband turned again to the task of fitting together the parts of the gramophone, she watched him eagerly, offering suggestions and help. There was no lack of interest now in this wonderful new toy. At length it was adjusted to their full satisfaction. He inserted record No. 1 and proceeded to wind.

"Move away, mother!" he said. "They say the music sounds better from a distance."

She went back to her seat beside the fire, assuming an attitude of rapt attention. Suddenly her heart bounded wildly, then stood still. Through the silent room, wistfully, tenderly, in the glorious voice of whose triumphs even now the world was talking, and whose every tone she knew so well, rippled the sweet refrain:

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

Home! home! home, sweet home!
There's no place like home,—
There's no place like home!

Not a Negligible Danger.

IN Father Benson's article on "Spiritualism," contributed to the current *Dublin Review*, there is much that will interest those who have abandoned the oldtime attitude of pooh-pooing the whole subject as a mere tissue of trickery and fraud. We should like, were space available, to quote several passages that have impressed us as being eminently opportune; but must perforce confine ourselves to the following paragraphs, in which, speaking of the line at which a growing evil can no longer be ignored, but demands public inquiry and dissection, even at the risk of spreading the knowledge of its possibilities, Father Benson says:

Now, until recently, in the opinion of many judges, Spiritualism—emphatically an evil, of course, in the eyes of Catholics—was best treated with silence, if possible, or at the worst with a sharp word or two. The thing was comparatively unknown amongst Catholics, except to those who either by duty or chance became acquainted with it. And those—beyond the experts—who paid any attention to it at all, usually dismissed it as a farrago of fraud and fancy, with certain obscure dangers only half perceived. While such was the case, probably silence was its best treatment. But it is impossible for those who know anything of the state of affairs with regard to Spiritualism at the present time to acquiesce any longer in an assumption that it is a negligible danger. Not only amongst non-Catholics is the subject

coming more and more into notice, to such an extent that at the present day it is possible to reckon up without hesitation at least half a dozen names of eminent scientists who consider it worthy, at any rate, of serious consideration, and of more than one who accepts the Spiritualistic theories; but even amongst certain kinds of ill-instructed Catholics it is making amazing, and even disastrous, progress. Probably there are not many London priests—still fewer priests in one or two of the great northern towns—who have not to deplore losses to the Church among their own flocks, attributable almost wholly to this cause. . . .

It is a little lamentable, therefore, to hear, as one so often does hear, from Catholics, and even from priests, mere incredulity expressed whenever the subject of Spiritualistic phenomena is mentioned. It is perfectly true that there have been numerous frauds in connection with this movement, that in the portmanteau of an eminent medium or two strangely significant beards and muslin robes have been discovered, that fraud, in short, has been so common that even a careful writer like Mr. H. G. Wells has been able to draw the figure of the medium "Chaffery" as typical of his class; that human credulity is almost unfathomable, that evidence of the identity of a spirit-form has been accepted which, in a matter of giving a salutation in the street, would be rejected as insufficient. Yet, all that multiplied a hundredfold, does not justify Catholics, whose belief in the reality of the spiritual world as well as its intercommunion with this is the very rock-bed of their faith, in dismissing as mere hysteria and nonsense that which not only materialistically inclined scientists consider important evidence, but which their own theologians take very seriously indeed.

The inroads of Spiritism among the faithful in this country are less notable, or at least less noticeable, than in England; but inroads it is making, nevertheless, and one of the most effective methods of enlarging them is to treat the cult as mere trickery and fraud. The continuance of this attitude on the part of men who are supposed to be open-minded and well-informed is hard to understand. As the venerable Father Lambert remarked in a recent article, Modern Spiritism is a movement which must be met and opposed. Only those persons who have their heads in the sand now regard it as a negligible danger.

Notes and Remarks.

"A church would be a meaningless structure without the mystery of the Real Eucharistic Presence. For the fields and the woods, or the plains and the mountains, would be more fitting places in which merely to think of God or to speak of Him, than a confined or empty space. But 'the King of Glory entered in,' and 'the princes lifted up their gates,' and His visible Church stepped joyously forth from the Catacombs into the adoring world. In the Real Presence and the visible Church, man found the complete satisfaction of his twofold wants as a spiritual and a corporeal being; and faith, the most sublime faculty of his soul, found its Object, and could accomplish its desire of offering to this Object the most perfect expressions of adoration."

What more natural than that so many of the first churches erected to enshrine the Real Presence should have been dedicated to the Mother of the world's Redeemer? They were types of the Midnight Cave, where the Magi found the Infant Messiah in the arms of His Virgin Mother; "and, falling down, they adored Him." Of the 289 churches in the diocese of Pittsburg, 52 are dedicated to the Mother of God under her various titles. "The more we study the ancient Church," says Father Dalgairns, "the more we shall be convinced of what our faith has already told us: that we are absolutely one with it."

It is comforting to know that our country will not be involved in war during the present administration, if President Taft can prevent it. Besides being a man of peace, he has learned from experience that war in any shape or form is a calamity. Whatever official mistakes he may make, he is unlikely to repeat those of his predecessors. Cleveland's famous Venezuela Message, as everyone knows, came dangerously near causing a war

with England, and McKinley's course—not so much what he did as what he failed to do—brought about the conflict with Spain. President Taft favors the reference of all international questions to arbitration rather than to the arbitrament of the sword, and regards peace as a national blessing. "During this past year," he writes in his Thanksgiving proclamation, "we have been highly blest. . . . We have lived in quietness, undisturbed by wars or rumors of wars. . . . It is altogether fitting that we should humbly and gratefully acknowledge the divine source of these blessings."

Criticising modern foreign missionaries for undue distrust of native clerics, Canon Léon Joly, in one of his books on Catholic Missions, states that "the result of this has been that the Christian religion has acquired the reputation, in the minds of the native rulers and their subjects generally, of being a purely foreign importation, motivated by the desire to impose foreign ideas, and prepare the way of foreign domination, etc." Replying to this stricture, Dom Spitz, O. S. B., in the *Illustrated Catholic Missions*, shows that it is very largely undeserved. He writes:

The solicitude of the Roman Pontiffs for an indigenous clergy, especially since the foundation of the Congregation of Propaganda in 1622, is clearly shown by their decrees and Constitutions. As early as 1626, Urban VIII. exhorted the Bishop of Japan to ordain a few promising Japanese, to fill up the gap which was caused by the loss of European missionaries who had been expelled or cruelly put to death during the persecution of Ieyasu and his successor. A similar exhortation was dispatched to the bishops of India on November 28, 1630. In 1659, Pope Alexander VII. sent the first Vicars-Apostolic to Tonkin, China, and Cochinchina, for the purpose of preparing the way for a native clergy, and by subsequent Constitutions encouraged them to work harmoniously for the same end. A similar line of action was taken up by Clement IX., 1669; Clement X., 1673; Innocent XI., 1680, who exhorted Bishops Pallu and De la Mothe Lambert to prepare also the way for the establishment of a native hierarchy; by Clement XI., 1703;

Clement XII., 1736; by Benedict XIV., in several documents; Pius VI.; Gregory XVI.; in his famous Constitutions to the Vicars-Apostolic of East India, wherein he sums up all the Popes have done toward creating a native clergy; by Pius IX., 1869; and by Leo XIII., 1893. Moreover, the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda addressed a circular to all the missionary bishops and superiors on June 1, 1877, with a special rubric "On a Native Clergy," requesting special information whether or not there would be any hope for the education of a native clergy, what had been done in the past toward solving the problem, what positions the native priests were in, and whether or not they were excluded from higher offices and positions, and why.

As will be seen, there is no disposition at Rome to discountenance the formation of a native clergy; quite the contrary. And it may be assumed that just as soon as one of the native clergy is seen to be conspicuously fit for the purple, the native clergy has also a native bishop.

Contemporary politics in France, as discussed by André Beaunier in the current *Nineteenth Century*, can scarcely be considered satisfactory to any one save France's enemies. Very frankly M. Beaunier avows that—

When friends from abroad come to see me in Paris and express a wish to go to the Chamber, I must own that I feel a pang of despair. My national self-respect is put to a severe test. Alas! the Sessions of the Palais Bourbon do scant honor to my country.

It would be good, it would even be natural, if the legislators of a great nation were superior both in mind and character to the moral and mental average of that nation. More than this, since our deputies and senators are our representatives, they should, surely, represent France; they should make, as it were, a portrait of her,—a portrait if not flattered at least faithful. But look at them, examine them, listen to them. In every way they are inferior, greatly inferior, to the average man in France; instead of a portrait, they give us a sad caricature.

With true Gallic patriotic ingenuity, however, the writer turns this wretched condition of affairs in the Chamber into an actual tribute to his country's glory. He tells us that, when his foreign friends

come back from a session at the Palais Bourbon, he invites them to consider that a country which can resist such a parliamentary system "must be very strong and very admirable." Premising that the political health of a nation is the result of the equilibrium of two opposing forces—one a change-seeking, the other a conservative power—the writer takes up in turn the various parliamentary parties in France, discusses their tendencies, and checks off their achievements. His whole study points irresistibly to his conclusion:

What is the conclusion? That the politics of to-day in France have lost all equilibrium. Of the two opposed forces which should counter-balance one another, if the nation is to enjoy the tranquil social condition which results from an equal contest, the one, the principle of resistance, is reduced to nothing. And so our country allows itself to be dragged heedlessly toward the mystery of an undetermined future. It takes a dizzy course; nor dare we feel confident that its end will not be the gulf of death.

Not, perhaps, the gulf of absolute national death; but, unless all signs fail, most probably the gulf of disastrous revolution.

The Catholic Congress recently held in Sydney, Australia, was a notably successful convention. Prelates, priests, and laity in exceptionally large numbers took part in its proceedings; and as a result, Catholicism in Australia has not only been strengthened and invigorated, but its prestige throughout the world has been not a little increased. "On the community outside the Church," says the *Catholic Press*, "the influence of the Congress will not be lost. The Congress symbolizes to them the religious unity of Catholics; it is one more testimony of the fidelity and tenacity with which Catholics cling to spiritual ideals. Though ours is a jaded and somewhat decadent age, spiritually considered, the fervency and self-sacrifice of Catholics show no abatement. We build churches, and keep them full of worshippers; in schools erected

and maintained by our free contributions, children are being trained as good and useful citizens; the hospitals, orphan asylums and retreats erected by our bounty, receive open-armed all who have claims on human pity, charity or sympathy. Such achievements must extort the admiration of every reflecting mind. They bespeak a zeal which shames the cynic and overwhelms the sceptic with confusion."

Although Father Charroppin, S. J., narrated at considerable length in *THE AVE MARIA*, some years ago, the following story which he has recently told at Flagstaff, Arizona, it is well worth reproduction. The distinguished Jesuit astronomer, in company with Professors Pritchett, Nipher, and Valle, were at Norman, California, to observe a total eclipse of the sun. On the day of the eclipse, they saw, on awakening, one of those palls of clouds, indicative of a long wet spell, hanging in the sky, from horizon to horizon. "Then," relates Father Charroppin, "Pritchett came to me and said: 'Well, I suppose we must give up.' There was tragedy in his voice. It was then I thought of making an appeal to God for just two minutes of clear sky at the moment of total eclipse, which would occur at 12.15. At once I replied to Pritchett, in the presence of Professors Nipher and Valle: 'We shall have clear sky at the moment of totality—I will pray to the Blessed Virgin to intercede for us.' I was in earnest; and if there was aught of scorn on the part of my associates, they did not make it visible. I then went to the several Catholic institutions in the vicinity, and asked the Sisters and school-children to join in my intercession. They did.

"All the morning the clouds remained heavy. Not a glimmer of the sun could be seen. Nevertheless, at the proper time, we stood by our instruments, imbued with hope. As the time approached, not a man spoke. We looked closely at our watches,

and then I advanced to my instrument and prepared to take a photograph of the sun. As the hand of my watch pointed to the proper second for the right exposure, suddenly the blanket of clouds parted, with a circular opening, the sun in the centre in total eclipse. The time of exposure was exactly two minutes—all we had prayed for. The sun was again hidden and did not reappear during the rest of the day. Then Pritchett, a Protestant, turned to Professor Nipher, also a Protestant, and exclaimed, 'Truly this should make Catholics of us!'

"At the same time that we were making observations, Professor W. W. Payne, director of the Goodsell Observatory at Northfield, Minn., was, all unknown to us, similarly engaged some forty miles distant, absolutely ignorant of our doings at Norman. Professor Payne on the day following the eclipse, in his report of his work, which was published in the San Francisco papers, said: 'All morning the sky was thickly clouded until the most desirable moment for observations; then the clouds miraculously parted and remained so for two minutes, the time required to make a good observation. I am convinced that some one must have prayed for clear skies.'"

It may have been a political blunder that no witnesses were examined at the trial of Señor Ferrer; but it should be remembered that he was known as a revolutionary leader, responsible for the violence of anti-dynastic and anti-clerical outbreaks in Barcelona. It was one of his assistants who flung the bombs upon the day of King Alfonso's wedding. Ferrer was then arrested on suspicion and imprisoned for a year. He resumed his revolutionary teaching, and the Catalan outbreak was a result of it. His trial by court-martial and prompt execution constituted no judicial crime. To quote a writer in one of the English reviews, it was "an episode in the repression and punishment of desperate revolt in a city

where political murder of an almost unexampled cruelty has raged; and where in the last quarter of a century there have been over a hundred bomb outrages by which 47 people have been killed and 241 wounded."

"It is the general impression," says *Rome*, "among the few who remember anything about the movement for the canonization of Christopher Columbus that the Cause was dropped on account of some recent discovery touching his moral character. The truth is that that charge is as old as any of the others that have been made against Columbus, and is amply treated in Roselly de Lorgues' work. And apart from all the proofs advanced to refute the charge, and from the fact that it appears to be absolutely repugnant to all we know of Columbus during the last twenty years of his life, such a stain on the youthful period of his manhood would not by any means prevent his canonization. Many of the greatest saints venerated on the altars of the Church were sinners during a part of their earthly career, and this has not prevented their canonization." In other words, among "the great multitude... of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the Throne... clothed with white robes and palms in their hands," there are undoubtedly many holy penitents whose sins at one period of their lives were probably much blacker than any that can be truthfully charged against the Discoverer of America.

There is notable common-sense and sanity of judgment in the *Fortnightly Review's* appreciation of this country's attitude toward England. Its writer believes that, while England has good friends among "the oldest and strongest elements" of the American people, the elements which are Irish and German in descent and sympathy are considerably more numerous, and the other races—

Scandinavian, Italian, Slav—have, as a rule, not a tinge of definite sympathy with Great Britain:

Whether we like it or not, that is the real situation. There is a large friendly minority in the United States; there is another but hostile minority as large and perhaps larger; there is a third element which is neutral or fluctuating in its sentiments upon the Anglo-American question, but is probably more affected by the hostile press than by friendly opinion. If we examine this issue with realism, we shall see at once how easy it is to misrepresent present appeals for Anglo-American friendship. Do we expect America to help us in maintaining British naval supremacy upon terms of reduced cost and limited liability? Such favorable conditions of national existence are no longer granted by fate to mortals. Whatever action or neutrality may be preferred by the United States will be dictated, not by good feeling or otherwise, but by considerations of what is called good business. And, above all, let us be certain of this fundamental principle: that American money will be spent and American efforts made for American account. Without the slightest disturbance of the good-will with which we ourselves regard the United States, let us cast off once for all the pernicious and futile dream that the Republic will ever be induced to play for sentimental reasons and for our benefit the part of "a brilliant second." In that direction we have at present just nothing to expect; and the more we realize the whole severity and significance of that strengthening thought, the better it will be.

This, we repeat, is common-sense; and we recommend it to those amiable "Anglo-Saxons" among us who delight in orating and perorating about "hands across the sea," "blood's being thicker than water," "our oneness in language, race, and sympathy," and the like sentimentalities. When all is said and done, the United States may be counted on in any emergency to give due weight to the principle that "business is business."

The statement that during the first six months of the current year there were 28,000 more deaths than births in France, recalls the famous saying of Von Moltke that Germany need never go to war with France again; for France loses a battle

every day without fighting. A century ago the great Powers of Europe counted 98,000,000 of inhabitants, and of these more than one-fourth belonged to France. Other peoples, notably the English and Germans, are now following the course of France, but they are so far behind as to be able to profit, if they will, by the sad example of their oldtime ally's lingering death.

Although local in its specific application, this comment by Mr. G. K. Chesterton on an English politician is of general interest:

Mr. Hirst Hollowell is the living embodiment of the great English theory of combining the practical pleasures of bigotry with the abstract vanity of Liberalism. . . . If a Protestant does wrong, it only shows that men are all sinners, whatever their creed. But if a Catholic does wrong, it shows how wrong his creed is. Mr. Hirst Hollowell asks what such things as the Sheridan disgrace have to do with Protestantism. The answer is obvious. About as much as the shooting of an alleged anarchist plotter by Spanish soldiers has to do with Catholicism.

We commend this last sentence to the editor of a leading English review, and the "former French senator" who encumbers its current issue with some such apology for Francisco Ferrer as Emma Goldman might write of the Anarchists justly executed a few years ago in Chicago.

Mr. John M. Smyth, a prominent merchant and exemplary Catholic of Chicago, who was lately called to his reward, was no pessimist. He did not, in his successful business career, act on the belief that every man is to be considered a rogue until he is proved to be honest. On the contrary, "I have found," Mr. Smyth used to say, "that most of the people in the world are honest, if you will only let them try. I have never lost a cent by giving a man a chance." Which helps to account for the heartfelt eulogies paid to the deceased citizen [by the press of Chicago, and the genuine mourning of thousands at his funeral.



The First Windmill.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

MOTHER and I read such a lovely story yesterday,—at least, I read a little of it, just a few words here and there, and mother read the rest aloud to me. It was in French, written by a poet called Théodore Botrel. I thought it would be nice to tell it to Pipkin; but I said to mother that I hoped I could get him to listen without fidgeting or yawning, or asking too many questions, as he does sometimes. Mother said it was no good to tell people—I mean people like Pipkin—to listen. She says if they yawn, or want to yawn, or if they fidget, it means, perhaps, your story isn't interesting,—at least not interesting to them; or perhaps you aren't telling it right, or perhaps they are really tired. And she said asking questions might show that they were really caring about the story.

"But, mother," I said, "you know Pipkin sometimes breaks in with a question about something else: about birds' eggs or a popgun, or something you are not telling him about."

Mother smiled and said: "Well, my Maisie, you must only try to tell the story so nicely that if Pipkin asks questions, they shall all be about *it*."

I thought I would try if the story were really interesting for Pipkin, and if I could tell it nicely. I knew he couldn't be tired, because he had only just had his tea, and he had eaten a very big brown egg. He didn't yawn, and he only fidgeted at first, just a very little; but when we came to the visitor, he sat looking at me as if he were listening with his eyes as well as his ears. And he didn't ask any questions at all till just at the end. By

and by, when Pipkin learns French, and I know it well, we will read the story in Mr. Botrel's own words.

Long ago there was a poor man who lived up high on the side of a mountain in Brittany. He had a mill, and he made his living by grinding corn. His name was John Flour. At that time there were no windmills, nor any kind of mill except what was worked by hand. There were no beautiful wings turning, turning round, with the wind God bids to blow. This man ground the corn just as Samson, in Holy Scripture, did. It was very heavy work. He worked as hard as the oxen that are driven along with goads in Mr. Botrel's country. He turned his mill in the sweat of his face; he turned it in the icy winters, and he turned it in the hot, hot,—stifling hot summers. He had to support his wife and children, and his old grandmother too.

One autumn evening a wonderful thing happened. It was a most beautiful, beautiful thing. It was a cold evening, quite cold, and the wind was nipping as it does in winter, only not quite so sharply. And on that cold evening a visitor came to John. It was our dear Lord Himself, who was walking about Brittany, and He saw John's door open, and He got over the threshold, and He came in.

John was in his hut. He was so tired that he had fallen asleep on a heap of golden grain. His limbs were going, going. They couldn't keep still: for he was dreaming that he was turning his mill. He woke up when he heard Our Lord come in, and Jesus said to him:

"I'm cold, I'm hungry; and all alone in the world."

John, of course, did not know who it was, but he jumped up at once and said:

"Come in,—come in, you fair-bearded man! I'm not so poor as you."

John put a fagot on the hearth, and Jesus sat down and saw the red flame. He said again: "I'm hungry."

"Don't let that trouble you," said John. "Keep up your heart for a bit. I am going to grind some fine corn for you."

So John ground the corn, and kneaded the dough into a little bun, and baked it, and gave it to Our Lord to eat. When he had finished, John was so dreadfully tired that he felt as if he should die; and he just tumbled down in a heap, and went fast asleep in the chimney corner.

All the night long our dear Lord sat in John's poor little hut, and watched the fire dying out, and in the morning when the day broke, the miller was asleep still, quite close to Jesus, who was crying. At last He stooped down and kissed John's forehead without wakening him, then He took His white cross and went out.

At that very same instant there was a great rumbling that shook the house. John woke and jumped up, and rubbed his two eyes, thinking he was dreaming; for he saw the millstone turning, turning, all by itself, and heard it making a most joyful noise. And he saw the fine white flour, finer and whiter than ever, falling into his old sieve. He was so delighted that he laughed and danced and sang. Then he went out of the mill, and he saw a most wonderful thing—a miracle. On the roof there was a great cross, standing up; and at each end there was a beautiful angel with grey wings opened out to the wind. The great wind blew and turned the cross and the angels and the mill all at once.

All the people brought their corn up to John to be ground in the Holy Mill. And so he grew rich; for he was the first man to own a windmill. And I feel sure that he was always good and kind to everyone that wanted help.

The poet says that this is the reason why, in Brittany, everywhere, no matter whether it is in the fields or in the woods, no one would think of beginning to eat

a bun without making the Sign of the Cross.

Pipkin said: "But we always cross ourselves before we eat, and Jesus hasn't given *us* a windmill."

I told him that Jesus teaches people how to make things, and that is giving them, only in another way.

"Oh, I wish Jesus would come and stay a night here!" said Pipkin. "We'd make a nice bed for Him, wouldn't we?"

So I just reminded him how we have got to make a nice place for Jesus in our hearts, and how He comes to see us, and how we can go and see Him.

Pipkin knew what I meant, and he said softly: "Oh, yes! I think, Maisie, we'll go and see Him now."

So we went down to the church and paid a visit to our dear Lord.

The Adventures of Ricardo.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XIII.

The fear in Ricardo's mind was that if he escaped from the tent he might be seen and recaptured by the Indian who had left him there a prisoner. The sight of the others in their barbaric dance had been so revolting and terrifying that he did not for a single moment think of applying to them for succor. He felt convinced that if they were to find him some dreadful fate might befall him. However, anything was preferable to the uncertainty in which he now was.

He took a long draught of the water still left in the can and seized a *tortilla* and put it in his pocket. He would have liked to have taken some water along with him, but could not carry it in the open can, and there was no bottle anywhere to be seen. He lifted the flap of the tepee, made a step outward, and then paused. In the distance he heard the neighing of a horse; it seemed to recede, then grow nearer, and presently it was

answered by other horses, those of the Indians who lay asleep around the dying fire. One or two of them stirred uneasily, a third sat up, leaning on his elbows. But the noise ceased and in a moment all was quiet once more.

However, what had occurred determined Ricardo as to the direction of his flight. There was something peculiar in the sound he had heard—a rough, snorting call or complaint that seemed familiar. He felt sure the voice was that of Fly-in-the-Air, and resolved to start in an opposite direction from that from which it came. He greatly feared to meet Smile-in-the-Night, and he brought back ignominiously to captivity and death. It seemed to him that he stood in the centre of an immense round, arid space, beyond the limits of which he should find safety if he could only keep the trail. He stooped in the moonlight and thought he could discern a narrow path in the sand. He was mistaken: it was only a shadow.

But with the confidence of childhood and inexperience, added to the fearlessness of some of the best fighting blood of Spain which ran in his veins, and which his various adventures had caused to assert itself, he decided to follow what he believed a lightly beaten track hardly to be discerned along the continually shifting sand. With this intention, he turned toward the back of the tepee, instead of keeping forward as at first. Hardly had he done so when he stumbled over a human form lying on the ground. Recoiling, he trembled with apprehension; he had recognized Smile-in-the-Night doubled up on the earth in the deep, sodden sleep of intoxication. The Indian did not move: the empty bottle by his side told the disgusting tale.

Ricardo stood for a moment looking toward the horizon where the moon was beginning to fade. He closed his eyes, trying to remember how it had been situated as they travelled the night before. At last he remembered, and, believing

he had been about to follow a wrong course, again turned according to his original design. A great hope arose in his heart. To the other Indians his presence in the vicinity was quite unknown and Smile-in-the-Night was sleeping soundly. He could be far away by morning; for he would be sure to meet some one who would be able to direct him.

It might be many hours before he could cover the distance made in a short time by the splendid horse that had borne him through the desert, but at any rate he would not soon be missed. And since he had discovered his captor in a helpless condition, he need not fear that at any moment Smile-in-the-Night might ride up behind him, seize him as he had done before, and once more dispose of him as he pleased. He took the empty bottle from the ground, rinsed it in a can of water that stood in the shadow of the tepee, returned to the tent and filled it from the other can; then he took two *tortillas* from the pile and pulled down an Indian basket from the roof. He found it filled with brilliantly colored feathers. Several bits of narrow hempen rope lay on the ground. He tied these together, fastened the ends at the sides of the basket, in which he placed the *tortillas* and the bottle of water. This done, he slung it over one shoulder and set forth on his perilous journey.

The night was cool, a fresh wind blowing, and the boy's heart was full of hope and courage. He trudged bravely on through the heavy, shifting sand for half an hour, unconscious that he was not on the trail. And then he paused. Something was moving behind an unusually large clump of cactus, from which it suddenly emerged. In a moment Ricardo recognized it as Fly-in-the-Air, the Indian's horse. A sigh of relief issued from the boy's lips; this was no evil monster as he had feared, eager to swallow him, but a positive pledge of safety. For without his horse, the Indian, should he awaken, could not now overtake him.

The animal, full of intelligence, came nearer, uplifting his beautiful head and neighing loudly.

A sudden inspiration came to the little wanderer, with whom love of horses and absolute fearlessness with regard to them was an inheritance, a veritable second nature. Without an instant's hesitation, he sprang on the back of the animal, seizing its long, silky mane in both hands. Instead of turning toward the desert and the tepee, which, according to Ricardo's calculation, lay straight behind them—a route which the boy feared Fly-in-the-Air would instantly take as leading homeward, and from which he would either have to swerve him or slide from his back,—the horse began to reverse his steps.

In a short time, not more than two or three minutes, it had made a long turn, and was soon on the track from which Ricardo had been wandering every moment of his journey. The boy felt some alarm lest Fly-in-the-Air would eventually bear him back to his master. Like that master, the horse was *loco*, and had no abiding place save as the fancy of Smile-in-the-Night was accustomed to lead. But the fear soon banished.

After a while the horse fell into a long, steady lope, here and there turning off at angles, known only to himself and shortening the distance several miles. Ricardo held on bravely, lying for the most part at full length on the animal's back, enjoying the ride, occasionally dozing, but never relaxing his hold.

At length he heard the sound of a passing train, and knew they were approaching the railroad. The horse pricked up its ears, stood still and listened. If the noise had grown more distinct, it would have cantered wildly back along the road it had come, for it was mortally afraid of the locomotive; but the sound receded, and it went on. And now there were lights twinkling in front of them; then the outlines of houses, and in a moment more the houses themselves,—a mere half-dozen shanties, but the most

welcome sight Ricardo had ever seen.

They lay on either side of the railroad tracks, where a long row of freight cars waited on a siding, the engineer standing near the locomotive, and a brakeman busy on top. As soon as Fly-in-the-Air saw the blazing headlight, he threw up his heels, depositing Ricardo at the feet of the astonished trainmen, and before they could utter a word, he was galloping back through the night, across the desert.

"By Jupiter! What's this?" exclaimed the engineer, as the boy, not in the least hurt or dismayed, sprang to his feet.

"It is I,—Ricardo," he replied. "What place is this?"

"Little Big Springs," replied the man. "Where do you come from, kid?"

"I bet it's the boy they've been telegraphing for all day," said the conductor.

The brakeman clambered down from the roof and joined the group.

"It surely must be," said the conductor. "Give an account of yourself, boy."

Without any sign of embarrassment, Ricardo related the story of what had occurred since the moment of his having left the train.

"Well!" cried the brakeman, when he had finished, "you've spent twenty-four hours with the craziest Indian on the Reservation. And you've rode the craziest horse and the fastest in three hundred miles. Smile-in-the-Night is plumb *loco*, and *has* been for years. So is his horse. How did he happen to let you mount him, and how did you stay on without saddle or bridle?—For I could see he had neither, as he galloped away."

"I do not know," rejoined Ricardo, simply. "I just jumped up and held on."

"Must be accustomed to them."

"No: I am not. But I was not afraid; only glad to get away."

"Those Indians wouldn't have hurt you a single bit," said the engineer. "They'd have brought you safe back in the morning. But you're a breezy one, all the same."

"'Spose they were all drunk, Jim?" asked the conductor.

"Looks like it, from what the kid says," said the brakeman. "And now," he continued, turning to the boy, "do you know you've kept the whole telegraph and railroad system between here and Barstow busy since six o'clock yesterday morning? Every station along the desert is on the lookout for you. Friends and relations must be half crazy. Come along into the station, and we'll telegraph to Barstow. See what they want to do with you."

After several moments of sending and receiving messages, the telegraph operator announced that some one was waiting at Barstow for the boy; and requested that he be sent along by the express train, which was due in an hour.

"It's just two," said the conductor of the freight. "Come get something to eat and drink. After twenty-four hours of *tortillas* and water, shut up in a dirty tepee, you must be hungry, little fellow."

Ricardo confessed that he was. The men led the way to a long, low building, where half a dozen trainmen and miners were busy at a game of cards. They were not at all disorderly however, though they had chosen to employ the time between trains in a game of poker. They crowded around the boy when they heard that he was the one who had "set things going" on the road, and he was obliged to repeat the story.

"You've got pluck, my boy," said one of them.

"Pluck? What is that?" inquired Ricardo, who was still unfamiliar with the English language. "If you mean money, I have not any, only a silver dollar, bright and new, which a good priest has given me, and which I will keep forever. I will go hungry first."

The men roared with laughter.

"That is pluck, sure enough!" remarked one of the card-players. "Pluck means courage,—bravery, my boy. I'll stand the price of a snack."

"No, sir!" said the proprietor. "Guess

I can give the little fellow a bite for nothing."

"Oh, if I could only wash a little!" said Ricardo. "I am feeling so dirty."

"Shouldn't wonder!" said another man. "After two nights and a day on the desert. Water's scarce here, though. No bath, mind you; and there's no time, neither. But I'll fix you up."

He disappeared, but soon came back with a tin basin containing about a cupful of water, and also brought a clean towel.

"Here, dip the corner of this here in the basin, and wipe off your face. Soap ain't good after such a scorching as you've had. Here's a mite for your hands, though."

He laid the basin and towel on a chair in the corner, and the men returned to their game. The boy remembered that he had water in the basket which still hung from his shoulder. He took it out, emptied the contents into the basin and washed his face and hands thoroughly, leaving the bottle on the floor. In the interval the proprietor was setting bread, butter, cheese, dried beef and stewed apples on a small table near the group of men.

"What you got in that basket?" asked one of them. "Where did you get it?"

Ricardo told him.

"Bet that's worth fifty. Splendidly made. Never wear out, and those feathers, too. Old Smile-in-the-Night will be more *loco* than ever if he finds it gone."

"'Twon't half nor quarter make up what he's stole from the whites in his time," remarked another.

"I didn't think it was very good," said Ricardo, apologetically.

"'Tis, though. Hold on to it,—hold on to it. He won't say a word; he'll be afraid. Nobody minds him; his own people try to shake him. He's a real nuisance sometimes. Yet they're kind of 'fraid of him too; he used to be a great medicine-man."

"Strange how superstitious those Indians are!" said the brakeman. "Spite of all that's been done, they cling to their queer

notions. But they wouldn't have hurt you a mite, youngster. They was just celebrating their *fiesta*. If you were to stay round here a day or two, you'd see them all clothed and in their right minds, coming up the trail and going back to work."

"I do not want to see them again," answered the boy. "Though if I had known it was only a play, I would not have been so afraid."

"Come on and eat," said the proprietor. "Train'll be along pretty soon."

Ricardo was quite hungry, and everything tasted good to him. When he had finished his meal, he went and stood in the doorway and looked up at the stars. He had not been there long when a whirring, rickety-voiced clock in the bar-room struck three, and then he heard the advancing train. The conductor, engineer and brakeman of the freight had already returned to their posts, and lively puffs of steam were pouring from the throttle of the locomotive.

"Come on, youngster!" shouted the conductor.

With a word of thanks and good-bye, answered by "good luck!" from the men now gathered about him, the boy started across the track. It was a long train; the conductor seized him by the hand and almost dragged him to the car, where a porter was standing.

A word of explanation, a kindly "Hello, little fellow! Step up here!" And the boy stood on the platform of the car that began to move slowly on once more, *en route* to the promised land. There was some difficulty about finding him a berth. In truth, the porter, who had been occupying the only vacant one, hesitated at first as to whether he should give it up. But second thought prevailed; he brought clean sheets, and while he was making the bed, plied the boy with questions, at the same time giving him some information.

"There was a little girl once; she wandered off from her ma just there where you did. Guess she was walking

in her sleep. People thought she fell off the train, and the woman was nigh crazy. Next morning she come wandering into the station in her nightie and bare feet, crying for her ma. The poor little kid must have slept under the station platform. She crawled out from under it. I tell you that woman was glad to see that baby. She was near plumb crazy after the child was missed. Greatest wonder in the world she got safe. Guess your pa will be delighted, won't he? Jump right in. What? Going to pray! Should think you'd be too tired. Well, it's something I like to see. Good-night, and sweet dreams!"

(To be continued.)

A Beautiful Custom.

The people of Northern Europe have a beautiful custom of feeding the wild birds all winter. In Norway and Sweden each farmer leaves a bundle of oats unthreshed, and this is tied to a pole and left for the birds to feast upon. At Christmas time when the country man brings in the trees to sell to the city folk, he also has with him a large supply of "juleneg," or unthreshed grain, a portion of which he sells with each tree; and outside each home where the Nativity Tree is set up there is a liberal meal for little feathered friends. The Scandinavian residents of our own Northwest are trying to introduce this humane custom into the United States.

Stadium.

The word "stadium" is literally the Greek measure equivalent to 605 feet 9 inches, English measurement. The name was also applied to the course used for footraces at Olympia; hence the "Olympian Games." In due time all places in Greece where athletic sports were held were named "Stadiums," and after many centuries Harvard College could find no better word for its athletic course, and so we have the Harvard Stadium.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Life of St. Ignatius Loyola, left in manuscript by the late Francis Thompson, is promised for publication early next month by Messrs. Burns & Oates. The revision of the proofs has been entrusted to the Rev. Father Pollen, S. J. The volume will be abundantly illustrated.

—Among new publications by Sands & Co. we note "Catholic Social Work in Germany," by the Rev. C. D. Plater, S. J. With a Preface by his Lordship the Bishop of Salford. And "Mother Erin: Her People and Her Places." Described anew for children by Alice Dease, author of "The Beckoning of the Wand," etc. With 16 full-page illustrations.

—It is pleasant to learn from the London *Tablet* that Mr. Shane Leslie, who lately contributed to its columns a record of personal experiences at the last celebrations of "St. Patrick's Purgatory," has ready for the press a complete history of that wonderfully austere and picturesque devotion, the scene of which, through his instrumentality, is to be restored to the patrimony of the Church.

—We have received from the Reverend Mother Prioress a very interesting pamphlet of 125 pages, an historical sketch of the Benedictine Community now residing at St. Benedict's Priory, Colwich, Stafford. The sketch covers the period from the middle of the seventeenth century to the beginning of the nineteenth, and is replete with edifying instances of providential care shown to devoted religious.

—Dr. William F. Barry's "The Hygiene of the Schoolroom" (Silver, Burdett, and Co.) is a valuable handbook for all educators. Appearing originally in 1903, it has proved popular enough to warrant the issue of this third edition in an enlarged form. The whole subject of school-children's health has been receiving unwonted attention during the past few years, and the present work is full of instruction, ignorance of which can be considered little less than criminal in school superintendents, inspectors, teachers, and even trustees.

—The Franco-Japanese Work of Scientific and Religious Tracts, founded only this year, has already issued (in Japanese) three brochures: "Finality in the World," by Lapparent; "The Intelligence and the Brain," by Dr. Surlbled; and "Modern Transformism," by Ch. de Kirwan. Editions of 12,000 copies of these tracts were sold out in less than two months. Among future

brochures announced are: "Why I Became a Catholic," by Dr. G. Bull; "Joan of Arc," by Father Ligneul; and "Socialism and Protestantism," by the Rev. L. Droüart de Lézey, Apostolic Missionary at Tokio.

—Of the making of text-books by the American Book Co., there surely is no end. "Foundations of German," by Kayser and Montaser, is their latest addition to the Modern Language Series, and a brief examination discovers points of excellence in both arrangement and presentation of matter. Judging from reports of school examiners, something is needed in the language classes, whether in books or teachers. Perhaps "Foundations of German" will fill the want.

—The latest biographer of the Apostle of Ireland is Dr. Bury, Regius Professor of History in the University of Cambridge. He declares that the "Christians of Ireland asked Pope Celestine I. to choose a bishop for them," and quotes as undoubtedly authentic the Irish Canon decreeing that "if any questions of difficulty arise, let them be referred to the Apostolic See." In a learned note the biographer proves that St. Patrick went to Rome in the days of Leo the Great, and "was approved in the Catholic Faith."

—"Religious and the Sacred Heart" is the title under which Blessed Margaret Mary delivers the message of her ardent soul to those who are consecrated by the vows of the religious life. This work is translated from the French of the Rev. Alfred Yenneux, O. F. M., by a priest of the same Order. The counsels are taken textually from the letters and other writings of Blessed Margaret Mary, and from her life as written by herself. The philosophy of the higher life is attractively set forth in this little treatise. Benziger Brothers.

—Much as Grover Cleveland has come to be admired as one of our best presidents, the recently published reminiscences of Vice-President Stevenson ("Something of Men I Have Known") and Mr. George F. Parker's "Recollections of Grover Cleveland" will increase admiration for him both as president and man. Mr. Parker was thrown into close relation with President Cleveland during his first administration, and held his confidence to the end, thus being able to show us the real man as no other living person could. That Mr. Cleveland possessed personal qualities which endeared him to all who were brought into friendly contact

with him, comes as something of a surprise to those who knew only of his rugged honesty and his violent controversies with Congress and with many of the leaders of his party. Probably no other president has ever bound so closely to himself the men whom he chose as members of his Cabinet. Every one of them remained his intimate personal friend until death.

Mr. Stevenson's tribute to Cleveland, with whom he was associated, first, as Assistant Post-Master General, and later as Vice-President, is not less cordial than Mr. Parker's. As a guest at the Cleveland home for some days during the campaign of 1892 Mr. Stevenson mentions especially Grover Cleveland's quality as a tender and considerate husband, a kind and affectionate father. "It has never been my good fortune to cross the threshold of a more delightful home." "And yet," remarks a reviewer of Mr. Stevenson's book in the *Dial*, "men with good memories can recall the fact that twenty-one years ago political malice stooped low enough to try to turn a presidential election by circulating all over the country, through underground channels, the assertion that President Cleveland was making his home wretched by drunkenness and personal cruelty!"

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"At the Root of Socialism: A Study of a Glasgow Manifesto." F. Power, S. J. 10 cts.

"The Glories of Lourdes." Chanoine Justin Rousseil. \$1.10, net.

"A Certain Rich Man." William Allen White. \$1.50.

"The Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, in Meditations. Maurice Meschler, S. J. \$4.75, net.

"Waifs and Strays. Being a Collection of Sermons, some Lectures, Essays, etc." Rev. Henry A. Brann, D. D., LL. D. Volume I.—Sermons. \$1.15.

"The Priest's Studies." T. B. Scannell, D. D. \$1.20, net.

"The Diocese of Limerick, Ancient and Medieval." Rev. John Begley, C. C. \$3.85, net.

"Holy Practices of a Divine Lover." Dame Gertrude More. 75 cts.

"What Think You of Christ?" Rev. Bernard Otten, S. J. 25 cts.

"On Retreats." St. Alphonsus Liguori. 6 cts.

"The Making of Mortlake." Rev. F. Copus, S. J. 85 cts.

"Three Years Behind the Guns." L. G. T. \$1.50.

"A Round of Rimes." Denis A. McCarthy. \$1. net.

"Cantus Ecclesiastici ad Usus Clericorum." P. Dom Johnner, O. S. B. 50 cts.

"Makers of Electricity." Brother Potamian, F. S. C., D. Sc., Lond.; and James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$2, net.

"The Great Schism of the West." L. Salembier. Authorized Translation by M. D. \$2.

"The Holy Sacrifice and Its Ceremonies." M. C. Nieuwbarn, O. P., S. T. L. Translated by L. M. Bouman. 70 cts., net.

"The Monuments of Christian Rome from Constantine to the Renaissance." Arthur L. Frothingham, Ph. D. \$2.25, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Francis M. Quatman, of the archdiocese of Cincinnati; Very Rev. Michael Weiss, diocese of Alton; Rev. Dr. Michael McManus, diocese of Newark; Rt. Rev. Monsig. McAndrew, diocese of Scranton; and Rev. Patrick Flaherty, archdiocese of Philadelphia.

Mother Henrica, of the Sisters of St. Francis; Sister Ignatia, Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Eusebia and Sister M. Clementia, Sisters of the Holy Names; Sister M. Bridget, Order of Mercy; Sister Louise, Sisters of Notre Dame; and Sister M. Climacus, Sisters of the Incarnate Word.

Mr. Henry Leroy, Mr. Alex. Mosel, Mr. James and Mr. John Rafferty, Mr. J. G. Mattos, Sr., Mr. Michael O'Neill, Mr. St. John Robinson, Mr. Dennis Murphy, Mrs. Margaret Murphy, Mrs. Harriet Mohan, Mr. Francis Becker, Mrs. Mary E. McGlinchey, Mr. W. J. Williams, Mr. Patrick H. Giblin, Mr. Edward Bell, Mr. George J. Foy, Mrs. Mary A. Jones, Mr. Frederick Doane, Mrs. Christina Frey, Mr. William Ryan, Mr. Francis Mitchell, Mrs. Honora Croake, Mr. Edward Hess, Mr. J. McDonagh, Mr. Charles Hanzel, Mr. James Caulfield, Mr. Patrick Murphy, Mr. Jacob Maurer, Mr. Andrew D. Murphy, Mrs. Elizabeth Scanlan, and Mr. W. N. Garneau.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Coming of the Morning.

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.

Nox processit, dies autem appropinquavit.

 'ER the hills the dawn is breaking,
 Soft the daylight steals along;
 Nature's world to life is waking,
 Loud she chants her morning song.
 What though dreariest gloom might reign
 Through the hours of darkness past,
 Joy to weary souls again
 With the morn is come at last.
 So from homes of sin or sadness,
 So across a restless sea,
 Sun of Life and Light and Gladness,
 Toward the East we look for Thee.
 So rings out, all clear and sweet,
 Down the years the Advent song:
 "Lord, why stay Thy pierced feet
 On Thy victor-march so long?"

Once again the wondrous story
 Strikes the eager listening ear,
 Faint the gleams of Christmas glory
 Deck the Church's opening year;
 Upward to the brightening skies,
 Hymned in glad adoring tone,
 Softly angels' carols rise
 Round about the Manger Throne.

O that dread, mysterious wonder!
 In Thyself, Eternal Son,
 Nevermore to part asunder
 God and Man have met in one.
 Ne'er on earth shone gleam so fair,
 Ne'er in heaven so bright a gem,
 As the Star that glistens there,
 O'er the Cave of Bethlehem.

Mary, Mother, thou wilt lead us
 To the Babe upon thy knee;
 Strong in love, thy prayer will speed us,
 Thou wilt let us kneel with thee.
 Thou didst never lose His grace,—
 We by grace are reconciled;
 Lift us up to His embrace,
 Teach us how to love thy Child.
 Win us hearts both strong and tender,
 Grace the vigil hours to keep,
 Till we hail His birthday splendor
 With our homage true and deep;
 Joyfully to greet with thee
 God within His Manger-bed,
 So with hope His Face to see
 In His day of judgment dread.

A Convert of St. Francis.*

BY FATHER HILARIN, O. S. F. C.

I.



JOHN JÖRGENSEN, born in 1866, is the most remarkable and most prolific of contemporary Danish poets. In a great part of his literary works one can trace the same spirit that inspired St. Francis of Assisi. At the time of his conversion, in 1896, he wrote "Das Reisebuch,"† the second part of which is entitled "An Umbrian Chronicle," and is essentially Franciscan. Soon afterward Jørgensen translated the "Fioretti" into his native tongue; this was followed by "The Book of the Pilgrim," and then came his "Life of St. Francis of Assisi."

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA by Imelda Chambers.

† "The Book of Travel."

These productions were all received with enthusiasm in the poet's own country, and soon became widely known in Germany through the translation of Countess Henrietta de Holstein-Ledreborg, a recent convert to the Church.

Some may, perhaps, wonder how this original young Dane became so passionately enthusiastic over St. Francis. He was undoubtedly attracted by the poetic genius of the dear Poverello, which he felt was kindred to his own; it was certainly not Francis the saint, the ardent lover of God, who in the first instance obtained such a powerful influence over the young poet. Francis, as he was known and beloved by the early Franciscans, Fra Pacifico, Jacopone da Todi, and others, was still a stranger to Jörgensen, who saw in him only the kindly genial friend, and the fervent admirer of that nature which he loved so passionately.

While yet a child Jörgensen was strangely sensible to the beauties of nature; the delicate and brilliant coloring of flowers and the beautiful tints of forest trees alike held him in ravished delight, and reproduced in him a deep religious feeling. His greatest delight was "to sit in the springtime on the outskirts of a wood, and to watch the sunlight gilding the ground richly carpeted with anemones, and to listen to the voice of the cuckoo." At night the young poet would frequently slip away into the peaceful country, "and there," he tells us, "in the pure moonlight, I would throw myself upon my knees and worship the heavens and the sublime beauty of the night." And again at Christiania in his early manhood, while revelling in the delights of "Ekkehard,"* he would cry out in the fulness of his heart, "*Santis! Santis! O solitude! O beautiful mountain air! O sweet perfumes of wild herbs!*" Thus the smallest, as well as the grandest, things in the natural world overwhelmed his soul with an irresistible charm.

He became a passionate admirer of nature, a lover of solitude and the deep, silent forests; an enthusiast of the night, and a worshipper of the eternal stars and the calm, sweet tranquillity of autumn. One reverts unconsciously to similar scenes in the early life of St. Francis,—scenes similar in a certain sense, and yet so different; for one recalls the rich merchant's son, he who, according to Thomas of Celano, "delighted in the beauties of nature, the open country, with its green fields, fertile valleys, and luxuriant vineyards." Yet he was the gayest of the gay, and as leader of the fashionable youths of Assisi, went about feasting and merrymaking, full of mirth and song.

What a difference and a contrast there is between him and John Jörgensen! Barely had young Francis tasted the innocent joys of life when he realized that no earthly pleasures could satisfy the insatiable desires which burned within him; and his very love of all that is beautiful in nature led him to raise his heart and soul toward the Divine Creator. Thus in all the marvels of creation he recognized the work of a Divine Hand, and all living creatures became to him as brothers and sisters. Even inanimate nature, the woods and the plains, the cornfields and the vineyards, the wild flowers of the fields and the cultivated gardens, the murmur of the brooks,—all these, even the very air he breathed and the winds of heaven, were sweetly called upon by Francis to give praise to the Almighty.

Jörgensen's love of the beautiful, on the contrary, led him away from God: he became a naturalist. He learned to worship the works of God in nature instead of God Himself; even deifying the absolute moral and intellectual sovereignty of the superhuman man. What religious beliefs he held formerly soon disappeared, and at the early age of eighteen he realized that he was no longer a Christian, but a freethinker, a pagan. From naturalist he became, to use his own words, 'passionately pantheistic, and his pantheism led

* Historical novel by Scheffel, published in 1855.

him to the blackest despair.' He then sought solace in the diabolical remedy of the soul that gluts itself with every earthly pleasure. "I became a Bohemian among Bohemians, corrupt among the corrupt, and was tottering on the borders of anarchy."

The world of nature no longer appealed to him; and he would weep on reviewing scenes whose beauty had once filled him with the purest joy and now had wholly lost their charm. Years went by, and his state grew worse and worse; till at length his soul knew not good from evil, light from darkness, and the cup of his misery and despair was filled to overflowing.

But when the night is darkest it is near the dawn. And so it was that in the year 1893, in the black night of his despair, there shone a faint glimmer of light, feeble at first, but clear and steady—the light of the Catholic Faith.

About this time there was much talk among his friends of one Paul Verlaine, who, from being a partisan of Baudelaire, and intoxicated with the material joys of life, had become an ardent believer in the eternal truths and had embraced the religion of Christ. The admirable history of the conversion of Verlaine, as recounted in his book "Sagesse," was for Jørgensen a gleam of light from the heavenly beacon. He realized with sorrow how he had frittered away his youth; yet he had a long road to travel before he could reach the heights of the Christian life, and he needed a more stable guide to direct his footsteps than the inconstant Verlaine. He commenced to study various Catholic authors; their views were at least a novelty to him and very striking, yet he reaped no special benefit from them. The romanticists were his favorites, and he was destined—as Görres before him—to be led through romanticism to St. Francis.

What produced a very definite change in Jørgensen was his journey to the country of the Poverello. The incidents of that journey, or rather the divers impressions they made upon him, are recorded in his book "Reisebuch," which was for

the poet a veritable journey of the soul to God.

The soul that is earnestly seeking God is frequently led to find Him through the very gifts and talents with which He has endowed it. Thus through his poetic nature, through those beauties in the natural world which had lured him astray, Jørgensen was brought back to the thought of his Creator. He had imagined that his intelligence and modern scientific convictions had caused his downfall, as step by step he had driven away his religious beliefs, denying even the existence of God. Wishing to be an unbeliever, he had, in fact, become one, persuading himself of the truth of unbelief. Hence he had been led astray by the freedom which comes of unbelief,—that freedom from restraint which permits the immoderate indulgence in every sort of pleasure.

He learned by bitter experience that all this was but a *fata morgana*. When he started on his journey to Italy he left behind him his shattered youth, a sort of ruined world, whose pleasures he now repudiated; and fled from it, as from a plague-stricken city full of foulness and corruption.

Having set himself seriously to find God in the world about him, the beauties of creation appealed to him once more with their purity and that ineffable charm which had conquered him in years gone by. But even the marvels of nature were soon to be eclipsed for him by the supernatural beauty of Christ's Church on earth. The Madonnas and the saints enshrined in Gothic churches, the paintings of the old masters, and the sublime majesty of the Catholic liturgy,—all these had a singular charm for Jørgensen; who had hitherto known only the cold Protestant religion of his native country.

All these impressions were doubly strengthened when he found himself in St. Francis' native city, and in the Franciscan convent at Rocca, on the outskirts of Assisi. Late one evening, as he climbed the steep steps of the Sacro-Convento, he

was so overcome with emotion that he cried aloud to his friend, the painter, Mogens Francesco Ballin: "This is indeed the way to heaven!"

The Basilica of St. Francis became a veritable home to the wanderer. Beneath its shady arches during the long summer days he would read the "Fioretti" and study the life of the Poverello, listening anon to the chanting of the psalms by the friars in choir. Of an evening, when the sun was sinking below the Apennines and the bells of monasteries and churches were chiming the Angelus, the two friends would pause in their saunter among the cypress groves, while St. Francis' immortal Song of the Sun rose and fell in the sweet stillness of the peaceful Umbrian village. All this made a vivid impression upon the poet, but he was not yet converted.

Then came the great feast of the Portiuncula, with its touching demonstrations of faith and piety. Jörgensen has described it admirably, more graphically than any one before. He tells how he, too, carried away with enthusiasm, knelt among the pilgrims before the Madonna of the Angels; how a feeling of intense happiness came over him, such as he had never felt before; nevertheless, he continued an unbeliever.

When he found himself kneeling amid the crowd receiving Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, an irresistible power attracted him: he felt a strong, sweet presence near to him, and his heart was filled with an ardent longing; yet he was afraid to yield to its dictates. He remembered having had somewhat similar feelings whilst listening to a "Requiem" by Berlioz, and to Handel's "Passion," and during the overture to Tannhauser.

The clearer he perceived the light of Faith, the more despairingly he strove to escape its searching brilliance. It was only after having exhausted every possible pretext and excuse that he at length acknowledged to himself that his resistance was based upon preconceived ideas which had no solid foundation; and that

his unbelief was not the product of his intelligence. There were times when he saw very clearly the truth of the Catholic Faith, but he would not follow the inspirations of grace by an acknowledgment of the truth, by humble prayer, and a sincere conversion; hence the least adverse wind was sufficient to shake his convictions. He varied with the morn and evening. In the gladsome light of day his soul, becoming intoxicated with the joy of living, gave no thought to God; and in the gloom of evening, when the heart becomes oppressed, he would turn to Him with longing and desire.

The city of St. Francis and the little convent of Santa Maria della Rocca were to be to Jörgensen, to use his own words, "the road to heaven"; they were to bear witness to his anguish and the inner struggles of his soul, and to the progressive changes in his ideas. The final victory was to be achieved only after he returned to his native land.

II.

The sunny land of Umbria, with its peaceful, solitary village of Rocca, where Jörgensen passed his second youth, forever remained a living picture in his mind. Its remembrance was to him as a return from vain science to a clear and simple wisdom, from the deafening roar of the streets to the restful quiet of one's home.

In 1899, after five years' absence, he again had the pleasure of sojourning in the city of the Poverello, the city of rest and peace. When he left, it was with the firm resolve that before long he would start on a pilgrimage through Franciscan Italy. The result of this journey was to be his "Pilgerbuch."

But Jörgensen had yet much to learn in order to benefit by his travels. Three years were devoted to a deep study of Franciscan origins. His researches in the library of the Vatican occupied one whole winter. When the library was closed, he continued working at a chart he had drawn of travels across central Italy. He indicated every town where Francis had once

dwelt or passed through: Assisi, Perugia, Bologna and Siena, Foligno and Cortona, Spoleto and Montefalco, Bevagna, Fallerone, etc. The very sound of these names became music in his ears, and as the winter wore on he yearned more and more earnestly to commence his pilgrimage.

At length he was able to start. With a glad heart he set out toward those most beautiful provinces in all Italy: Umbria, Tuscany, and the Marches of Ancona, whose ancient cloisters are the theme of so many of Brother Hugolin's legends. In the broad Umbrian plains, in the valleys of the Apennines, in the solitude of the mountains, we find the hermits' cells of the early Franciscan days: Rivo Torto, where St. Francis dwelt in a mean hut with his first companions; Carceri, the lonely retreat on Monte Subasio, where Brother Rufino was sorely tempted by the devil under the appearance of Our Lord; Farneto, the little convent between Perugia and Gubbio, where an angel appeared to the porter, Brother Masseo; Monte Casale, near Borgo San Sepolcro, where, we read in the "Fioretti," three brigands were converted by St. Francis; La Foresta, where he blessed a *curé's* dead vine, with the result that it afterward bore fruit; Poggio-Bustone, where it was revealed to him that all his sins were forgiven; Monte-Colombo in the valley of Rieti, the Sinai of the Franciscan Order, where, inspired by God, the Seraphic Father wrote down the rules of his Order; Greccio, the Franciscan Bethlehem, where the saint celebrated the Birth of our Saviour by a touching representation of the Divine Infant in the lowly stable, recounted to us by Celano. And finally Alvernia, the Golgotha of the Order, the spot most loved by the Poverello. "It was on this arid rock that he received the divine seal of Christ crucified,—the wounds in his hands and feet which he bore during the last two years of his life."

It is indeed consoling and wonderful, this pilgrimage across Franciscan Italy.

The Italy which charms the tourist and the painter is beautiful indeed—the gay springtime, the vine-clad hills, flowering fields and gorgeous mountains. But scenes depicted by the artist and sung by the poet: Goethe's Italy with its myrtles and laurels and golden garlands; the Italy of Böhrlin with its cypresses, its meadows gay with flowers, its beautiful marble villas,—these do not appeal to me. Neither does lovely Sicily, the island of eternal spring; not even that magnificent view so dear to the artist,—Naples, with its world-famed bay of vivid transparent blue, the loggias of Capri, and menacing Vesuvius.

The Italy I prefer is more humble and simple: it is the country of the Poverello, a fitting background to the poor man of Assisi. It is a country with its seasons the same as other countries: with severe cold in winter, the rain and storms of spring and autumn, where summer arrives late among the mountains and speedily departs. It is the country of the olive, the good old olive tree with its silvery leaves and twisted trunk; the land where peasants toil and monks pray, and where thousands of bells ere dawn proclaim the hour of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It is the Italy of humble labor, clad in the garb of the penitent. It is Franciscan Italy—the country that I love, and am proud and happy to know, and I care not for any other. "Ah! Italy, beloved Italy! How much I admire thee, how much I love thee! Shall I succeed in bringing men to know thee, to love and understand thee, as I have learned to do? What work have I in life if it be not that of making thee known to my fellow-countrymen? Or is my toil to be of no avail? Are my studies and my travels, my writings, all in vain? Am I devoting my life to an impossibility, a mere dream?"*

Surely not! The fact that the volume

* "Book of the Pilgrim." Readers of THE AVE MARIA have been favored with a translation of this charming work.

has been welcomed with such enthusiasm in Protestant Denmark eloquently proves the success of Jörgensen's mission. In all German-speaking countries this book, so clever and vivid and so poetic, will win many friends to St. Francis. It speaks straight to the heart. After my long and laborious studies on Franciscan history, it is a consolation to me to read and reread this delightful volume; for in it I meet again many old friends, and the scenes and events related therein remind me forcibly of my own pilgrimages in Franciscan Italy.

This journey of Jörgensen's was the harbinger of a new life of St. Francis, the result of long and continued study. Even those who do not see things from the author's point of view nor share his ideas will agree that his latest book is very deep and thorough. The dissertation on the origin of the Order alone fills nearly one hundred and fifty pages. It is a work of careful study, with innumerable remarks and annotations, the author having availed himself of all the best authorities on St. Francis and his Order. A few points which are subject to discussion, such as the origin of the Portiuncula, are explained with wonderful clearness.

This is a good deal of praise for a life of St. Francis, which, to speak the truth, does not altogether satisfy me. In it I do not recognize the holy, simple friar, nor the sweet, humble Franciscan life which breathes through every page of the "Pilgerbuch."

The saint appears quite in the background, as he does indeed in all the new biographies, except that by Father Bernard, late General of the Capuchin Order, whom Jörgensen does not even quote. Indeed all that is purely human in this "Life of St. Francis" loses its peculiar charm, through an over-elaborateness in technical detail, and too many learned discussions. Nay, one can not recognize the Jörgensen of the "Reisebuch" and the "Pilgerbuch" in this biography; instead,

I find a scholar; yes, but a scholar who displays too much learning. I had hoped that Jörgensen, with all his natural advantages, and having, as it were, imbibed his knowledge of Franciscan history from the very fountain-head, would have given us a life of St. Francis molded in the spirit, the "gemut," of a true child of the North, gifted as he is with original talent and a poet's lofty and artistic ideals. If the author of this "Life of St. Francis" were any other than Jörgensen the poet, one could not be surprised at this style of writing. It is surely not natural to Jörgensen. One sees plainly that this spiritual, intellectual poet is not at his ease in the domain of the cut-and-dried historian. Jörgensen appeals to me rather as the philosopher than as the erudite scholar. He is not intended to analyze life; his is the art which reveals to us the beauties of nature, and imbues us with the highest ideals. This is his true calling. This vocation is summed up in the vow that he made to bring before the minds of men the entrancing happiness and the high ideals with which Catholics should face the whole world, which Jörgensen felt in himself, and which had its most beautiful expression in St. Francis' own life.

May he never deviate from his high vocation, neither through the criticisms of men, nor through a misuse of his great talent! May he resist this double temptation, bearing in mind the joyful words of Brother Masseo in the "Fioretti," who, on being asked by Brother Fallerone why, in his rejoicing, he did not change his tune, replied with great delight: "He who is happy in one thing has no need to change his song."

THE Catholic Church, the true Mother of souls, cherishes with loving memory all her departed. Never does a day pass but she prays for them at the altar; never does a year go by that there is not a special commemoration of her children departed.

—Cardinal Manning.

The Vengeance of Lucienne.

A STORY OF LIFE IN PARIS OF TO-DAY.

BY ALICE DEASE.

XI.

LUCIENNE could not herself have explained the fascination that her newly made friends already possessed for her, but during the days that followed her visit to them, her mind kept going back to the invalid's room, quiet and sunny, in the midst of the noise and darkness of the surrounding streets, where for the first time for many months she had been so taken out of herself as to forget for the present the burden of sorrows that lay so heavily upon her young shoulders. Tactful by nature, and rendered doubly so by the circumstances of her life, she was still debating within herself as to how soon another visit to Madame de Mantelon would be courteous and friendly without being intrusive, when Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille decided the question by coming to return her visit.

Raoul was going out one afternoon when he met the little old lady mounting the stairs, helped in the ascent by the strong arm of José. It was unmistakable even in the half light that the quaint figure in her old-fashioned silk gown was a lady; and although Raoul did not connect her with what his wife had told him of her new friends, he raised his hat as he passed her by.

Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille acknowledged the courtesy by a slight inclination; but the young man would have been somewhat surprised if he had known how true an insight to his character the one quick glance that she bestowed upon him had given to the unknown passer-by.

"So that is her husband!" was Mademoiselle's inward comment. "He is got up too much like a tailor's block for my taste; yet there is something in his face that I like. I think he is not altogether unworthy of his sweet little wife. Yes,

for his own sake as well as for hers, he is worth helping."

The old lady's instinct did not deceive her: there was good in Raoul Mauvoisin, and as she met him he was bound on an errand that he did not at all like, and yet that he had undertaken to do.

Madame Mauvoisin, who spoke so much of the serenity and happiness of her daughter's household in comparison to the misfortunes that her daughter-in-law had brought upon the family, had lately had some misgivings as to the entire truth of her boasting. Madame de Charolles had not confided in her mother, and outwardly everything was supposed to be going well; but at last, on the morning of Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille's visit to Lucienne, she had decided to seek advice from her brother, and Raoul very much against his own inclinations, was being dragged into the disagreement that he now learned existed between his sister and her husband.

Madame de Charolles had asked Raoul to meet her in the Bois de Boulogne, where, leaning back beside her in her smooth running electric brougham, he listened in silence to the story of her woes, if her feelings may be so described, when, in point of fact, she was as yet far more angry than unhappy.

For some time past Monsieur de Charolles had been odd and irritable, altogether unlike himself, nothing seemed to please him; and the climax was that on the previous day he had told his wife that in future she must not only spend less money on her clothes, but that the expenses of their household must immediately be reduced as much as was possible without the world's being made aware of their retrenchments.

Raoul, who had learned from personal experience to look upon his sister's extravagances more critically than he would have done some time ago, was inclined to sympathize with his brother-in-law; but Madame de Charolles would not listen to his half-hearted remon-

strances, till at last, losing patience, he spoke more decidedly.

"My dear Louise," he said, "you are only looking at your own side of the question. Try and put yourself in Frederic's place for a moment, and then I think you will have to own that you are just a little extravagant."

"Well, even if I did spend more than some other people's wives," went on Louise, "I am only spending what is my own. I did not come to my husband empty-handed or worse. I am not a parasite—"

"Louise!" interrupted Raoul, angrily. "Remember whom you are speaking to!"

"I do not see why you should not hear the truth for once?" retorted Louise.

"It is *not* the truth!" replied Raoul, coldly. "I do not see why Lucienne need be dragged into the question; but, as you have referred to her, let me tell you once and for all that whatever she spends it is with my sanction,—nay, more, at my request."

"Then I must congratulate you on being so implicitly obeyed," sneered Louise. "However, I do maintain for my own credit that I am always pleasant and good-tempered with Frederic. I never put on the repellent, haughty,—I am never like Lucienne."

"Repellent, haughty? I don't know what you mean!" cried Raoul, now really angry. "No one is gentler, more charming than Lucienne."

"When she wishes perhaps, but not always, by any means."

Madame de Charolles had seen so little of her brother since his marriage, except in public, that he had no idea how deeply she shared the feelings toward Lucienne that Madame Mauvoisin took no trouble to conceal from him; and Lucienne was far too noble, far too anxious to shield her husband from any further annoyance than what she had unwittingly brought upon him, to have let him guess at the many slights she had to endure from his sister,—slights that in her case were prompted as

much by personal envy as by the offended family pride that was at the root of Madame Mauvoisin's dislike to Lucienne.

Now, however, Madame de Charolles had lost her temper, and in turning thus on Lucienne she showed Raoul something of her real nature that he had never seen before. For a moment he listened in silence to the tirade that his last words had called forth; then, leaning forward to tell the *chauffeur* to stop, he spoke coldly and contemptuously.

"I understand what you mean now," he said. "My wife is too well dressed to please you. You do not like me to give her a free hand as far as her dress allowance is concerned; and, now that I come to think of it, you are not far wrong. Money spent on decking Lucienne out is certainly wasted; for whatever she wears, there is something in her looks, something in the way she puts on the simplest things, that no money could buy for you, or for most women of my acquaintance."

He sprang from his seat, and as he alighted motioned the man to drive on; and it was not until he was left some yards behind that Madame de Charolles began to recover from the parting thrust that he had given her, almost unbearable as it was, because it revealed the jealousy that she thought to have kept secret from all.

With his usual indolent good-nature, Raoul soon regretted what he had said; but by the time he reached home he forgot his annoyance, and greeted Lucienne just as she would have wished if she could have prompted his words. On going upstairs, the remembrance of the quaint figures he had passed when going out came back to him, and his first words to his wife were a question concerning her visitors.

"You don't know what you have missed!" cried Lucienne; and she told him about her friend whom she found even more delightful on closer acquaintance than she had thought her at first. As on the afternoon that Lucienne had spent in the Rue d'Arras, so on the return visit time had flown on golden wings.

Lucienne's enthusiasm in telling of the charms of Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille was contagious, and Raoul's interest was aroused.

"Where on earth did you make her acquaintance?" he asked.

"In an attic, an absolute garret, on the sixth floor of a house,—such a house as you have never seen from inside," replied Lucienne. "She had come to the rescue of an unfortunate man in whom I am interested. You would not have believed—would you?—that in my poor people's country roses do grow sometimes."

"Evidently they do, my dear," said Raoul. "I suppose roses and thorns are to be found in most places. Certainly they both grow in my friends' gardens."

Lucienne looked up quickly at her husband. Was he thinking of the past, of the thorns that through Lozares she had brought into his life? But no, no: with all his faults, he was too generous to refer to what was past; and, laying her hand on his arm, she searched his face anxiously.

"Thorns," she repeated; "but not in your own life? Tell me, Raoul, if anything has happened,—at least let me have a share in your annoyances."

"What an anxious little being it is!" He took his wife's face between his hands, and looked down on her smiling, showing her for once that her sympathy was very dear to him.

"They are not very long thorns, only pinpricks at present. I have been driving with Louise, and listening to her account of a domestic tempest that seems to be going on in the De Charolles' household. He complains of her extravagance; she thinks herself, in consequence, the most ill-treated woman in the world."

"Poor Louise!" Lucienne sighed as her eyes rested for a moment on the picture of her dead baby. "How sad it is to make oneself unhappy when one has so much, so very much to be thankful for!"

"Well, it certainly sounded to me like a storm in a teacup; but it has not improved Louise's temper, I assure you."

"Poor Louise! Can you do nothing to help her, Raoul,—to advise her?"

The remembrance of what "poor Louise" had said of Lucienne came back to Raoul, and he frowned angrily.

"She is impossible!" he cried. "But I did what I could. I dare say De Charolles is quite right; in any case, I don't hold with any outside interference between husband and wife."

If to Lucienne came a thought of how often Madame Mauvoisin's influence over her son had overruled the excellent maxim to which he now gave voice, she quickly put it aside; and at a further question from him, she passed from the evidently distasteful subject of Louise and her extravagance, and went on telling of Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille and the interesting things that she had said about her youth in the West Indies and of the travels of her older days.

Madame Mauvoisin was satisfied that her son should belong to a smart club, and be more or less intimate with its members; but Lucienne aspired to something higher for her husband. His abilities were above the average, only, living the life he did, his best powers were seldom called forth. Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille, quaint and old-fashioned and obscure as she seemed to be, was just the kind of person who would appeal to the better side of Raoul's mind; and when, after hearing the whole recital of the afternoon's visit, he asked Lucienne to take him with her when next she went to see her friend, he unknowingly gave her the greatest pleasure she had felt for many a day. Had Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille had a brother, Lucienne felt that he would have been a noble Christian gentleman; and it seemed to her that somehow, through this new opening, help might come to Raoul whereby his natural qualities might be cultivated and fostered until he, too, reached that high plane which his wife aspired to for him, and which, notwithstanding her love for him, she knew he had not yet attained.

XII.

Much as Lucienne had looked forward to her second visit to the little house in the Rue d'Arras, she was not disappointed with the visit itself. Raoul, though at first inclined to criticise the well-worn furniture and faded hangings, had fallen at once under the charm of the little old lady and her sister.

"But they are delightful,—absolutely delightful, my dear!" he cried, as he walked home at Lucienne's side. "Poor as church mice, that is easily seen; but such breeding, such intelligence! And the invalid must once have been magnificently beautiful, but I am not sure that your first friend is not the more attractive. Fancy what they must have been thirty or forty years ago! I wish I knew a few more people who are as good company as the two we have just left."

After this the friendship so auspiciously begun throve apace. Whenever Lucienne suggested another visit to the little old house, Raoul signified his intention of accompanying her; and when Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille came to their apartment, he made it a point of being at home to receive her. One day, however, she came on a day when, he had happened to mention, he would be going into the country with some friends; and when she and Lucienne had talked together for a time she inquired after him.

"He is quite well, thank you!" replied Lucienne; "but he will be very disappointed when he hears that he has missed seeing you."

"How nice of you to say so! Tell him from me that I, too, was very sorry to miss him, only—" (Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille paused for a moment.) "Tell him, also," she went on, "that we are grateful to him for his courtesy and visits."

"Grateful! O Mademoiselle, you do not know how much we both enjoy our visits to you; it is rather we who are grateful to you."

"No, no!" returned Mademoiselle. "It is right that old people should be grateful

when young ones, especially young men, seek their company. No: in this case I will not say especially young men; for, if you do not mind my saying so, my dear—I speak for my sister as well as for myself,—we have become very fond of our dear little visitor." She laid her soft, withered fingers on Lucienne's hand; and the girl, with a sudden flush of gratification, raised them quickly to her lips. It was an impulsive gesture, but one that seemed quite natural; for the old lady in her faded silk had all the dignity of a little queen.

"Yes, my dear, very, *very* dear," there was something more than affection in the smile with which she accepted Lucienne's grateful thanks,—a mysterious something that certainly boded no ill for its recipient; but she said nothing more, and soon turned the conversation into a new channel.

"I think it is time for me to make a confession," she said, half seriously. "Would you thank me so much for my visit to you to-day if you knew that it was prompted by interested motives?"

Lucienne looked at her incredulously.

"Unless you told me so yourself, I should not believe it," she replied.

"But it is true," said the old lady, now smiling outright. "Quite true: I am a beggar; nothing more and nothing less."

"Then I do thank you," returned Lucienne quickly, and now smiling also. "Because by coming here as a beggar you are giving me the opportunity of doing something for you."

"I can not claim even that" (Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille was enjoying her little mystery); "because it is not you, but your husband from whom I want something."

"What a pity he is not at home!" cried Lucienne. "Only I know that I can promise you anything in his name."

"Will you ask him, then, to make no engagement for Sunday morning next? I want him to go to Saint Roch for High Mass. There is to be a charity sermon

and a collection for the sick poor of the parish; and I want your husband to give his arm to one of the ladies who will make the collection, the Marquise de R——."

The name that Mademoiselle de Rocheffeulle mentioned was well known in Paris as belonging to one of the most sought after, yet perhaps the most exclusive, of the leaders of that dwindling remnant known as the ancient aristocracy. To be associated in public with Madame de R—— was an honor that even Raoul's most fashionable friends would not have aspired to.

"She is a very delightful woman," went on the old lady. "We have been friends for a great many years—for all her life, I may say,—and I often meet her on my rounds. Her brother, Monsieur de Montgeoffroy, is quite as charming as she is. He is wonderfully clever and interested in all kinds of literary and scientific things; yet he is the most kind-hearted, the most *tender*-hearted man to the poor that I have ever met. He is the life and soul of numberless charitable undertakings; and, as he has the most wonderful influence over young men of his own class, he is able to turn everyone he meets,—everyone who is worth it, that is to say, into coadjutors. The good that he does in all classes is incalculable."

But Lucienne was hardly attending now to what was being said. She knew, with quick, unerring instinct that this chance-met, shabby old maid had guessed the deepest, inmost secret of her heart; she had found out her longing that Raoul's life should be utilized, elevated. This Monsieur de Montgeoffroy must be the very ideal of what Lucienne had dreamed of for her husband, and Mademoiselle de Rocheffeulle had laid her secret bare. "How did you guess?" she murmured in amazement, her cheeks glowing and her eyes swimming in tears.

"My dear, you have never said a word. You are the most loyal wife in all the world. I was interested in you from the first; and remember, I am a very old

woman and have had a great deal of experience and of sorrow, the best of all mistresses, when one has once learned how to profit by her lessons. Sorrow has given me a deep insight into character, and has, I hope and think, widened my sympathies. I feel, my dear, that I know you well. Is it not natural, then, that I should realize your aspirations for your husband. I have studied him, and have found out his qualities, his possibilities; otherwise, even for your sake, I would not have proposed this introduction."

"It is an answer to many, many prayers!" cried Lucienne. "I have prayed and prayed for him that he might become what this Monsieur de Montgeoffroy seems to be. O Mademoiselle! Raoul is good and clever, only he wants some one wiser and better than I to lead and help him!"

"He could have no better friend than Monsieur de Montgeoffroy; and, please God, he will profit by the friendship," said Mademoiselle de Rocheffeulle. "Only you must remember that when a man has allowed himself to become as indifferent about religion as your husband seems to be, it takes time and patience for any real improvement to come about. This seems to be a very small beginning, but great results have grown from less. Now that we have a few moments alone together, tell me something more about yourself, so that I may know how best to help you further. Have you many intimate friends in Paris?"

"Raoul has," replied Lucienne; "but I have none."

"None?"

"No, Mademoiselle. You see I was a stranger; and though his mother's friends invite me to their houses, I do not care for any of them. You are the first friend that I have made since my marriage."

She went on to tell her sympathetic listener something of the state of things that existed between the two families, and though she was obliged to refer to the influence that Raoul's mother and sister exerted over him, she allowed no

note of personal feeling into her recital; and when going on to speak of her own parents, she only alluded vaguely to the loss of their fortune, fearing if she even owned that their loss had been brought about by a fraudulent trustee Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille's penetration might possibly have revealed the truth to her.

When she had finished her sad story, her old friend felt she would no longer be working in the dark in trying to help in Raoul's regeneration; and before taking leave she begged Lucienne to come herself and to take her husband as often as ever she wished to the little house in the Rue d'Arras where a warm welcome would always await them. Then, ringing for José, she bade her hostess farewell, and drove off in the fiacre that was awaiting her, her chair being kept for shorter excursions in her own less busy quarter of the city.

XIII.

What Lucienne had vainly wished for so long had come to pass, and this in the most unlikely manner possible. The little old lady of the Luxembourg had opened a door that neither Raoul nor Lucienne had ever thought to enter. This door led into a totally different world from that in which their life had hitherto been spent.

The Mauvoisins moved amongst a circle of people rich, well educated, if teaching without culture can be so called, whose god was fashion, and whose sole aim and object in life was to amuse themselves. Instead of the *blasé* young clubmen with whom Raoul had been accustomed to associate, he would now be introduced to people who, whilst socially his superiors, did not think the working classes and the poor beneath their notice. Most of them were well off, and many of their names were widely and honorably known in the world of sport and of healthy amusement, but their minds were cultivated; they were all able to take an intelligent interest in books and pictures, in travel, even in the sciences. Then, too, there was a band of younger men

amongst them who were actively interested in social work amongst the poor,—a band whose views were too progressive for some amongst the older generation, who clung to the tenets as well as to the courtesies of what is called the *ancien régime*. But the younger men saw clearly the necessity for educated leaders who would sympathize with the poor, and at the same time help them to help themselves. In so doing they not only worked for the good of souls, their own and others, and for the good of their country, but they created interests that had hitherto been lacking in their lives, and whilst trying to make others happier, they became insensibly better and happier themselves.

It was in this band that Raoul would now have the opportunity of enrolling himself. Not that he was aware of all this; to him the introduction to the Marquise de R—— simply meant a social honor; and Lucienne, who knew what this first step was intended to lead to, was silent about it, fearing by a word to interfere with what she hoped for so much.

In accepting Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille's invitation, Raoul was like a traveller who embarks on a voyage merely for the pleasure of the journey itself, careless of where the boat will take him; but when he finds that the tide has carried him to a new country, beautiful, rich and prosperous, he decides never to go back to the dull and arid place in which he had up to this been content to dwell, and, making his home in the new country, he thanks God for having led him to it.

The first task that this new acquaintanceship imposed upon Raoul he considered both a pleasure and an honor; and, curiously enough, it was to the chief failings of his character that Lucienne looked to help him on his way. He had always been childishly eager over any new undertaking, but up to this he had tired of everything as quickly as he had taken it up; now his human respect would keep him to his new occupations,

which he was flattered at being asked to undertake.

Knowing her husband's weakness, Lucienne dared not count for certain on his carrying out the programme that, with her old friend's assistance, she had laid down for him, until she had heard her mother-in-law's opinion of this new venture. They had called together at the Mauvoisins' house, and Raoul had begun, half carelessly, to tell his mother of the ceremony in which he was to take part. As Lucienne had foreseen, Madame Mauvoisin seemed inclined at first to dissuade him from doing anything that was not within her own little circle, but when he mentioned that the lady he had been asked to escort was the Marquise de R——, her expression immediately changed.

"What!" she cried in astonishment. "Not Madame de R——! Why, Raoul, she is one of the most exclusive hostesses in Paris! Do you really mean that you are to take her round for the *quête*?"

"Yes indeed," answered Raoul gayly, delighted at the impression that his news had created. "Madame de R——, and no other."

Madame Mauvoisin's face was radiant as she turned to her son.

"I shall go and see you," she said beamingly; and Lucienne, who had not dared look up during the discussion, breathed freely at last: her cause was gained, and this time it was the human respect of mother and son alike that had won the victory.

How well Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille understood human nature! Lucienne had perfect confidence in her friend, and when time passed, and she began to be disheartened at Raoul's not making faster progress in the way she had mapped out for him, she always took heart afresh after a talk with Mademoiselle.

"You must have patience, my dear," the old lady would say,—"*patience and confidence in God*. A gardener never takes up a seed because he does not see it

beginning to sprout at once; and you must remember how lately the seed of Raoul's conversion, if I may so call it, has been sown. Wait and pray, and believe me you will not be disappointed."

The first result that came from the new interests in Raoul's life was that he began to tire of his old acquaintances, and many of the hours that he had formerly spent lounging about in their company at the club were now passed in Lucienne's company. Her life up to this had often been very lonely, and she welcomed the change eagerly, treasuring up every moment that her husband now chose to spend with her. There was but one drawback to her newly found happiness. Whenever she went to see Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille and her sister, Raoul accompanied her; indeed it was often he who proposed a visit to the little old ladies.

It was curious to see how completely this young man of the world was fascinated by the inmates of the little house in the Luxembourg; and Lucienne was obliged to banish a scheme which had been very near her heart, so as to ensure that these visits should continue undisturbed. In the early days of her acquaintance with Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille she had looked forward eagerly to the time when she could introduce her parents to her new friend. She had intended to ask permission to make the introduction as soon as she felt that her own intimacy with Mademoiselle had grown sufficiently to justify such a request; but when that time did arrive, the newer, more daring scheme for Raoul's benefit had come into being. Lucienne knew then that she must abandon her earlier wish; for her husband would certainly give up frequenting a house where he might be in danger of meeting his father-in-law. In his heart he had always known that he was acting wrongly toward her parents, but he was too proud to own to his fault; and rather than let this be revealed to the little old ladies he would most certainly give up his visits to them.

XIV.

As the summer advanced, the attic where Lozares still lay helpless became unbearably hot, and Lucienne tried to visit him in the mornings before the great heat of the day came on so as to let a little air into his room, and to close the shutters that she had had put up, but which he was unable to reach for himself. It was arranged that Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille should either go herself or send the Negro, José, in the evenings, to open the windows again and let in the cooler air of the night.

Lucienne was touched at the intense gratitude that her poor protégé showed toward her, and she was edified at his sorrow and remorse for the past, as also at the patience with which he bore his sufferings. He liked her to speak to him of the next world, and of the infinite pity and mercy of God. One thing only seemed really to distress him, and that was the knowledge that his old friend whom he had so basely betrayed had not forgiven him.

"If only I could see him again! O Lucienne, it is not the least part of my just punishment that I shall die without being able to confess all to your father, and to beg on my knees for his forgiveness!"

Over and over again this cry had been repeated, and though it wrung Lucienne's heart, she was powerless to bring about what the wretched man desired. Whenever she tried to speak of Lozares to her parents, she was chilled or checked; and she felt instinctively that the time had not yet come for revealing the truth to them. Indeed, if Lucienne had let her father know that his false friend was in Paris, or even that she knew of his whereabouts, she felt that he would not rest until the unfortunate wretch who was so cruelly expiating his crimes in secret was handed over to the police.

It was the continually repeated desire to see his old and much injured friend

that made Lucienne take her photograph album with her one day to the attic, so that Lozares might see the portraits of those whom he spoke of so often. "There are portraits in it of my husband's family as well as of my own," said Lucienne after removing the wrapper. And she turned the leaves over rapidly, but not so rapidly that Lozares did not catch sight of one of the pictured faces.

At that moment Lucienne bent down to pick up her parasol that had fallen to the floor, and she did not see the quick gesture that turned the leaves back to a certain page, but her ear caught a stifled cry; and, looking up quickly, she saw that Lozares had fallen back on his pillows, his face deathly white, and with a look of mingled fear and horror in his great dark eyes.

"Your husband's people?" he questioned, in a husky voice. "And others too?"

"No," replied Lucienne, with a sudden unreasoning pang of foreboding. "It is just a family album. But what makes you ask?"

The portraits that lay upturned upon the pallet were those of Madame de Charolles, with her children at her knee—a beautiful picture of maternal tenderness,—and opposite was the dark, almost satanic features of the husband and father. Lucienne had always shrunk instinctively from her sister-in-law's husband; but she had chidden herself for this antipathy, which she could neither control nor explain, and had vainly tried to look with Raoul's eyes upon the most important member of her family-in-law. Now all at once something in the portrait that she had never noticed before justified her hidden feelings, and she turned quickly to Lozares for explanations.

"That man? Why is he here?" the words had burst from the invalid's lips before he had time to weigh or consider them; then, seeing the anguish on Lucienne's face, he would have given all the world to have left them unsaid. But it

was too late. Lucienne's suspicions were aroused, and she answered quickly, joining another question to her reply.

"He is my brother-in-law; but tell me what you know about him?"

"Your—your brother?" Lozares seemed unable to understand.

"Her husband," explained Lucienne, pointing to the portrait of Madame de Charolles, whose face was already known to Lozares.

"Her husband!" he repeated. "My God!"

"Pedro,—Pedro!" cried Lucienne. "Tell me what you mean. Explain to me why the sight of Monsieur de Charolles upsets you so much?"

"Monsieur de Charolles! Is that his name? Then it is not he. But no: a name can be changed; but a face such as that, never!" And he covered his own face with his hands.

Lucienne was trembling in every limb.

"You *must* tell me!" she cried. "Pedro, you have no right to torture me so. At least you can answer my question. What do you know of Monsieur de Charolles?"

"Wait!" said Lozares, his face drawn with anguish. "Give me a moment to consider whether in this case ignorance is not better for you than knowledge."

"Not at present," replied Lucienne. "It is too late now for ignorance. I *must* know."

"Then you insist upon my telling you?"

"Yes, I insist."

"That man—De Charolles, or whatever he may call himself,—that man won, or at least took, much—nay, most—of your fortune from me."

"What! Impossible! Pedro, you must be dreaming!"

"No; his face is too firmly imprinted upon my mind for any mistake to be possible. He was one of the foremost members of that gang of thieves and gamblers of whom I told you, who frequented the private gambling rooms where I was utterly ruined."

(To be continued.)

Gone Before.

BY MARION MUIR.

SOMETIME, beloved, gone so far from me
Into the far, dim chambers of regret;
Lit by the loving lamps of memory

Are the pavilions where I linger yet,
Seeking to silence my desire of thee.

There is a hint of hope where flowers grow,
A music that recalls the silver past,
Footfalls that echo in the woods we know,

And a swift glimmer, as if wings had cast
An angel shadow on my ways below.

My First Picture.*

BAB, dab! A touch here and a touch there; then, with a sigh, I laid down my brushes and stood considering the portrait I had just finished,—the portrait of an American lady. That it was good, I knew; yet of late, orders had fallen off, and I saw no prospect of further work for the next two months,—an outlook not particularly gratifying to one who needed all the work she could attend to.

At this point in my rather dismal meditations I was interrupted by a knock at the door, followed by the inharmonious voice of Mélanie.

"If you please, Mademoiselle, there is a woman at the door who wishes to speak to you. Perhaps Mademoiselle is busy?"

"No: I have finished for to-night. Send her up at once."

A tall woman in black, wearing a widow's veil, entered my studio a few minutes later. She seemed very shy. A few kind words, however, soon set her at ease, and she told me her story, which was a sad one. Her husband had died a few months before, leaving her in very straitened circumstances, with three small children.

"If I could earn a little by sitting for

* A true story. Translated for THE AVE MARIA from the French, by B. de la F.

you, Mademoiselle, it would be a great help," she said, flushing a little as she spoke.

I felt sorry for the poor woman, but what could I do? I did not require a model, and I could not afford to take one out of charity. The daylight was fading, and the evening sun coming in through the large window fell straight upon my visitor, turning her copper brown hair into burnished gold. What a picture she would make, with her large brown eyes and the sad, pathetic look in them! Then a wild idea came to me. Why should I not paint a large picture and send it to the Salon? It would help the poor woman a little, even if it had no other result, and that consideration decided me.

That evening I confided my ambitious plan to my mother. She, poor soul, heard me with a gasp, and sat down weakly on a chair, with a vague notion that her only daughter was out of her mind.

"I am not quite so mad as you think, mother dear," I said, patting her hand reassuringly. "When my picture is finished I shall get old Hernès to come and look at it. You know what a good judge he is; and if he thinks it has no chance of being received at the Salon, I will give up the idea of sending it there."

I now set to work in earnest. It is one thing to paint a portrait and another to paint a picture, as I found out to my cost. And at every turn fresh difficulties confronted me. My floor gave me the greatest trouble: it *would* persist in wearing the appearance of a sloping platform, down which the pathetic figure in the centre was sliding. Happily for me, a good samaritan in the shape of a fellow-artist came to my help, and in a few strokes I remedied my mistake.

At last my painting was finished. I think every line was impressed on my brain, and with a beating heart I set out to find the man who was to be the arbiter of its destiny. Which would it be? The Salon or the garret?

My friend Hernès, a dear soul but a rough diamond, so to speak, readily agreed to come back with me and give his opinion on my picture; but as we threaded our way through the narrow streets and down the Avenue Wagram, I could see that he was gently preparing me for the worst, and, in spite of all my pretended philosophy, my heart sank into my boots.

At the house door my mother came to meet me, and together we went into the studio. The painting stood on the easel in the full light of the window, and the mournful gaze of the dark eyes met us as we entered.

Hernès gave a kind of grunt as he caught sight of it, and for several seconds you could hear a pin drop. Then the oracle spoke:

"Not so bad! Not at all so bad!" Then, as if fearing to rouse false hopes, he added: "It can do no harm to send it. Don't suppose they will take it, though. Good-day, ladies!" And, with a wave of the hand, he was gone.

Gone! But he had pronounced the magic words,—the delightful words which a few days later sent my painting, carefully packed in the covered cart of a *camionneur*, to await its turn among some six thousand others at the entrance of the *Grand Palais*.

Then followed days of intolerable suspense. At night, while lying sleepless, I often pictured the scene to myself. I could see the judges, armed with walking sticks, standing before my painting, discussing its merits; and I could hear the deep voice of their president crying, "*Votez, Messieurs!*" as, with a swish, the canes rose in answer to the summons. "Three, four, five," the secretary counted. "Not enough," said the president; and the awful word "refused" was gummed on the frame of my unfortunate painting.

This was the scene that haunted me night after night; how near it was to the reality I was far from guessing. Indeed, had it not been for one small detail—I am anticipating, however, and will go

back to the story of my picture, as it was told me afterward by one of the judges. The opinion generally expressed had not been enthusiastic; and my work would doubtless have been refused had not a well-known artist stepped forward.

"What name did you say?" he inquired of the president, who stood close to the picture.

"Mademoiselle L. de B——," replied the latter as he bent over the canvas.

"L. de B——!" repeated the artist, in a musing tone; then turning to his colleagues, "Gentlemen," he went on, "my opinion is as follows: These budding artists should be encouraged. This painting is good; see the hands, how correctly they are drawn and how lifelike the expression of the face. I, for one, will vote in favor of its acceptance."

His opinion carried weight; and, following his example, a number of canes rose in the air. As the "pathetic lady" was removed from the room by the "guardians," the magic word "admitted" shone triumphantly out from her golden frame.

When the jury some minutes later filed out of the *Grand Palais*, the president went up to the artist who had spoken in favor of my picture.

"Well, old friend," he said, tapping him on the shoulder, "confess that it was not the painting alone that roused your interest. You know the painter?"

"I have never met her," replied the great artist; then, with a smile, he continued, "but you are right, nevertheless. I was interested in the name L. de B——. Many years ago, I was then scarcely more than a boy, I happened to be in Rome studying art. At that age I was easily influenced, and having fallen in with some wild companions, I led a life of reckless dissipation, and found myself one day without a penny and heavily in debt. My so-called friends refused to help me, and had it not been for the generous assistance of a young French artist my career would have been ruined. That

stranger's name was L. de B——. He left Rome almost immediately, and I have never been able to repay his kindness."

And thus it came about that on a certain morning I received a long white envelope, announcing that my picture had been accepted, and was now hanging in the long, low gallery of the Salon.

A Disaster and Its Lessons.

THE appalling disaster by which more than two hundred men lost their lives in the mines at Cherry, Illinois, and the almost miraculous rescue of twenty of the miners after a week's entombment, have riveted the attention of the American press during the past few weeks, and furnished a variety of object-lessons which ought to prove of permanent value. First, as to the cause of the fire in the colliery. Whether or not it was due to reprehensible negligence on the part of the company's officials, or the outcome of negligence by the miners themselves, is a question for investigation by the coroner's jury. In the meantime, however, Mr. John Mitchell, admittedly an authoritative spokesman on the subject, states that, "under the present system of negligence toward preventable disasters, twenty miners are killed each day in the United States." Here evidently is work either for our State legislatures in the enactment of adequate laws governing such matters, or for the administrators of the laws, if adequate ones already exist. Such another holocaust as that of Cherry should never occur if human prudence and foresight can make it preventable.

Another economic aspect of the matter is the relief of the widows and orphans of Cherry. With no disposition whatever to deprecate the appeals that are being made to the charitable in favor of these poor bereaved people, we nevertheless commend the view thus stated by Senator Root, of New York:

To have a great enlightened nation ignoring the fact that in all industries there are accidents and that every crushed foot, every broken arm, every ruined life that is expended in the business is a part of the cost of doing the business, is discreditable. All accidents, all injuries, are subject to the law of average. The cost of support which is made necessary by the injuries suffered in the business is just as much a part of the cost of the business as the tools that are worn out and the material that is consumed. It ought to be paid for by the business as a part of that cost, and not left to the charity of the nation at large.

The one bright spot in the heartrending story of the entombed miners is the religious spirit with which they faced their doom and their unabatable confidence in the power of prayer,—a confidence which in the case of a score of them was rewarded in a fashion to be wondered at by all men; and which, we doubt not, was still more munificently rewarded in the case of other scores who received the supreme grace of a happy death from Him who said: "Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." We venture to say that no sermon preached in 1909 has so impressed the whole American people as the words of Waite and McClelland to their stricken mates: "Men," said the former, "we are in God's hand down here just as much as if we were working the steel cage up above. If it is God's will that we be freed from this plight, we shall come out alive. But remember, we must help ourselves."—"I don't know whether you all are Christian men; but if you are not, it's time to become such," said McClelland. "How many of you want to offer a prayer before we begin to work?"

That a priest, Father Heany, of Mendota, Illinois, was in the rescuing party is a mere detail, which even non-Catholics will look upon as a matter of course. In times of distress—whenever danger threatens or calamity befalls—the priest is expected to be at his post, ready and willing to run any risk and to render any service in his power. As all the world knows, it rarely happens that he is unfaithful to his trust.

Notes and Remarks.

Intelligent persons who lost their heads over the execution of Ferrer, and joined with Anarchists in lauding him as a martyr for liberty, a victim of Spanish tyranny, etc., must now be heartily ashamed of themselves. Their hero turns out to be a criminal of the lowest type. That he richly deserved his fate is conceded by all sane-minded people. Although some representatives of the inferior press in this country openly took sides with the Anarchists, our leading journals all approved of the execution when the facts were made public. One of the best articles on the subject that we have seen anywhere was from the editor of the *South Bend Times*, who said:

As the spasm of indignation over the execution of Ferrer by Spain passes off and the true facts appear, the virtuous protesters are placed in rather a ridiculous light. Instead of being a "martyr for liberty," Ferrer was a wife-beater, an inciter to riot and murder, and an open blasphemer. His cruelty compelled his wife to leave him years ago, and she took her two daughters and supported them. The father never lifted a finger to help them. He found a wealthy paramour, who, dying, left him a fortune in trust to found an orphanage. Instead of using this money for its purpose, he used it for himself and to spread Anarchistic literature. He was tried by military court the same as were the assassins of President Lincoln, because Barcelona was under martial law on account of a riot in which churches and public buildings had been burned and 128 persons killed. He was given a fair trial, and without doubt justly convicted and executed. The guiding principle of his life, if it can be dignified by the name of principle, was, in his own words, "No government, no God!" It was proper that Anarchists everywhere should laud Francisco Ferrer, but the sympathy of law-abiding men for him was entirely misplaced.

Apropos of the Church's attitude toward Freemasonry, Father Lambert has published in the *Freeman's Journal* an interesting reminiscence of his early priesthood. Colonel Ashley, of Illinois, a man of ability and education, a Protestant and

a Freemason, once suggested to Father Lambert that he should undertake, as his great life work, "the reconciliation of the Catholic Church and Freemasonry." Even in those days, the future demolisher of Ingersol was too trained a dialectician not to demonstrate the impossibility of the proposed work; and some years later, renewing his acquaintance with Colonel Ashley, who had in the meantime become a Catholic, the priest asked him about his oldtime plan. "Oh," said he, "that was mere fool talk! There is a radical antagonism between the Church and Freemasonry. They are the two great moral and social forces in our civilization. They are face to face, and the ultimate success of either implies the fall of the other." "The more we have thought of these words of Colonel Ashley," says Father Lambert, "the more profoundly we believe them true."

In the course of a thoughtful and thought-provoking article on the prevalence of suicide, the *Living Church* says that one of the most startling features in connection with the crime is the matter-of-course attitude toward it of the great bulk of the population. "It hardly awakens more remark than does the ordinary way of dying for one to read in the morning paper that some prominent banker or leading society woman somewhere has deliberately thrown life away. 'Poor man!' or 'Poor woman!' we say; just as though they had been taken off by pneumonia."

As to the genesis of the evil, this explanation is proffered:

Free thinking, which, as commonly understood, is essentially lawless and immoral, results inevitably in free living, especially in an age when we have so many temptations to lawlessness and self-gratification. Given, then, a mind with no law but its own whim, it indulges itself in any way that it sees fit: in low and vulgar ways if its tastes are low and vulgar, in refined and intellectual ways, if it cares for things refined and intellectual,—but always with this underlying purpose of gratification in it all; with no thought of loyalty due to any higher Being or

of any debt of right to be paid to any fellowman. Then, when the objects of its gratification cease to gratify, when life has nothing further to offer, when to live longer with its thirst unquenched would be a torture, when actual or impending failure is written over all that it has loved,—then the life which the man no longer values is pettishly or recklessly thrown away. Life is to me no longer worth living; therefore, I will not live.

Religious convictions are unquestionably a bar to self-destruction, although despair is not incompatible with such convictions; and it is worth while emphasizing that where the religion is the true one, there suicide finds fewest victims. The statistics of Catholic countries, and of Catholic portions of other lands, show the lowest percentage of self-murder.

President Taft's presence at various religious functions, Catholic as well as Protestant, is being favorably commented on by a number of our contemporaries. An incident of a similar nature recently occurred in London. On November 8, the Guild of the Blessed Sacrament held the second of its two special annual gatherings, a social one. The Bishop of Southwark presided, "and here," says a British exchange, "are facts, which should go down to posterity. Everyone knows that the Lord Mayor's procession is one of the greatest pageants of London, and that every moment of his lordship's time is taken up. Hence it was the intention of the Bishop to send to the new Lord Mayor, Sir John Knill, son of Sir Stewart Knill, a telegram of congratulation. There was no need; for before the opening of the gathering there was a murmur at the door of the hall, it grew louder and louder, then there was an outburst of applause, for in very truth, the Lord Mayor himself was there. He had suspended all other business, and come to the gathering."

The Bishop invited Sir John to say a few words to the men, and he ascended the platform, amidst loud cheering, and said: "My Lord, Rev. Fathers, and gentlemen,—I was sworn in as Lord Mayor

of London at 4 o'clock. Notwithstanding the claim on my time, I was determined to be with you. I can not speak at any length, for I have a cold; and you know what is before me to-morrow [Lord Mayor's Day]. But it is a joy to me that my first visit after being sworn in as Lord Mayor of London is to this gathering of the Guild of the Blessed Sacrament. It is indeed my first act, but I do not come to you so much because I am Mayor, but because I am a Brother of the Guild of the Blessed Sacrament." He thanked all for the reception he had received, and regretted he could not stay.

Taken in connection with the incident of the forbidden Procession during the London Eucharistic Congress, this makes rather interesting reading.

It is altogether unlikely that the State Department will concern itself with the case of Miss Alice Paul, of Philadelphia, the lady who went over to England to take a hand in the Woman Suffrage movement, and has been sojourning for a month in a London jail. She took a hand literally by throwing stones at a banquet given by the Lord Mayor. Some of them hit the windows, and the gentle suffragist was arrested. She protested violently against being clothed in prison garb, and had to be forcibly fed in order to keep her from starvation. She wanted to be a martyr to the cause of liberty, but the cruel jailers would not permit her. It is to be hoped that her incarceration has soothed Miss Paul's troubled spirit, and convinced her that votes for women are not to be won by stones. If not, she is a very dangerous person to be at large. Her arguments will probably do no harm, but she has proved her power to cause mischief by throwing things round.

A centenary the interest in which can not but be widespread is being celebrated at present in New York, — that of the founding of the American branch of the

Sisters of Charity by Mother Elizabeth Seton, at Emmitsburg, Md., the New York foundation of which society is now located at Mount St. Vincent-on-the-Hudson. An idea of the incalculable amount of good accomplished by the various branches of this great Congregation may be obtained from the statistics given out in connection with the present celebration. The Seton Sisters of Charity have been established in New York as a separate and independent foundation from the Emmitsburg jurisdiction since 1846. It now numbers about 1400 members, who have charge of 20 academies, 6 high schools, 73 parochial schools, with 50,000 pupils; 5 orphan asylums, 1800 inmates; children in homes, 600; in industrial schools and the Catholic Protectory, 1620; 1 foundling hospital (3340 children and 550 needy and homeless mothers); 2 day nurseries, 100 children; 1 home for aged poor, 270 inmates; 1 retreat for insane, 150 patients; and 11 hospitals.

Multiply the foregoing figures by the number of separate jurisdictions of the main society, add thereto the numerous diocesan communities of Sisters of Charity scattered throughout the country, and then calculate the immense sum of beneficent energy that is being expended by these noble women for the glory of God and the good of humanity.

The proposal to erect on the battlefield of Gettysburg a bronze statue of the Rev. William Corby, C. S. C., in the act of giving absolution to the soldiers of the Irish Brigade, of which he was chaplain, just before they rushed to the relief of Gen. Sickles on the second day of the battle, finds favor, it is pleasant to note, with Civil War veterans of all creeds and of no religion. The proposal originated with an Episcopalian; the first to subscribe to the fund was a Presbyterian, and we learn that one of the last subscriptions sent in came from a Jew. The rock where Father Corby stood on that memo-

rable occasion is still pointed out, and there the statue is to be erected. The project is in the hands of the Gettysburg Memorial Association, of which Gen. St. Clair Mulholland is president. The modelling of the statue has been entrusted to Mr. Samuel Murray, whose productions are well known and much admired, and it is expected that the new statue will be ready for unveiling on the 10th of July next. It will stand as an enduring memorial of the devotedness of Catholics to the Union cause and also commemorate the most striking act of religion ever performed on an American battlefield.

The flag of the Irish Brigade, borne in so many hard-fought battles of the Civil War, and in sight of which thousands of brave men laid down their lives, is a treasured possession of the University of Notre Dame. It was presented to the G. A. R. Post, composed of priests and Brothers founded by Father Corby a few years before his death, the surviving veterans of the Brigade declaring that this precious relic should be preserved where lived the old chaplain who had loved and long ministered to the men that had fought beneath its folds.

It has often been remarked that there is no logical stopping-place in the matter of religion between Catholicism and infidelity. In a recent issue of the *Catholic Times* of London mention is made of a rather distinguished convert to this view. Our contemporary is referring to the amusement afforded by reading the varying and conflicting utterances of British Protestants on the Church:

Some of them at times would have us believe that she is dying, and they comfort themselves with the absurd statistics which Mr. Joseph McCabe, the atheist, has published on his own authority. But at other times they judge from their knowledge and experience of what is going on around them, and then they become uneasy and admit that the Church is really progressing in this land. The Anglican Bishop of Bangor, at a conference in the Liverpool Town Hall, intimated that if left to themselves—or, as he

said, without guidance—the people could not help drifting into infidelity or into “a Church which had the one great attraction that it always spoke without doubt and with authority.” Addressing a congregation of Orangemen the other day at Liscard, Cheshire, the Rev. M. Greenhalgh said it was a surprising thing that Roman Catholicism in this country seemed to be gaining in prestige and authority. It is, in truth, astonishing; because if there ever was an institution which Englishmen strove to destroy utterly, it is the Church. They combined to kill her, and they dug her grave, and congratulated one another on the impossibility of her revival. But, lo! they have discovered that she was never dead; but, on the contrary, that she has been all the time full of life and vigor, and many of them have come, and more of them are coming, to understand that she draws her energy from the Divine Founder of Christianity.

This seems particularly true ever since the Eucharistic Congress in London. The leaven thrown into English society during that notable demonstration is still at work, and will be for years to come.

A Chicago publication, the *Biblical World*, having recently stated, in effect if not in express terms, that the Bible is not an adequate ethical guide for modern society, the editor was taken to task by some of the secular journals, whereupon he complained that these journals “grossly misrepresented” the teachings of the B. W. As a matter of fact, they did nothing of the kind; they merely put into plain English statements wrapped up in a garment of “words of learned length and thundering sound.” A specimen of the *Biblical World's* style, and of the criticism it has provoked, is given in a Congregational journal, also of Chicago, the *Advance*:

You say: “This newer point of view takes account of the vital relationship between codes of ethics and contemporary social welfare. It regards moral precepts as instruments by which the social group asserts and maintains its welfare. It leads the student to expect that each particular social exigency will demand its specific type of ethics, and it seeks to furnish reliable guidance by setting forth the inductive principles on the basis of which human conduct may be rightly valued.”

The meaning of this, if we understand you

and you understand yourselves, is that moral precept is simply a matter of expediency. If "a social group" finds a moral law in the way of what it considers its welfare, it is to set it aside. But there is nothing new about such a view. Social groups always have been and are now ignoring or setting aside moral precepts and ethics which they find in their way to desired ends. This is one of the most persistent evils of the world.

The new ethics would also mean the abrogation of a universal moral law, and make it a matter of social condition or geography. New York's social group of Four Hundred could set up one moral code, the middle class another, and the lower stratum of society still another. Chicago would have one ethic, St. Louis another, and Texas another. A man could change his morals with his residence.

That proviso, "if you understand yourselves," in the foregoing is well put. That is just the trouble with the advocates of "new ethics," "new thought," and sundry other neologisms: they don't understand themselves.

Dorchester, Massachusetts, used to be a sectarian stronghold, now there are eight Catholic churches in the district, and half of them have been erected within the last decade. As to the population, less than one in five is Protestant. So remarkable a change within so short a time could not fail to escape the observation of the Protestant clergy, some of whom became thoroughly alarmed when a new Catholic parish was created, and asked with bated breath if something couldn't be done about it. The pastor of the Unitarian Church, with the laudable intention of allaying the excitement of his brethren, prepared a sermon on the matter. He reviewed the situation with care, and realizing that nothing at all could be done to prevent the increase of the Catholic population or the multiplication of Catholic churches, made a plea for religious toleration! Which, of course, was a ludicrous thing to do, considering the changed conditions in Dorchester. We suspect that the good man has been delving too much in divinity of late. Our advice to him would be to lay

aside his theologies, and attend to what contemporary writers have to say about the Catholic Church. These few words of Mr. William Allen White might be meditated upon with the greatest profit all winter long by every Protestant minister in the United States:

The Holy Roman Catholic Church, whether we like it or dislike it, still must be admitted by serious-minded persons of every faith to be the cement that is holding civilization together. For if the influence of the Catholic Church were removed, barbarism and anarchy would arise rampant in the world. . . . The debt of civilization to the Catholic Church is the greatest single debt in the world. . . . Reverence is due to this great fundamental force in modern civilization working toward the common coming of the kingdom for which every earnest man and woman is striving, each in his own way, and, by striving, becomes the brother of all men.

"Hunger is a terrible thing. Any one who faces that and has to tramp the streets, a homeless wanderer, is liable to fall." This was the excuse, or quasi-justification, recently given in Chicago by a young man for a number of petty thefts, in consequence of which he was put in jail. At first blush his plea is likely to excite sympathy, but in this particular case the sympathy is wasted. It develops that the able-bodied young man had been living on a brother's bounty; and that when the bounty ceased, he forthwith had recourse, *not* to work, but to petty larceny. The *Inter-Ocean* discusses the incident, and draws this sensible moral: "The case of this young man is not taken as a text for the purpose of pillorying him. It is taken because it is typical of one of the delusions that breed thieves,—the delusion that the world 'owes' every man a living merely because he is a man; and that if it does not suit his taste to collect the debt by doing the first honest work at hand, he is inferentially justified in becoming a thief, and should be pitied rather than condemned." Unwillingness to work and willingness to drink are characteristics of the average tramp.

Notable New Books.

The Roman Breviary: Its Sources and History.

By Dom Jules Baudot, O. S. B. Translated from the French by a Priest of the Diocese of Westminster. London: The Catholic Truth Society.

Not the least encouraging sign of Catholic vitality in persecuted France is the continuous output of excellent religious publications that has signalized the past few years. Many of these works are not merely popular, but scholarly and scientific. Such, among others, is the present book in which Dom Baudot undertakes "to give an abstract of Dom Bäumer's monumental work on the history of the Roman Breviary, while making use at the same time of the less voluminous work of Mgr. Batiffol." That the work has been translated into English, and good English, is something to be thankful for; and that it may obtain a wide circulation among both laity and clergy is most desirable. Apropos of the laity's use thereof, the translator judiciously observes: "... The one devotional book to be used above all others, which has grown with the Church's growth and nourished the devotion of her saints, which is intimately bound up with her history and full of her spirit, seems to be forgotten, to be set aside as dry and archaic, or to be regarded as the private property of clergy and religious."

The volume is divided into three parts: the Patristic Period, the Middle Ages, and the Modern Period. The three chapters of Part III. deal with the Council of Trent and the Breviary of St. Pius V., the Roman Breviary from St. Pius V. to the end of the eighteenth century, and the Roman Breviary in the nineteenth century. The book, a neatly bound volume of 260 pages, is supplied with a good table of contents, an index, and an ingeniously arranged calendar, showing the date at which each Saint was inserted in the Roman Breviary, the rank given to his festival, and the variations which the festival has undergone.

The Blindness of Dr. Gray; or, The Final Law.

By Canon Sheehan, D. D. Longmans, Green & Co.

One of the penalties attached to an author's achieving extraordinary success with a first book is that his subsequent volumes, if they do not measure up to the same standard, are likely to be rated a good deal farther below it than is really fair. While, therefore, we do not like "The Blindness of Dr. Gray" so well as "My New Curate," we are far from denying that the present work is an exceptionally good novel.

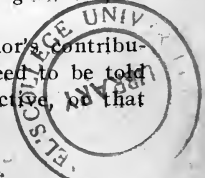
If it does not strike the bull's eye of success so plumply as did the autobiography of the lovable "Daddy Dan," it nevertheless makes its mark in the inmost circle. Let it be said, too, that clerical readers who have been following the story as a serial in the *American Ecclesiastical Review* will enjoy it more thoroughly if they reread it in book form. While the "purple patches" will lose none of their charm, the occasional "bald spots" will appear both fewer and less notable. The narrative is of goodly length, making a volume of nearly five hundred pages, and the interest is artistically sustained throughout. As in most transcripts of Irish life, the smile and the tear follow each other with a swiftness unknown to most other peoples, and the lights are as luminous as the shadows are black. Incidentally, there is considerable instruction for both clergy and laity in the warp and woof of the story, which may, of course, be cordially recommended to all lovers of fiction pure and undefiled.

Napoleon's Brothers. By A. Hilliard Atteridge. London: Methuen & Co.; Brentano's.

The comparative ignorance of English readers concerning Joseph, Lucien, Louis, and Jerome Bonaparte is an adequate reason for the publication of this handsome octavo of 580 pp. Even those who are most familiar with the life of their celebrated brother, the great Emperor, have but an imperfect knowledge of the other members of his family during the days of his glory; and of their lives after the downfall of the Empire, not one in a thousand, probably, knows anything whatever. Yet their stories are not uninteresting; and Mr. Atteridge's plan of making them the leading figures in his narrative, treating the better known career of Napoleon only in so far as it affected their fortunes, will be very generally commended.

Napoleon himself suffers nothing by being placed in this quasi-subordinate light. Many readers will be rather agreeably surprised at the record of his family affection even in those early days in Corsica and Paris, when Fortune had as yet given no indication of the future eminence that was to be his. That he eventually made Joseph King of Naples and Spain; Lucien, Prince of Canino; Louis, King of Holland; and Jerome, King of Westphalia, is, of course, a matter of general history; but the detailed story of these *ad interim* sovereigns, the narrative of their making and unmaking, and the comprehensive summary of their subsequent careers are here set down in English for, so far as we know, the first time.

Readers familiar with the author's contributions to our own pages do not need to be told that his style is lucid and attractive, and that



his grouping of historic incidents, his composition, is effective. The accessories to the volume are all that can be desired. The table of contents gives a summary of each chapter; there are eighteen fine illustrations and six helpful maps; one appendix deals with the American branch of the Bonaparte family, and another with some sources and authorities for this story of the Emperor's brothers; a genealogical table gives the names of the men of the family with brief biographical notes; and, finally, there is a good index.

Life of the Rev. Mother Ste. Marie. Translated from the French by the Rev. W. A. Phillipson, of the Archdiocese of Westminster. Benziger Brothers.

Mother Ste. Marie, the subject of this interesting and inspiring biography, was the foundress of the Society of the Faithful Virgin, familiarly known as the "White Sisters." She was born at Rouen in 1803, and died at Norwood, England, in 1858. In the fifty-five years of her life she was a vessel of election; and from her earliest years her every thought, word and action was permeated with the spirit of God. Chosen to inaugurate a new work of charity, her steps were led to Calvary, and to the end of her apostolic career, she was never without trials; though each had for her a special sweetness, knowing as she did that He who ordained her afflictions would never forsake her. The spread of Mother Ste. Marie's community, the good it wrought among God's poor, the influence it exerted in the Church,—all were marks of the approval of Heaven.

The life of this saintly foundress is in itself a treatise on the virtues which should characterize a true religious; thus Mother Ste. Marie still remains an exemplar of zeal, humility, devotedness, and heroic charity.

The Catholic Church, The Renaissance, and Protestantism. By Alfred Baudrillart, Rector of the Catholic Institute of Paris. Authorized Translation by Mrs. Philip Gibbs. Benziger Brothers.

We are glad to welcome the appearance, in a fitting English dress, of Father Baudrillart's brilliant series of apologetic lectures. No one who affects to talk with fairly adequate knowledge of the Renaissance can afford to ignore the interesting views propounded thereon by this careful student of original sources of information, or to treat with flippancy conclusions formed at first-hand after painstaking investigation and research. A point, in the third of these lectures, that will favorably impress sensible Catholic, not less than non-Catholic, readers, is the author's candor in discussing the attitude of

the Popes toward the "revival of learning." As Cardinal Perraud declares in his prefatory letter to Father Baudrillart, "having praised those Popes of the fifteenth century who were not afraid to encourage scholars, and to restore classical letters and the treasures of antiquity to their place of honor, you point out that at least two of them, exceeding the bounds of intellectual liberalism, gave their confidence to, and even lavished marks of favor upon, certain humanists, who, without the least scruple, extolled in their writings the fundamental maxim of epicurean epics (sic!): *Sequere naturam*."

The impartiality thus displayed gives all the more force to the author's scholarly discussion of such topics as the Inquisition, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the relative prosperity of Catholic and Protestant countries, and the pretended intellectual superiority of Protestant nations. Of Protestantism the author is a thoroughly well-equipped and a logically unassailable critic. To the professors of that creed he addresses himself in the concluding paragraphs of his book:

That the work of the first reformers was a purely human undertaking and that in time it would end by denying even the fundamental doctrines of Christianity is precisely the verdict given by the authorities of the Church four centuries ago. After all, they did not do anything but say, like the Protestants of to-day of the Lutheran and Calvinistic doctrines, of the Confessions of Augsburg and La Rochelle: "This system is condemned." If you do not see anything—and you can not see more—in the first work of the reformers but a human work, well, then! be logical; come back to the Roman Church or give up Christianity; be Catholics or Freethinkers.

A Manual of Moral Theology for English-Speaking Countries. By the Rev. Thomas Slater, S. J. With Notes on American Legislation by the Rev. Michael Martin, S. J. Vols. I. and II. Benziger Brothers.

A complete manual of Moral Theology in the English vernacular is a novelty; and, like the authors of most other novelties, Father Slater probably foresaw that not all the criticism which his work would evoke would be favorable. It is more or less obvious, indeed, that, apart altogether from the merits or demerits of his manual as theology, its appearance in an English dress will impress different persons in different ways. While there may be many to hail it as a work that fills a long-felt want, there will assuredly be an appreciable number to question its necessity, or even its utility. The author himself asks the reader "to bear in mind that manuals of moral theology are technical works intended to help the confessor and the parish priest in the discharge of their duties. They are as technical as the text-books of the lawyer and the doctor. They are not

intended for edification, nor do they hold up a high ideal of Christian perfection for the imitation of the faithful. . . . They are books of moral pathology." And as such, some readers will be inclined to comment, they may well be left to the moral physicians for whom they are specifically compiled, and not indiscriminately placed at the disposition of the patients, the general laity. The fact that several chapters of the work are not in the vernacular, but in Latin, would seem to indicate that the author, partially at least, shares this view. That a work written by a priest and published by a Catholic firm is much more liable to find its way into Catholic homes than a complete medical treatise—and to make for *disedification*—will scarcely be questioned.

On the other hand, it is quite probable that many of "the ecclesiastical students and Catholic clergy of English-speaking countries will welcome a book intended chiefly for their benefit." Priests who are even only fairly well equipped as regards Latinity will, perhaps, still prefer the older text-books and manuals, particularly as Father Slater's treatment is occasionally less full than they may deem desirable. All, however, will cordially welcome the "Notes" incorporated in the text of the volumes. They are by the Rev. Michael Martin, S. J., and discuss points in which the ecclesiastical or civil laws of this country differ from those of England. The books are handsomely bound post octavos, of 669 and 522 pages, and are supplied with good indexes.

Introductio Generalis in Scripturam Sacram.
Auctore Carolo Telch, D. D. Pustet & Co.

This book, which bears the *imprimatur* of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Ratisbon, is professedly a general introduction to the study of Sacred Scripture, setting forth the principles of sound and Catholic hermeneutics according to the ideas which Pope Leo XIII. expressed in his Encyclical *Providentissimus Deus*, of November 18, 1893. The book (which it is evident the author aimed to make as small as possible) treats six questions: (1) The History of the Canon of both Testaments; (2) the History of the Texts and Translations; (3) the Inspiration of Sacred Scripture; (4) Sacred Hermeneutics; (5) the History of Exegesis; (6) the Human Authority of the Sacred Scriptures. These questions are discussed in a most methodical manner to facilitate the learner's task. The bibliography shows that the author has drawn information from the most approved sources. The *medulla* of the book given at the end is a feature which makes the reviewer's task an easy one; for it covers in thirty pages the salient points of every question, chapter, and paragraph. In an

appendix are quoted the sixty-five propositions condemned, July 3, 1907. An index of the Scriptural passages explained in the text, and a full general index of persons and subjects, greatly enhance the usefulness of this excellent text-book.

A Brief History of Philosophy. By the Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J. Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss.

This brief but comprehensive elementary treatise is a welcome addition to the author's excellent text-books on logic, metaphysics, and ethics, and forms a fitting capstone for the series. The abiding wonder of its discriminating readers will be that so much valuable material has been compressed into so relatively small a space. In fewer than a hundred and fifty pages, Father Coppens has managed to give a lucid, and, for the general reader or youthful student, an adequate synopsis, not only of Patristic, Mediæval, and modern philosophy, but of the various philosophical systems of the Eastern nations, and of those of Greece and Rome. The book fills a hiatus in the series of Catholic educational works in English, and should enjoy a wide circulation. It is a splendid corrective of the numerous non-Catholic works on philosophy that embody the vagaries of professors in American State, and other, universities. A list of select works on philosophy, and an alphabetical index, increase the book's value.

The Law of Church and Grave. By Charles M. Scanlan, LL. B. Benziger Brothers.

In this book the author has grouped, under thirty-four chapters divided into sections, not the principles of Canon Law, but the divers decisions of civil courts, supreme or State courts, on the various points wherein they concern ecclesiastical affairs. The decisions related do not refer exclusively to the principles of Catholic doctrine and discipline, but to those also of the different sects; though, of course, prominence is given to questions of special interest to Catholics. Each decision is accompanied by a reference to its juridic source.

The title of the book is somewhat enigmatic, considering that only one chapter is devoted to cemeteries. The work presents a great amount of information and furnishes much important data; yet it is difficult, in view of its character and composition, to say that it is as practical a work as it could be. An elaborate index, however, at the end of the volume enables the reader to find easily any decision of special interest to him. Let us hope that there will soon be a second improved edition. Of the usefulness of such a book as this there can be no question.



His Mother's Invitation.

BY S. MARR.

WHEN Advent shadows seem to bring
The feast of Christmas near,
We should our Blessed Mother's voice
In loving accents hear.

It is as if our gentle Queen
Invited every one
To gather at the Bethlehem Crib
In honor of her Son.

She asks us all for Christmas Day,
Reminding us to bring
A little gift to mark the feast,
The birthday of the King.

And so we have the Advent weeks
That we may ready be
To bring unto the Crib our gifts
For Mary's Son to see.

His Mother says the gift that will
The greatest joy impart,
In honor of the birthday feast,
Is just a loving heart.

So let us get them ready now,
That, when the carols ring,
We all may have a birthday gift
In honor of the King.

The Adventures of Ricardo.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XIV.

AN hour before the train reached Barstow Ricardo awoke, made as thorough a toilet as he could under the circumstances, and stationed himself on the platform of the observation car, eager to catch the first view of Father Featherstone whom the conductor told him he thought would be waiting. And there, true to the supposition, he was. For the first time

the boy had feared a reproof; but it was not forthcoming, either then or later. The priest swung him to the ground, and then, with one arm around his shoulder, led him into the station.

"How glad I am to see you again!" he said. "We have half an hour here. I can't think when anything gave me greater pleasure than the sight of you again, Cardo. *What* would Mary Callahan say to you now, my boy?"

"Father, Father! You are so good!" were the first words the child uttered. "It would be right if you were to scold. Now I will tell you all."

The narration consumed all and more than the half hour of waiting. Ricardo was answering questions for some time after they boarded the train, and during the remainder of the journey was an object of great interest to the passengers, who had had some inkling of his misadventure. He showed himself to be so manly and intelligent, and so unconscious of having done anything remarkable, that every one was pleased with him. One old frontiersman, returning from an Eastern trip, delighted the boy with his reminiscences.

"I don't know anything about the Navajos," he said, as he sat between the priest and his ward on the platform of the observation car; "but I guess these Indians out here are all about the same. When I was a young man I was among the Tehachipis a good deal, and I liked them well. If you treat an Indian right, he'll treat you right; though they have a suspicion of all newcomers till they find out what stuff they're made of. Indians have the finest life in the world. Many a time I've camped and eaten with them."

"Did you ever see them dance?" asked Ricardo.

"I did, more times than I have fingers and toes," was the reply.

"And did you know of any strange animals that look like thin dogs, but make an awful sound."

"You mean the coyotes?" asked the Californian.

"Oh, yes! I know them well, and very weird they are, especially to a stranger. I should think they'd frighten a little kid like you nearly out of his wits. Did you hear them?"

"Yes, and I saw them," answered the boy, describing the arrival and disappearance of the troupe of coyotes the night he had spent in the desert.

"Their cry is almost human sometimes," rejoined the old man. "And one of them can make such peculiar noises all at once that you'd swear there were dozens."

"I saw more than one dozen," said Ricardo. "They did not look brave. They ran with their heads down."

"And they are not brave," replied the Californian. "You've sized them up pretty well, kid."

After this the old man smoked silently, regarding the boy. Suddenly he observed to Father Featherstone:

"This youngster is Mexican, isn't he?"

"I presume so,—at least part. His father was a Frenchman, I believe."

"He looks Spanish. How comes it he doesn't know this country? Been East for a long time?"

"He was born in Cuba, I think; though really I couldn't tell you. It may have been in New York. His mother died there, and he was without friends. He came under my notice. I became interested in him, and also have found a good home for him. Have you ever heard of the Miramonte family?"

"Ever heard of them? I used to know a lot of them, but they've mostly died out. Strange how those old Californians have nearly all passed away! Does he belong to them?"

"No, but Carlos Miramonte of the San Felice Rancho, who has no children, will adopt him. That is the present plan, at least."

"Carlos Miramonte?" said the old man, "I knew his grandfather; and his father was a Carlos too, wasn't he?"

"I do not know," rejoined the priest. "But this young man is a splendid fellow. And his wife is a fine woman. I feel that Ricardo will have a safe and pleasant home with them."

"He has good blood in him, that kid; you can tell it in the way he carries his head and the way he looks you straight in the face. And he has the nice manners of the gentlemanly Spaniard. Tell you the truth, nearly all the Mexicans have it, high or low, until they're spoiled by living with Americans."

"Yes, I have found it so," replied the priest,—“that is, until contact with the ‘tenderfeet’ have spoiled their primitive simplicity, and taught them their vices without any of their virtues.”

"Right, Father,—right," rejoined his fellow-traveller. "Where is this San Felice Rancho? There are several of the name scattered through California."

"About fifty miles from Los Angeles," answered the priest, giving the exact location.

"Hm!" said the old man. "Orange and lemon, I suppose?"

"Yes; and there are none finer than Miramonte's in the country," replied the priest. "He is a most intelligent man, and has brought the cultivation of citrus fruits to a high state of perfection."

"Any stock?"

"Some splendid animals."

"The little fellow will have a chance to show his horsemanship. Wasn't that a plucky thing of him to ride that *loco* horse through the desert? I suppose it was a matter of forty miles or so?"

"More like fifty, from what the trainmen say," rejoined the priest. "Every accident that befalls Cardo seems to develop something new in his character."

He then proceeded to relate some of the untoward occurrences of the past fortnight, and so the time passed until the train was approaching Los Angeles.

Father Featherstone went back to the Pullman, and found the boy arranging their small luggage.

"I shall be very sorry to part with you, Cardo. The time is drawing near."

"Why part with me!" exclaimed the boy. "I thought, Father, that you were to be near?"

"Near, yes;—but not in the house, or on the ranch."

"How far, Father?"

"About a mile. But I drop in on the Miramontes almost every day, when I ride out; I shall see you often."

Ricardo shook his head sadly.

"I would like to live with you always," he said. "You are such a good friend."

The priest smiled.

"You are going to a splendid home," he observed. "In a very little while you will be perfectly contented, Ricardo."

"When shall we be there, Father?"

"To-morrow morning, I think. I have some little business to do in Los Angeles, which will occupy me to-day. Probably to-morrow morning we shall be on our way home. I am going to take you to the house of a friend of mine—a priest,—where we shall pass the night."

But other plans had been made for them. When they reached the end of their journey and joined the crowds that were making their way to the street-cars, Father Featherstone was greeted by the sound of a familiar voice just behind him; and the next moment found himself shaking hands with a tall, broad-shouldered, olive-skinned gentleman, who exclaimed:

"Welcome home! I have a cab here waiting."

They drew aside from the crowd, Cardo keeping close to the priest.

"I did not expect to see you here, Miramonte," said the priest. "Is Mrs. Miramonte with you?"

"She is in the cab," was the reply. "And this is the boy? *Bueno! Bueno!*" He seized Cardo's hand, drew him close to his side, and, lifting up the curly head, looked into the beautiful brown eyes.

"You will do," he said. And then, lapsing into Spanish, began to talk to the priest.

"You forget; he understands," said Father Featherstone.

"Surely I did," rejoined the other. "But it was a good thing I said of you, my boy," he continued, as he ushered them into the waiting cab, where a lady sat, smiling.

After pressing the hand of the priest, she took that of the child, seating him beside her.

"You are all right,—all *right, chiquito*," she said, with a pretty foreign accent; and, bending down, she kissed him on the forehead; then turning to Father Featherstone she gave him her hand, saying: "Welcome back, Father! And thank you a thousand times for bringing us this lovely son! He is just as I fancied him, Father, if you can believe it. Why," she went on, stooping, as her husband had done, and gazing into the boy's eyes, "he even looks a little like us, Carlos, doesn't he? We are said to resemble each other, Father; you know we are distantly related, as nearly all our old Mexican families are."

"The same type, certainly," rejoined the priest, very well pleased to know that his friends were satisfied. Then he saw that the boy was endeavoring to repress tears, and quietly touched Mr. Miramonte, who occupied the seat with him. Furtively wiping his eyes, Ricardo turned to his new mother.

"I thank you so much," he murmured, "for taking me to live with you. And it makes me so happy because I look—yes, *you* look like my mother."

At once they were in accord, the lady whispering to the boy, while the two men talked, and the boy answering her in the same low tone.

Mrs. Miramonte was a mixture of child-like simplicity and practical common-sense; due, perhaps, to the fact that she had been reared in the old-fashioned Spanish way. Presently she turned to the others. Father Featherstone was relating Ricardo's adventure in the desert.

Later he told them of the hairbreadth escapes he had had in New York, but that was after they had been established at home. Ricardo, always reserved, and not at all self-occupied, would never have told the lady as much.

"And now, where are we going?" asked the priest, as they approached the confines of the city, then not nearly as large as it is now.

"To the house of my Cousin Villaflores," said Mrs. Miramonte. "She is expecting us. To-night we sleep there, and to-morrow we go home. I had some shopping to do, and wanted to meet you, besides."

"But I have also some errands in the city," rejoined the priest. "How shall I get back this afternoon?"

"Must you?"

"Oh, yes! I absolutely must."

"Where were you going to stay, Father?"

"With the Vincentians."

"That is too bad: we had counted on you. Well, Carlos, shall we turn back and let Father go to his friends?"

"Yes, that is all we can do," rejoined her husband. "We can be there in five minutes."

Before parting, they made all arrangements for meeting on the morrow. The priest laughingly enjoined Ricardo not to get lost, and his new protectors to take good care of him, and so took his leave. When they reached the Villaflores home they were enthusiastically received by the whole family, all of whom had originally advised against the adoption of an absolutely strange child. But Carlota Miramonte had had her way.

"As you always do!" exclaimed her cousin, when she had announced the decision. "Carlos is too good to you."

"Oh, no! it is the other way," he had answered. "And, besides, this is my own wish, as well."

"It is that young Father Featherstone who has bewitched you," rejoined Carmela Villaflores, who did not care much for Americans, unless they were of Spanish origin.

"He has made good so far," replied Miramonte. "He is making good Catholics of those people all around us who never went to Mass before. They all love him."

"Well, well, so be it," answered Carmela. "You are both headstrong. I hope you will not repent of your bargain."

After dinner Ricardo went into the garden, which was large and beautiful, enclosed by a hedge of Cherokee roses. An hour later Señorita Carmela, who had been picking roses, came in, her basket filled with flowers, and laid them on the table in the wide hall where the others were assembled.

"He will do, that boy," she said. "We need not be afraid for him."

"What has happened?" inquired old Don Enrique, her father.

"This happened," rejoined his daughter. "I went out, with my scarf over my head as I always do, for the wind, which, as you know, comes on in the afternoon, brings me neuralgia. The little boy was standing by the gate looking out. In a moment came by a pack of ruffians on their way from school. Those bad boys, who live behind the stables, and are little cowards, too, every one of them. They run away if you look at them, but still they are irritating. You know them, Father?"

"Yes, those urchins with red hair and pale skin."

"They began to call names. One said:

"See the ugly old black Spanish woman with a veil on her head! Isn't she ugly-looking?"

"Why notice them, Carmela?" exclaimed her mother. "Everyone knows you are not old, black, nor the least ill-looking."

"I did *not* notice them, mamma," replied Carmela, quickly. "It was the boy who did so. He flung open the gate, knocked down the jeering boy, while the others ran away. And so did he, as well, when he found his feet. And then, what do you think, all of you, Ricardo did?"

"What?" came in eager chorus from the assembly.

"He just walked quietly back, shut the

gate, and came to me saying: 'May I hold your basket, Señorita?'"

"And what did *you* say?"

"I gave him the basket, and we cut a lot of flowers, as you see. But I said not a word of what I had seen, waiting for him to speak. But he said nothing. *He* is true blue,—*sangre azul*."

The incident pleased everybody, and from that moment Carmela Villaflores took Ricardo to her kindly heart forever.

(To be continued.)

The Dauphin and the Muff.

Louis Charles of France, the unfortunate little Dauphin whose sad fate has excited the sympathy of the world, joined to a charming personality all the graces of a beautiful soul. He was hardly more than four years of age when his mother, Marie Antionette, caused him to be habituated to daily physical exercises in order to develop his strength and agility. In the early days of springtime he passed a part of the morning on the terrace of the chateau at Versailles, occupied in rolling up and down a little wheelbarrow filled with sand. After he had been engaged in this exercise about half an hour, the Queen would announce his task completed, and he would run gayly to receive the promised reward: a bonbon, a little toy, and occasionally some pieces of money, which he was accustomed to divide among the old soldiers,—sentinels who walked to and fro outside the iron railing by which the terrace was encircled.

One day, having finished his pleasant labor, he sat down in the shade of a little tent, which had been erected on the terrace for his convenience and amusement. Here, perched up on the pile of sand with which his barrow was filled, he took out his small pocket-handkerchief and began to wipe his forehead. As he sat there, an old woman who was passing by paused to look at the young Dauphin, resting, tired and flushed, like any ordinary child after his half hour of vigorous exer-

cise. As she stood close to the iron railing she drew from her pocket a silver snuff-box, and while in the act of opening it, dropped a small crimson velvet muff, of the kind then known as *Petit Gérard*. It was old and slightly torn, the prayer-book which she always carried in it having so weighed it down that it had worn out the yellow satin lining. The muff could not have been a great loss, but old people are usually greatly attached to their possessions.

When the ancient dame saw it lying on the other side of the railing, she leaned over as far as she dared without falling, in a vain effort to recover it. The Dauphin perceived what she was doing, and, running to the iron barrier that separated them, he picked up the muff and placed it in her hand.

"Why did you not call me, Madame?" he asked. "I am sorry you have been put to so much trouble."

"Ah, Monseigneur!" she exclaimed in surprise, "I should never have presumed to ask your help."

"Why?" he rejoined, equally astonished. "Are you not an old woman? My mamma has always taught me to be very respectful to women, especially when they are old."

She looked at him with admiration, and lifted her hand to bless him. Mistaking the motion for a wish to clasp his own, the little Dauphin seized the wrinkled fingers and gently pressed them.

"O Monseigneur!" cried the old woman.

But the puzzled look with which the child met her own soon convinced her that he was aware of nothing unusual in what had occurred. With a pretty gesture of farewell, the boy went back to his tent, and the old woman pursued her way.

She was a rich *bourgeoise*, the head of a family that had imbibed revolutionary tendencies; and if it had not been for this incident, there is no doubt their sympathies, as well as their money, would have been cast in favor of the Revolution which was so soon to dethrone royalty and desolate France.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A recent catalogue of autographs, documents, etc., issued by a dealer in Paris, includes an autograph signed letter of St. Vincent de Paul. It is priced at 100 francs.

—All who love flowers and flower-lore will be interested in a compilation by Katharine Tynan and Frances Maitland entitled "The Book of Flowers," soon to be published by Messrs. Smith & Elder, London.

—Methuen & Co.'s Library of Devotion has been enriched by a new translation of "The Spiritual Combat." The work was done by Thomas Barns, M. A., whose translation of St. Francis de Sales' "Philothea" is all that Catholic readers could desire.

—Father Plater's excellent papers on "Catholic Social Work in Germany," from which we made more than one extract when they were appearing in the *Dublin Review*, are published by Sands & Co., London, in pamphlet form. The Bishop of Salford contributes an appreciative preface. For sale in this country by Mr. B. Herder.

—Students of the drama will be interested in a notice of Roswitha the nun and an appreciation of her works contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* for November, by Mrs. W. Kemp-Welch. Many passages in the plays of Roswitha which were written, as she herself tells us, 'to make the small talent given her by Heaven to create, under the hammer of devotion, a faint sound to the praise of God,' remind us of Shakespeare. Her drama of the *Wise and Foolish Virgins* is considered the earliest known mediæval dramatic work extant. The little that is known of Roswitha is gathered from her own writings. She entered the Convent of Gandersheim in the Harz Mountains at an early age and died about 973 A. D.

—Mr. Hugh Sutherland's letters on Irish affairs published in the Philadelphia *North American* in 1902 and 1909 have just been issued in book form. Apropos of this fact, Mr. Sutherland has stated:

In this connection I wish to make perfectly clear that neither the *North American* nor the writer will take any profit from the publication. The *North American* has supported the Irish cause because this newspaper's policy demands the advocacy of every movement looking to liberty and good government. It has gone much further in this direction than any other newspaper, because it is convinced that the project is deserving and that it needs persistent championship in order to win for it that without which it would fail—the public opinion of America.

For these reasons the *North American* dedicates the forthcoming book to the Irish people and cordially offers

the profits to the advancement of the cause. All who purchase the book, therefore, and induce their friends to purchase it, may have the satisfaction of knowing that the proceeds of each copy sold, above the bare cost of publication, will add to the funds of the Irish Nationalist movement.

—The new edition of the Marquess of Bute's translation of the Roman Breviary is not a mere reprint; the text has been carefully examined throughout and the Martyrology supplied. The late Marquess began the work of revision some years before his death, and it was completed by friends who were associated with him in the undertaking.

—From the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland come copies of second editions of two exceptionally good books, both of which we welcomed on their first appearance: "The Art of Life," by the Rev. Dr. Kolbe; and "The City of Peace," by Those Who Have Entered It. Dr. Kolbe's essay will appeal especially to philosophers and theologians; "The City of Peace" will charm a far wider circle.

—In Mr. Clement K. Shorter's Letter from London, in the current issue of the *Dial*, we find this pleasant reference to Mr. Hilaire Belloc and Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, two of the most brilliant of contemporary authors. Both are noted for sane humor and sound philosophy:

Mr. Hilaire Belloc is one of the clever young men of to-day in London. He is also a great friend of Mr. Gilbert Chesterton. The two may frequently be seen together, sometimes in a hansom cab, where the portly figure of Mr. Chesterton almost crushes out of sight the more modest form of his companion. It is generally believed that Mr. Belloc was the primary influence in carrying Chesterton over to the Roman Catholic Church. Mr. Belloc comes of a French family, although his mother was English. His sister, Mrs. Belloc Lownes, has written novels and miscellaneous works. She bears a startling resemblance to the grandmother, a Madame Belloc, whose portrait may be seen in the Galleries of the Louvre. Hilaire Belloc himself is a writer of marked talent, especially where French history is concerned. His books on Robespierre and Danton have just been followed by one on Marie Antoinette. The story of that pathetic Queen, has been told many times and by many pens, but never more brilliantly than in this volume.

Mr. Shorter is mistaken, we think, in stating that Mr. Chesterton is a Catholic; however, we hope that the pleasure of being godfather of his friend is in store for Mr. Belloc.

—Father John Bannister Tabb, the blind poet-priest who has just passed away, at the age of sixty-four, was a non-Catholic Confederate soldier in the Civil War. In 1872 he was received into the Church by Cardinal Gibbons, who afterward ordained him, and whose com-

ment on his death was: "He was a man of marked personality, and his ability was recognized among clergy and laity. His works show intellectuality and a devout application to the task he set out to accomplish. I am grieved to hear of his death, for I have lost another of the dear friends who were a comfort to me. . . . His life as a priest has been a model one and an example for all good Christians."

As a writer, Father Tabb was in poetry what the eighteenth century limners of miniature portraits were in painting, a true artist, though he never attempted to cover large canvases. "This great poet in small space," he was called by an admirer in England. He published several volumes of his poems, for the most part quatrains and other short lyrics; all notable for their admirable technique and the mastery of epigram which they display. Many readers on both sides of the Atlantic will regret that the gentle poet has now verified the last two lines of his "Evolution":

Out of the dusk a shadow,
Then a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then a lark!
Out of the heart a rapture,
Then a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
Life again.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The Blindness of Dr. Gray; or, The Final Law." Canon Sheehan, D. D. \$1.50.
- "A Manual of Moral Theology for English-Speaking Countries." Rev. Thomas Slater, S. J. Vols. I. and II. \$5.50.
- "The Law of Church and Grave." Charles M. Scanlan, LL. B. \$1.35.
- "Life of the Rev. Mother Sté. Marie." \$1.75.
- "The Catholic Church, The Renaissance, and Protestantism." Alfred Baudrillart. \$2.
- "At the Root of Socialism: A Study of a Glasgow Manifesto." F. Power, S. J. 10 cts.
- "The Glories of Lourdes." Chanoine Justin Rousseil. \$1.10, net.

- "A Certain Rich Man." William Allen White. \$1.50.
- "The Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, in Meditations. Maurice Meschler, S. J. \$4.75, net.
- "Waifs and Strays. Being a Collection of Sermons, some Lectures, Essays, etc." Rev. Henry A. Brann, D. D., LL. D. Volume I.—Sermons. \$1.15.
- "The Priest's Studies." T. B. Scannell, D. D. \$1.20, net.
- "The Diocese of Limerick, Ancient and Medieval." Rev. John Begley, C. C. \$3.85, net.
- "Holy Practices of a Divine Lover." Dame Gertrude More. 75 cts.
- "What Think You of Christ?" Rev. Bernard Otten, S. J. 25 cts.
- "On Retreats." St. Alphonsus Liguori. 6 cts.
- "The Making of Mortlake." Rev. F. Copus, S. J. 85 cts.
- "Three Years Behind the Guns." L. G. T. \$1.50.
- "A Round of Rimes." Denis A. McCarthy. \$1. net.
- "Makers of Electricity." Brother Potamian, F. S. C., D. Sc., Lond.; and James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$2, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John B. Tabb, of the archdiocese of Baltimore; and Rev. John Galvin, archdiocese of Boston.

Mother M. Cecilia, of the Order of St. Ursula; Sister Veronica, O. S. B.; and Sister M. Cecilia, O. S. D.

Mr. John D. Stevens, Mr. Henry Schmitt, Mr. William Cullen, Miss Katherine Spelman, Mrs. Mary Rapp, Major John J. Leonard, Mr. Edward Donohue, Mr. Charles Beauvais, Mr. William Pursell, Mrs. Ellen Dolan, Mr. Jacob Hampel, Mrs. Patrick McQuillan, Mr. William Phillips, Master John Scott Dolin, Mr. James Stack, Mr. Frank Rourk, Mr. Robert Smith, Mr. James H. Devlin, Mrs. Isabella Taylor, Mrs. Daniel McKee, Miss Genevieve Blatt, Mr. Frank Babekey, Mrs. Albert Stroble, Mrs. H. C. Cristenot, Mrs. Walter Creveling, Mr. Thomas Splann, Mrs. Margaret Behringer, Mrs. Mary Morris, Mr. John Neuer, Mr. James Gleason, Mrs. Gertrude Meskill, Mrs. Hannah Lenihan, Mrs. Philip Scott, Mr. William Lane, Miss Jennie McNamara, Mr. Walter Gibbons, Miss Helen and Miss Mary Walsh, Mr. Ralph Woollett, Mrs. Bernard Peyton, and Mr. J. A. Gillis.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 11, 1909.

NO. 24

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Regina sine Labe Concepta.

BY J. F. S.

I.

QUEEN and Mother, how thy glories
Shine with more resplendent glow,
As thy children trace the marvels
Of thy joy untold and woe,
Ever learning in their wonder
Deeper depths of light to know!

II.

We are born to shame and sorrow,
Children of a fallen race;
Thou alone, by God's high mercy,
Ne'er hast known the serpent's trace;
In thy primal being shielded
By thy Son's redeeming grace.

III.

Mirror of Eternal Justice,
Nought defiled to thee can cling;
Fountain whence the healing waters
For the world's salvation spring;
Mystic Rose, forever blooming
In the Garden of the King.

IV.

First and fairest fruit He gathered
From the Tree of woe and pain;
Richest spoil the mighty torrent
Of the Precious Blood should gain;
Us it cleanses from defilement,
Thee it kept from lightest stain.

V.

For thy clients, midst the gladness
Of this glorious triumph-day,
For thy sinful, saddened children,
Mother, in thy mercy pray,
That the grace of true contrition
Sin's last trace may purge away.

Our Lady of Good Release.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

LAST September the famous black statue of Notre-Dame de Bonne-Délivrance was removed from the old convent of the nuns of Saint Thomas de Villeneuve, in the Rue de Sèvres, Paris, and solemnly enthroned in its new shrine at Neuilly. The new convent is still in course of construction; the half-built walls, and the great blocks of stone lying ready for use, showing snow-like through the stately trees in the midst of which it stands. But the chapel is quite finished; and, on the 18th of July, the feast of Notre-Dame de Bonne-Délivrance was celebrated there for the first time since the nuns of Saint Thomas established themselves at Neuilly. The old house in the Rue de Sèvres has been levelled to the ground, and there will soon be little left to remind the passer-by that the famous shrine of Notre-Dame de Bonne-Délivrance once occupied the site now covered by secular buildings.

The origin of the devotion to the celebrated statue is lost in the mist of distance. All that seems to be known with certainty on the subject is that a chapel, dedicated to Saint Etienne des Grès, and supposed to have been erected toward the close of the eleventh century, once stood in the Rue Saint Jacques, opposite to the Couvent des Jacobins, and that a black statue was venerated there under the title of "Notre-Dame de Bonne-Délivrance."

This statue, now at Neuilly, is of that very dark brown so often seen in old images of the kind. The Virgin Mother holds the Divine Infant on her left arm, while with His little hand He points to her, as if telling us to seek her intercession. The smiling face of the Holy Child is in striking contrast to that of the Mother. She seems in deepest sorrow, and the life-like eyes have a look of anguish that is haunting.

The Confrérie Royale de Notre-Dame de Bonne-Délivrance was founded in Paris in April, 1533. One of its principal objects was the liberation of debtors from prison. It is perhaps somewhat difficult to realize now the amount of good done by the members of the confraternity in that day, when imprisonment for debt was the rule rather than the exception. The voice of the preacher was eloquent in pleading for the poor prisoners, and collections were made at all the services for their benefit. The proceeds of these *quêtes* were divided once a year, and the various sums taken by the heads of the Confraternity of Notre-Dame de Bonne-Délivrance were distributed among the prisoners, many of whom were thus enabled to regain their lost liberty.

The highest names in France were inscribed side by side with the humblest upon the confraternity's book of membership. Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., Queen Marie-Thérèse, the great Condé, and others, vied in zeal for the honor of Notre-Dame de Bonne-Délivrance. Twice a year, on the 1st of May and on the 24th of August, a procession took place, immense crowds joining in it, singing and praying the while. This famous confraternity was suppressed by the State on February 6, 1737, just a little over two hundred years after its foundation.

It was in the church of Saint Etienne des Grès that Saint Francis de Sales, then only eleven years of age, consecrated himself to Notre-Dame de Bonne-Délivrance; and it was at the feet of her famous statue, too, that Saint Vincent de Paul and the

celebrated Père Claude Bernard—surnamed "the Poor Priest"—poured forth their most fervent prayers. Long after the suppression of the confraternity, the statue of Our Lady was still venerated at Saint Etienne des Grès; but upon the outbreak of the Revolution the chapel was destroyed. The plunder, including the black statue, was set aside, preparatory to being put up for sale. A pious lady, however, the Comtesse de Carignan Saint Maurice, saved the image from this indignity. She bribed the authorities to give it to her; and on May 16, 1791, she had it taken to the Hôtel Traversière in the Rue Notre-Dame des Champs, where she then lived. The Abbé Bailly was concealed for some time in her house, and it was he who said Mass daily in the little oratory which the Comtesse had erected in honor of Notre-Dame de Bonne-Délivrance.

One day, while the Abbé was standing at the foot of the altar about to begin the Holy Sacrifice, and the Comtesse de Carignan was kneeling in her usual place, the floor—which was built over a quarry—gave way. The priest fell several feet, and had to be drawn up by ropes. The Comtesse remained as if suspended in air, while the ground all round her, with the exception of the spot where she was kneeling, collapsed. She sustained no hurt of any kind, and the priest also was uninjured. Both attributed their escape to the protection of Notre-Dame de Bonne-Délivrance. It is a singular fact that not one of the priests who were in the habit of visiting the sanctuary of Notre-Dame de Bonne-Délivrance suffered death during the Revolution.

Madame de Carignan was eventually arrested as a "suspect," and was confined to Les Oiseaux, a house in the Rue des Sèvres that had been transformed into a temporary prison. She found several of the nuns of Saint Thomas de Villeneuve there before her, and among them the superior general, Reverend Mother Walsh de Valois. Good Mother de Valois showed heroic courage and endurance during those

terrible months, encouraging and helping her fellow-prisoners with touching self-forgetfulness. Madame de Carignan was very sensible of the good nuns' kindness, and she promised to repay it to the best of her ability if ever she recovered her liberty. The prisoners were all released on October 4, 1794, when they hastened to return fervent thanks to Notre-Dame de Bonne-Délivrance.

Thus far the convents of Saint Thomas had escaped the persecution that was closing and overturning churches and monasteries on every side. In 1795, however, it was proposed to confiscate the establishments of the Order, and notices announcing the forthcoming suppression of the convent property were duly posted up. Filled with anguish, but with a heart overflowing with faith, the Comtesse de Carignan threw herself at the feet of her dear statue and vowed that, if the convents of Saint Thomas de Villeneuve were spared, she would give the image of Notre-Dame de Bonne-Délivrance to that Order. The nuns at the same time began a novena to the Blessed Virgin. A few days later the notices announcing the approaching seizure of the convent property were torn down by some unknown hand, and the nuns were left unmolested. And, strange to say, they have remained undisturbed to this day.

When the storm of persecution had blown over, and calm was restored, the Comtesse de Carignan hastened to fulfil her vow. On July 1, 1806, the eve of the Visitation, she caused the statue to be carried from the Hôtel Traversière to the convent of Saint Thomas, at 27 Rue de Sèvres. It was borne to the chapel amidst tears of joy and the chanting of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. The convent in the Rue de Sèvres is now a thing of the past. It was interesting rather from its historical associations than from any claims to architectural beauty. The new convent, at 52 Boulevard d'Argenson, Neuilly, is a stately and handsome building, and looks particularly

imposing viewed from a distance; seeming, as it does, to stand in a forest, its snowy walls gleaming through the spreading branches of vivid green. High up over the chief entrance, an image of our Blessed Lady can be seen from a great distance; and beneath it is a semicircle with the words "Notre-Dame de Bonne-Délivrance."

The votive offerings that covered the walls of the old chapel in the Rue de Sèvres bore testimony to the powerful intercession of the ever-blessed Virgin; nor can there be any doubt that those who visit her new shrine at Neuilly will also find that they do not appeal to her in vain.

Larry Doolan, a Type.

BY JOHN KEVIN MAGNER.

LARRY DOOLAN, as we may as well call the subject of these notes of remembrance, was man-of-all-work at a Catholic house of clerical studies in London, long since wisely removed to a purer atmosphere. Larry was a slim, loosely-built, deceptively muscular specimen of a Munster boy. Many readers who have been priests on the Southern missions for years will retain to their dying days amused memories of his pranks. In height he was about five feet seven; in age, twenty-two; and his simple face showed the big white teeth, the widely-parted small mustache, the big pleading eyes and sunny smile characteristic of those Gascons of Erin, the dwellers in Charleville, Fermoy, and the parts thereabout.

My first meeting with Larry, the "odd" man, was oddness itself. It was a September afternoon,—the first afternoon I spent in St. Anselm's on the resumption of studies after the summer vacation. I was arranging my books on the shelves in the room allotted me, and gradually became aware of a discreet and prolonged tapping sound, like that of some woodpecker with a metallic bill. It came from outside my door. Thinking that possibly

some fellow-student was knocking for admittance, though the sound was not in the least like that of knuckles upon wood, I opened my door, to find nobody without. The corridor was deserted; and the leaded swing-windows overlooking a paved alley leading to the side door of St. Anselm's (of which I have a story presently to relate), were closed. They were glazed with that crinkled, untransparent material which architects love too well, so that I could not see if any urchin in the outer world were peppering them with a penny pistol.

As I was re-entering my room, the noise began again, this time fortissimo. There was now no doubt of its cause. Somebody was tapping a window pane with a copper coin. But where? I moved along the corridor till I saw a dim, corrugated shadow thrown fitfully on the grey glass of a closed centre light.

"Who's there?" I called.

"'Tis me, sir," said a voice. Though filtered through a quarter inch thickness of Saxon cathedral glass, there was no mistaking the mellow Southern brogue.

"And who are you?" I asked.

"Larry Doolan, sir, that does be doin' the boots and the coals here. You must be wan o' the new students, sir; so wait till I explain to you how to open this winda for me, if you please."

The voice gave me leisurely instructions to lift the copper handle gently—"an' not to let her go wid too much of a run, sir." Accordingly I raised the stiff hasp, and "kep' a howlt on her, an' aised her out," as directed. The centre light swung softly outward, and I beheld Larry Doolan for the first time, standing in his shirt sleeves twenty-five feet from *terra firma*, with one hand holding the outer clutch of the hasp, and one foot on a sloping narrow sill.

"How long have you been there?" I said.

"I dinnaw, sir," he grinned. "I heerd the chimes go wanst or twice from the Prod'sthan church beyant."

"What would you have done if nobody had come?" I said.

"Sthopped there, I s'pose, sir," replied Larry.

I was amazed at his steady head and powerful grip, and said so. He laughed, and blushed a little like a boy.

"I could sthay on there, changin' hands till supper, if you hadn't come, sir. But I must be givin' all these copper catches a dhrop of oil before the winter. Sure 'tis okward to have them shettin' me out a fine day like this, especially wid me pipe in wan breeches pocket an' the tobaccky an' matches in the other."

"But the danger!" I said, looking at the ugly sheer drop to the pavement beneath.

"I was thinkin' more o' the lost shmoke than o' that, sir," said Larry. "'Tis a'most the only chanst I get, clanin' windas. The servants are forbid to shmoke here, the same as the students."

"What part are you from?" said I.

"What part yourself, sir?" said he.

I told him that my parents were from Kildorrery.

"Glory!" said Larry, piously. "I'm from the very next parish."

He took off his cap, and I put out my hand, feeling the next moment as if it had been caught in the jamb of a carriage door. Henceforth we were the best of friends.

I found afterward that all the students, from deacons downward, looked upon Larry as a friend rather than a servant. His simplicity, arising from good home training in the shadow of the Galtees, and still more from singular innocence of mind and heart, won all. But he was a little shy of Englishmen. It was only to those of his own race that he could open his heart and ask counsel in his troubles. These last, I may remark, were many and amusing.

One Sunday afternoon, in Larry's free time, a No-Popery outdoor meeting was held at the foot of the big bridge near St. Anselm's.

"I had nothin' else on, and no place else to go afther dinner, sir," said Larry that memorable evening. "So I dhressed meself an' wint down to see their meetin'. I shipped a pratie or two in me pocket, in case—well, sure you never know whin they'll come in handy at a place o' that kind. There was a fellow got up on the platform, sir, an' said terr'ble things about the Pope. Shure I was that mad, sir,—and yet I couldn't help laughin'; an' the foolish people shtared at me. But whin me bould bucko wint on about priests an' holy people, an' began alloodin' alloosions an' throwin' off sneers at the siminary, begor, sir, I let fly at him. The pratie tuk him on the forehead, and whoo! it wint all to smithereens. Next minute there was a screech out of a lot of ould women in the crowd, an' a big bobby cot me. 'Twas comin' over dark, an' I dinnaw what I shud ha' done, on'y he whispered: 'Come quick and come quiet out o' this, ye foolish *bosthoun*, Larry Doolan!' 'Twas long Mick Maguire, a Cat'lic polisman I became acquent wid down below at the League.

"The crowd an' the ould women were pushin' in on Mick an' me. I stheadied me wrists for him, an' Mick had the handcuffs on me wid a great flourish before ye'd be sayin' 'thrap.' The next minute he had me by the arm an' collar, an' up wid us along wan sthreet an' down another in the back lanes for I dinnaw how long, till we'd shook off the last o' the sthragglers an' corner boys that followed from the meetin'. Thin he unlocked the handcuffs, an' I niver seen a man so cross wid me in me life. 'Go on out o' this an' back home quick,' says he. 'Keep to the side sthreens an' run all the way. Childher like you ought to keep away from Prod'sthan meetin's, if they can't hould their foolish timpers, throwin' sthones about.'

"'Twas a pratie, Mick,' says I.

"'Pratie yourself, Larry,' says he. 'Go back where they're grown,' says he; 'an' don't sthand wan minute longer in

this sthreet talkin' to the best friend ye've had many's the long day. Man, they'd sthrip the coat off me back for this night's work, if they knew; an' maybe they *will* know.'"

Luckily "they"—the police commissioners—were never officially informed of the conduct of P. C. Maguire. We lectured Larry seriously that Sabbath e'en, however; and he was at length reluctantly convinced that controversy was not his forte.

It is but fair to Larry to add that he kept away from "religious" meetings at the bridge henceforward, and that the words which elicited the unerring potato from his pocket were extremely offensive. Clean-living, merry-hearted lad that he was, Larry had a horror of foul speech, and even of those dreary, double-meaning words which the lower orders in the slums around St. Anselm's thought so funny. The students had to get used to them, as they entered or emerged from the narrow paved alley that led to the more convenient of our two entrances.

Larry came up with two of us one Sunday evening, as we rang the bell on our return from assisting at Vespers in the "white choir" of a certain London church. He was returning from a visit to the League, very sprucely dressed in his Sunday clothes. He *paid* for dressing, as ladies say; in a well-cut suit, you might mistake him for a well-mannered young Irish subaltern officer in mufti.

"Did ye hear what that big scoundrel beyant said about ye two gintlemin as ye passed him by the lamp?" whispered Larry. His manner was awed, shocked, ominously wrathful. We had been deep in conversation, and the insult had missed fire. "Well for him," muttered Larry, breathing deep and quickly. "I'd bate him now—and bate him well—on'y I *resaved* this mornin'."

Larry did "bate" a blaspheming loafer once, and had reason to fear for some anxious hours that he had literally "kilt" him into the bargain. It was a bad case

of an obscene insult to Catholic doctrine, and one that might have made St. Peter himself think wistfully of the sword where-with he struck Malchus on the ear. I have called the man a loafer, but he was really of the lower middle class,—the billiard-saloon type of loafer, rather than the poverty-stricken, public-house variety. The scene was again laid in that luckless paved alley running flush with the red walls of St. Anselm's. The loafer—a big, powerfully-built, flashily-dressed man, refused to desist from his ribaldry when bidden by Larry, whose giant strength lurked, it may again be noted, in a deceptively slim, lithe frame. Larry closed his fist, after duly warning the man to put up his hands, and struck him "as hard as I could," he admitted modestly afterward. The man went down like a felled ox. A companion of his fled panic-stricken, calling aloud for the police; and Larry scaled the seminary wall like a cat, and took cover in the kitchen,—“to save his Lordship an’ the college from disgrace,” he explained.

“His Lordship” was an aged and very holy prelate, known to thousands in the South as “the little Bishop.” Larry was much attached to him, for he knew high sanctity when he saw it. No other fear than that of bringing discredit on “his Lordship” would have driven him to flight; although he believed in all simplicity that a poor Irish Catholic prisoner brought before an English Protestant bench of magistrates was, *ipso facto*, “thransported.”

It was nearly nine o'clock of a winter's evening. The bell soon rang for night prayers, at which the men-servants had to assist. Larry told us that he knelt by the “firm” at the servants' end of the chapel, with but one ear attending to the reader's voice at the prie-dieu in front of him. The other was strained for sounds of a hue-and-cry in the fateful alley,—of calls for a doctor and a stretcher and the strong, blue-sleeved arm of the law. But all was silent, and Larry breathed

more freely as he mounted the staircase and went to his bedroom. This commanded a full view of the alley; and Larry, almost as a matter of form, looked out of the window to assure himself that the battlefield was really deserted.

It was not. Dying or dead—as his fevered fancy would have it,—the bulky form of his late antagonist still lay prone on the pavement. The flickering rays of a one-jet gas lamp on St. Anselm's garden wall showed round his head what seemed to Larry's eyes a dark pool. This was grim; but as Larry stared on and on, expecting at every moment the arrival of some passer-by to give the alarm, *the pool seemed to spread. . . .*

Larry sank on his knees by the window sill and prayed,—prayed hard that the man might not die; that “this holy place,” as he often called St. Anselm's, might not be blood-guilty; above all, that the little mother over on the Cork and Limerick border might not be hurried to the grave when they told her how her boy was hanged.

This is the baldest *résumé* of Larry's thoughts as he confided them to one of us when the tragedy closed in comedy. If I transcribed his words at length, you would think I was writing fiction, but erroneously. My pen could never achieve such fiction—such consummate and subtle analysis of hope and fear, as it would be deemed.

Of all Irish writers of professed romance, Mr. Frank Mathew has come nearest to this tale of real life which I prefer to leave (in its fulness) untold. The passage occurs in that wonderful little story of the young Irish cottier who is sworn, for terrible reasons which he deems a justification, to take human life. He is crouching at his cabin window, gun in hand, waiting for the black hour which shall bring his enemy—the foe of the whole countryside—within range, as he rides down the lonesome glen. In the tense silence and gloom of nightfall, his conscience gnaws him; and as he turns

his head within for an instant, a pale, luminous cross meets his gaze, whitely gleaming in the blackness of his room. Frightened by the miraculous warning, as he considers it, he lays down his weapon, and with it all thoughts of revenge. A mood of mercy and forgiveness—of forgiveness even for the wrongdoer now riding safely by the cabin and down the glen—soon supervenes. Nor does it depart in the morning when he finds that the apparition of overnight was due to his having taken down a large crucifix from the cabin wall, lest the Figure should gaze upon another deed of blood. In the clear sunshine from over the hills, the saving sign shows even whiter than in the faint glow of the turf sods against the smoke-grimed wall.

Larry Doolan kept weary vigil thus at his window, yet not to take life, but to save it. I think he said his agony lasted an hour. Just when it seemed that he must shriek out with the pain of it, he was infinitely relieved to see signs of life in the body of the man below. After a good interval, which Larry endured more easily, the sometime blasphemer rose, lurched heavily, steadied himself, and walked feebly and painfully away: a much injured man, but clearly not a dying one. "Baten" but not "kilt," he had sense enough to know that he had received what he merited, and Larry heard no more of the matter.

Still, not long afterward he applied to one of the students, whose people had interest with a certain railway company, to help him to a situation as porter. We were sorry to lose him, and so was the Bishop. Yet it was probably for the best; though, the first Sunday he was free, Larry called on us with sad stories of the language of luggage porters in their spare time. As it was merely lewd talk, and not sacrilegious into the bargain, we heard nothing of fights. Larry kept much to himself in leisure hours; and, I believe, returned to "the fair hills of holy Ireland" as soon as might be.

Lawrence Doolan was born many centuries too late. He should have been among those who fought for the Faith beneath the banners of King Brian, on the stricken field of Clontarf. We were ruefully aware that his crusading spirit really lacked worthy opportunity in our modern, slum-ridden surroundings, and he ended by sharing our misgivings. Perhaps, on a second thought, there would have been one suitable niche for him in the bygone hundred years. I would like to have heard his "Faugh-a-ballagh" among the ranks of the Irish Brigade at Mentana,—the fierce battle-cry that preceded their victorious bayonet charge. Larry Doolan would have been happy as a Zouave under Pio Nono. Sometimes I doubt if he really was altogether happy as "odd man" even under "the little Bishop."

De Profundis.

BY MARY KENNEDY.

O FRIENDS of life, hark to our plea to-day!

Our lips are dumb, we can no longer pray;
We can but wait throughout the long, long years;
We can but hope, though hot the blinding tears.

O friends of life, why have the memories fled?
You once did love, can not you love the dead?
We have not changed: our friendship still is true;
Can not you pray? O friends, we look to you!

The way is dark, and sharp the anguish'd pain,—
O God of love, remind them once again!
In winds that moan, ah, hear our mournful cry!
In waves that toss, ah, hear our last good-bye!

Remember, too, the promises you made,
When o'er our graves the first green sod was
laid.

O friends of life, we still are waiting here,
While roses daily rest upon our bier!

O friends of life, hark to our plea to-day!
Our lips are sealed, we can no longer pray;
We can but wait throughout the long, long
years;

We can but hope, though hot the blinding tears.

The Vengeance of Lucienne.

A STORY OF LIFE IN PARIS OF TO-DAY.

BY ALICE DEASE.

XV.

IT seemed to Lucienne that she had known for a long time, for years, those things of which Lozares spoke; unconsciously she had been prepared for some such revelation concerning the man into whose hands the fortune of the Mauvoisin family had passed. Yet the reality was so much worse than anything she could have imagined, that all her past troubles sank away to nothing before this awful disclosure that she now had to face. Lozares, seeing the tears in her eyes, stretched out his hand and laid it on her knee.

"Lucienne," he whispered, "can you forgive me for bringing this new sorrow upon you?"

His voice brought her back to the needs of the present, and she began to question him eagerly. Gilbert—for in his less prosperous days Monsieur de Charolles had not aspired to a title,—Gilbert had started life as a bank clerk at Marseilles; and, having an unusually clear head for finance, he had risen rapidly, until when Lozares knew him he was manager of a large banking firm in that city. Even so, his ambition was not satisfied: banking was too slow a method of making money, and the gambler's instinct prompted him to tempt fortune in a more dangerous manner. After he had made up his mind to enter one of the gambling hells, he became the moving spirit of the place.

The money at his command seemed endless, and the company into which he was thrown was not one that could afford to ask any inconvenient questions. Then his luck was apparently invincible. Night after night he sat down to play, and rose from the tables a richer man by many thousands of francs. From Lozares alone

he had won five thousand francs in a few hours. Was his play honest? If it was not, he was too clever to be found out. It was not until after the game was lost that Lozares learned of this man's continuous luck; for he had not long been frequenting the house where Gilbert was well known.

"The first time that I noticed him," said Lozares (for, once Lucienne had persuaded him to speak, he told her all and fully), "he was playing a losing game, and playing badly. I saw him lose a large sum of money, but apparently he could afford the loss. At the time I little guessed that, stranger as he was to me, he knew everything that was to be known of my concerns, and that the losing game was merely a decoy to tempt me on to ruin. His opponent had been paid, and had left him, when suddenly he stopped me as I passed.

"'I'm cleared out except for this,' he said abruptly, tossing a six-thousand franc note upon the table; 'that means that I am ruined. Look here! I'll play you for that note, if you can put another like it in the pool. You're a first-rate player, I hear; but I must take my chance, and I believe it's easier to blow one's brains out with an empty pocket than with so paltry a lining as that.'

"I had seen him play, and felt certain of beating him; yet something made me hesitate to take up his challenge.

"'Well?' he said; and I thought his tone was insolent from a man who owned to be so nearly ruined. 'Yes or no, take it or leave it.'

"'Yes,' I answered curtly; and under my breath I added: 'And so much the worse for you!'

"He began to play clumsily and stupidly, precisely as I had seen him do before; but as I became engrossed in the game, his system changed. Suddenly I became aware that I had met my equal; nay, more: that this man was a positive genius at cards. I do not know whether it was anything but skill helped on by luck, or

if there was trickery as well. As note after note of my money—*your* money, Lucienne,—was paid over to him I lost my head. The six thousand francs had long been lost and won, and still we played on,—he, cool and contemptuous; I like the madman that I was,—till at last I had nothing to stake, and in desperation I threw my watch upon the table. Gilbert pushed it back to me with a smile that made me long to kill him. 'I don't want that, you poor fool!' he said.

"I sprang to my feet, and said something that showed I knew who he was outside that devil's den. For a moment his face changed; then, springing to his feet, he grasped my wrists as in a vise.

"*"You had better forget me!"* he hissed. 'For sure as we stand here, if ever my name passes your lips in connection with this place, you are a dead man.'

"He went out and left me—ruined. I had that morning received your father's letter asking for money to buy a house in the country, and I had counted on the winnings of that night to stave off disaster. You know the rest, Lucienne; only had it not been for this last misfortune, I might have had courage at least to stay and face the punishment I so richly deserved."

Lucienne sighed deeply, and then continued her questioning:

"And you are sure that he knew who you were?"

"Absolutely certain."

"Then he was aware whose money he won?"

"Yes."

"And yet he dares to take my hand,—dares even to sit at our table! Oh, what can I call him?" Then another idea struck her. "In other things, what sort of man is he?" she asked.

But Lozares had already told the worst. The demon of gold seemed to have possessed the soul of Gilbert, ousting all other passions; only to gratify his greed, he did not hesitate to sacrifice every consid-

eration of honesty, and indeed of honor.

"But he is clever over it all," concluded Lozares. "Nothing escapes him; and his plans are so well laid that they defy detection,—that is, so long as his luck does not desert him. As a banker, his conduct was considered above reproach. His colleagues esteemed him highly."

"How awful!" groaned Lucienne,—*"oh, how awful!"*

At the sight of her distress, Lozares began to reproach himself aloud for having brought this fresh trouble upon her.

"No, Pedro, you need not regret what has happened," she said. "In this case it is better to know the dreadful truth than to remain in ignorance of it."

"Nevertheless, it is another sorrow that I have brought into your life," replied Lozares, sadly. "And, after all you have done for me, I should be a shameless brute, worse even than Gilbert, if I did not feel twenty times over the smallest pain that is inflicted on you."

And, despite all Lucienne could say, she left him unconsoled for what had happened.

XVI.

The more Lucienne dwelt on the knowledge that had come to her in so strange a manner, the greater were the difficulties that she saw before her. At first she had thought only of the personal horror and antipathy that the revelation of her brother-in-law's true character had raised in her mind, and she prayed that God would give her strength to forgive him the part he had taken in her family's ruin. Then it suddenly came to her that her husband's fortune was also in this man's hands; and what trust could be placed in a gambler who apparently had no conscience to check his actions when it came to making money?

To tell Louise what she had learned was naturally out of the question. Monsieur and Madame Mauvoisin would not listen to a word against their son-in-law; and, unless Lozares could be brought forward to testify to his story, why should

her word be believed against De Charolles'? Even if Lozares were able to tell the story himself, what good would it do? Her parents' innocence of all participation in the spending of her fortune would indeed be proved, but at what a price! Anger, discord, and sorrow, which would make a breach in the Mauvoisin family that nothing could ever heal.

Raoul was the only person to whom it would be possible to reveal her secret, yet for many reasons she shrank from telling him what she knew. A great change had come over him during the past months; but, even so, could she trust him with the knowledge of Lozares' whereabouts? Her influence with him was increasing daily, and she hesitated to do anything that might shake his trust in her. Fortunately, it was not necessary to act at once; and, as they were going to leave Paris in a few days, she decided to keep her own counsel for the present, and to watch for an opportunity of speaking during the six weeks that she hoped to spend alone with her husband at Croisic.

It was the first time since their honeymoon that the Raoul Mauvoisins had left Paris together. Usually the whole family went in a party to some watering place; but this year Madame de Charolles was advised to go to Cauterets; and, as her husband could not accompany her, her parents went with her in his place. Raoul, however, had set his heart on spending the summer by the sea; and it was an example of his growing independence that he resisted his mother's request, and kept to his own plan, despite her wish that he, and therefore necessarily Lucienne, should travel with them all to Cauterets.

To Lucienne's surprise, she learned that her old friends in the Luxembourg were following the example of all well-to-do Parisians, and were going for some weeks into the country. She had unconsciously counted on Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille's continuing to visit Lozares during her absence at Croisic; for she had not thought

that the modest little household could well bear the expense of a country holiday. Mademoiselle Fanny, on the other hand, had made all arrangements for Pedro's comfort during the absence of his benefactress; and Lucienne's mind could be at rest so far as he was concerned.

XVII.

Three weeks of the Raoul Mauvoisins' stay at Croisic had passed; and, in spite of all that was on her mind, Lucienne had benefited by the enforced rest and the fresh breezes of the sea. No opportunity had yet presented itself which would have enabled her to tell Raoul of her discovery concerning M. de Charolles; and although, thinking calmly over it, she saw that such a declaration would eventually be necessary, she did not feel that her husband could as yet be induced to act with mercy and discretion; and she shrank from breaking in upon the peace which, alas! she was not destined to enjoy for long.

One morning as they sat at breakfast, the omnibus, which had been sent to meet the early train, drove up as usual to the hotel. A moment later the hall porter opened the dining-room door and beckoned a waiter to him. The message he gave was to the effect that a gentleman had arrived and was asking for Monsieur and Madame Mauvoisin. The meal was nearly over, and, with an expression of wonder as to who the unexpected visitor could be, Raoul rose from the table and accompanied Lucienne to the drawing-room.

"Frederic! What on earth brings you here?" Lucienne's cry of horror and amazement was drowned in the words of her husband's exclamation; for the visitor was none other than De Charolles.

"What a welcome, when I have travelled all the way from Paris on purpose to enjoy your company!" laughed the newcomer, who appeared to be in the best of spirits. "What brings me here? Well, what has brought yourself, may I ask?"

"I?" Raoul was only half serious as

he replied. "Oh, I came for my health!"

De Charolles laughed again, showing the pointed white teeth which to Lucienne always looked cruel and wolfish.

"Judging from appearances, then, the place must be unrivalled as a health resort. I was certainly right to come here for the few days that I can spare from business. Cauterets is so far," he added as an after-thought.

There was nothing in this explanation to arouse suspicion as to any ulterior motive for this visit; yet, from the first, some instinct told Lucienne that their visitor was anxious to secure a *tête-à-tête* with Raoul, but that he hesitated to ask her to leave them alone together. A plea of business would have served his purpose in any ordinary case; but Lucienne could only think that his secret was so important that he dared not even let her guess at its existence, fearing that, with the curiosity and pertinacity for which women are famous, she would persuade Raoul to tell her all.

They had long arranged to make an excursion, before their departure, to the lighthouse that stands at the entrance of the bay; and Raoul was congratulating himself, as he dressed for dinner, that De Charolles could now accompany them upon their trip. Raoul was in his element on occasions such as this expedition. During his stay at Croisic he had made friends with a number of people, whom he now invited to join in his day's enjoyment. He had hired a small steam yacht to convey the whole party, numbering twenty-eight or thirty persons; and, had the weather also been ordered, it could not have been more perfect. The sea was like a crystal mirror under an unbroken expanse of blue sky. The only ripples on its surface were those that were made by the boat itself as it steamed along the bay toward the lighthouse, which stands on a rocky island that is invisible at high water.

Here it was that the luncheon was served; and by the time it was fully

over, and the mechanical working of the light had been duly inspected, the weather was found to have changed, and the captain of the yacht sent word to Raoul that it would be advisable to make as little further delay as possible. Looking down from above, it seemed a perilous moment when the passengers had to loose their hold of the iron ladder and let themselves down into the little boat that was waiting for them. The host and hostess, with De Charolles and one other man, were the last to be taken off. The guest was the first to go down to the boat, followed by Raoul.

"You need not be afraid," he said to Lucienne, who seemed to be nervous even after watching the safe descent of all the other ladies. "I will be ready to catch you in the boat. Follow me now; and remember, if you do happen to slip, I shall not let you fall."

She smiled at him, and, as soon as his head had disappeared over the edge of the plateau, prepared to carry out his directions. She let herself down carefully, clinging to the iron rungs. Her feet were safe upon the ladder, and she was about to feel for the second step, when, without the slightest warning, De Charolles sprang off the door ledge, swinging himself past her with a hasty word of warning.

"Take care, Lucienne! I am coming!"

As he spoke he dropped into her place in the boat, which, with one dexterous push, he sent flying from the foot of the ladder; so that, before Raoul and the two sailors had recovered from their stupefaction, they found themselves halfway to the steamer.

"Turn, men,—turn!" said Raoul, standing up in his place and stretching out his arms as though he could steady the slender, swaying figure that clung in a paroxysm of terror to the ladder far above him.

"Sit down, Raoul!" De Charolles dragged his brother-in-law into the boat.

"A hundred francs," cried Raoul, "to

any one who will hold the lady safe until the boat can reach her."

Instantly one of the sailors was in the water swimming toward the ladder.

"Now to the steamer!" said the Count. But Raoul turned upon him.

"Back to the lighthouse!" he roared. "I am master. What do you mean? Do you want to kill her?"

De Charolles bent over and said something in his brother-in-law's ear, and at the same moment a triumphant cry from the sailor above told them that Lucienne was safe.

"Hold on, little lady!" called the sailor, as he clambered up the steps and put his wet arm about her waist. "Don't look down: it will only make you giddy. You are quite safe now."

The ordeal was over. But Lucienne's anguish was no less than it had been in the moment of peril. It came to her that this had been no mere accident: it was part of the plot she had been trying to frustrate. So far she had been successful in keeping her husband out of the clutches of his brother-in-law; but De Charolles, not to be foiled, resorted to this cowardly and dangerous trick.

The whole party were waiting anxiously for her on the steamer, but she had eyes for no one except Raoul. But even at this moment, when she was just restored to him, she saw and felt that something else was filling his mind. In the short space of time since they had parted, his whole appearance had changed. He spoke and moved like a man in a dream. The others thought that it was her danger that made him look so altered and so preoccupied, but Lucienne knew better. Yes, she knew that De Charolles had succeeded in his plan; and, whatever his secret was, he had revealed it to Raoul during the time that her accident had left them alone together. And her fears were only increased when the next morning she was greeted with the news that De Charolles had returned to Paris by the night train.

XVIII.

Raoul spent the day following De Charolles' departure in lounging about the pier. There was evidently something on his mind; but, as he said nothing about it, Lucienne did not question him, only her foreboding of evil became more insistent. Once she suggested gently that he should go and take his daily swim, but he answered her pettishly:

"I am tired of bathing,—in fact, I am sick of Croisic, and of the sea altogether. We had better leave here."

Lucienne turned her head away to hide the tears that she could not control. Raoul was evidently determined to keep his secret, and both of them were relieved when some friends came up and joined them. In the course of conversation, Raoul casually remarked that they were obliged to leave Croisic sooner than they had intended; and during the day Lucienne heard him repeating this to others, and even mentioning that they were to start for home the next morning.

The Raoul Mauvoisins were the first of the family to return to Paris; but the party from Caoterets soon followed their example. And before long Lucienne found herself living the life she had led before their departure for Croisic, only the spectre which had haunted her ever since that fateful visit to Lozares had grown so menacing that it now overshadowed all her other trials and troubles. But she had to bear her burden alone,—alone except for the one unfailing Friend, who has promised from all ages that they who come to Him laboring and heavily burdened He will refresh. So Lucienne looked to God, and prayed and waited.

By September most of their friends had returned to town, and invitations began to come to the Mauvoisins for dinners and other entertainments. Formerly Raoul had been unwilling ever to refuse an invitation, and Lucienne had often wished that he was less indefatigable in his search for amusement. But now such a change had come over him that refusals were sent

more often than acceptances; Lucienne was quite surprised when he told her that he wished to accept an invitation to dinner sent to them by Monsieur and Madame Gerard, who since returning from Russia had taken up their abode in a charming house a short distance outside of Paris. A party of nearly forty of their most intimate friends had been asked to dinner; and the remainder of their acquaintances were bidden to join them only in the evening, to admire all the beautiful things they had brought with them from their foreign home, and to listen to the music which would be provided for their enjoyment.

Raoul and Lucienne were almost the last of the more privileged band to arrive; and although Lucienne had donned her festive apparel with a heavy heart, merely standing passively whilst her maid adorned her, the effect produced could not have been better. Her stately figure, peculiar style of beauty, was so enhanced by the way she was dressed that, when she entered the drawing-room where Madame Gerard and her guests were assembled, there was a sudden pause in the conversation, quickly followed by a murmur of admiration from at least half of those present.

Lucienne Mauvoisin was unconscious alike of the sensation her appearance had caused, and of the fuel that this sensation had added to the fire of Madame de Charolles' jealousy of her. Her thoughts were taken up with Raoul, for he sat in full view of her at the brilliantly lighted table. She could not help noticing how much he had altered during the past few months. It seemed as though the time at Croisic, instead of doing him good, had done him positive harm. Afterward, when the meal was over and the guests had returned to the drawing-room, he did not join in the general conversation, but stood apart from the others, his eyes seeking the door restlessly as each newcomer was announced. Many of Madame Gerard's guests were strangers to Lucienne, so she could not even guess who it was

that her husband was expecting; but before very long she saw, by the sudden change of his expression, not only that the guest, whoever he might be, had arrived, but also that his advent was anything but welcome to Raoul.

Following the direction in which he was looking, she saw a small dark man approaching their hostess, and bowing low before her. This done, and having received a few gracious words of greeting from her, he moved aside and stood looking round him uncertainly. It was evident that he was a stranger not only to Lucienne, but to most of his fellow-guests. For a few moments no one spoke to him; then Lucienne saw De Charolles advance and greet him coldly, yet as an acquaintance.

De Charolles and his friend were gradually approaching the door; and, turning to her neighbor, Lucienne questioned her impulsively.

"Do you know that man to whom my brother-in-law is speaking?" she asked.

"No, Madame. I have never seen him before. The Gerards must have made his acquaintance when they were abroad, for he does not seem to know any one here excepting M. de Charolles."

A movement among the guests allowed Lucienne to change her place; and again she asked the same question, receiving in reply almost the same answer.

From the place where she now stood she could see Raoul; he was standing somewhat in the shadow, and Lucienne was quite sure that he had braced himself to face some cruel ordeal. The stranger and De Charolles had by this time reached the door, and Lucienne saw the latter turn and make a slight but decided sign to Raoul. No one but a close observer could have connected this sign with Raoul's quiet movement; but Lucienne saw he was obeying some prearranged signal, and she determined that he should not leave the room without knowing that she was aware of his absence. It was easy now for her to slip through the crowd

unnoticed, and at the door she waited for her husband.

"Where are you going?" she asked, in a tone that she tried to make unconcerned.

Raoul glanced at her in surprise, and she caught the unutterable sadness that lay in the depths of his eyes.

"We are going to smoke."

She started at the answer to her question; and, turning quickly, she came face to face with her brother-in-law. Their eyes met, and Lucienne could see that, under his dark mustache, De Charolles' lips were closed resolutely. If he was steeling himself against any appeal, it was unnecessary. Ignoring his existence, she laid her hand on her husband's arm.

"Don't smoke too much, dear!" she said. "You know it is not good for you."

"Oh, it will do me no harm!" he replied half impatiently, yet her ears caught the almost hopeless cadence in his voice.

"Come on, Raoul!" called De Charolles. "We are waiting for you."

Raoul moved away, evidently unwilling, yet apparently unable to refuse; and Lucienne was left standing in the doorway all alone.

XIX.

Raoul followed De Charolles through several reception rooms that opened one from the other, until at length they reached a smaller apartment, which was filled with clouds of blue smoke curling upward from the cigars and cigarettes of the ten or twelve guests who had already sought its open doors. Lucienne watched them disappear. The stranger was not in sight, and she concluded therefore that he too had gone to the smoking-room.

The drawing-rooms by this time were nearly full; and, in spite of open windows, the heat was intense. By ten o'clock everyone had arrived; and the refreshing breezes that stole in from behind the silken curtains were ruthlessly shut out, as the music was beginning.

Lucienne looked around anxiously for Raoul. Other men who had gone to smoke after dinner had come back, but of her

husband and his companions there was no sign. Finally she decided to go in search of him. She had often visited Madame Gerard, and knew her way about the house perfectly; so that when, under cover of a brilliant sonata which was being played by a well-known pianist, she managed to glide into the shadow of the portière that hung close beside her, she was at no loss where to go. Luckily for the success of her plans, the attendants had for the moment deserted the cloak-room; and, feeling like a thief, she passed into the semi-darkness, and seized a long, dark-colored cloak that was lying on a chair. This completely covered her white gown, so that, a shadow amongst shadows, she could go unseen through the now deserted rooms.

Even the smoking-room was empty; and, going farther, she entered the library, off which she knew there was an ante-room with a glass door opening on the terrace. Unlatching this door, she went cautiously out into the darkness. The night air struck her sharply after the heat of the drawing-room, and she drew her cloak more closely round her. She passed along the terrace, protected herself by the surrounding darkness, yet able to see clearly into the empty rooms. Neither De Charolles nor the stranger nor Raoul himself was anywhere to be seen.

"My God, my God, where have they taken him?" she murmured under her breath, as, having reached the last window, she realized that her search was in vain. But, as though in answer to her cry, the remembrance came to her of a small room opening off the farther side of the library, which Monsieur Gerard had fitted up for his botanical studies. It was a small apartment, barely furnished, and its window opened down to the ground.

With noiseless tread, Lucienne retraced her footsteps. Something told her that she had at last run her quarry to earth; but, passing round the pillar which supported the veranda, she saw that a pair of heavy curtains were drawn together

across the window, which was carefully closed. No sound was to be heard; but a single ray of light struggled through the curtains, showing that, in all probability, the room was occupied.

Suddenly there was a crash as though a chair or table had been overturned, and immediately two voices were raised in altercation. One of the speakers she recognized as being De Charolles; the other voice she more than guessed belonged to the stranger. At that moment she would have given all she possessed to see through the curtain that obstructed her view. The voices inside went on. They were raised angrily; and, taking advantage of this, Lucienne stretched her hand to where the fastening lay on the inside of the window against which she was leaning. It was a vain hope that prompted the movement, for everything was secure. The single narrow line of light falling there showed that there was a crack in the glass across one corner of the window. But what use was that to her? Her hand fell to her side, and as it did so a new ray of hope was born. Could she, dared she, cut across this broken triangle with the diamond at her wrist on which the light had played for an instant? Inside, the talking still went on; there was a shuffling of feet, a rearrangement of the furniture, and under cover of this she bravely pressed the diamond to the glass. The noise it made sounded like thunder in her ears, and she could not believe that she was unheard.

Very gently she loosened the smaller triangle from the single piece of wood that held it. She was wonderfully skilful; for not only did she escape without a scratch, but her task was finished even more noiselessly than it had been begun. There was space enough for her bare arm to pass in, and cautiously she seized the border of the curtain and drew it slightly toward her. There were three men in the room, which had been laid out for card playing. All the tables but one were now deserted, and the trio she sought

were seated round this one. It was as Lucienne had foreseen. The stranger whom Raoul had followed from the drawing-room was seated sideways to the window and opposite to Raoul, whose face was drawn and ghastly white. His opponent was livid with rage. De Charolles alone was smiling, and the words of Lozares came back to the hidden watcher. Truly it was a diabolic smile.

For a moment or two the game went on in silence; then the stranger pushed aside the last card that Raoul had played. Diving into his pocket, he pulled out a bundle of bank notes, and, counting them over, flung a number of them on the table. Raoul took them up without saying a word, and Lucienne saw that the muscles of his face were tense and rigid. There was certainly nothing of the triumphant victor about him.

The play began again, and presently a second bundle of notes followed the first into Raoul's pocket. But this repeated misfortune was too much for the stranger to bear. He sprang to his feet and pushed the table from him.

"I will not have any more of this!" he cried angrily. "And, what is more, I shall be revenged for what has been done this evening."

"What do you mean?" returned De Charolles. "Whom do you mean to threaten? You had better look to yourself."

He lowered his voice, and Lucienne heard no more. Whatever was said had the desired effect; for the stranger was silent, and turned with a sullen shrug to the door. Then Raoul rose from his place, and the three men went out together. Before Lucienne had time to move she heard them pass through the library and the anteroom; and, without any warning, they reappeared on the terrace close beside her. They had come out through the door that she herself had left open, and she could only shrink back into the shadow, clinging to the stone pillar that sheltered her from view.

"Go straight on," It was De Charolles



who spoke in an undertone. "You will find the gate there to the left."

"All right."

The stranger stepped onto the gravel and passed out into the darkness, without even a parting word to his companions. The brothers-in-law stood for a moment on the threshold; then De Charolles went out to the terrace, and Raoul followed him. They were evidently going back that way to the smoking-room.

"If every day could be like this!" De Charolles voice expressed the liveliest satisfaction.

"One day is as bad as another to me," returned Raoul.

"Nonsense!" retorted the other. "Can't you have a little self-restraint?"

"Self-restraint!" burst out Raoul. "If I did not restrain myself almost beyond endurance, I should fling a whole pack of cards in your face before everyone, rather than sit down again with one of your dupes."

"Pray do so, then," replied De Charolles in tones of icy politeness. "You will merely be proclaiming your sister's ruin to the world. On the other hand, if we can go on as we are, a few nights more like this one may save her. Remember I ask nothing in my own name."

"If it lasts much longer it will kill me," groaned Raoul.

"Bah, what folly! You make me laugh when you speak like that."

Their voices died away, and the crunching of the gravel under their feet in the distance told the listener that she was free. Stealing back to the library, she threw her borrowed wrap aside; and, luck again favoring her, she managed to mingle in the crowd that was gathered round the door of the room where the concert was still going on.

"What a splendid voice!" said some one in her ear as a celebrated baritone stepped from the platform.

"Yes, indeed," said Lucienne mechanically, answering by instinct a remark she had hardly heard.

Then, after a short pause, the opening bars of another song were played upon the piano. From where Lucienne sat she could not see the performers; but she knew the air, and it brought her back with a shock to the horror of the evening. Oh, the mockery of it all! Madame de Charolles, beautifully dressed, smiling in gracious thanks for the applause that greeted her appearance, stepped up on the platform, with her music in her hand. Her voice rose clear and true, vibrating through the room, repeating in tragic tones the words that, had she but known what Lucienne knew, might have been wrung from her in deadliest earnest:

A mystery.

It is a hellish mystery.

I can not understand it.

I can not defend my elf against it.

And my heart beats high with fear.

Lucienne closed her eyes and struggled to maintain her self-control. Her sister-in-law had done little enough to win her liking, yet at that moment she yearned toward her, pitying her from the depths of her heart. The concert was drawing to a close; a part song arranged for several voices was the last item, and Lucienne wondered vaguely if she could sit through it all. Her head was swimming, the room began to turn around. She clasped the arms of her chair, counting the moments until she would be free to move. At last the music ceased, and, coming to herself with a start, she found her husband standing by her.

"I have been looking for you everywhere," he said, but his voice sounded faint and far away. "I did not know you had left the other room."

She stood up with an effort, but she could not speak.

"What is the matter, dear?" he asked anxiously. "Your face is flushed—"

"Take me home, Raoul," she murmured. "I feel so ill!"

"The heat of these rooms has been too much for you. Lean on my arm and let us go. The carriage is waiting."

He led her out, and wrapped her tenderly in her cloak. She was clinging to him and could hardly stand. He lifted her into the carriage and told the coachman to drive home quickly.

"How are you feeling, dear?" he asked. "What can I do for you?"

"Open the window," she said faintly. "I can not breathe."

He did her bidding, and for a moment the cool night air seemed to revive her; but soon she began to shiver.

"How cold it is!" she said.

He laid his hand on hers, and found it burning hot.

"Cold?" he said, drawing up the window again. "You must be feverish. It was suffocating in those rooms."

"No, no!" she cried wildly. "It was cold,—cold and dark,—cold—"

But even as she spoke, her head fell against his shoulder, and he saw that she had fainted away.

(To be continued.)

Jamie the Rover.

BY E. BECK.

WE have it on the authority of many historians that Scotland, despite its treatment of its hapless Queen, always loved its "auld Stuarts"; and its popular poetry tells as much. When Charles II. died at Whitehall, after a reign of twenty-five years, the great burst of national sorrow showed that, whatever the errors and follies of the "Merrie Monarch" may have been, he had never forfeited the affection of his people. Charles was succeeded by his brother, the Duke of York, whose worst fault in the eyes of his subjects was that he was a Catholic. James had not Charles' natural ability, but he was a brave man; and that he became a Catholic when worldly prudence forbade such a step goes far to prove that he was also upright and honest.

James had two daughters by his first

marriage,—Mary, married to her cousin, William of Orange; Anna, to Prince George of Denmark. When James' son, James Francis Edward, was born, in June, 1688, the two princesses were amongst those who set afloat stories, even then acknowledged to be base and false, regarding the infant prince. "He is not Mary of Modena's child at all," was the cry of the Protestant party of the nation. So strong was the feeling against a Catholic king with a Catholic heir to succeed him that it was deemed prudent for the poor young Queen and the baby prince to flee the country. They quitted the royal palace of Whitehall—which they were never to see again—in the dead of night. A few faithful friends accompanied them in an open boat down the Thames, from whence they sailed to France. Thus began the wanderings of the little Prince of Wales, who was later known in Scotland by the name of Jamie the Rover.

Soon afterward King James was forced to follow his wife and son across the seas. The old Scotch ballad runs:

Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?

Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?

King James indeed a daughter had;

He wed her to an Oranger.

Ken ye how he requited him?

Ken ye how he requited him?

The Prince has come across the sea

And ta'en the crown in spite of him.

James made an effort to regain the throne. The effort ended in defeat at the battle of the Boyne in 1690; and the Scotch ballad testifies:

'Twas all for rightful king

We e'er saw Irish shore.

James returned to France, where he spent the last years of his life in the practice of sincere piety and devotion. The faults of his earlier life were surely atoned for. On his deathbed he cautioned his young son against the temptations besetting his path, saying: "Never forget you are a Catholic, and never risk your immortal soul for the crown of England." He died in September, 1701; and his body

was preserved unburied in the church of the Benedictines for over a century, awaiting a time—which never came—when it might be interred in Westminster Abbey.

Among the dead King's truest friends was the Earl of Monmouth. He had followed James into exile, and had been always a sincere Protestant. Soon after the death of James he became a Catholic. He said his dead master had appeared to him and informed him that he had obtained the grace of his conversion from God. It is satisfactory to note that this gentleman died a practical Catholic.

The young prince assumed, on the death of his father, the title of James III. of England. But it was in Scotland that he possessed friends indeed. Song after song, ballad after ballad, were written in praise of the "King across the water":

Of all the days of all the year,
The tenth of June I hold most dear;
Then our white roses shall appear
For sake of Jamie the Rover.

In another popular ballad we find these lines:

In Scotland he's loved and dearly approved;
In England a stranger he seems to be;
But his name I'll advance in Britain or France,—
Good luck to my Blackbird where'er he be!

But such song-writing was dangerous under the authority of William. Therefore Jamie the Rover appears in the ballad poetry of Scotland under various thin aliases. One song has the words addressed to the winds:

Then blow ye east or blow ye west,
Or blow ye o'er the faem;
Blow hame the Lad that I love best,—
The Lad I dare not name!

And elsewhere one reads:

We daren't right say, but we ken who's to blame;
There will never be peace till our Laddie comes hame.

Another rhymster begins by cursing the Whigs very heartily, and ends:

My father was a good lord's son,
My mother was an earl's daughter;
And I'll be Lady Keith again
The day our King comes o'er the water.

But when Jamie the Rover came over the sea, his coming brought no success to the Stuart cause. Once he sailed with a small fleet as far north as the mouth of the Forth; but the coast was so well guarded by the English fleet that a landing was impossible. Soon after the accession of George I., "the wee, wee German lardie," the exiled prince was proclaimed King, under the title of James III., in the north of Scotland. He joined his partisans in January, 1716, at Peterhead, in Aberdeen. But his stay among his own people was very short. On the approach of King George's army he saw that his position was hopeless, and re-embarked for France. Earlier than this he had been urged by the Duke of Buckingham to declare himself a Protestant, and by so doing win over to his side many who hated the house of Hanover only a little less than they hated Rome. "I will never dissemble my religion," James wrote, thus proving that he had not forgotten the deathbed advice of his father, who had himself, as the French King said, "flung away three kingdoms for a Mass."

James married the Princess Maria Clementina, daughter of John Sobieski, King of Poland. She was a very pious lady, and is alluded to by St. Leonard of Port Maurice in his well-known work on the Mass. The couple had two sons,—Charles Edward, commonly called the Young Pretender; and Henry Benedict, the Cardinal. The latter was the last of his family, and died at Rome in 1807. He was buried with his father and brother in the Basilica of St. Peter's; and on their monument they each bear the title of King of England.

Mary of Modena, it is interesting to note, had for a long time been the penitent of the Venerable Père Claude de la Colombière, the confessor of the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque; and the exiled Queen of James II. was the first royal personage who petitioned the Holy See for a Mass in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Dr. Johnson as a Preacher.

THE reason why there has been no reference to Dr. Johnson as a preacher in all that has been written about him during this year of his bicentenary, is that his sermons are not included in most editions even of his "complete" works. Indeed, very few present-day admirers of the author of the "Rambler" seem to be aware of the fact that he wrote sermons, though he was the author of as many as twenty-five, published under the title of "Sermons of a Layman." They were widely read in the first quarter of the last century, and ranked with the best writings of Bacon and Boyle, of Clarendon and Locke. All are short, and are on such subjects as: The Brevity and Troubles of Life, The Duty of Contentment, Charity, The Folly and Wickedness of Religious Scoffers, On the Happiness which a Nation may Derive from Righteous Governors, On Temptations Peculiar to Men of Learning, The Vanity of Human Distinctions, On the Various Means by which Men Deceive Themselves. That these sermons of a layman well deserved all their popularity, a few extracts will show. As mere literary productions, they are remarkable; but they are much more remarkable as evidence of freedom from bigotry in an English author who lived at a time when religious prejudice was rife, anti-Catholic literature popular, and ignorance of the Church crass and widespread.

The texts of Dr. Johnson's sermons are admirably chosen, and show a familiarity with the Sacred Scriptures altogether rare in our days. Could any text be more appropriate for a sermon on the danger of religious innovations than this from the Prophet Jeremiah? "Thus saith the Lord, stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. But they said, We will not walk therein." From the

thoughtful sermon thus happily introduced we quote the following extracts:

That no change in religion has been made with that calmness, caution, and moderation which religion itself requires, and which common prudence shows to be necessary in the trans-action of any important affair, every nation of the earth can sufficiently attest. Rage has been called in to the assistance of zeal, and destruction joined with reformation. Resolved not to stop short, men have generally gone too far; and, in lopping superfluities, have wounded essentials. . . .

That the Judge of all the earth will do right; that He will require in proportion to what He has given, and punish men for the misapplication or neglect of talents, not for the want of them; that He condemns no man for not seeing what He has hid from him, or for not attending to what he could never hear,—seems to be the necessary, the inevitable consequence of His own attributes.

That error therefore may be innocent, will not be denied, because it undoubtedly may be sincere; but this concession will give very little countenance to the security and supineness, the coldness and indifference of the present generation, if we consider deliberately how much is required to constitute that sincerity which shall avert the wrath of God. . . .

Such is the present weakness and corruption of human nature that sincerity—real sincerity—is rarely to be found; but, till it be found, it is the last degree of folly to represent error as innocent. By a God infinitely merciful, and propitiated by the death of our Blessed Saviour, it may indeed be pardoned, but it can not be justified.

In the concluding paragraph of the sermon On Temptations Peculiar to Men of Learning, we find this striking thought: "He best understands the Sacred Writings who most carefully obeys them." The following words from another of Dr. Johnson's discourses might be appropriately spoken during Advent from any Catholic pulpit:

He who, accused by his conscience of habitual disobedience, defers his reformation, apparently leaves his soul in the power of chance. We are in full possession of the *present* moment: let the *present* moment be improved; let that which must necessarily be done sometime be no longer neglected. Let us remember that if our lot should fall otherwise than we suppose, if we are of the number of them to whom length of life is not granted, we lose what can never be recov-

ered, and what will never be recompensed—the mercy of God and the joys of futurity.

That long life is not commonly granted, is sufficiently apparent. Life is called long, not as being, at its greatest length, of much duration, but as being longer than common. Since, therefore, the common condition of man is not to live long, we have no reason to conclude that what happens to few, will happen to us.

The sermon *On the Folly and Wickedness of Religious Scoffers* is so good—its thrusts so keen and its rebukes so telling—that we should be glad to quote from it at great length; but these few paragraphs must suffice:

There are two circumstances which, either single or united, make any attainment estimable among men. The first is the usefulness of it to society; the other is the capacity or application necessary for acquiring it.

If we consider this art of scoffing with regard to either of these, we shall not find great reason to envy or admire it. It requires no depth of knowledge or intenseness of thought. Contracted notions and superficial views are sufficient for a man who is ambitious only of being the author of a jest. That man may laugh who can not reason; and he that can not comprehend a demonstration may turn the terms to ridicule.

This method of controversy is indeed the general refuge of those whose idleness or incapacity disables them from producing anything solid or convincing. They who are certain of being confuted and exposed in a sober dispute, imagine that by returning scurrility for reason, and by laughing most loudly when they have least to say, they shall shelter their ignorance from detection, and supply with impudence what they want in knowledge.

He that has practised the art of silencing others with a jest, in time learns to satisfy himself in the same manner. It becomes unnecessary to the tranquillity of his own mind to confute an objection; it is sufficient for him if he can ridicule it. Thus he soon grows indifferent to truth or falsehood, and almost incapable of discerning one from the other. He considers eternity itself as a subject for mirth, and is equally ludicrous upon all occasions.

Let us quote two other passages (the concluding ones) of the sermon *On the Danger of Religious Innovations*,—a discourse full of good thought, admirably expressed:

Suspense and uncertainty distract the soul, disturb its motions, and retard its operations;

while we doubt in what manner to worship God, there is great danger lest we should neglect to worship Him at all. A man, conscious of having long neglected to worship God, can scarcely place any confidence in His mercy; or hope, in the most pressing exigencies, for His protection. And how miserable is that man who, on the bed of sickness or in the hour of death, is without trust in the goodness of his Creator! This state, dreadful as it appears, may be justly apprehended by those who spend their lives in roving from one new way to another, and are so far from asking for the old path, where is the good way, that when they are shown it, they say, "We will not walk therein."

There is a much closer connection between practice and speculation than is generally imagined. A man disquieted with scruples concerning any important article of religion will, for the most part, find himself indifferent and cold even to those duties which he practised before with the most active diligence and ardent satisfaction. Let him then ask for the old path, where is the good way, and he shall find rest for his soul. . . .

More than enough has been quoted here to prove that good old Dr. Johnson deserves to be remembered as a preacher. If there were a new edition of his sermons, like the dainty little book, published about ninety years ago, now lying before us, it would doubtless have many appreciative readers. Preachers are almost sure to do one of two things—set their hearers thinking or set them sleeping. In the first case, it is requisite that the sermons be well prepared—logical, earnest and brief, like those of Dr. Johnson. As a rule, it is the fault of the man in the pulpit when the people doze in their pews. Such certainly was not their intention in coming to church: they could rest more comfortably at home. Their presence is proof of earnestness, the quality in which so many modern preachers are utterly lacking. Dr. Johnson was nothing if not earnest; moreover, he knew how to begin and when to stop. One gets the impression, in reading his discourses, that he was not only deeply conscious of the high importance of what he had to say, but felt the responsibility of saying it in such a way as to arrest and to hold the attention of his audience.

Notes and Remarks.

Substitute Republicans and Democrats for Liberals and Conservatives, and the following pronouncement of Archbishop Bourne becomes as applicable and as clearly expressive of the mind of the Church in the United States as in England:

From time immemorial Catholics in England have been divided in their political allegiance, owing to the different standpoints from which they regard matters affecting the public good. Men of equal merit as Catholics have been, and always will be, Conservatives or Liberals, according to the direction in which they are led by conviction, by family tradition, by temperament, or by any other of the motives which sway men's minds. There is nothing in the teaching of the Church against this free choice. What right, then, have we to ask any man to depart from his allegiance to the party of his choice, save on those very rare occasions when such allegiance is clearly and unmistakably and indisputably opposed to the paramount claims of Divine Truth? . . . I welcome the presence of Catholics in both political parties; and I am glad to see them taking an active part in the conduct of the affairs of the nation, to whichever party they may belong; and I am convinced that, in giving a whole-hearted allegiance to the party of their choice, they will rarely fail to do their duty to the Church, which has earlier and higher claims upon their service. The more prominent the place which they hold, the greater service they can render to the Catholic cause.

As for the "very rare occasions" on which it behooves Catholics to be upholders of Divine Truth first and party politicians afterward, the hierarchy may be counted on to declare when such a condition exists; and, until the hierarchy does so, the ordinary Catholic voter need not be scrupulous about clinging to or breaking with his party affiliations.

Although books like Prof. Henry Swete's new work, "The Holy Spirit in the New Testament" (Macmillan Co.), are little read by Catholics, for the simple reason that they do not need the knowledge afforded, they must, nevertheless, rejoice that such books are published, and wish

them a wide circulation among those for whose benefit they were written. Prof. Swete contends that when the Holy Spirit came, It created the Church; that It now dwells in the Church, guiding it into all truth; that it is the Holy Spirit working in the Church alone that can produce dogma, and that as a consequence the dogma thus reached is absolutely true. Surely a remarkable thesis for a non-Catholic scholar to defend. As the book is a strong one and written in a beautiful style, it is safe as well as pleasant to prophesy a large sale for it.

It would seem that organized effort to promote Woman Suffrage is to be met by organized effort against it. The Pennsylvania Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage has been formed in Philadelphia and has adopted as its slogan, "No votes for women." The society opposes suffrage on logical, economic, social and political grounds. The lady president of the association, asserts her belief that women do not want to vote, and that equal suffrage would not improve the political situation, but would tend to destroy some of the most sacred traditions of home life,—a belief which, it is safe to say, is shared by the vast majority of sensible people of both sexes. We have always been of Ruskin's opinion that instead of extending the privilege of franchise to women, it ought to be taken away from a great many men.

Lieut. (or Sir) Ernest H. Shackleton's story of the British Antarctic Expedition (1907-1909) is unquestionably one of the most interesting and inspiring of contemporary records. Though he and his party did not reach the coveted goal, they came within one hundred miles of it, and theirs is the honor of having located the South Magnetic Pole. The difficulties of the expedition, and the sufferings endured in order to enlarge our knowledge about the vast waste spaces beyond the Southern

Cross, were what might be expected. The details of the last stage of the perilous journey, which was made by man-power, and of the race against starvation on the return, are vividly described in the concluding chapters of the first volume of "The Heart of the Antarctic," which contains Lieut. Shackleton's diary. There is an impressive entry for the day on which the explorers encountered the lofty, snow-covered mountains that barred their path to the Pole. They had passed the "farthest South" previously reached by man. Lieut. Shackleton wrote:

It falls to the lot of few men to view land not previously seen by human eyes, and it was with feelings of keen curiosity, not unmingled with awe, that we watched the new mountains rise from the great unknown that lay ahead of us. Mighty peaks they were, the eternal snows at their bases, and their rough-hewn forms rising high toward the sky. As the days wore on, and mountain after mountain came into view, grimly majestic, the consciousness of our insignificance seemed to grow upon us. We were but tiny black specks crawling slowly and painfully across the white plain, and bending our puny strength to the task of wresting from Nature secrets preserved inviolate through all the ages.

A question recently put to the *Catholic Register and Extension* runs:

I know many unbelievers who lead better lives than Christians. Don't you? What can you say on the matter?

In his reply, the editor of our Canadian contemporary ignores the point that ostensibly respectable lives are not always "better" than those marked by occasional outward lapses; and declares:

They may be good for one generation, but even for that length of time I do not admit that they are good without believing; for they are unconscious inheritors of the faith of their fathers, and to a certain extent live according to it. Balfour, in his "Foundations of Belief," ably deals with this objection. He says: "Biologists tell us of parasites which live, and can only live, within the bodies of animals more highly organized than they. . . . So it is with those persons who claim to show, by their example, that Naturalism is practically consistent with the maintenance of ethical ideals with which Naturalism has no natural affinity. Their

spiritual life is parasitic; it is sheltered by convictions which belong, not to them, but to the society of which they form a part; it is nourished by processes in which they take no share; and when those convictions decay and those processes come to an end, the alien life which they have maintained can scarce be expected to outlast them."

Contemporary "advanced" thinkers are fond of quoting, "We are heirs of all the ages"; apparently forgetting that much of their inheritance has come from "the Ages of Faith," and that a great part of their subservience to the moral law is merely a legacy from their Christian ancestors.

It was only natural if King Manuel of Portugal, who paid a visit to King Edward VII. last month, returned home with agreeably relaxed notions as to the rigidity of Protestantism in England. There has been a great change there since his father, King Carlos, first visited the tight little isle. The London *Tablet* observes: "Arrived at Windsor, he found himself in the hands of a Catholic Master of the Horse; and specially told off for his escort was a general in whom he discovered a coreligionist. He went to the Mansion House, and found in his host a Catholic Lord Mayor; and among his fellow-guests a Catholic Archbishop and Bishop, purple-robed. Moreover, the young King was able to see, what he knew well by rumor, that his own Catholic Ambassador was, of all representatives of foreign powers at our court, the greatest favorite with the royal head of the Established Church."

Not all wealthy people are heartless or selfish. We read that Mrs. Russell Sage provided cheer for as many as eight hundred children on Thanksgiving Day. The young folk of Sag Harbor, L. I., are in constant enjoyment of a \$250,000 park and playground which she has provided for them; not to speak of a school and auditorium costing \$200,000, and a \$100,000 library. Another wealthy lady

who uses her "allowance" unselfishly is Miss Helen Frick, who has just purchased a site in Massachusetts for a second home and summer resort for working girls. All honor to wealthy people who spend their money in such a way! If those who possess great fortunes were thus to share a part of their income, all cause for complaint on the part of the poor and the distressed would be removed.

The Pan-American Thanksgiving celebration at St. Patrick's Church, Washington, this year was in many respects a notable function. Not the least impressive of its features was the rising of the representatives of the different republics taking part in the celebration while Father Russell, pastor of St. Patrick's, pronounced this prayer for their Presidents:

"We pray Thee, O God of might, wisdom and justice, through whom authority is rightly administered, laws enacted and judgment decreed, assist with Thy Holy Spirit of counsel and fortitude the Presidents of these American republics, that their administration may be conducted in righteousness and be eminently useful to the people over whom they preside, by encouraging due respect for virtue and religion, by a faithful execution of the laws in justice and mercy, and by restraining vice and immorality.

"Let the light of Thy divine wisdom direct the deliberations of their congresses, and shine forth in all proceedings and laws framed for the rule and government of their respective peoples; so that they may tend to the preservation of international peace, the promotion of international happiness, the increase of industry, sobriety, and useful knowledge, and may perpetuate to us all the blessings of equal liberty."

Madame Roland's classic exclamation as to the crimes committed in the name of Liberty might be reiterated nowadays, especially among Continental Europeans,

with "Liberals" substituted for the abstract term. And yet there are Liberals and Liberals. The French Bishop of Nancy, Mgr. Turniaz, has, for instance, published a pamphlet entitled "The Union of Catholics, of Sincere Liberals, and of Honest People of All Parties." Not only has Pope Pius X. accorded to this publication the approval sought for it by its author, but through his private secretary has sent the Bishop a cordial letter of congratulation. The Holy Father states that he has read the pamphlet with real satisfaction. Convinced that the union which it is designed to promote would be immensely serviceable to religious and civil society, he expresses the hope that success will crown the author's labors, and he bestows upon him the Apostolic Benediction.

"It need scarcely be said," comments the London *Catholic Times*, "that the 'sincere Liberals,' whose sympathy and assistance the Pope and Mgr. Turniaz deem desirable are not of the Continental type hostile to the Church. They are Liberals in the Gladstonian sense,—men who are favorable to sound political and social reform, but who believe that without respect for religion no State can achieve lasting progress."

Apropos of our recent note on Mgr. Roy's complaint about lack of interest in Foreign Missions, and lack of Catholic generosity toward them, it is only just to our coreligionists in this country to quote the following tributes to their conspicuous lack of niggardliness. Father Doyle, C. S. P., says:

Aside from the great and growing amounts annually contributed to missionary work as such, we must remember that the Catholics of the United States are educating one million and a quarter of children in their parochial schools. The average cost, including investments in buildings, etc., is \$15 per child, or \$18,750,000 on all. This means an annual contribution of \$3.60 from every Catholic head of a family in the United States. And this is truly a missionary contribution; for non-

Catholic statesmen have frequently acknowledged that if Christianity is to be kept alive in America, they must look to Catholic children educated in parochial schools to do it.

And the Rev. L. Bouchet, of Lyons (France), a recent visitor to this country, writing in the *Annales Catholiques* of the prosperity of Catholicism in the United States, makes this statement: "The essentially practical spirit of American Catholics is, of course, brought to bear even on religious matters. They like to see for themselves the results of their giving. Those of them who are wealthy, instead of dispersing their charities among a number of works which they could not know intimately, generally concentrate them on a single work which they support throughout its development. The merely well-to-do, rightly or wrongly, are not fond of general works; but they give with uncalculating generosity to parochial institutions and enterprises. These are many and well supported; they are loved by the faithful both for the sacrifices they entail and for the immense services they render."

The Franciscans of the English Province enjoyed a double celebration last month,—the seventh centenary of their Order, and their return to Oxford, whither St. Francis himself sent them. In an address delivered on the occasion, Professor Little, M. A. Oxon., recalled the names of three illustrious Franciscans—Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus, and William of Ockham,—and declared that their influence has made itself permanently felt in Oxford. "There is no doubt," he said, "that houses of Dominicans and Franciscans gave the first impetus to the college system; the friaries were, in fact, the first colleges. And with the foundation of one college—Balliol—the Franciscans had a close connection. The connection of the Franciscan Order with Oxford is now about to be renewed after nearly four centuries. May I express the hope that the Oxford Franciscans of the

twentieth century will find inspiration in the glorious history of the Oxford Franciscans of the thirteenth century, and that they will live worthy of their first inheritance?"

Such prospective visitors to Rome as indulge the hope of obtaining an audience with the Holy Father will henceforth do well to provide themselves, before leaving home, with satisfactory credentials. Those persons in Rome who are authorized to give letters of introduction to visitors desirous of being admitted to the presence of the Pope, whether at general audiences or at solemn functions in St. Peter's, have recently received the following terse but significant communication from Mgr. Bisleti, the Pope's majordomo:

I feel it my duty to draw your attention to the grave responsibility which is assumed by him who supports by his recommendation requests for admission to the august presence of his Holiness. You will accordingly please be cautious not to give any commendatory letters, in any shape whatever, even for general audiences or Papal functions, unless you know the applicants personally, or at least through the medium of certain references that are worthy of consideration.

Pius X. is the reverse of inaccessible, but there must naturally be some limit set to the throngs of would-be invaders of the Vatican.

Catholics who are dominated by human respect, and who, under the specious pretext that they are unwilling to "parade their religion," abstain through sheer moral cowardice from practices which they deem right, may learn a lesson from an incident occurring at the lunch given by St. Louis journalists to Mr. T. P. O'Connor. The distinguished Irishman, we read, "sat down with the company, but before touching anything he bowed his head low, said a short prayer, and blessed himself."

A mere trifle in a way, but such little acts often set people thinking about things that are no trifles.



To Our Mother Immaculate.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

IMMACULATE — without a blot,
A blemish or a stain:
Such from the first was thy blest lot,
Such didst thou e'er remain.
Of all mankind thou, thou alone
Wast ever undefiled;
Thy soul unique, to sin unknown,
God looked upon and smiled.
The stain original that Eve
Bequeathed to others all,
In thee did Satan ne'er perceive,
Nor hold thy soul in thrall.
Immaculate! O Mother pure,
Who Satan's wiles o'erthrew,
Let thy blest care for us endure,
Help us keep spotless too!

The Adventures of Ricardo.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XV.

NOT being able to accompany the party on the following morning, Father Featherstone promised to visit the ranch as soon as possible after he had arrived at home; and was much pleased to see that Ricardo had already become acquainted with his new parents, who, on their side, were delighted with him.

It was the same when they reached the ranch. The old Indian servants at once took the boy to their hearts, especially one man who had been born in the service of the Miramontes. He was called Califo, a man about sixty years of age, who did not look more than forty. He was tall and strong, the picture of rude grace

and perfect health; and, though he could neither read nor write, close association with his intelligent master had made him a most agreeable companion. He was overseer on the ranch, which comprised an immense area of land; and it was his custom, sometimes alone and sometimes accompanied by Don Carlos, to ride around it at least once a week.

Seated on his spirited pony between them, Ricardo soon became an expert rider. It was thought best not to put him to study for some months, though he read English and Spanish for an hour and a half every day with his adopted mother. It was arranged that in the autumn he should go over daily on his pony to have some lessons from Father Featherstone, who had plenty of leisure and was eager to teach the boy.

Father Featherstone had several times been on the point of telling the Miramontes what little he had learned of Ricardo's parentage; but whenever he saw them there were so many other things to talk about that he had never been able to touch upon the subject, though he had found time to relate the experience with Beurrier which might have resulted so disastrously.

"What an ugly name that is!" Mr. Miramonte had observed. "But we have changed all that. Ricardo is a Miramonte."

One morning in early autumn, when the priest had stopped on his way from a sick call, and had been invited to luncheon, he was sitting with the mistress of the house on the piazza. Don Carlos and Ricardo were out on one of their frequent ranch surveys.

"Our boy is growing finely, Father. Don't you think so?" remarked the lady. "He is one of the best children I have ever seen, — so truthful, obedient, quick and helpful."

"I felt that I was not mistaken in the child," replied the priest. "He has a peculiar charm. But I have never told you what I know of his history."

"Pray do not," she said hastily, laying her hand upon his arm. "I know you will think me childish, as Carlos does; but I decided long ago that I did not want to know a single thing about the past of that child or of his people. Something might develop, you know, that would prejudice us. I might be always looking out for flaws. Do you understand?"

"To a certain extent, yes," answered the priest, with an indulgent smile. "But, so far as we know, there is nothing against his parents. The father must have died when the boy was an infant, and the mother certainly was a respectable lady. She came from this part of the country, I believe."

The Señora Miramonte shrugged her shoulders.

"That is one reason why," she replied,— "if it should turn out that she was one of those *mestizas* that followed the 'tenderfeet,' and brought up no one knows where, I should always be afraid for the boy."

The priest smiled and shook his head.

"I must confess your attitude does seem a little childish," he said. "But I repeat that nothing I could tell you would be in the least derogatory."

"I am glad of that, — very glad," answered the lady. "But I want Ricardo to stand on his own merits."

Presently the pair came galloping up, tired and hungry from the morning's exercise. While they were at luncheon Father Featherstone said:

"Some day, when it is convenient, I should like you to drive over to the convent. Sister Mary Ambrose is anxious to see your adopted son."

"We might go this afternoon," rejoined the hostess. "You will not be busy, Carlos?"—turning to her husband. "You do not say Mass over there on Sundays any more, Father?" she continued, questioning the priest.

"No: their own chaplain has returned," he replied.

The visit was then and there arranged; and Ricardo, whom every new thing delighted, was eager to start.

"I have never in my life spoken to a nun," he said when they were on the way. "When I was little, in Cuba, I used to be afraid of them."

"How strange!" observed the Señora. "They are always so sweet and gentle."

"Yes, but where we lived a woman once told me when mamma was ill that soon I would be taken to an orphan asylum, where the windows would be iron bars, and I could never go into the street."

"How cruel!" cried Mrs. Miramonte.

"Afterward mamma told me different; and she said they would be good to me if I had to go there, but she hoped not. Now I am no longer afraid. I shall be glad to see the friends of Father and you both."

The convent, comparatively new, stood in the middle of large grounds. It was built on a slightly elevated piece of land, which commanded a very good view of the foothills and valleys in the vicinity. When Sister Mary Ambrose, accompanied by the superior, made her appearance, after a few words of greeting to the Miramontes she asked permission to take the boy into the garden. He went with her gladly; she had captured his heart the first moment he saw her. Tall, sweet and graceful, with a most winning manner, she was the idol of her pupils, to all of whom she was kind and gracious, yet none of whom could claim that she granted them any special favors.

"Now tell me, Ricardo, how do you like California?" she inquired as soon as they were seated under the spreading shade of a magnificent pepper tree. The overhanging boughs had been arranged into a kind of arbor, and benches were placed beneath.

"Oh, I love California!" the boy replied. "Do you like it?"

"I? Yes, I love it too, though it has not long been my home. I think it is paradise on earth."

"Father Featherstone has told me that you were very good to him when he was a little boy. I had imagined you were old, but you look younger than he does."

"I am older, though, by some years. No one could have helped being good to him, he himself was so good, and so kind to his grandmother. But once I did him a great wrong, for which I can never forgive myself."

"Now, now, what is that?" said a voice behind them. "I did not think you would fib, Sister. She did me no wrong, Cardo; on the contrary, she believed in me when all the world was against me. Some day I will tell you all about it. Just now, Sister, you must show him the deer and the peacocks."

The others had come into the garden, and followed the three at a distance. Ricardo walked between the priest and the Sister. Presently they heard discordant cries, and a pair of magnificent peacocks crossed their path, heads erect and tails outspread to their fullest breadth. They were followed by two hens, humbly bringing up the rear in their plain and sombre raiment.

"How beautiful they are!" cried the boy,—"how very beautiful! But how ugly are their feet, and how awkwardly they walk!"

"Poor creatures!" said Sister Mary Ambrose. "Their pride of plumage makes them insensible to the awkwardness and ugliness of their feet. Perhaps if they were not so vain they would not strut as they do, and the contrast would not be so great. They are the emblem of vanity, Ricardo. Did you know it?"

"I did not know it, Sister," said the boy. "But now I shall not forget it."

"From all I have heard, vanity is not his besetting sin," whispered Sister Mary Ambrose to the Señora, who was now walking beside her, while the boy went ahead with the superior and the others.

"He is a very plucky little fellow, Father tells me. And isn't he charming?"

"Very. We are so glad to have him."

"He looks like you, Señora; I saw it the moment I laid my eyes on him."

"Yes, he does. Many of us look alike in the world, don't you think so?"

"You know nothing of his origin?"

"No, and do not wish to. Such knowledge might reveal something we should not like to hear. It might prejudice me against him, though not my husband. I am a very silly woman, Sister, and perhaps a little proud and unreasonable—"

"In some degree I can understand how you feel," said the Sister, as they went on.

They had reached the paddock where four young deer were confined. It was surrounded by wire netting at least twenty feet high; and Ricardo was soon lost in admiration of the animals, the first of the kind he had seen. The voices of the girls at play came up from the terrace beneath them.

"They have permission to fish in the lake this afternoon," said Sister Mary Ambrose. "There are two old trout there that have been caught and released again half a dozen times this year."

"Are you not afraid?" asked the Señora.

"Oh, no! The water is very shallow except in the middle. They merely sit on the bank and throw over their lines. The little ones scatter bread crumbs at the edge. There is always a Sister with them."

Slowly walking on, they left Ricardo still gazing, fascinated, at the deer. In a few moments they began to retrace their steps to the house. Later, Mrs. Miramonte, relating what had happened, said to her cousin, in her quaint, original way:

"Not to be irreverent, it was like Our Lord in the Temple. His Mother thought He was with the father, and St. Joseph thought Him with the women. We were not disturbed about the boy until we heard loud screams, and we all ran; and in a moment we saw Ricardo swimming out to the small overturned boat, and then putting it right, and next dragging a

little girl by the hair and hauling her into it, where he sat till one of the gardeners went out with the oars. And there he was, dripping and shaking himself on the bank the next moment. Oh, I tell you, Carmela, we are very proud of our little boy!"

It was just as she said. Ricardo, his face pressed as close as possible to the wire netting, stood looking at the deer, regardless of the fact that his companions had left him. Suddenly he heard shriek upon shriek from the terrace beneath him, and ran as swiftly down the hill as his feet could carry him, to find about fifty small girls running about, crying and wringing their hands, while in the middle of the lake a child was trying to cling to an overturned boat. The lake was really a small one, artificially constructed, not in any respect worthy of its name; but in the middle, as Sister had said, it was deep enough to drown any one who was unable to swim. The boy threw off his coat and plunged into the water without an instant's hesitation. Very soon he had reached the little girl, and all occurred as Mrs. Miramonte related to her cousin.

"It is very cold," said Ricardo, as he stepped from the boat. "I would not think that water could be so cold."

Then, shyly pretending not to hear the praises and congratulations of the others, he calmly put on his coat and was hurried up to the house for a warm drink, which was the best that could be done under the circumstances, as the convent wardrobes contained no apparel for boys.

The accident had happened while the Sister in charge of the girls was mending a line, bent over her work, and unable to see what was going on behind her. One of the smallest girls had entered the boat, though forbidden to do so, and thought she would loosen the rope and drift up and down along the edge of the bank. But instead of loosening it a little, she had untied it, and before she knew it was far out in the water.

If Ricardo had not jumped in as he did, the child must have been drowned

before the gardener could come to her assistance. Once more the boy was a hero without being in the least conscious of having done anything unusual.

"That is the fine thing in the boy," said Carmela, as she listened to her cousin's recital. "He never seems to know that everybody would not have done the same thing. There is not a single speck of vanity or self-consciousness in that child. He has good blood in him, I am sure; and, far from not wanting to know who were his mother and father, in your place I should be in a hurry to trace his ancestry. Depend upon it, you would find something very good there."

"I shall let well enough alone, Carmela," responded her cousin, true to her original resolve.

"Well, as you please. But you will admit you are glad I taught him to swim that month at the beach."

"Very glad, Carmela. Yet you hardly taught him. He seemed to have been born in the water. Do you remember?"

"Yes, I remember; and I think you are *too, too* lucky, cousin. He is a wonder,—simply a wonder. But—do not spoil him."

(To be continued.)

The Widow Conaty's Cat.

BY A. D.

Saint Anthony had forgotten Tony's birthday. It was not that he did not know when it occurred; for it was just four years ago, that he had brought from heaven the little baby that father and mother had been praying for so long, and that they had called Tony in his honor.

Tony had never dreamed that Saint Anthony would let his birthday go by unnoticed; in fact, he had gone so far as to tell the saint what he expected his present to be. Nurse was saying her prayers in the church, and Tony wandered off to the corner where stood the statue of his patron. He wore a short Holland

blouse, fastened at the waist by a leather belt; his sturdy brown legs were bare, as were the yellow curls that clustered round his head; he held his wide-brimmed hat behind him, with the ribbons dangling down till they touched the ground. His mother had explained to him how the petitions were put in the box at the feet of the statue; and now he stood on tiptoe, so that his rosy mouth was on a level with the open slit.

"Good-morning, my saint!" he whispered. "I've come to tell you that I want a pussy for my birthday; and all my presents must be there for breakfast."

Then he dropped down on his feet, to rest and consider what to say next. But before he had time to stretch upward again and continue his conversation, nurse called him away and led him out of the church.

As they walked home, they passed a little knot of people on the road.

"What are they doing, Nana?" asked the child.

"It's a funeral, Master Tony. Widow Conaty is dead — poor lone creature! — and they are going to bury her."

"And will Saint Anthony take her to heaven?" he inquired.

"Bless the child! He's crazed about Saint Anthony!" cried nurse. "You'd think there was no other saint at all but the one."

"Saint Anthony is my own saint," replied the boy, in an offended tone; "and he's going to give me a nice present."

And, after giving himself away like that, it *was* hard next morning to find Saint Anthony had forgotten! Father's present was on his plate at breakfast, and one from mother; also a book from god-mother, and chocolates from his cousins. Other things were there from his friends — and Tony's friends were many, — but amongst them all no pussy was to be seen. It was very puzzling. His patron had never before been deaf to his childish prayers, and Tony could not understand this apparent neglect.

The whole of breakfast time he was taken up with his other presents, and it was not until he was sent upstairs to get ready for his daily walk that a bright idea struck him. Nana had given him his hat and told him to wait in the garden until she came to him. What if he just ran down the street to the church and asked Saint Anthony what it meant? There happened to be no passers-by at that early hour, and Tony reached his destination unseen. The door was ajar, and he pushed it open and went in.

"I've come for pussy, my saint," he said when he reached the statue. "I was thinking perhaps you had no one to send up with it."

He gazed anxiously into the saint's face, and his heart began to beat a little faster. Could Saint Anthony have forgotten about a present, after all?

"Miaou!"

The statue was still silent, but the present had answered for itself.

"Pussy!" exclaimed Tony, ecstatically. "Come, pussy, — poor pussy!"

There was a scratching and a scraping. Tony grew quite red in the face with excitement.

"Pussy!" he called again, moving toward the place whence the sounds came.

From behind the curtain that made a background to the high altar came the patter of small feet. Saint Anthony might have found a finer specimen to present to his little namesake, but Tony was perfectly satisfied. It was a long, lean, dirty white cat, with small black spots dotted about on its back, and brown scorched patches that showed its love for the fireside. It went up to Tony in a hesitating way, as if uncertain whether or not it would be kindly received.

"Oh, you dear, lovely creature!" cried the boy, dragging the lanky body up into his arms. "You must be hungry, 'cause you've come so very late."

Then, pausing once again before the statue, he said:

"Thank you, my saint! I did not

think you could have forgotten really. But it was safer just to come, wasn't it?"

In the porch he met the sacristan.

"Why, Master Tony," exclaimed the old man, "what are you doing with that beast in the church? I declare if it isn't the Widow Conaty's cat, that's had me bothered since it came down to the churchyard with the funeral! 'Twas the only friend the old woman had, and it followed her to the grave."

"It's not the Widow Conaty's cat," said Tony, severely. "It's *my* cat. Saint Anthony gave it to me for my birthday."

When he reached home he told what the sacristan had said, at the same time giving his own version of the story. His mother listened to what he had to say, and looked at the cat; then, taking the child in her arms, she held him tight and kissed him.

So Saint Anthony's present became one of Tony's most treasured possessions; and in after years, if one wanted to tease him, one had only to speak of his aged pet as the Widow Conaty's cat.

Tablecloth Lore.

At a very early period, it was customary to spread a cloth, or cover, upon tables appropriated for holding refreshments; indeed, we find this practice prevalent among all nations where civilization had polished the manners of the people. Any omission of this mark of refinement would have been considered an insult.

The use of the tablecloth among the Romans, we are told by Montfaucon, began in the time of the early emperors; he adds that their fabric was fine linen, generally much ornamented with stripes of gold and purple, and sometimes painted, or wrought with gold, decorated at the corners with golden tags.

The use of table linen in England, according to some historical writers, was uncommon even as late as the thirteenth century; but we find that the Anglo-

Saxons, before the Norman Conquest, dined with a clean cloth, denominated "reod sceat," which was by their successors termed "drapet." This latter term occurs in Spenser's "*Faerie Queene*," evidently alluding to linen cloths, now modernized into drapery. Hence it is pretty certain that tablecloths were by no means unusual in England at a very early period.

In an old *Life of Saint Ives*, it is stated that a cloth was laid even for a poor beggar. Ducange relates a singular feudal privilege: "That the lord was entitled to the tablecloth and towel used at the house where he dined." The honor of a frequent visit would surely have made him no welcome guest, when we consider the high value of these articles at that time,—seldom less than one hundred marks.

The same author tells us that a father, giving advice to his son, most strongly urges him, as a means of future success in life, always to have his table covered with a clean cloth.

Fosbroke, in his "*Antiquities*," writes, that damask table linen is of a very ancient date, and quotes La Brocquiere for a description of some tablecloths used by nobles: "They are four feet in diameter, and made round, having rings attached to them; and are, when the dinner is finished, drawn up together like a purse, so that not a crumb need be lost."

Stilt-Walking.

There are certain parts of the world where stilt-walking is a necessity; for instance, in some of the low districts of France where there are waste lands with a soil so soft and yielding that it is impassable by the ordinary method. These plains are covered with stunted bunches of dry heath; and across them the people go at all seasons of the year, mounted upon stilts, usually about five feet long. They answer their purpose well.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The attention of our readers is directed to the Prospectus of *THE AVE MARIA* for 1910, to be found in the advertising pages of the present issue. Lack of space prevented the mention of much other good reading in store for the New Year.

—A new novel by Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton has just been published. The title is "The Ball and the Cross," which exhibits the practical application of the theories of faith and rationalism set forth in his two former famous books, "Heretics" and "Orthodoxy."

—The late Father Tabb, as was stated in our notice of his death, began active life in the service of the Southern Confederacy. It was while attempting to run the blockade that he was captured and imprisoned at Point Lookout, Maryland, where he made the acquaintance of Sidney Lanier, a fellow-prisoner; this was the beginning of a strong friendship between the two men. Like Lanier, Father Tabb was passionately fond of music, and was himself a musician.

—Readers who found pleasure in "The Isle of Apple Blossoms," by the Rev. John Talbot Smith, will be glad to know that it is to be had in neat and elegant book form, similar to "The Coin of Sacrifice," by Christian Reid; "Father Jim," by J. G. R.; and "The Passion Play at Brixleg," by Charles Warren Stoddard. Many persons, we think, will welcome these booklets as a desirable substitute for Christmas or New Year cards. It is a pleasure to add Dr. Smith's exquisite Catholic story to our Maroomma Library.

—A quarter of a century after its original appearance, there comes to us, in the form of a substantial octavo of six hundred closely-printed pages, "The Centenary of Catholicity in Kentucky," by the Hon. Ben. J. Webb. Besides giving a fairly well detailed history of the Church in that State during its initial century, the work goes at length into the matter of Catholic emigration to Kentucky from 1785 to 1814, and is further enriched with interesting life sketches of the more prominent colonists, and of a goodly number of the missionary priests whose labors in early and later years made possible the Church's growth and development in the State. Among the five engraved portraits to be found in the book, the most interesting are those of Bishop Flaget and Father Badin. An appendix contains a copy of Father Badin's long Latin poem on the

Holy Trinity, in "fluent hexameters," with an English rendering of some passages thereof in pentameter blank verse. A valuable link in the chain of church records in the United States. It is published by Mr. Charles A. Rogers, Louisville, Ky.

—We regret to chronicle the death of the venerable Mother Austin Carroll, of the Sisters of Mercy, who passed to her reward last week in Mobile, Ala. She was the foundress of several flourishing establishments of her Order, and was the author of numerous books, the best known and most important of which were the "Annals of the Sisters of Mercy," in several volumes. *R. I. P.*

—"The Courage of Christ," by the Rev. Henry C. Schuyler, S. T. L., is an excellent little book of spiritual reading either for the Catholic laity or for the clergy and religious. Father Schuyler, after a thoughtful introduction on the study and imitation of our Blessed Saviour, discusses Courage in Action, Courage in Mental Suffering, Courage in Physical Suffering, and Perseverance in Courage. His topics are well selected, his style is simple and forcible; and few will be found to deny him the praise of having produced a volume which, though small, is eminently worth while. Mr. Peter Reilly, Philadelphia, Pa., is the publisher.

—A book that will be found especially deserving of the attention of all serious readers has just been brought out by Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert, widely known in all English-speaking countries for his connection with modern psychical research, and as the author of several books of great ability and usefulness. The new work is happily entitled "The Supreme Problem"; for it treats of the fall of man and of his restoration in Jesus Christ, "the two great fundamental dogmas of the Church, which, in their simple traditional and historic form, constitute real Christianity, and remain the one rational solution of the problem of human life." Mr. Raupert examines the form of research now so increasingly occupying thinking minds, in a very complete manner, setting forth the actual facts ascertained, and indicating both the true character and trend of the movement, and also the relation in which it stands to historical Christianity. He quotes from both scientists and spiritists in proof of the contention that an unseen spiritual universe exists, and that there is a real conflict going on in the world between the powers of light and of dark-

ness. He shows from indisputable evidence that spirit obsession and possession are phenomena of real and probably frequent occurrence. Only in an extended review would it be possible to do justice to this new work of Mr. Raupert. Let the foregoing suffice for a preliminary notice. The book is a 12mo, of 340 pages, and is for sale by Peter Paul & Son, Buffalo, N. Y.

—It was as a poet and a man of letters, for nearly thirty years editor of one of our leading magazines, that the late Richard Watson Gilder was best known to the country at large. But he is cherished by thousands as a good citizen, who never shirked civic duties, and who could always be counted upon to be on the side of the unfortunate and distressed. He was chairman of the Tenement House Commission, a founder of the American Copyright League, a member of the National Civil Service Reform League, president of the New York Association for the Blind, founder and first secretary of the New Jersey Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and first president of the New York Kindergarten Association. Mr. Gilder was greatly beloved by his friends, who referred to him as one of the most charming of American personalities.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The Supreme Problem." J. Godfrey Raupert. \$1.50.
- "The Isle of Apple Blossoms." John Talbot Smith. 10 cts.
- "The Courage of Christ." Rev. Henry Schuyler, S. T. L. 50 cts., net.
- "The Blindness of Dr. Gray; or, The Final Law." Canon Sheehan, D. D. \$1.50.
- "A Manual of Moral Theology for English-Speaking Countries." Rev. Thomas Slater, S. J. Vols. I. and II. \$5.50.
- "The Law of Church and Grave." Charles M. Scanlan, LL. B. \$1.35.
- "Life of the Rev. Mother Ste. Marie." \$1.75.

- "The Catholic Church, The Renaissance, and Protestantism." Alfred Baudrillart. \$2.
- "At the Root of Socialism: A Study of a Glasgow Manifesto." F. Power, S. J. 10 cts.
- "The Glories of Lourdes." Chanoine Justin Rousseil. \$1.10, net.
- "A Certain Rich Man." William Allen White. \$1.50.
- "The Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, in Meditations." Maurice Meschler, S. J. \$4.75, net.
- "Waifs and Strays. Being a Collection of Sermons, some Lectures, Essays, etc." Rev. Henry A. Brann, D. D., LL. D. Volume I.—Sermons. \$1.15.
- "The Priest's Studies." T. B. Scannell, D. D. \$1.20, net.
- "The Diocese of Limerick, Ancient and Medieval." Rev. John Begley, C. C. \$3.85, net.
- "Holy Practices of a Divine Lover." Dame Gertrude More. 75 cts.
- "What Think You of Christ?" Rev. Bernard Otten, S. J. 25 cts.
- "On Retreats." St. Alphonsus Liguori. 6 cts.
- "The Making of Mortlake." Rev. F. Copus, S. J. 85 cts.
- "Three Years Behind the Guns." L. G. T. \$1.50.
- "A Round of Rimes." Denis A. McCarthy. \$1. net.
- "Cantus Ecclesiastici ad Usus Clericorum." P. Dom Johnner, O. S. B. 50 cts.
- "Makers of Electricity." Brother Potamian, F. S. C., D. Sc., Lond.; and James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$2, net.
- "The Great Schism of the West." L. Salembier. Authorized Translation by M. D. \$2.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Thomas Hendrick, of the diocese of Cebu; Rev. Thaddæus Hoelzle, O. S. B.; and Rev. Augustine Stuhl, C. SS. R.

Brother Joseph, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Sister Mary Francis, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister M. Fidelis, Sisters of Mercy; and Sister M. Henrietta, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. George W. Bowe, Mrs. Marie J. Capésius, Mr. Michael Leahy, Mr. Charles Farrabaugh, Mr. Thomas J. Meany, Mr. John Porta, Miss Katharine Sullivan, Mr. Victor Wavada, Mrs. Harriet Nelligan, Mr. J. A. Cox, Mr. Charles Haag, Mr. Daniel Sullivan, and Mr. Joseph Horst.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXIX.

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NO. 25

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Waiting.

BY S. M. R.

O DARKNESS, do you thrill at thought
Of close enshrouding Him,
Of folding in a soft embrace
Each tiny, pulsing limb?

O trembling Star-rays, do you long
From out the dusky skies
To see your glow reflected clear
In a Baby's starry eyes?

O waiting Earth, does time drag slow
'Twixt hope delayed and fear,
As footsteps of the passing hours
Proclaim Salvation near?

O Darkness, Stars, and waiting Earth,
The Advent seemeth long;
But hark! there sounds the prelude now:
It is the Angels' song.

The Great Advent Antiphons.

(With Caxton's Commentary.)

IN his preface to the English edition of Dom Jules Baudot's learned work on "The Roman Breviary, Its Sources and History," the translator remarks: "While there are so many books of private devotion—of various degrees of excellence and authority,—the one devotional book to be used above all others, which has grown with the Church's growth and nourished the devotion of her saints, which is intimately bound up with her history and full of her spirit, seems to be forgotten, to

be set aside as dry and archaic, or to be regarded as the private property of clergy and religious. Yet there is no book richer in treasures of devotion, endowed with higher authority, or more capable of producing in the souls of those who rightly use it a devotional temper at once hearty and strong and truly Catholic."

The illustrious Dom Guéranger, in his general preface to "The Liturgical Year"—a work for the use of the laity, and intended to familiarize them with the prayer of the Church, the most efficacious of all prayers—says: "If every year the Church renews her youth 'as that of the eagle,' she does so because, by means of the cycle of the Liturgy, she is visited by her divine Spouse, who supplies all her wants. Each year she again sees Him an Infant in the manger, fasting in the desert, offering Himself on the Cross, rising from the grave, founding His Church, instituting the Sacraments, ascending to the right hand of His Father, and sending the Holy Ghost upon men. The graces of all these divine mysteries are renewed in her....

"Now, what the Liturgical Year does for the Church at large, it does also for the soul of each one of the faithful that is careful to receive the gift of God. This succession of mystic seasons imparts to the Christian the elements of that supernatural life, without which every other life is but a sort of death, more or less disguised....

"This renovative power of the Liturgical Year, to which we wish to draw the attention of our readers, is a mystery of the Holy Ghost, who unceasingly

animates the work which He has inspired the Church to establish among men; that thus they might sanctify that time which has been given to them for the worship of their Creator. The renovation works also a twofold growth in the mind of man: the increase of knowledge of the truths of faith, and the development of the supernatural life. There is not a single point of Christian doctrine which, in the course of the Liturgical Year, is not brought forward—nay, which is not inculcated—with that authority and unction wherewith our Holy Mother the Church has so deeply impregnated her words and her elegant rites. The faith of the believer is thus enlightened more and more each year; the theological *sensus* is formed in him; prayer leads him to science. Mysteries continue to be mysteries; but their brightness becomes so vivid that the mind and heart are enchanted, and we begin to imagine what a joy the eternal sight of these divine beauties will produce in us, when the glimpse of them through the clouds is such a charm to us."

Thoughts like these must often occur to all whose privilege it is to make daily use of the Roman Breviary, to which Matthew Arnold once referred as "one of the most beautiful of all books." It is inexpressibly sad that what our forefathers in the Faith valued as the best and strongest spiritual food should now be so generally disregarded by the faithful,—that the solemn and imposing grandeur of the Sacred Liturgy should be so little appreciated.

Readers of THE AVE MARIA must have noticed the frequency of our references to the Roman Breviary, and how often we have presented translations of its admirable Offices,—its hymns so full of beauty and imagery; its prayers so eloquent and unctuous; its extracts from the writings of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, all wondrously illuminating, and exquisitely appropriate to the different subjects and seasons; its antiphons with their

depth of meaning and beauty of allusion; its sweet, recurring anthems, of which no hopeful soul could ever tire. Our object has been to show the excellency of the Liturgy, the advantages of social prayer over individual devotion, the incomparable superiority of the Roman Breviary to books of piety in general use, often compiled by persons having no qualifications for so important an undertaking.

As an illustration of the wonderful unction of the prayers of the Church, let us quote the antiphons sung or recited at Vespers on the seven days—the Greater Ferias, as they are called—preceding the Vigil of Christmas. These antiphons are prayers to the Messiah, whom they address by titles given Him in the Sacred Scriptures. They are sometimes referred to as the "O's of Advent" because each one begins with that interjection:

"O Wisdom, that proceedest from the mouth of the Most High, reaching from end to end, disposing all things with strength and sweetness, come and teach us the way of prudence!

"O Adonai, and Leader of the house of Israel, who appearedst to Moses in the fire of the flaming bush, and gavest him the law on Sinai, come and redeem us by Thy outstretched arm!

"O Root of Jesse, who standest as the standard of the people, before whom Kings shall not open their lips, to whom the nations shall pray, come and deliver us; tarry now no more!

"O Key of David, and Sceptre of the House of Israel, who openest and no man shutteth, who shuttest and no man openeth, come and lead the captive from prison, sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death!

"O Orient, splendor of eternal light, and Sun of Justice, come and enlighten them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death!

"O King of nations, and their Desired One, and the Corner-Stone that maketh both one, come and save man whom thou formedst out of slime!

"O Emmanuel, our King and Lawgiver, the Expectation and Saviour of the nations, come and save us, O Lord our God!"

That these admirable antiphons contain the whole pith of the Advent Liturgy will be plain from the following commentary upon them, given by Caxton in his "*Legenda Aurea*,"—a commentary in which the reader will find the unction of St. Bernard and the tenderness of Blosius, with a charm of quaintness not to be described. If there is anything in the seven volumes of the "*Golden Legend*" more delightful than these passages, we are unfamiliar with it:

"The third thing that is showed to us of this coming of Our Lord in our bodily flesh is the utility and profit that cometh for the cause of the hurt and sickness general. For sith the malady was general, the medicine must be general, whereof saith S. Austin that: Then came the great medicine, when the great malady was through all the world. Whereof the holy Church remembereth in the seven anthems that be sung before the nativity of Our Lord, where the malady is showed in divers manners, and for each demandeth remedy of his malady of the physician. For tofore the coming of Our Lord we were ignorant and blind, bounden to pain perdurable, bond to the devil, allied to him by evil custom of sin, wrapped in darkness, and driven out of our country; and therefore we have great need of a doctor or teacher, of ayenbar [redeemer], of a deliverer, of a conductor, of a lighter or illuminer, and of a Saviour.

"Therefore then that we were ignorant, we had need that we were of him taught and learned. Therefore we cry in the first anthem: *O sapientia qui ex ore altissimi prodisti*, etc.—O sapience sovereign, which art descended from the mouth of the Most High, come to us and teach us the way of prudence. And forasmuch as it is over little for us to be taught, we demand in the second anthem to be again bought, and say: *O Adonai et dux domus Israel*,

etc.; *veni ad redimendum nos in brachio extenso*.—O Thou sovereign sire and prince of the House of Israel, come and ayenbye [redeem] us by Thy puissance, with arms stretched. But little should it profit us for to be taught and ayenbought if yet we were holden in prison fast shut. And therefore we demand to be delivered: *O Radix Jesse, veni ad liberandum, jam noli tardere*.—O Root of Jesse, come and deliver us and tarry not. And what availeth unto prisoners to be bought again and delivered, if they were not unbounden and free to go where they would? Little should it profit, and therefore we demand that we may be unbound and loosed from all bond of sin when we cry in the fourth anthem: *O clavis David*, etc.—O Key of David, that closeth that no man may open, and openest that no man may shut, come to us and cast the prisoner out of the prison that sitteth in darkness and shadow of death. For they that have been long in prison and dark places may not see clearly, but have their eyes dim. Therefore, after we be delivered from prison, it behoveth that our eyes be made clear and our sight illumined for to see whither we should go; and therefore we cry in the fifth anthem: *O Oriens splendor lucis eterne, veni et illumina sedentes in tenebris et umbra mortis*.—O Orient that art the resplendor of the eternal light, come and illumine them that sit in darkness and shadow of death; and if we were taught, lighted, unbound and bought, what should it avail to us but if we should be saved? And, therefore, we require to be saved; and therefore we say in the last two anthems—the sixth and the seventh—when we cry: *O Rex gentium, veni et salva hominem quem de limo formasti*.—O Thou King of peoples, come and save the man that Thou hast formed of the slime of the earth. And in the seventh: *O Emmanuel Rex et legifer noster veni ad salvandum nos, Domine Deus noster*.—O Emmanuel that art our King, and bearer of our law, our Lord, our God, come and save us.

"The profit of His coming is assigned of many saints in many manners; for Luke saith in the fourth chapter that our Lord was sent and came to us for seven profits, where he saith: The Spirit of our Lord is on me, which he rehearseth by order; He was sent for the comfort of the poor, to heal them that were sick in sin, to deliver them that were in prison, to teach them that were uncunning; to forgive sins, to buy again all mankind; and for to give reward to them that deserve it. And S. Austin putteth here three profits of His coming and saith: In this wretched world what aboundeth but to be born, to labor and to die. These be the merchandise of our region, and to these merchandises the noble merchant Jesus descended. And because all merchants give and take, they give that they have and take that they have not; Jesu Christ in His merchandise gave and took,—He took that which in this world aboundeth; that is to wit, to be born to labor and to die. He gave again to us to be born spiritually, to rise and reign perdurably. And He Himself came to us to take villanies [ignominy] and to give us honor, to suffer death and to give us life, to take poverty and to give us glory.

"S. Gregory putteth forth four causes of the profit of His coming: *Studebant omnes superbi de eadem stirpe progeniti, prospera vitæ præsentis appetere, adversa devitare opprobria fugere, gloriam sequi.*—They of the world, in their pride descended of the same lineage, studied to desire the prosperity of this present life, to eschew the adversities, to flee the reproofs and shames and to ensue the glory of the world. And our Lord came incarnate among them, asking and seeking the adversities, despising the prosperities, embracing villanies, fleeing all vain-glory. And He Himself which descended from glory, came; and He being come, taught new things, and in showing marvels suffered many evils. S. Bernard putteth other causes, and saith that we travail in this world for three manner of maladies

or sickness; for we be lightly deceived, feeble to do well, and frail to resist against evil. If we entend to do well, we fail; if we do pain to resist the evil, we be surmounted and overcome; and for this the coming of Jesu Christ was to us necessary. To that He inhabiteth in us, by faith He illumineth our eyes of the heart, and in abiding with us He helpeth us in our maladay, and in being with us He defendeth our frailty against our enemies. . . .

"Then let us pray that we may in this holy time so receive Him that at the day of judgment we may be received into His everlasting bliss. Amen."

What richness and quaintness! The non-Catholic editor of the Temple Classics edition of the "*Legenda Aurea*," which we have employed, tells us that he has read the work as many as six times, with unabated interest. The statement will be easily credited by any other reader.

"Happy is he," says the illustrious Abbot of Solesmes, "who prays with the Church, and unites his own petitions with those of this Spouse, who is so dear to her Lord that He gives her all she asks. It was for this reason that our Blessed Saviour taught us to say '*our Father*,' and not '*my Father*'; '*give us*,' '*forgive us*,' '*deliver us*,' and not '*give me*,' '*forgive me*,' '*deliver me*.' Hence we find that, for upward of a thousand years, the Church, who prays in her temples seven times in the day, and once again during the night, did not pray alone. The people kept her company, and fed themselves with delight on the manna which is hidden under the words and mysteries of the divine Liturgy. Thus initiated into the sacred cycle of the mysteries of the Christian year, the faithful, attentive to the teachings of the Spirit, came to know the secrets of eternal life; and, without any further preparation, a Christian was not unfrequently chosen by the bishops to be a priest, or even a bishop, that he might go and pour out on the people the treasures of wisdom and love which he had drunk in at the very fountainhead."

The Vengeance of Lucienne.

A STORY OF LIFE IN PARIS OF TO-DAY.

BY ALICE DEASE.

XX.

WHEN Lucienne reopened her eyes, she was lying in her own room. The servants had been terrified at the sight of their master carrying his inanimate burden. One had gone hastily for the doctor, a second lit the fire, while a third helped to administer the remedies that were at hand. They chafed her hands and feet, and tried vainly to press a few drops of brandy through the clenched teeth. At last she stirred faintly, and spoke in a feeble voice:

"Where am I?"

"You are at home, dear," answered her husband, holding her hand in his own. "Look at me! There, now! Don't you know your own room?"

"Who is speaking?" she asked, turning her head on the pillow and gazing vacantly at him.

"Lucienne! It is I—Raoul." He bent anxiously over her, murmuring under his breath: "Is it possible that she does not know me?"

"Don't shut the door!" she cried. "They have gone out by it. Oh!" — her voice rose to a discordant wail, — "oh, they are killing him, killing him! For he said, 'If this goes on it will kill me.'"

Raoul dropped her hand and sat as one turned to stone. Feeling herself free from his restraining clasp, Lucienne sat up in the bed, panting for breath, her face flushed, her hair hanging in disorder about her.

"She must lie down," whispered the frightened maid. "Make her lie down, sir, or she will catch her death of cold."

"Cold!" repeated Lucienne. "Oh, yes, it was very cold out on the terrace!"

"She is raving," said the maid, trying vainly to make her lie down.

"Go away!" said Raoul, in a low, hoarse voice.

"But, sir—" expostulated the maid.

"Go!" he repeated sternly. "I will see to her; if she wants you, I will call you."

His tone was peremptory, and the woman dared not disobey him.

Left alone, he insisted quietly though firmly on Lucienne lying down; then he drew up the blankets and held them over her. She did not resist him, but sighed deeply and lay still. Soon, however, she began to speak again.

"You were right, Lozares," she murmured. "You said he was a gambler."

Raoul raised his head quickly, and met his wife's gaze turned full upon him.

"Will you do something for me, sir?" she pleaded. "There is a knife sticking into me here," — she placed her hands upon her chest. "Please pull it out,—it is so painful!"

Raoul groaned in anguish.

"Lucienne," he said, taking her hands and speaking very distinctly. "Raoul is very much to be pitied."

"To be pitied!" she repeated. "Yes, I know it. But why do they go on singing and laughing? No one is doing anything to help him." Once again she sat up in bed. "Let us go to him."

"No," returned Raoul, firmly. "You must lie down. If you remain still, I promise he will come to you."

Just as he had persuaded her to keep still, the doctor was announced; and, after examining his patient, he found that she was suffering from an acute attack of pleurisy, with high fever.

"She has caught a severe cold," he said; "but that is not enough to account for the excitable state she is in. She must have had a shock of some kind as well."

"You are right," said Raoul, — "at least so I gather from what my wife has been saying in her delirium."

The doctor wrote out two prescriptions, which were handed to the servant; then, turning to Raoul, he asked whether he had taken any steps to procure a nurse.

The patient was quiet now, and seemed to be sleeping.

"When she wakes, is it likely that she will be delirious?" asked Raoul before answering the doctor's question.

"Probably,—at least at intervals."

"Then I think it would be better to have some one besides her maid."

"Most decidedly," replied the doctor. "Shall I send a nurse from the hospital?"

Raoul hesitated for a moment.

"Can you recommend a truly reliable person," he asked,—"some one who can be trusted to be discreet?"

The doctor nodded thoughtfully.

"I understand," he said. "A nursing Sister is what you want."

"Yes, certainly," said Raoul, eagerly. "It will be most kind if you will send one to us."

A few hours later a Bon Secours Sister was installed in charge of the case. But, even so, Raoul would not leave his wife's bedside; and when, worn out by all that he had gone through, he felt himself falling asleep, he made the Sister promise to wake him if his wife began to rave.

Presently the footman knocked at the door, and insisted on delivering a message to his master.

"M. de Charolles is outside," whispered the man, when Raoul had roused himself sufficiently to listen. "I told him that Madame was ill and that you were with her, sir; but he says he must see you, all the same."

"Give me a piece of paper."

The man had never before heard his master speak in so stern a voice, and he gave him what he asked without delay.

"It is useless for you to wait," he wrote. "I can not see you now; and as soon as I can do so, I will let you know. Can you not leave me in peace when I am overwhelmed by my own troubles?"

He sealed the note and handed it to the servant.

"That is the answer," he said shortly. "Give it to M. de Charolles." And as the man left the room, Raoul locked

the door and laid the key upon the table.

At that moment Lucienne sat up in bed and began to gaze wildly about.

"Another attack of fever is coming on," whispered the nun.

Raoul looked quickly toward the bed, then to the nurse, hesitating for a moment, and then speaking quickly and low.

"Sister," he said, "I am going to be perfectly open with you. I should like to be left alone with my wife. You will forgive me for asking this?"

"I am here to be a help and not a hindrance," the nun replied, with a smile. "You have only to tell me what you wish, and if I can I will do it. But please remember that it is of the utmost importance that the patient should not be allowed to throw off the blankets; everything depends upon her not catching further cold."

"I will take care," said Raoul, as he held open the door for her to pass out into the dressing-room.

Lucienne was moaning piteously and turning from side to side.

"What is it, dear?" he said tenderly.

"Take the band out of my hair," she begged. "And, oh, do let us go home! The light—the glare—the music! Oh, my heart is breaking!"

"Lucienne, tell me what is making you so unhappy?" he asked; but she would not answer; only when he repeated his question, she murmured brokenly:

"I have kept your secret, Lozares; but you do not know how heavy the burden is that you have laid upon me."

Raoul's expression changed. It was the second time she had spoken of this man.

"Lozares is far away, dear," he said; "he can not hear what you are saying."

But she did not heed him, and struggled to get up.

"Pedro, Pedro!" she cried agonizingly. "His name is not Gilbert: it is Frederic."

"Gilbert!" exclaimed Raoul, more and more bewildered. "But that is the name."

"The name?" she repeated. "How many names has he?" Then, without

pausing for an answer, she went on: "Get up, Pedro, and come with me. We must make him give up the money that he won so unfairly. It is mine. They have made me suffer too much for its loss, for me to be afraid. What! you will not come? Oh, I forgot! He can not come: his leg is broken. He is covered with blood." And she fell back shuddering on her pillows. "I understand. We can not move, either of us. We are both dead."

"Lucienne, Lucienne, you must not say that!" cried Raoul. "Lie quiet now and rest. You must try to get well for my sake,—for the sake of those who love you—your father and—"

"Hush! hush!" she said, rousing herself again. "You must not call my father. What would happen if he saw me kneeling here at Pedro's feet?"

"Always that accursed name!" muttered Raoul through his teeth. "What does it mean?"

"Raoul, Raoul!" said Lucienne. "He is breaking my heart. No, do not blame him. Only pity him. He is playing cards with the stranger,—the stranger who has hell in his eyes." Then she turned and clung to her husband. "Send him away. Don't let him touch me. Don't let him call me his sister. I know he is Louise's husband; but, oh, it was he who stole my fortune!"

"Lucienne," said her husband, trying hard to control his voice, "Frederic has nothing to do with you or your fortune."

"I know you think so, but that is our secret."

"Tell it to me, then."

"It was Pedro that staked the money, you know—"

"And Frederic de Charolles won it!" interrupted Raoul, a ray of understanding coming suddenly to him. He sprang to his feet. "When did he do that? Tell me all—when and where?"

Unconsciously Raoul's voice rose and sounded menacing in the poor dulled ears.

"Help, help!" she cried in sudden alarm. "I am afraid of this man."

The nun, hearing her patient's voice raised, now opened the door and asked if she was wanted.

"No, Sister," replied Raoul; but she came forward, and began to prepare the medicine that the doctor had ordered.

"She is worn out," she said, looking down at the frail white face. "She can not go on like this. She must take this medicine. It will soothe her for the time at least."

Lucienne took the dose without protest, and it began immediately to have effect.

"You ought to go and rest yourself," whispered the nun to Raoul. "She will be quiet now for some time, and later she may need you."

He hesitated for a moment; but the regular, labored breathing of Lucienne assured him that for the present she would say no more, and he went to his room.

It was easy for the nun to advise him to sleep, but he could not close his eyes. His head was in a whirl of conflicting thoughts. Were Lucienne's words merely the ravings of a mind unhinged by fever, or had they some foundation in reality? One thing was clear to him: Lucienne had in some mysterious manner seen him gambling at the Gerards in company with De Charolles; but was her accusation against this latter as regarded her own fortune in any way justified? What could she possibly know of De Charolles' affairs in the past?

"I ought to have confided in her," he muttered to himself. "It is more difficult to deceive a woman than a man, and I might have saved myself much if I had insisted on telling her all. God knows what she has found out."

It was useless to continue such thoughts as these, especially as there were duties awaiting him. His mother was unaware of Lucienne's sudden illness, and he could not delay further in letting her know of it. It did not take long to write her a few lines; but the second letter, that was of equal importance, could not be so hastily dispatched. Taking a sheet of paper

from his desk, he dipped his pen in the ink resolutely and wrote the date. Then, however, he paused, frowning and biting his penholder in indecision. Finally he took a fresh supply of ink and wrote the one word:

MADAME:—

Again he paused and looked at his handiwork. There was a movement in the next room, — a faint moan. His face softened at the sound; and, seizing the paper, he tore it across and threw it from him. Taking up another sheet, he began to write again:

MY DEAR MOTHER:—

Evidently this pleased him little better than his first attempt.

"Well, it can't be helped," he muttered. "It means nothing, and certainly it is more seemly than the other."

After a moment's hesitation he went on quickly with his letter:

Lucienne has caught cold, and will not be able to go to see you for a few days. Be not anxious about her. We hope she will be herself again in a short time.

Believe me, your—

He paused again. How could he finish his letter? How could he sign himself to the parents who were forbidden to enter the house that ought to have been as a second home to them? He pondered for a long time; then, with a movement of impatience, he tore this second letter into ribbons, and dashed off a third note. This one he was determined should be the last:

Madame Raoul Mauvoisin, being confined to the house for a few days by a cold, regrets that she will be unable to have the pleasure of visiting Monsieur and Madame de Barli. She begs that they will not be anxious on her account; and she will send them news of her progress each day until she is able, in person, to announce to them her complete recovery.

"There!" he said to himself, folding up the paper and thrusting it into an envelope. "That is what things have come to. A stranger would think I was writing to a tradesman. Well, it can't be helped."

He rang the bell and told the servant to take the note for Madame Mauvoisin to her house, and to put the other in the post.

"Remember," he said as the man went out, "no one but the nurse is to go into Madame's room, under any pretext whatsoever,—no one, remember."

XXI.

During the days that followed, Raoul was able to gather from Lucienne's incoherent words a more or less complete history of what her life had been since her marriage,—the slights, the sufferings, the self-restraint, but more than all else the deep and lasting love that his wife had borne him. Of Lozares and his connection with De Charolles in the past, he was still uninformed; and as Lucienne came back to full consciousness, it was impossible to question her in detail on a subject that would have excited her and renewed her fever.

At the end of three weeks the doctor pronounced her convalescent, and she was able to begin to occupy herself, thus freeing Raoul from his constant attendance upon her. It seemed, however, that the cloud that had hung over him so long departed each time that he went out; and, at last Lucienne determined to put in force a resolution that she had made during the quiet days after her illness.

"Raoul," she said, as he sat by her one evening, silent and preoccupied as usual, "there is something on your mind, and I want you to tell me what it is."

Lucienne expected to receive an evasive answer, but to her surprise Raoul made no attempt at denial.

"You are quite right, Lucienne," he said sadly: "there is a heavy weight upon me, that is crushing me to the very earth."

"My poor dear!" she said. "Can you not tell me what it is? Perhaps I could help you to bear it. I think God has spared my life that I may be some comfort to you in this trial that I have seen hanging over you for so long. O dear

Raoul, won't you trust me and tell me what it is?"

"I do trust you," replied Raoul; "and I am sorry that, up to this, I have allowed myself to be persuaded to keep this secret from you. But, first of all, Lucienne, tell me one thing. You ask for my confidence, you want me to be open with you, but have you not kept something secret from me too? Have you been open with me?"

Lucienne's pale cheeks flushed.

"What do you mean?" she questioned in a startled tone.

"You must not disturb yourself," he said, "or I will not let you talk any more. Remember, I am not finding fault with you: I only want to know why you have kept from me the fact of your intercourse with—"

"With whom?" The question burst from Lucienne's white lips, and Raoul answered in a whisper:

"With Pedro Lozares."

For a moment she was silent, lying back so still and white upon the cushions of her chair that he thought, with sudden fear, she had fainted, and he reached across to seize the bottle of smelling-salts that the nurse had left at her side. As he did so she put up her hand and held his in her own.

"Forgive me!" she murmured. "Had it been only you yourself, I should not have feared to trust you."

"Then it is true that you know where this man is,—that you have seen him?"

She made a sign of affirmation, but she could not speak, and the tears began to trickle slowly down her cheeks.

"Don't cry, dear!" he said. "You know I am not angry with you. I only want to know the whole truth. How long is it since you have known his whereabouts?"

"Nearly a year."

"A year!"

Controlling herself, she told him how she had first discovered the fugitive's hiding-place and the state in which he was.

"Believe me," she said, "I would not have kept his secret if any restitution had

been possible; but what good would it have done us all to drag him from his hiding-place, beggared, crippled, dying? It would only have hardened him; whilst as it is—O Raoul, if you knew how truly he repents, you would not blame me!"

"Blame you!" He looked down at her, and in that moment he was prouder of her and loved her better than ever before. "Give me his address," he said gently. "I must go to see him."

He handed her a pencil and a piece of paper, and she wrote down what he asked.

"And you really think one can believe what the scoundrel says?"

"Yes, I am sure of it," she answered firmly. "He is sincerely sorry, and I do not think anything would make Pedro Lozares deceive me now."

"Very well. There is no use in putting it off," said Raoul. "I may as well go to see him at once."

"Promise me not to be too severe," she pleaded, as he moved to go.

And, looking down upon her in her weakness and her fragile beauty, he kissed her tenderly, and promised to do as she wished.

On reaching the outer door of the apartment, Raoul paused for a moment as though a thought had struck him; and, putting down his hat, he went slowly back to his wife's room.

"No, I have not started yet," he said in answer to her look of surprise. "I want to ask you another question. It may be better that I should know all before I see Lozares. Am I right in thinking that he said something about De Charolles?"

"Who told you that?" cried Lucienne, breathlessly.

"Some one whose word you would find it very hard to disprove."

"I don't understand," said Lucienne. "I am sure I have been as silent as the grave, and have never told a single soul."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Raoul.

She gazed at him a moment in amazement, then a light broke in upon her.

"Ah, I understand!"

"No one heard your wanderings but myself," Raoul hastened to reassure her,—
"not even good Sister Claire."

"So you know all! How wonderful are God's ways, and how little use it is for us to plan and strive without Him! I have thought and thought how I could ever tell you, and now you know all."

"Perhaps not *all*," replied her husband.
"Remember, you were very incoherent."

"Then do you wish me to tell it to you again?"

"Yes, dear!"

"I spoke of De Charolles?"

"Yes, several times. It is about him that I want to question Lozares. Is it really the case that your fortune passed into his hands?"

"Not all of it, but a great part."

"And he knows it?"

She bowed her head. Then, as Raoul remained silent, absorbed in thought, Lucienne questioned him further:

"What else did I say?"

"You told of what occurred at Madame Gerard's party."

"Then you know that I saw all?"

Raoul sighed deeply, and Lucienne moved nearer to him.

"For your own sake," she pleaded, "free yourself from that man's influence. He treats you as a tool,—uses you to pander to his passions."

"Stop, dear! I am less weak than you think,—less weak and more unfortunate. But, as you know so much, I had better tell you all. When a man imagines himself a financial genius, he plays with millions as a child plays with a handful of sand. Then, when he quits the broad, open road of honesty and follows crooked paths, there is but one thing before him."

"What!" she cried. "Do you mean that De Charolles' fortune is in danger?"

"Nay, more: I may say it is lost."

"Raoul!" There was no thought of self in the anguish that the single word betrayed. "Ruin, ruin on every side!"

"Yes, ruin," said Raoul in a choked voice; "and worse—dishonor."

"Will his bank cease payment?"

"Probably. Nothing is known for certain, as nothing is as yet absolutely lost, but everything is on the verge of ruin. Your fortune was lost by an outsider; ours—"

Lucienne was stunned by what she had heard. Her parents had taken the news of their loss hardly enough; but to the Mauvoisins, whose lives were lived for nothing but pleasure and display, such a blow would be absolutely crushing.

Raoul was shocked to see how terribly she took his revelations to heart, and he feared to have done her harm in her weak state.

"I ought not to have told you this so soon," he began; "but it was necessary that I should know as much as possible about Lozares—or, rather, about what he knew of Frederic."

"You should have asked me sooner," said Lucienne. "I am quite well now."

"But how could you be so foolish as to run the risks you did that night?"

"How could I think of being prudent at such a time? Raoul, tell me who the stranger was?"

"An American, an adventurer, whom Frederic had got hold of. He was always on the lookout for partners for me. It was he who got the man his invitation from the Gerards."

"And—"

"He told me about his losses at Croisic, when—I need not go into such details."

"No, for I knew that too. He told you of his impending ruin whilst he left me hanging on the ladder of the lighthouse."

"Don't speak of it!" cried Raoul, covering his eyes with his hand. "It comes back too vividly to me still."

"Tell me more," she pleaded.

"I promised him I would come back to Paris at once. He said I could be of use to him, but it was not until after our return that he unfolded his scheme. He knew that I was extraordinarily lucky at cards, and at the club I was considered a good player. The fool had faith in

making money at cards; but if he himself had been seen gambling, his name would have been brought into discredit in banking circles. No one will ever know what I have gone through during these last months. I should never have undertaken to help him if it had not been for Louise and the credit of the family; but I have drunk the dregs of humiliation. And, then, the sickening excitement of those games, where the stakes were sometimes as high as two hundred thousand francs!"

"O Raoul, how awful! And what happened when you lost?"

"I had to pay up. The Count advanced the money,—borrowed it for the occasion. When I won—and certainly my luck has been marvellous,—I paid my winnings in to him at once. He has been able in this way, and without exciting any suspicion (for no one guessed at our collaboration), to pay interest, amounting to seven or eight hundred thousand francs, on capital that he is supposed to have secured, but that is really lost. He did not intend to go on like this: his plan was merely to gain time until an expected rise in certain stocks set him on his feet again. If he had not assured me of this, nothing would have persuaded me to help him; for no one but a lunatic could think that gambling could keep such a business as his afloat for any length of time. No, all he asked was to gain time. The rise did come as he had foretold, but he did not benefit by it as much as he anticipated. Another movement, however, is expected to take place any day now, and our salvation or our total ruin hangs on this—or, rather, on the possibility of keeping things afloat until the change comes; and every day this seems less possible. He has borrowed money right and left. There is not a bank in Paris that would advance him another franc. If he can hang on, things will right themselves. He will be able to meet his present liabilities; and as for the future, others at least will not have to suffer."

"My poor Raoul! Why did you not tell me all this sooner?"

Raoul shook his head.

"You knew that I would have done all in my power to dissuade you?" went on Lucienne.

"Frederic made me swear to keep it secret. It is extraordinary how he feared you."

"Does Louise suspect anything?" asked Lucienne.

"No. It is far better she should not. She will know all soon enough."

"And your parents?"

"No, indeed!"

"But, Raoul, is it right to keep your father in the dark? Could he not do something to help?"

Again he shook his head.

"No, Lucienne. From De Charolles' story, I think he has been made use of already, though he is no more aware of it than the other clients of the bank."

"Do you mean to say that they will be involved in his ruin?"

"I am afraid so."

"O Raoul, Raoul, what can we do for them?"

"Nothing at present, except to keep this awful thing from them as long as possible. Ah, well! I have tired you too much already. Rest now whilst I go and visit that other robber."

"Don't be too hard on him. Tell him I sent you to him,—that you are my messenger."

"Then," said Raoul, smiling sadly, "that means that I must be more than lenient with him."

"Raoul," said Lucienne very earnestly, as he rose to leave her, "up to this we have both been in the wrong. We have tried to bear our own burden unaided, without seeking help from each other, and we have been punished."

He took her quickly in his arms and held her to him.

"You are right as usual," he answered. "In the past we have suffered separately; but the troubles that I fear the future

holds for us, we will bear together."

He had told her to rest, but she was too much upset by all she had heard to be able to keep still; and she paced the room, her mind filled with anguish. Wherever she turned, sorrow seemed to be pressing upon her. For her own share in the Mauvoisins' fortune she gave no thought. She knew now that Raoul loved her, that he was at last really her own; and, with this knowledge, poverty was preferable to the lonely enjoyment of bodily comforts that had been hers for so long.

But her parents-in-law? Involuntarily her own father's words came back to her; and shudderingly she put her hands to her ears, as though she could thus shut out the remembrance of them. "May they be humbled to the dust! May I live to see that woman wounded to the heart by one of her own children!"

"O my God," murmured Lucienne, "do not listen to such words! The pleadings of the sorrowful rise up to Heaven, but not their curses. I also am sorrowful; and, by the sorrows of Thy Son, I beg for pardon and for mercy!"

Kneeling, she took out her Rosary and began to repeat the prayers that have carried comfort to so many aching hearts, till she too was comforted; and, although her tears still fell, the bitterest sting of sorrow had passed away.

XXII.

"Well?" asked Lucienne, when Raoul returned. "Tell me about your visit to Lozares."

"My dear," he said gravely, "there are things that must be seen to be believed."

"Then you no longer blame me?"

He smiled as he made answer:

"I have promised to take you to see your protégé as soon as you are able to face those stairs again."

"O Raoul!" Her eyes were wet as she raised them to his. "That is your best, your real self!"

"Who could have imagined that the day would ever come when I should say

this to you about the murderer of our happiness?" he went on.

"But our happiness is not dead," said Lucienne. "True, for a time it was threatened; but now, with God's help, we shall make it secure again."

"The foundations will need to be firm," returned Raoul, sighing; "for they will have much to withstand."

"Will the information that Pedro gave you be of use?" asked Lucienne.

"Yes, it will. He told me everything he knew about De Charolles; and I find that several of the partners with whom he made me play are well-known gamblers, who often played with him when he himself used to make the money fly over the green tables."

"Then what do you propose doing?"

"Nothing can be done now until we know our fate. If we manage to escape complete ruin — and there is still hope, if we can tide over the next few days, — Louise and the children must be provided for. Then I shall have to tell my father the state of the case, and we shall insist upon De Charolles' affairs going into liquidation. That will enable us to prevent any possibility of such things happening again: it will tie his hands completely. If it can not be managed otherwise, Pedro must appear as witness against him."

"Will that be necessary?" she asked anxiously. "You know I promised to keep him safe from pursuit."

"There is time enough to see to that," replied Raoul. "If the worst comes, we can withdraw our charge against him, and that will insure his safety; so you need not worry about him. I shall not forget that he is your property. Certainly you paid for him dearly enough. But, Lucienne, I must own that I was really touched by him. No one who saw him could doubt for a moment the sincerity of his regret."

"How dear of you to say so!" exclaimed Lucienne.

"You see, I am not so bad," returned Raoul, smiling. "But now I must go out again. I came straight back to you after

seeing Lozares, as I knew you would be anxious to hear of the interview; still it is most important that I should go to the Bourse. De Charolles does not expect any change for another week; but one can not judge how things are going on unless one is on the spot. I was nearly forgetting a piece of good news that I have for you. Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille and her sister have come home. They were to have stayed in the country till November; but Madame de Mantelon was not feeling well, so they thought it wiser to return. The Negro paid Lozares a visit the day before yesterday."

"That is good news indeed!" exclaimed Lucienne. "But, remember, they know nothing of Lozares' antecedents, and they must never be informed. To them, as to others, he is just Manuel, a poor Spaniard,—nothing more."

"I am not so sure of their ignorance," answered Raoul; "but, in any case, they shall learn nothing from me."

"Did you say that José had been to see Pedro two days ago?"

"Yes: the day before yesterday," said Raoul.

"Then they must have been back for three or four days. Do you think it would be too soon for me to go to see them this afternoon?"

"You! But, Lucienne, you have not been out since your illness. You are not strong enough yet to pay visits."

"Only this one!" pleaded Lucienne. "It would not tire me in the least just to drive there and back again. There are no stairs or anything."

"Wrap yourself up well, then, dear; and I will call a carriage for you."

(Conclusion next week.)

SURELY it is not worth while for us to cumber our lives with the things which we can grasp at best for a little time, when we may lay hold of things that shall be ours for ten thousand times ten thousand years.—*What is Worth While.*"

Silent Souls.

I WAS reading "The Flowers of St. Francis,"
Those poems of exquisite grace,
Where we seem to be listening to angels,
Or speaking with saints face to face.
I was reading one sweeter than others,
And its charm was still ever the same;
Though I conned the page over and over,
The richer its lesson became.

Have you read it? The wonderful meeting,—
Brother Giles and King Louis of France?
How their hearts were too full of God's sweetness
To utter one word in their trance?
How they knelt at the convent's gray portal,
Arms locked, as they clasped breast to breast,
And parted without a word spoken,
The friar or Louis, his guest?

Then the brethren, indignant on learning
That the King was so treated by Giles,
Went forth to upbraid the dear friar,
And found him all beaming with smiles.
"Twas surely," quoth they, "most uncivil,
A King from afar and a Saint,
For Giles not a word to have spoken!
The convent doth ring with complaint."

Methinks I can see the good friar
Uplifting his meek holy face,
The smile of God's joy brimming over
Each feature with beautiful grace;
Methinks I can see his poor habit
All shining with heavenly light,
And hear his soft words full of wonder,
Outfloating like music at night.

"My brethren beloved, I pray you
Grieve not o'er this thing that you see.
I could not hold speech with King Louis,
Nor could he hold converse with me.
The weak tongue of man is too feeble
The soul's thrilling rapture to tell,
And words do but fetter the spirit:
In *silence* God's mysteries dwell.

"And so the good King has departed,
O'erflowing with joy from above;
The Master His will has imparted
In *silent* communion of love.

So, brethren beloved, I pray you
 Grieve not o'er this thing that you see.
 In silence my soul spoke to Louis,
 In silence his soul spoke to me."

Do you wonder, my friend, that this "Flower"
 Has laid its soft touch on my heart,
 That I hasten to gather its fragrance,
 And muse on its mystical part?
 Our souls, like the friar and Louis,
 May dream in the silence of love,—
 Blessèd dreams, at the feet of the Master,
 That will blossom in heaven above.

MERCEDES.

The Power of Holiness.

NUMBERLESS stories of conversions to the true Faith prove that the sacred saying, "By their fruits ye shall know them," embodies a principle that is, consciously or unconsciously, influencing very many non-Catholics who come into habitual contact with their Catholic fellow-citizens. Example still drags where words only lead, if indeed they accomplish even that much. One example that can not but be effective in a multitude of cases was eloquently discussed by Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, recently, in a lecture on "The Lights of Home." He said:

"The infinite pathos of a lost soul,—the soul of one who sinks a victim when she might be a saint! Would you take her into your comfortable, respectable homes? Oh, no! Your houses are not reform schools, and least of all for such as they. You have your good names to guard. The women who of all others are most charitable are sometimes, by the very exigency of the case, compelled to let pass the enemy,—for such they must regard the unconverted Magdalen. And yet for such there is one door open; for such there is one hand offered in helping kindness, with no rod to scourge, no threat to make,—a hand not from out the darkness to drag down to sin, but a hand set in light to lift up and save. There is, I

say, just one to offer it, who in doing so fears not the censure of the pharisee nor the criticism of the world, but who from out the very soul of the Church itself, white-robed and immaculate, can stoop down to where there is sin and weakness and shame and death; and who, remaining still white-robed and immaculate, can draw back to home and hope and happiness those who otherwise were broken and crushed forever.

"Need I say that I refer to the white-robed Sister, who bears the title that the Good Shepherd gives to those who follow Him, and who, as a Sister of the Good Shepherd, will help to guard and defend the flock of Christ? And this in itself is a proof of the intrinsic holiness and goodness of the Church,—that, on the one hand, it can ask in consecration the souls of those who serve as Sisters of the Good Shepherd, and lead and guard them in the way of purity and goodness and holiest living, and arm them with a shield of immaculate armor. It tells them that, while cultivating those virtues, they shall go out as the Good Shepherd went after the lost sheep of the House of Israel; and, remaining untainted themselves, bring back the tainted ones who have fallen by the way; bring them back in all kindness and mercy and forgiveness, and give them home and hope, and the heritage that awaits those who will follow them in the footsteps of the Good Shepherd.

"I say that this is proof paramount of the intrinsic holiness of the Church,—that it can ever set beside weakness ineffable strength; set facing those whom the world regards as lepers and outcasts, her own servants robed in the mantle of their purity and goodness, and tell them to do and dare what the world's strongest might dare to do and fail. No thought is there of the world's ways, its hypocrisy or its criticism; no fear expressed that they who would try to save others may themselves be lost; but rather the fixed purpose, in God's name, to struggle for those who may be brought

back to His faith, and be made the beneficiaries of His mercy; her very garments evidencing that she carries wherever she goes the white flower of a blameless life."

Let it be added that "the women who of all others are most charitable," excusable as the good Archbishop declares them to be for avoiding personal contact with their fallen sisters, may still find full scope for their charity in holding up the hands of the nuns whose eulogy he so eloquently pronounces. There are many and varied services which may be rendered to these Sisters of the Good Shepherd by the well-to-do and the charitably inclined,—the service of encouragement in their arduous labors, of patronage of their industrial works, of financial assistance in their days of trial and reverses, of spiritual assistance in the coin of fervent prayer. If not at first-hand, then at second, the most respectable of women may thus cooperate in what is surely a peculiarly blessed work.

Books as Christmas Gifts.

WHATEVER objections speculative philosophy may urge against the immemorial custom of Christmas giving, whatever strictures be passed upon it by the ultra-practical and the grasping—the Gradgrinds and the Scrooges of everyday life,—the custom happily still obtains, and is likely to survive as long as humanity's heart is warmed by the annual message of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will." As the blithesome Christmas-tide approaches, the question which the average man or woman finds most vexing has to do, not with the propriety of giving or not giving, but with the nature of the gift that will as a matter of course be made.

Just what will prove to be the most acceptable and appropriate present, within the scope of one's means, may well become a perplexing matter; and a glance at

the innumerable objects proffered by the merchants as suitable Christmas boxes is often calculated to increase, rather than diminish, the difficulty of one's choice. The one class of gifts in offering which there is perhaps the greatest probability of choosing well is books. Their variety is commensurate with the multiplex differences to be found in concrete humanity. It is said that a certain poor woman, on seeing the ocean for the first time, was delighted. "It was grand," she said, "to see something of which there was enough for everybody." Now, there are books enough, and to spare, for everyone; and modern bookmaking has put the best works at so moderate a price that the most scantily-furnished purse may contain the wherewithal to provide several excellent and permanently valuable Christmas boxes.

Of the appropriateness of books as gifts at any time, there is scarcely need to speak. Due regard being had to a judicious choice of volumes, to suiting the age, state, culture, and taste of the recipient, there are few presents likely to afford more gratification, or apt to keep the donor's memory green so long. "Next to acquiring good friends," says Colton, "the best acquisition is that of good books." Nay, a book is a friend. "A good book," declares the Proverbial Philosopher, "is the best of friends, the same to-day and forever." As the scholarly fourteenth-century Bishop, Richard de Bury, puts it: "Books are masters who instruct us without rods or ferules, without words or anger, without bread or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if you seek them, they do not hide; if you blunder, they do not scold; if you are ignorant, they do not laugh at you." The veritable book-lover, even nowadays, adopts at times the procedure of Erasmus, who used to say: "When I get a little money, I buy books; and if any is left, I buy food and clothes."

No one, then, need worry over the choice of a gift by which to testify at

Christmastide his esteem of a neighbor or his remembrance of an absent friend. Let him simply visit a bookstore or consult a publisher's catalogue, and his difficulty will be soon resolved. And, as has been said, suitable gifts of this nature may be secured at prices within the reach of the least affluent. To take the extreme limit of cheapness, the ordinary Christmas card costs as much as does a pamphlet of the Catholic Truth Society; and the majority of such cards are as expensive as are numberless paper or cloth bound volumes,—as those, for instance, of our own Maroomma Library. Would not one's autographed Christmas greetings on the fly-leaf of such a pamphlet or volume, selected with taste and judgment, afford greater pleasure to a friend or acquaintance than the stereotyped and ephemeral card? If economy be not a requisite, the scope of one's choice is, of course, quite unrestricted. From fifty or a hundred cents to fifty or a hundred dollars, the prices range; and the most extravagant not less than the most saving of givers will find no difficulty in securing what he desires.

Let another word be said as to two specific Christmas boxes of the general class which we have been discussing. An excellent gift at this season is a year's subscription to a good Catholic magazine or paper; and about as certain a way as the writer knows of wasting a dollar and fifty cents is to give it in exchange for the average "best-selling novel."

"If every night, before we go to sleep," says Father Faber, "we begged our dear Lady to offer up to God the Precious Blood of her Divine Son for grace to hinder one mortal sin somewhere in the world, during that night, and then renewed the same offering in the morning, for the hours of daylight, surely such an offering, and by such hands, could not fail to win the grace desired, and thus each one of us might probably hinder numbers of mortal sins every year."

A Game Disgraced.

NOW that the football season is well over, it is to be hoped that all open-minded advocates of this game will be disposed to consider some objections to its American type,—that it is exceedingly dangerous to life and limb, and calculated to develop brutalizing instincts both in those who take part in it and in those who look on. Of the danger, there can be no question. The number of fatalities reported during the season proves that the sport is an extremely dangerous one. But, instead of developing the brute dormant in human nature, the defenders of college football contend that it makes for manliness, and militates against "molly coddling,"—as if manhood meant physical strength rather than moral courage; as if due care for physical well-being and the preservation of life were something to be despised.

What serious objections can there be to a sport that is encouraged by so many eminent educators, that is so much patronized by the reverend clergy and the sex called gentle, and that has become nationally popular? It would indeed be quite useless for ordinary persons to offer any objections, and they may as well spare themselves trouble and abuse. But the defenders of football ought to be willing to listen to what military men have to say about it,—men like William Everett Hicks, associate editor of the *Army and Navy Journal*; and Col. John S. Mosby, Confederate chieftain and alumnus of the University of Virginia. Both denounce the game in severe terms. The former declares: "Viewed as a necessary part of the training of a cadet, it will be found not only unessential, but, without question, detrimental to the best interests of the military education of cadets, and opposed to the spirit of modern tactics."

In expressing his objections to the popular sport, Col. Mosby decried the college ideals of manhood. He compared the

game to actual warfare, to the detriment of the former; maintained that the great number of fatalities represents so many murders, and proclaimed that the past and present ideals of manhood in the great American universities represent the distance between Stonewall Jackson and John L. Sullivan. The veteran Confederate officer, whom nobody ever accused of being a molly coddle—no one certainly that had to contend against him during our Civil War,—remarked further:

I have read with indignation mingled with sorrow the account of the murder of young Christian, a student of the University of Virginia, in a football game in Washington with Georgetown University. I use the word murder advisedly,—the killing was not an accident. The very fact that a university surgeon went on with the team shows that they were going to war. They neglected, however, to provide an ambulance to carry off the wounded. . . . The inductive philosophy teaches that the main object of education should be to gain the empire of mind over matter. Even man is by no means a mere collision of physical forces. Napoleon would have made a poor quarterback.

Well said. Let us hear no more about the importance of football as a means of developing manly qualities, or of the military value of this sport.

It is gratifying to learn that the New York Board of Education has passed a resolution ordering that football in the public schools of the city be abolished on and after January 1. Speaking in favor of this resolution, Mr. Frederick R. Coudert said: "There have been twenty-seven deaths from this game during the past season, and a large number of young men were injured. The game is barbaric and brutal and ought not to be tolerated in our public schools. Dr. Butler of Columbia, has had the good sense to abolish it from that University. It has been shown that when a football player has been injured and appears in another game when partly recovered, the opposing players mass their men against this injured youth so as to overcome him. . . . The game is worse than it ever was, and all talk of reforming it amounts to nothing."

Notes and Remarks.

We are in favor of very strict discipline in all such institutions as West Point and Annapolis. There should be severe punishment for the slightest infraction of rules on the part of young men whose duty it will some time be to maintain discipline in our army and navy. Regulations are made to be observed, not to be dispensed with; and future officers should be taught that no order of their superiors can be disobeyed with impunity. Things that would be trifling elsewhere are highly important wherever special training is imparted and characters are being formed. A master or mistress of novices or head of a seminary not constantly attentive to so-called "small matters" would be sadly out of place. To check all wrong tendencies—*a fortiori*, to combat positive disorders of every kind—is the plain duty of those who exercise authority, and would have their subordinates rendered thoroughly reliable and efficient.

Nevertheless, we hope the Department will grant the petition of the first class at the Naval Academy in behalf of a member who has been suspended for intoxication and faces dismissal. His classmates pledge themselves not to touch liquor until graduation day if he is reinstated. Such action proves them to be a noble band of young fellows, and goes to show that the associate for whom it was taken, in spite of his delinquency, must be worthy of their comradeship. The Secretary of the Navy, it is assuring to know, though a strict disciplinarian, is not a narrow one.

Carelessness, incompetency, avarice, and notoriety-seeking on the part of many who practise medicine and surgery in this country have not only brought a noble profession into some disrepute, but threaten a popular reaction against the claims of science. The number of people already resorting to what is called mental-

healing is surprisingly large. Physicians and surgeons of the class referred to are undoubtedly responsible in great measure for this movement, if it can be called such; but much blame also attaches to the self-styled "specialists," camp-followers of eminent scientists like Koch and Pasteur, who push the germ theory to the front on every possible occasion, and scent the remotest danger of an epidemic. The germ theory has been overworked by the medical fraternity. According to Dr. William C. Wood, health officer of the District of Columbia, the custom of waving a handkerchief in the air for salutation or farewell is dangerous. "Nearly every contagious disease can be communicated in this manner," he says. "When a handkerchief is waved, the wind blows the germs from it. Typhoid fever, scarlet fever, tuberculosis, smallpox, chicken pox, measles, leprosy and diphtheria may thus be spread."

As the *Chicago Inter Ocean* very sensibly remarks: "This may be taken as the last word of the one-ideal, germ-haunted specialists who are so concerned with making life safe that it apparently never occurs to them to leave it tolerable."

Many readers will thank us for reproducing from the *Apostolate* (Dubuque, Iowa) the following extract from Archbishop Keane's reminiscences of the two great English Cardinals, Newman and Manning:

It was in 1873 that I first had the happiness of seeing him [Newman]. I journeyed to his Oratorian College, near Birmingham, as if it were a place of pilgrimage. I found him just what I had expected: remarkable and majestic in appearance, modest and humble in character, childlike in the simplicity of his manner, frank and open-hearted toward the young American priest who had come so far to see him. We talked of his books, which had long been classics with me; of the conversion of England, of the growth of the Church in America and the intellectual attitude of non-Catholics toward her there. He took me all through the college, explaining everything with fatherly simplicity. And when I tore myself away from a presence

in which I would have loved to linger, I knelt as I would before a saint and insisted on his blessing me. Sixteen years later I saw him again, but he was a dying man. He could speak but little; so I had to be content with assuring him of my unchanging affection and veneration, and once more receiving his blessing. I was in London just before the solemn funeral service for Newman, which was there held in the church of the Oratorians. Cardinal Manning told me that he was to preach on the occasion. But he himself was then rapidly losing strength, and I respectfully urged that the effort would be too much for him. But with his characteristic positiveness he said: "Even were I sure that I should drop in the pulpit, I shall pay this tribute to Newman." And he did; and since the days of St. Basil and St. Gregory the ages have offered no more touching spectacle. Death brought them closer together than life had done, and together they will influence the thought of the opening century.

The latter portion of the foregoing extract will be especially pleasant reading for those who were grieved and shocked a few years ago by the biography which some one felicitously styled "Purcell's attempt on the life of Manning."

An English member of Parliament having quite unnecessarily exposed either his ignorance or his bigotry by writing of Spain as "a dark and superstitious country," the *London Catholic Times* quotes for his benefit the declaration of a brother Englishman, a Protestant clergyman, who possesses the elementary qualification of knowing something of his subject. In a work on "The Spanish Black Country," the Rev. Mr. Rose, M. A., states that the Spaniard contrasts very favorably with the Englishman by avoiding cant. It is a thing unknown to him; "nor does he ever condemn, or even harshly judge, the religion of his neighbor. And in this last-named point, both among high and low, the Roman Catholic Church strikes me as grafting a more favorable, because a more modest and charitable, spirit upon her sons. Where all are under the Church and her decrees, there, then, is found no egotism, no exaltation of self, no religious pride." As to the "darkness," Mr. Rose

writes: "The Spaniard sings as he goes to his work, sings at his work, sings as he returns from it; plucks the bright flower of the *campo* to put in his buttonhole; loves society and good-fellowship, and spends his evening trolling forth to the tinkling guitar the wild ditties of his land, of love and mirth and jest. How different is the Englishman! Life is no jest to him: rather it is a serious reality. In silence he wends his way in the grey morn to his work; silently he works; silently he returns homeward; silently he smokes his clay pipe and drinks his muddy ale, only now and then speaking a word or two,—these words being the result of the musing of many minutes."

On the whole, the critical member of Parliament does not seem to have been quite accurate in his choice of epithets. 'Tis not so long ago that many persons on this side of the Atlantic were equally unfortunate in their strictures on Spain and her people.

That was a truly inspiring speech made on Thanksgiving Day by Mr. Michael J. Ryan, of Philadelphia, at the great Holy Name reunion, held in Shamokin, Pa. His subject was "The Mission of the Catholic Layman," and here is part of what he said:

That so many men who admire the Church in the abstract refrain from uniting with her is often due to the convincing proofs which we in our own persons give—that the faith we proclaim as ours is not a living guiding faith, but a thing merely of form. How can we believe in the Real Presence, they reason, when from our lips fall in blasphemy the words that give to our professions the living lie? How can we believe in the God of charity and love when our thoughts and words and deeds breathe only hatred and envy and ill-will? How can we believe in a God of justice when we cheat and defraud our fellowmen and rob our laborers of their due? How can we believe that our Church leads us nearer to God and to righteousness when so often our people are found aiders and abettors, openly or covertly, as instruments or principals of the new form of treason to the Republic,—these terrible crimes against the purity of the ballot?

I speak plainly, because each in his own

person may be an apostle for the right. Each and every one of us may for himself, and in his own sphere of influence, wield the sword of reform. If each of us here to-day, going out from this holy place, would, with God's grace, promise to endeavor never to let fall from his lips the sacred name of Jesus except in prayer and praise; never to say the unkind thing about his neighbor; and, if he can not utter the word of appreciation, to remain silent; to give every man that which is his due, and to scorn as the sin which cries to Heaven for vengeance, the depriving the laborer of his wages; to curb his passions and restrain his fiery temper, remembering that it takes two to make a quarrel, and that the soft answer "turneth away wrath"; to abstain entirely, if at all possible, from intoxicating liquors—in that lies his safety,—but to refrain at all hazards from drinking to excess; to be loyal to his political party convictions whatever they may be; but determined to preserve the purity and honesty of elections, no matter what the result; to administer to wretchedness among the lowly, feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, remembering that the poor are our brethren,—if each of us would but succeed in living the truly Catholic life in this Republic, then again, as in the olden days of Rome, would be heard the cry, "These Christians—their God must be the true God; see how they love one another!" And the open-minded Americans with whom we live, and who are eager as the saintliest among you for salvation, would kiss with lips of faith the Cross of the Redeemer, and join your ranks as servitors of the Holy Name of Jesus.

It is easy to believe that such words from a layman proved as effective for good as the most eloquent of Thanksgiving Day sermons.

They have no Carnegie hero-medals down in Mexico; but it appears that, given the occasion, the plain, ordinary, workaday people of the Republic know how to provide a tolerable substitute therefor. They are going, for instance, to erect a statue in memory of one of themselves who, something more than a year ago, transcended the commonplace and gave his life for his friends and neighbors. Here is the story as briefly told in the *Sacred Heart Review*:

Garcia was engineer of a train loaded with explosives of tremendous power. Through some accident, fire broke out in this dangerous load,

and was discovered by the engineer just as the train arrived at the little town of Nacozari. He might have jumped from the engine and escaped with his life; but then the cluster of little homes around the station, with their unsuspecting inhabitants, would have been destroyed in the explosion that was inevitable and imminent. Garcia did not jump. He was only a Mexican,—one of those poor Catholic barbarians about whose “civilization” and “Christianization” so much cant is spoken; but he did not quail at the noble deed which his countrymen are now about to perpetuate. Instead of running away from danger, he chose to die at his post. He stuck to his engine, and, putting on all speed possible, ran the train, with its burning load of explosives, past the little town. Scarcely had the train got beyond it when a terrific explosion shattered the cars to pieces. Garcia had saved Nacozari, but he had lost his own life.

Our fellow-countrymen have learned fairly well the lesson that heroism is not confined to the “better” or “higher” classes of society; some of them, however, require an occasional example like the foregoing to remind them that nobility of character and genuine magnanimity are not circumscribed by geographical lines.

To the Christmas number of the *Catholic World*, Emilie Louise Haley contributes an interesting and valuable paper on “Catholics and the Public Library.” Much of it deals with an explanation of the highly satisfactory system in vogue in the public library of Cleveland, her experience in the working out of that system furnishing the writer, in all probability, with the grounds for this altogether sane opinion:

The ideal solution of the problem of how the Public Library may benefit Catholics lies in the perfect co-operation of the Public Library authorities and Catholics. The part sustained by the Public Library in this plan of co-operation is principally to furnish Catholic books. And this should be done, not because they are demanded and used, but because every reputable Public Library should, for its own sake, include the representative Catholic books. Surely the Catholic Church and its numerous religious institutions and its members have held a vastly important position in the world's history. No one would attempt to deny the

influence of the Church in all ages. Therefore every Public Library, in order to attest its worth and its thoroughness, should have on its shelves all the best Catholic books,—the books that explain the philosophy and the teaching of the Church; Catholic authors narrating the life of Christ; books of Catholic devotion; Catholic lives of the saints and of the popes; Catholic essayists; Catholic historians and the best Catholic fiction; Catholic reference books and the leading Catholic periodicals. And this class of literature should be supplied absolutely regardless of its possible use by Catholics. The traditional opinion that the purchase of Catholic books should be regulated solely by the demand for them must go by the board.

Until it does go by the board, however, it will be well for Catholics to continue asking public librarians for standard Catholic books in all departments of literature, and to express surprise when informed that the books in question “are not in our catalogue.”

The venerable John Bigelow, who has just completed his ninety-second year, signalizes it by the publication, in three ample volumes, of his “Retrospections of an Active Life.” As a journalist for sixty years, he came in contact with all the more distinguished men of our country. Of Lincoln, for whom he seems to have unbounded admiration, though he expresses it with restraint, he writes:

Lincoln's greatness must be sought for in the constituents of his moral nature. He was so modest by nature that he was perfectly content to walk behind any man who wished to walk before him. I do not know that history has made a record of the attainment of any corresponding eminence by any other man who so habitually, so constitutionally, did to others as he would have them do to him. . . .

Some one has well said: “You can do a great deal of good in this world, if you don't mind who gets the credit of it.” Lincoln was so truly humble and thoroughly unselfish that he never thought of honors. Had he been like many of those by whom he was surrounded, it would have been impossible for him to accomplish a tithe of what he did. He often said to ambitious patriots who had it in their power to further his plans: ‘Help the

Government all you can, and you may have my share of the glory.'—'Follow up your advantage,' he once wrote to a procrastinating commander of the Army of the Potomac; 'and if you meet with disaster, I'll take all the blame.'

Being a nonagenarian, Mr. Bigelow may be presumed to know more than most people. One thing of which his long experience of life has thoroughly convinced him is that the importance of example is seldom appreciated. On this point he writes: "In ordering our own lives, we are unconsciously ordering the lives of everybody else; for a wave of influence once projected by us never sleeps, even when it has washed every shore." In confirmation of the truth of this saying, let us quote two experiences of the Rev. Father Callaghan, of Montreal, related at the Missionary Congress some time ago:

On a certain Sunday I baptized, under condition, a florist with his two sons. At a little distance from the font sat his Catholic wife. When I concluded the ceremony, he said: "Father, do you see that lady yonder? Well, we have been married twelve years, and since the day of our wedding I have watched her. If I am a Catholic now, it is owing to her good example."

Two weeks ago a wholesale merchant died in Montreal. He was an honest, upright and uncompromising Catholic. A Protestant citizen of note, meeting a brother of his, said: "I am sorry John is no more. I understand precious little about your religion, but I assure you that your brother was one of the best advertisements your Church ever had."

Out in British India, the Governor in Council has approved a set of disciplinary regulations for government schools. One article reads: "For breach of school rules, a boy may be fined or otherwise punished at the discretion of the headmaster." The "otherwise" covers, of course, corporal punishment, anent which correctionary method *Indian Education* makes these judicious remarks:

The less corporal punishment there is in a school, the better is that school; but in every

large collection of boys there will be a small sediment of the vicious and the lazy. Corporal punishment is the only cure for vice and laziness; and the headmaster who withholds it, and the parent who hinders (or seeks to avenge) it, are unworthy of their respective positions. It should never be inflicted for a single offence of carelessness, forgetfulness, animal spirits, dulness, inattention, talkativeness, or any fault otherwise eradicable; but the sentimentalists who propose that schools of hundreds of boys should be conducted (by other people) without rigid discipline, including corporal punishment when necessary, display sad ignorance.

The experience of centuries of corporal punishment, and of decades of its abolition as well, tends to show that not the least wise saying of the author of Proverbs is: "He that spareth the rod hateth his son, but he that loveth him correcteth him betimes."

In an open letter advocating the formation of total abstinence societies in the army and navy, Secretary of War Dickinson writes:

I believe in everything that encourages voluntary abstinence both within and without the army. All other things being equal, the man who abstains is better qualified to be a useful and law-abiding citizen, and to promote his own happiness and that of his family and friends. One of the greatest burdens on our country is that of crime which is the direct result of drink. When the Romans achieved their greatest successes they were water drinkers.

Secretary Dickinson is right, and we hope his letter will have the desired effect. Police court judges, and others in a position to know, declare that four-fifths of the crimes committed in this country are caused by drink. But we fear Mr. Dickinson would be embarrassed if asked for his authority for the statement about the Romans. It is true that they built the finest aqueducts in the world, and that wherever the ruins of a Roman camp exist water is sure to be found. But it was needed for many other purposes besides drinking; and it is safe to say that when the Romans used it as a beverage, either they had no wine to drink or had been drinking too much.

Notable New Books.

Giannella. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. B. Herder.

Mrs. Fraser, after the manner of her distinguished brother, Marion Crawford, has chosen Rome for the setting of a story, idyllic in its simple weaving together of love's silver—or should we say golden?—threads. Mariuccia, who acts as housekeeper for a miserly archæologist, is the real heroine, though Giannella is supposed to be. And what a character Mariuccia is! Self-sacrificing, generous, resourceful,—but it would take quite a litany to exhaust the noble qualities that belonged to Mariuccia.

Giannella, the infant daughter of artist parents who had succumbed to the Roman climate, is consigned to the care of Mariuccia by two young artists, friends and countrymen of the little orphan's father. The shrewd Italian housekeeper did not place much confidence in their promise to give financial aid when they could; though, to do them justice, they meant it when they gave their word. Then began a long struggle; Mariuccia saved and saved, bringing up her little charge with all the advantages she could possibly give her, until, almost before she knew it, Giannella was of marriageable age. With suitors, time brought also a change of fortune; for her father's portion finally reached her. Meanwhile there are tragic complications, hints at intrigue, and threatened separations. But everything turned out well; and Mariuccia, decked out in youthful finery, dances at Giannella's wedding.

Signor Bianchi is and is not convincing; the sacristan at San Severino is straight from the life; Fra Tommaso and Cardinal Cestaldini are delightful types; and the romantic Rinaldo—who could but rejoice in his good fortune?

The atmosphere of Italy is over the book, and reading its pages one comes under the spell that is always exerted by purity, faith and love,—the mother-love of Mariuccia and the lover-love of Giannella and Rinaldo.

The Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol. VI. Robert Appleton Co.

The editors of this admirable work must have the pleasant conviction that it is making considerable progress. Only nine more volumes are needed to complete their great task; and as Volume VII. is in press, and its successor well under way, the Encyclopedia may be said to be half finished. The present volume, which extends from "Fathers of the Church" to "Gregory IX.," is extremely interesting. To select a few specimens as worthy of special mention out of an abundance of readable and informing articles is embarrassing; but we may mention

"St. Francis of Assisi," by Father Paschal Robinson, O. F. M.; "Galileo," by the Rev. John Gerard, S. J.; "France," by M. Georges Goyau; and "Fathers of the Church," by Dom John Chapman. These are among the best and most interesting articles that have yet appeared in the Encyclopedia. Others that we have noted as doubtless being of exceptional promise are: "Genealogy of Christ," by the Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.; and "Greek Rites," by the Rev. Dr. Fortescue. Among the many valuable shorter biographies, "Gallitzin, Demetrius Augustine," by the Rev. Ferdinand Kittell, deserves especial notice. It is a model contribution of its kind.

Every well-informed reader of this volume will have praise for two features in particular—the selection of writers and the allotment of space for the more important articles,—those, for instance, on God, Free Will, Grace, etc. The contributors, as a rule, are the best, or among the best, that could have been chosen; and, judging from the extensive bibliography appended to their articles, the work assigned them has been done with much painstaking, in order both to satisfy the general reader and to help the student to the utmost.

The mass of information presented is arranged in such a manner as to render reference as convenient as possible. For instance, the article on France has numerous divisions, each appropriately entitled, the headings of special topics being in italics. Those who make frequent use of the Encyclopedia will find this another very desirable feature.

The illustrations, both in letterpress and on separate plates, are numerous and well chosen. Of the three colored plates it will be said that they are real embellishments. There are also in this volume five excellent maps, all of which are extremely helpful. Let us point out a single defect—the misplacement of the picture on page 133 and some other page.

Phileas Fox, Attorney. By Anna T. Sadlier. THE AVE MARIA Press.

In point of interest, this story may rightfully claim a place among the best. From the moment the hero with the sunset hair is introduced in the first chapter, the reader is held gently but firmly to the narrative. This attraction is due not only to the author's direct method, but to the charm of the theme. The faded past, in its dignified brocade and diamonds, its perfumes and slow marches, is brought into contrast with the hurried, snappy, flippant present. The clever modern New York attorney with principles steps from the whirl of Broadway into the shadows of ancient Rutgers Street; and the pictures of him and the former queen of society, their interviews in the old house sur-

rounded by the atmosphere of the past, are as charming as old paintings, as dramatic as the plays of Augustus Thomas. In fact, the book is a fine illustration of what a noble theme and a delightful atmosphere will do for a novelist.

Miss Sadlier has always written well, and has steadily advanced in her art; but never before has she shown such appreciation of character, incident, times and climaxes. The hero faces his world, of which one gets fine glimpses in his dealings with his clients; then he faces the faded past in his dealings with the heroine of the story; the eternal question of justice is the moving spring of both worlds; the charm of mystery springs from the character of the minor hero; and all threads of detail are woven into a single strand for the dénouement. The only weakness in the construction is the place of the heroine, who has nothing to do with the story, and would never be missed, although a charming character. This could have been easily avoided, and her character made as essential as the keeper of the lodging-house. The narration is clear, simple, delightful; and the suggestion of power is so vivid that one feels how large a canvas the artist could have painted had she approached her theme with the boldness of a Hall Caine, a writer who has more audacity than power or grace. Miss Sadlier in this story has shown power, grace, and distinction; and she need never lose these qualities in the books that are to come, if she looks well to her theme. Readers of this delightful story will not regret the time spent on it. The publisher has given it a handsome dress, with clear type, and a page that opens out before the eye like a broad, inviting horizon.

The Woman who Never Did Wrong, and Other Stories. By Katherine E. Conway. Thomas J. Flynn & Co.

Sometimes on hearing a specially striking sermon, one is tempted to apply the practical lessons thereof to this or that one of the congregation; the same feeling is aroused on reading the story which gives this collection its title. Miss Tallon is not a member of St. Joseph's parish only. This good woman's conversion was thorough; and it seems quite right that she and John Hamilton should walk together down the long road of years, though it is too bad Mrs. Thornton had to pay so dearly for that conversion. But, after all, she was the gainer. "The Christmas Rescue" is hopeful, and in readers of her story Kate has friends who rejoice with her. "The Place that was Kept" and "The Vocation of Veronica Melvin" teach much of the sanctity as well as the

common-sense of the call divine, which is known as vocation.

Miss Conway is a student of life, and has learned the artistic value of rejection, which is so important a factor in effective expression. It is pleasant to know that a second edition of this little book of short stories is already called for, which is the most satisfactory sort of praise.

The Catholic Highlands of Scotland. By Dom Odo Blundell, O. S. B. Sands & Co.; B. Herder.

The delighted readers of Father Blundell's previous work, "Ancient Catholic Homes of Scotland," will give a hearty welcome to the present volume, which is, we infer, the first of a series treating of the stormy days when the Catholic Faith was proscribed in Scotland; and also giving a lively picture of the condition and needs of the Church at this time. To have been a Catholic at the former period of which he writes was to know danger, ignominy, privation, and often a martyr's death. It is pleasant, therefore, to know that the ancient Faith is once more, and peaceably, so firmly established in the Land o' Cakes, Father Blundell himself being a distinguished member of the community of Benedictines in charge of the famous abbey at Fort Augustus.

The literary style of the reverend author is graphic and pleasing, and his pages are enlivened by a wealth of charming anecdotes. A number of good illustrations enhance the interest of the volume.

The Prison Ships, and Other Poems. By Thomas Walsh. Sherman, French & Co.

About a year ago we took pleasure in commenting on the excellence of the title poem of this volume, and it is gratifying to note throughout the book not a few other bits of verse showing a similar quality of distinction. Mr. Walsh, as readers of THE AVE MARIA have had occasion to remark in reading his contributions to this magazine, is no mere versifier: he is gifted with a rich imagination and a delicate fancy; and some of his lines furnish abundant evidence that he is not destitute of the genuine poet's supreme possession—the creative faculty. His themes in the sixty-six poems here presented are varied,—descriptive, sentimental, introspective, patriotic, chivalrous and historic; but they are all handled with notable skill. While the author's technique is not invariably faultless, it is considerably less open to censure than is generally the case in a first volume of poems; and it is safe to say that Mr. Walsh will always find an appreciative audience among the scholarly and the cultured.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

The Lesson of the Doves.



ANY years ago, in a pleasant Southern country, lived a brother and sister. They were much alike in features and disposition, and were devoted to each other in every way. They were like two beautiful young trees, growing side by side, mingling their foliage, and raising their heads to the protecting gaze of Heaven.

One day a friend sent them a cage containing two white doves of a rare quality, with collars of iridescent plumage. These doves were exactly alike, and the friend wrote:

"MY DEAR CHILDREN:—I am sending you two doves, which are, in their sweetness, innocence and mutual affection, counterparts of yourselves. Love them, care for them, and they will repay your devotion. They are perfectly tame, and after two or three days can be released from their cage to fly about wherever they will. I think it would be better, however, to confine them at night."

The joy of the children knew no bounds. During the first two days of possession they spent all their leisure time in front of the cage. Later, when the doves were released, they would perch on the children's arms and shoulders, eat from their hands, and imprint little pecking dove-kisses on their smiling lips.

"They are exactly like us,—always together," Louise would say; while Charles added:

"And they never quarrel,—they love each other so dearly."

Weeks passed, and the children did not tire of the doves, which, on their side, became more and more strongly attached

to their young protectors. But after a time the mother began to perceive that they were becoming the occasion of the first friction to arise between the brother and sister. One morning, as they ran to release the doves, Charles was first, and Louise cried:

"Oh, let me open the door! You always do it."

But the boy had already unfastened the cage, saying:

"Whoever comes first, Louise."

"But we came together."

"No: I was a little ahead of you."

Charles spoke pleasantly; unconscious (thought the mother, who was listening) that his sister felt any displeasure. Louise remained silent for a moment; but soon her brow cleared, and the incident was forgotten.

The next morning Louise came to the cage with a handful of grain. Charles followed her, saying:

"Let me scatter the seed, Louise. You always do it."

But the little girl drew away.

"No!" she said sharply, and began to distribute the food.

Charles tapped silently on the side of the cage, looking very unhappy.

The following morning their mother heard Louise complaining that the doves loved Charles better than herself, that they perched on his shoulder oftener than on her own. They were beginning to make a breach between the two who had always been as one. The wise and prudent mother, after giving the matter some thought, decided on a plan which she resolved to put into execution the first time she heard the children disputing. Hitherto their arguments had been confined to the subject of the doves, but she knew that this was probably the entering wedge to more serious discussions.

She had not long to wait. The next morning, from the piazza where she sat embroidering, she saw them going hand in hand to release the doves. Charles opened the cage and they flew to his shoulder.

"See there!" cried his sister. "They love you better than me."

"That's because I opened the door," rejoined the boy.

"Put them in and shut the cage, and let me open it," said Louise.

Charles placed the doves in the cage once more, and his sister opened it. Again they flew to the boy's shoulder. Louise now began to cry.

"O Louise," said her brother, putting his arm about her shoulder, "I was only teasing you! I had some seed in my left hand and they smelled it. That's why they like me better—for what I can give them."

But Louise turned sadly away.

Their mother saw that it was time to act. Not wishing the children to know she was aware of the trouble, she left the piazza, went around another way, and came upon them as though she had not seen them before.

"Children," she said pleasantly, "I have an idea. It is that each of you take one of the doves for your own. In the attic there is a cage in which I once had a mocking-bird; it will be quite large enough for one dove."

"But why do you want us to do that, mamma?" asked Charles. "The doves seem so happy together!"

"Yes, they do now," said his mother. "But I have no doubt that after a while they will begin to quarrel if they are not separated; and it is better to do it while they are still good friends, as they may peck each other's eyes out some night if they are left together. Birds are like children in some respects."

The boy and girl exchanged glances, wondering if their mother did not have them in mind; and both felt ashamed. But their mother seemed so unconscious and looked at them so brightly, that they could see no reflection of their own

thoughts in her mind. Then they began to think favorably of the proposal, feeling that it would be more satisfactory for each to own a dove.

The cage was procured and the doves separated. Charles placed his cage on the porch in front of his bedroom; Louise did the same. But from the moment they were parted the doves began to pine. They drooped listlessly on their perches. Instead of the loving cooings that had distinguished them, they now preserved a melancholy silence. Finally, from either end of the piazza, they began to call each other with plaintive, heartrending cries. The children were filled with grief.

"Mamma," pleaded Louise, "why can't we let them fly around together as they have always done, putting them in their separate cages only at night? They will soon get used to that."

"Oh, no!" responded their mother, cheerfully. "In that case you could not really tell them apart; it might cause misunderstanding."

In spite of their mother's pleasant tone, both children were now fully persuaded of her motives.

"I have another idea," continued the mother. "It is that you Louise, and you Charles, remain with your respective dove until it becomes used to the separation. In that way the poor little birds will, no doubt, be happy again. Take your bird to the other gallery, Charles; and Louise will stay here with hers. Try to amuse the doves, so that you will make them forget each other. By to-morrow morning they will probably have grown used to the change."

The children obeyed with reluctance.

Ah, what a long morning that was! They never forgot it.

"Oh, how terrible it is to have to play all alone!" murmured Charles after two hours had passed,—hours in which, desolate as he felt, he had made genuine efforts to divert the sorrow of the lonely dove. "How I wish it were dinner-time!"

Louise, sitting on the porch, would

sigh from time to time, longing for her brother, and beginning almost to dislike the innocent cause of her separation from her playmate.

"I wish we had never seen the doves!" she murmured to herself. "Still, dinner-time will soon be here, and then we shall have the long afternoon together."

But the mother decided otherwise.

"Half a day is a very short time, my dears!" she said. "I wish you to spend the afternoon as you have the morning; we must give the experiment a fair trial. Surely you are both willing to do that much for the pretty little creatures which you love so well."

Slowly the discomfited pair returned to their isolation.

The next morning neither of the doves would eat or drink; and the children ran to their mother, begging her to have them returned to their common cage.

"Why not try the experiment a day longer?" she replied.

"O mamma," cried Louise, "we can not stand it!"

"We are as unhappy as the doves," said Charles. "Never before have we been so long apart."

Then Louise burst into tears.

"I am glad to hear it, and rejoice that you realize the situation," replied their mother. "Like the two pretty birds which, as you have seen, are so miserable apart, you two, my doves, have found, through this short separation, how deeply you are attached to each other. And yet what a slight thing was about to cause dissension between you,—dissension which, once begun, must increase day by day and year by year! And never forget, my children, in the future that lies before you, the lesson of the doves. Born of the same mother, nurtured in the same nest, under the same foliage, having, one might say, every breath in common, the cruel separation we have inflicted upon them must, if prolonged, have but one result—they would die of grief. Open the cages and see what they will do."

Charles ran to one cage, Louise to the other, and opened the doors. The doves fluttered forth, flew to each other, bill met bill in the kiss of fraternal love. Presently they perched together on the boy's shoulder and then on his sister's, wheeling around them both in an ecstasy of delight and gratitude.

The mother, as happy as the children, pressed them to her breast. She was a princess of France, but above all things a mother.

"Never forget, my children," she said, "that, whether in the palace or the cottage, in the midst of the most brilliant court or the most humble surroundings, nothing is sweeter in the mouth or more delightful to the ear than the precious titles of brother and sister."

The Adventures of Ricardo.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XVI.

One day when Ricardo went out to talk to Califo, the Indian said:

"Would you like to come with us to the Los Olivos ranch?"

"Yes. When are you going, Califo?"

"Next week. Has Don Carlos said nothing?"

"No, but I think he will let me go. What shall we do there?"

"It is for the olive-picking. It is time."

"Is it an olive ranch?"

"Yes, and very large. The Indians will come from the Reservation, and that will be work for a whole week, perhaps longer."

Califo had never questioned the boy; Indians are neither curious nor gossipy about affairs which do not concern themselves. But now he asked:

"Was your mother from Italy? You look like an Italian. I have heard that there fine olives grow."

"No," said Ricardo. "She was born here in California."

"In what part?"

"That I do not know; she never told me. But there was a ranch with many olive trees on the lands of her father. It was a very large place, she said."

The Indian meditated.

"Perhaps in the North," he said; "though I know not any of myself, never having been away from here."

"I shall like to go to Los Olivos very much," continued Ricardo.

"The olives are not all the same," said Califo. "They are of three qualities. The largest are worth the most money; the second size, good, but not so good as the first; the third quality, small, or a little bruised, are kept for oil. They are separated, which makes the work. Don Carlos always sells his on the trees."

"What does that mean?"

"When they are half ripe the factory man comes and looks at them. 'I will give so much,' he says, 'if the crop is fine; and less if it is not so good.' Then he goes away, and when they are ready they are delivered to him."

When the time came, Mr. Miramonte, who had intended as usual to help oversee the olive-packing, had a sore throat and was obliged to remain at home for a few days. But Califo and Ricardo rode away in the early morning, accompanied by another Indian called Diego, who was to cook during the week they would be absent. It was a ride of five or six hours, in a direction where the boy had never been.

"I feel as though it were the sea," said Ricardo, as they passed southward.

"So it is the sea not far away," answered Califo. "We are now at the boundary of the old Miramonte ranch, which, if you could trace it on a map, is the shape of a frying-pan; at least, that is how it looks to me: the olive ranch at one end, long and narrow, and a little broader at the top, like the handle of the pan. This olive ranch to which we are going stretches almost to the ocean. It was not always the property of the Miramontes:

it once belonged to the family of a cousin. The brothers and a sister died; and another girl—well, no one knew what became of her, for she did not answer their letters; and unless she is found—which will hardly happen now, as it is years and more since the last relative died—it is the property of the Miramontes, who are the next of kin."

Ricardo was delighted with the olive orchard, in the midst of which stood a ruined adobe house with two habitable rooms still left. There were some cots and chairs inside, and an outside kitchen, which Diego proceeded to put in order. Over a large, square hole in the ground beyond the doorstep, about three feet deep, which had been covered with boards, he placed a piece of sheet-iron pierced with small holes.

"It fits,—it has not shrunken," he said. And then, digging out the hole a little so as to admit of kindling and short, thick pieces of wood, he lit a fire and soon had ready a delicious meal of corn-cakes, bacon, coffee and jam, which they ate seated at the open door of the kitchen. When all was finished Diego shouldered his gun.

"I go now to kill quail and rabbit," he said. "We shall have a good breakfast."

After he had gone, Califo lit his pipe and lay down, while the boy roamed about at will. Now and then an olive would drop to the ground.

"It is time," said the Indian,—"it is time for the picking."

About three o'clock in the afternoon, Salvador, the "boss" of the olive pickers, arrived; and then, in straggling groups, the others. They were mostly boys or very young men. There were no women. They all carried blankets and cooking utensils, as well as provisions slung in bags on their backs.

They camped on the other side of the grove, where there were a few long sheds, lounging about for the remainder of the day; though some of them went hunting, returning near nightfall with plenty of game.

They began work very early next morning. After the olives were on the ground and had been sorted, they were packed in gunny sacks and labelled. This task occupied the better part of four days. Then men came with wagons and began to carry them away, while the Indians still continued to sort the rest.

One of the Indian pickers had fallen from a tree, disabling his arm. He lay on the bank overlooking the orchard, watching the others, when Ricardo, who had been roaming about, sat down close to him.

"What will they do now with the olives?" asked Ricardo.

"They will take them to town, twenty miles away, in the big wagons. There is a factory there."

"Is much money got from them?" asked Ricardo.

"I do not know; I think so; otherwise it would not be worth while to pick them. Afterward, in about six weeks, there will be a second crop — the little ones that have not yet ripened. They are not so good. They are ground in a big machine, and oil is made from them. With the pulp and shells when they are dried they make kindling. They press it into bricks and sell it."

"Nothing is lost, then," said the boy.

"Nothing. Don Carlos is a man of business. It was not so in the time of the others."

"What others?"

"They who owned Los Olivos. They were good, kind people; but they knew not how to make or save money, only to spend it. My father was born on their ranch, and I also, but on one nearer to the Reservation. They had at first several ranches, but all went till Los Olivos was the only one. And they were *desgraciado*."*

Ricardo sighed. How often had he not heard his sad little mother say, "We are *unlucky*, darling!" And he had thought and said the same.

"Are there families like that?" he asked.

"So they say. The Ibañez made their

own ill luck. They only amused themselves: they took care of nothing; and shall the servants do all things well when the masters pay no heed? No, no! At the Indian school they taught us that we must not leave anything to chance, nor blame chance. And I believe it. If I held on by one hand to-day, I would not have fallen,—eh?"

"Yes, I think you are wise. What name did you say, please?"

"Ibañez, an old family."

"Are there many?"

"None now."

"I mean relations?"

"Yes, but not Ibañez, — Miramontes, Villaflores, Villavivencias, Cordovas, — all are cousins. For long they tried to find the daughter, whom no one knows of; but now Don Carlos is the heir. He owns everything."

"And why did the daughter go away?"

The Indian lifted his eyes and looked sharply at the boy.

"You ask too many questions, *chiquito*," he said. "It is not your affair or mine."

Ricardo dropped his eyes. His thought had been set in motion. Could it be possible that this was his own mother's family, — that she was the daughter who could not be found? He ventured one more question:

"And did they like that daughter?"

"No, I think not," answered the Indian.

"For they say she was to marry Don Carlos, and she ran away with another man."

"Oh!" said Ricardo, feeling that now he would never dare ask any questions of his adopted parents, who, if they had not liked his mother, might not like him if it should turn out that she was the missing daughter. And yet he could not for a moment entertain the thought that she could have done anything wrong. Still, all he had heard made him uneasy and somewhat unhappy. He resolved to speak to Father Featherstone at the first opportunity. The lessons with him were to begin the following week. He would tell him what to do. And there was a possibility,

* Unlucky.

of course, that the Indian had not been well-informed, and that there were other families of the same name.

On the fourth day Don Carlos and his wife came down on horseback.

"We have been very lonely without you, Ricardo," said the lady. "I am going to take you back with me. Are you ready to go?"

"Oh, yes!" he replied. "I have liked it very much; but I have seen all, and shall be glad to go with you home again."

"How nicely you are speaking English now!" she said. "I shall drop Spanish for the present. I always forget, though I have intended to do so."

"That is what my mother used to say," answered the boy. "She wished that I speak English, but forgot to teach me. We spoke Spanish always."

The lady drew her brows together. The mention of the boy's mother usually made her do so; she did not care to hear his family mentioned. She was desirous of banishing all the past from Ricardo's memory. And she already loved him so well that she was a little jealous of his past.

Ricardo saw the frown, and wondered what had caused it. This made him still more timid of asking any questions about the former owner of Los Olivos. But he could not banish his thoughts. He grew absent-minded and a little sad.

"Are you not well, Ricardo?" asked his adopted mother, as they rode back next day. "You seem so quiet."

"Yes, I am well," he replied. "Am I quiet? But I am never merry."

"Isn't it lovely in this valley, Ricardo?"

"Very lovely."

"It makes me a little sad to come here. When I was a girl, we—my cousins and I and our friends—used to come often to the olive-picking. But that was long ago, and they are all gone."

Then Ricardo ventured:

"If I am a little quiet it is because my mother has told me of just such scenes as these, even that sometimes she climbed

in the trees with her brothers and shook the olives down."

"Ricardo!" said the Señora, turning upon him sharply. "Was your mother an Indian?"

"An Indian!" exclaimed the boy, almost indignantly. "No, my mother was not an Indian. My mother was white—and beautiful."

"You are rather dark," said the lady.

"I am like a brother of my mother, for whom I am named."

"Ah! Well," rejoined his companion, fearing that she had hurt the child, "it was only a thought I had, because you spoke of the olive-picking. You know it is the Indians who do that."

"Yes, but you also spoke of having gone with your cousins."

"Yes, that is true. Come let us have a gallop."

And in the exhilaration of the next half hour the awkward moment was forgotten, by the lady at least. The boy could not forget it. He longed to see the priest, to question him, to ask him to learn from the Miramontes something of the former owners of Los Olivos. He could no longer be content unless he knew. Even if it should result in alienating from him the friends he had learned to love, it would be better than uncertainty. And, though they should not love him any more if they found him to be a relative of the "unlucky" family, he could go to Father Featherstone, who, he knew, would never turn him from his hospitable door. Thus the boy reasoned.

He was lying wakeful that night in his bed when he began to smell smoke. They had been burning brush fires all day, and the pungent odor was still in the air when he went to bed; but this seemed a new scent. He sat up, decided that he was mistaken, and lay down again. In a moment he had fallen into a doze, from which he was awakened by a loud cry. He jumped to the floor, ran through the open French window to the piazza, and saw at once that the little

one-roomed frame house, where Serafina the cook lived all alone, was on fire.

With a bound he hastened toward the scene of the disaster, shouting as he passed the barn, in order to rouse the gardeners who slept on the second floor. But they did not hear; tired after the work of the day, they slept on. The back part of the little house was a mass of flames, but the door was unlocked. Ricardo pushed it open, made his way through the dense smoke, and called:

"Serafina, where are you?"

There was no answer. And, without a thought of fear for his own personal safety, he kept on. Suddenly a sheet of flame burst through the roof, and he saw the old Indian woman lying near the bed, which had just taken fire. As quickly as possible he dragged her from the blinding smoke into the fresh air, where, seeing that her clothing was on fire, he began to roll her over and over on the damp grass. By this time the men had awakened, and were coming around by the back with the large garden hose. They did not see him, but he heard one of them say:

"Serafina! She is burned to death!"

"No, no!" shouted Ricardo. "She is safe! She is here!"

The poor woman was now groaning and crying; but the boy, intent only on putting out the fire that was consuming her garments, continued to roll her over and over on the damp ground. Then he lifted her to a sitting posture, leaning her head against a tree; after which he ran to the barn and got a horse blanket, wrapping it around her.

By this time the whole household was aroused. Margarita and Manuela, the women servants, clung closely to their mistress. Their fears were allayed when she saw the old Indian woman was safe. The fire had already begun to yield to the efforts of the men, who poured showers of water upon it.

"Lift her, *muchachas*, and carry her into the house. Put her on your bed, Margarita, and we will see if her injuries

are serious. I will go for some olive oil and bandages."

With these words the Señora hastened into the house, followed by the women, bearing Serafina in their arms.

"A lucky thing," said one of them, "that she was sleeping to-night in her clothes, with shawls around her, instead of undressed, as we always told her to do. The woolen stuff of the many petticoats saved her from being burned to death."

"Yes, a good thing," said the other. "Hush, hush now, Serafina! You are all right. Instead of crying, you should be thanking God."

As the Señora came through the hall with oil and linen, she met Ricardo just entering his own room. She set down her burden and clasped him in her arms.

"My dear, brave little son!" she said tenderly. "How well you have behaved to-night! But, ah, me! you are burned!"

"Yes, a little," answered the boy, lifting his hands, which were blistered. And then she saw that his eyebrows were singed and his cheeks scorched.

But he would allow her to do nothing for him until Serafina had been attended to and was comfortable, declaring he felt very little pain from his injuries.

(Conclusion next week.)

Halcyon Days.

When we speak of "halcyon days" we mean days fair and calm and safe for seafaring men. The expression comes to us from the Sicilians, who believed that on the seven days preceding and following the Winter Solstice—December 21—the halcyon, or kingfisher, brooded over her young in a nest upon the surface of the ocean; and that during those fourteen days the water would be so still and the winds so gentle that the mariner need have no fear. Dryden refers to this belief in the following couplet:

Amidst our arms as quiet you shall be
As halcyons brooding on a winter's sea.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Justin McCarthy, the distinguished journalist, novelist, and historian, celebrated, a short time ago, his eightieth birthday. He began his literary career more than three-score years ago—in 1848.

—The Catholic Educational Association *Bulletin* for November, 1909, the initial number of Vol. VI., contains four hundred and seventy pages devoted to a detailed report of the proceedings and addresses of the sixth annual meeting of the Association, held at Boston in July last.

—Prof. Orazio Marucchi, the eminent archaeologist, whose writings and explorations are considered almost as important as those of De Rossi himself, has been appointed to the newly-created chair of Christian Archaeology in the University of Rome. The London *Tablet* refers to the new professor as “a devoted son of the Church.”

—“Ex Libris,—Being Six Chapters on Books,” by F. J. Grierson, A. M. (Sealy, Bryers & Walker), is a volume of leisurely, impersonal chat, much in the manner of the older English essayists. It contains nothing particularly new, but is very interesting withal,—at least to book-readers, not book-swallowers. The author is more familiar, apparently, with Macaulay and Dr. Johnson and Dickens and Thackeray than with their successors in the field of English literature.

—Many precious books from the library of the late Charles Warren Stoddard are now on sale at Goodspeed's, Boston, Massachusetts. The collection includes a large number of valuable presentation copies of Robert Louis Stevenson, Bayard Taylor, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Holmes, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Ruskin, etc. An autograph copy of the first edition of Mr. Stoddard's own first book, “Poems,” published in 1867, is also for sale by Goodspeed. Price, \$25.

—The recently published correspondence of John Stuart Blackie affords an interesting estimate of Carlyle, who once reproached himself for overmuch “sniggering at things.” Blackie refers to him as “a strange mixture of grey, weather-beaten solemnity and hilarity, full of sweeping denunciations, but not at all bitter”; and adds: “I scribbled a note of him in my diary on my return: ‘Carlyle is strong to arouse by a tremendous moral force, and to startle by vivid and striking pictures; but he

has neither wisdom to guide those whom he has roused, nor sobriety to tone his pictures down to reality. He is always talking about veracity, but he habitually revels in exaggeration and one-sided presentation, which is more than a lie.’”

—Apropos of present-day culture, or the lack thereof, a writer in *Scribner's Magazine* remarks: “The simple man who has not been spoiled by conceit is flattered by being assumed to know what in fact he does not know. Rufus Choate, it is traditionally related, used to tell a common jury, ‘Of course, gentlemen, you remember that line of Homer's,’ and thereupon rap it out to them in the original Greek; whereupon they all sat up and looked knowing and pleased.”

—Benziger's *Home Annual* for 1910 is better than most of its twenty-six predecessors, and that is saying much. This yearly publication should be welcome in every Catholic home. It contains, besides the usual astronomical facts, the feasts and fasts of the year, the calendar of saints as well as of dates, a treat of excellent reading-matter, and odds and ends of information, useful and interesting. Among well-known Catholic writers who have contributed to this year-book for 1910 are Mary F. Nixon-Roulet, Mary Waggaman, Magdalen Rock, and Richard Aumerle.

—Apropos of a recent vigorous criticism of the late Dr. Henry C. Lea by a Catholic writer, who was evidently ignorant of the fact that Dr. Lea is no longer among the living, W. H. K., of the London *Tablet*, has these characteristically kind expressions:

In dealing with one lately dead, the tone of censure would naturally be mitigated, and justice, which may not be wholly silent, would, at any rate, be more tempered by mercy. This will be allowed, we hope, even by those who take the most severe view of Lea's historical and controversial writings. But the present writer, as some readers may be aware, has never been able to share this extreme view; though he is fully alive to the danger attaching to these books, and has made some effort to refute one of them on its first appearance. It is certainly true that the books contain grave blunders; that, though professedly historical and scientific, they betray the presence of a strong bias against the Church; and that even the true facts they contain are often so treated as to give a false impression. But it by no means follows that the writer was consciously unfair to Catholics or dishonest in his method of writing history. Certainly, those who know the blunders and misquotations made by some of our own authors, and the one-sided pictures presented in some of our own histories, should be slow to admit the validity of this inference.

Though a grandson of Matthew Carey, the Catholic writer and publisher who, in his time,

served the Church so ably and so devotedly, Dr. Lea had a strong anti-Catholic prejudice. That sometimes he did not betray it in the least would seem to prove that he was unconscious of bias. Referring in one of the most offensive of his books to a certain abuse of priestly power, he frankly admits, we remember, that the Church has left nothing undone that could possibly be done to prevent it.

—"An Alphabet of Saints," by Father Benson, the late Richard Balfour and S. C. Ritchie, with drawings by L. D. Symington, is referred to in the current *North American Review* as "one of the permanent contributions to the child's library." "Now that the Saints are no longer a sectarian monopoly," adds the writer, "all little children may linger with delight on these charming rhymes, which the drawings match in grace and charm." The Saints no longer a sectarian monopoly! What the writer meant to say was that they are likely to be claimed before long by all sectarians. And though the Church produces the Saints and canonizes them, she will not object. "An Alphabet of Saints," be it said, is a volume calculated to afford quite as much pleasure to grown-ups as to little folk,—grown-ups, that is, who have a little simplicity left.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Phileas Fox, Attorney." Anna T. Sadlier. \$1.50.
 "The Catholic Highlands of Scotland." Dom Odo Blundell, O. S. B. \$1.10.
 "Giannella." Mrs. Hugh Fraser. \$1.50.
 "The Prison Ships, and Other Poems." Thomas Walsh. \$1.08.
 "The Woman who Never Did Wrong, and Other Stories." Katherine E. Conway. 75 cts.
 "The Supreme Problem." J. Godfrey Raupert. \$1.50.
 "The Isle of Apple Blossoms." John Talbot Smith. 10 cts.
 "Life of the Rev. Mother Ste. Marie." \$1.75.

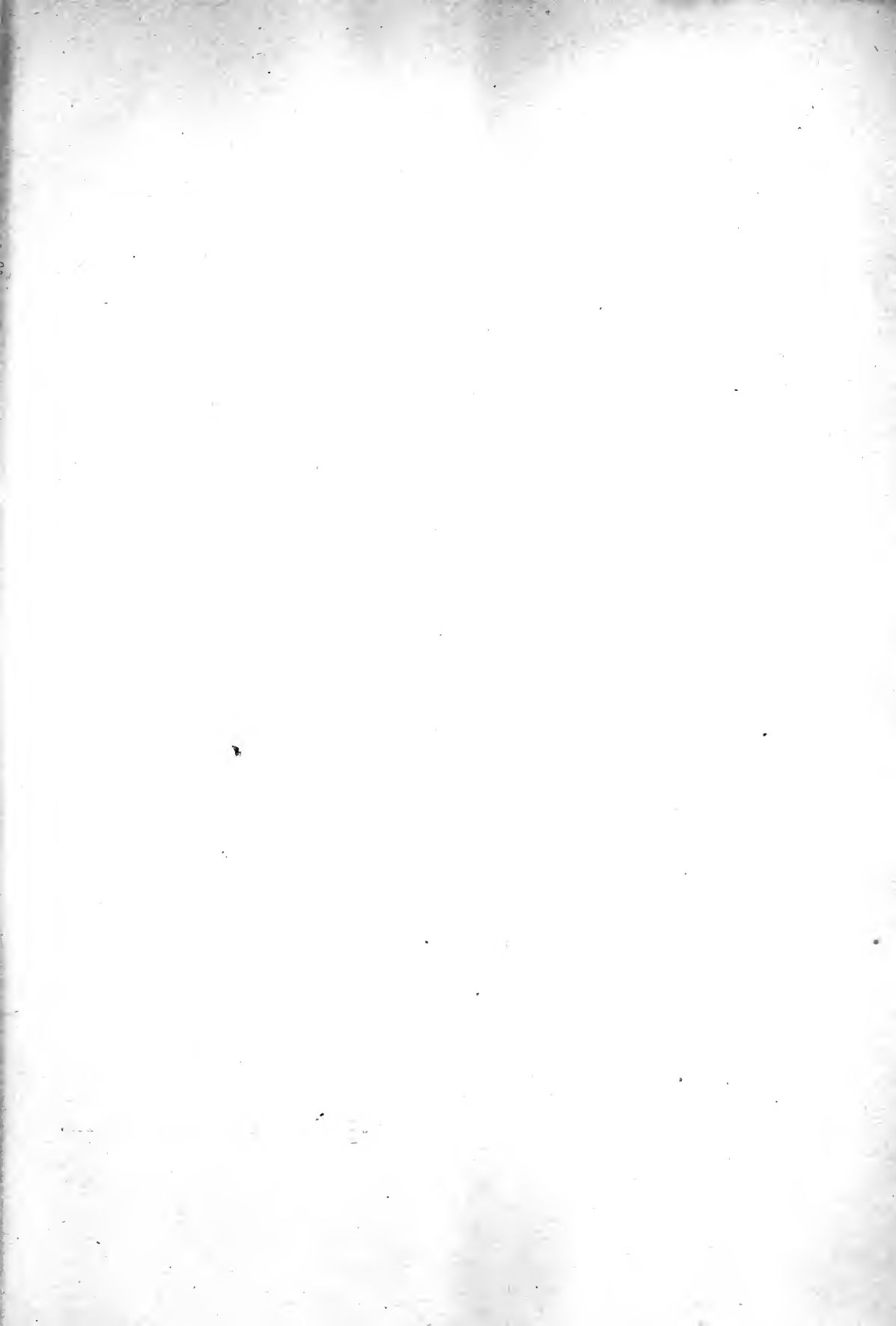
- "The Courage of Christ." Rev. Henry Schuyler, S. T. L. 50 cts., net.
 "The Blindness of Dr. Gray; or, The Final Law." Canon Sheehan, D. D. \$1.50.
 "A Manual of Moral Theology for English-Speaking Countries." Rev. Thomas Slater, S. J. Vols. I. and II. \$5.50.
 "The Law of Church and Grave." Charles M. Scanlan, LL. B. \$1.35.
 "The Catholic Church, The Renaissance, and Protestantism." Alfred Baudrillart. \$2.
 "At the Root of Socialism: A Study of a Glasgow Manifesto." F. Power, S. J. 10 cts.
 "The Glories of Lourdes." Chanoine Justin Rousseil. \$1.10, net.
 "A Certain Rich Man." William Allen White. \$1.50.
 "The Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, in Meditations." Maurice Meschler, S. J. \$4.75, net.
 "Waifs and Strays. Being a Collection of Sermons, some Lectures, Essays, etc." Rev. Henry A. Brann, D. D., LL. D. Volume I.—Sermons. \$1.15.
 "The Priest's Studies." T. B. Scannell, D. D. \$1.20, net.
 "The Diocese of Limerick, Ancient and Medieval." Rev. John Begley, C. C. \$3.85, net.
 "Holy Practices of a Divine Lover." Dame Gertrude More. 75 cts.
 "What Think You of Christ?" Rev. Bernard Otten, S. J. 25 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Kingsley and Rev. Lawrence Heiland, of the diocese of Cleveland; Rev. Charles Ferina, D. D., archdiocese of New York; Rev. Victor Scheppach and Rev. Henry Dumbach, S. J. Sister Alexandra, Sisters of Notre Dame; and Sister Blandine, Sisters of the Good Shepherd. Mr. Francisco Olivas, Mr. Philip Kessler, Mr. John Cary, Mr. T. J. Forsythe, Miss Sarah C. Hollihan, Mr. James Canfield, Mr. Joseph Miller, Sr., Mrs. Caroline Schote, Mrs. Mary Murphy, Mr. James Vance, Mr. Thomas Kelly, Miss Margaret Wilson, Mrs. Elizabeth Harrington, Mr. Victor Lapine, Mr. John McKenzie, Miss Edwige Gardiner, Mr. James Murphy, Mrs. George Hyde, Mr. William Burnham, Mrs. Mark Malady, Mr. George Hanbeck, Mr. Thomas Johnson, Mrs. Margaret Powers, Mr. Henry Schuette, Miss Helen O'Hara, and Miss Josephine Hughson.

Requiescant in pace!





MADONNA AND CHILD.

(Carlo Dolce.)

From the Original Painting.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Star of Bethlehem.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

I.

○ STAR above the looming clouds,
O little Star so clear and pale,
Your light is shining on the crowds
That longed for you in Sorrow's vale!
Your light's reflected in their eyes,
And in their eyes there is new youth;
Your light on many a sad heart lies,
And warms its core with love and truth.

II.

O Star of Hope, you speak in light
Across the space and through the dark;
Your light is music. In the night
There comes your message sweetly—hark!
"Peace be to you,—to all whose will
Is bent before the Babe new-born,
Who, working, wait and love until
Their night is changed into His morn."

III.

Christ knows your weight of woe and sin,
He sees the burden that you bear;
Full joy you can not enter in,
For strange mists darken earthly air.
Great happiness you may not know,
Or only for a moment brief;
For 'tis the law for you below
That joy is shadowed close by grief.

IV.

A new bud comes, then falls the rose;
A young oak shoots, the old must die;
A baby smiles, the grandsire goes;
A song, a laugh, a moan, a sigh!
This is the rule since with the sword
The gates of Edenland were barred,—
Lo! 'tis the justice of the Lord,—
Life is a Splendor sadly marred.

V.

But peace you promise, lovely Star;
And peace the angels sing to us.
In pain your light will shine afar,
Through turmoil peace-bells ring to us.
In peace she bore Him for our sake
At Bethlehem,—great peace had she.
Peace and good-will, with faith, they make
On earth a blessed trinity.

The Sacred Seasons.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

III.—CHRISTMASTIDE.

LIKE the other two seasons of the ecclesiastical year already discussed in this brief series of liturgical articles,* Christmastide comprises not only a central festival, Our Lord's Nativity, or Christmas Day, and the festivals connected therewith, but also a considerable period of preparation, as well as a subsequent commemoration. As the full Easter time extends from Septuagesima Sunday to the Ascension, and the full time of Pentecost from the Ascension to Advent, so, in harmony with our division of the liturgical year, Christmastide in its entirety embraces the whole period from the first Sunday of Advent until Septuagesima Sunday.

While Eastertide ranks as the most important of the three sacred seasons, the Christmas period is chronologically the first, the opening day of Advent

* Vol. lxviii, Nos. 15 and 22.



marking the beginning of the liturgical year. It is noteworthy that this word "Advent," meaning "coming," was originally applied to Christmas itself,—a usage more in harmony with the present-day significance of the word in general literature than is the ecclesiastical sense, of preparation for *Adventus Domini*—the coming of Our Lord. The length of this period of preparation has varied in different centuries, and still varies in different liturgies. In early days, Advent lasted six weeks; and even now, in the Ambrosian, or Milanese, and Mozarabic rites, that is its prescribed length. Since the middle of the ninth century, however, in the Western Church generally, Advent comprises only four weeks, or at least four Sundays. It begins with the Sunday nearest to the feast of St. Andrew the Apostle (November 30), which Sunday may be November 27, December 3, or any intervening date; and Christmas' preparatory period may accordingly be from twenty-one to twenty-eight days long.

In the mind of the Church, Advent is a time of penance and prayer,—a fact which she emphasizes on its first Sunday by proffering to the faithful in the Gospel the account of the Last Judgment. If, at first blush, there appears something of incongruity in the Church's disposing our minds to celebrate the coming of Christ as a merciful Redeemer by directing our immediate attention to His second coming as an inexorable Judge, the incongruity is merely specious. The salutary thought of judgment, restraining us, as it well may, from sin, and spurring us on to the practice of virtue, is in truth an excellent preparation for our loving appreciation of the benefits of Redemption.

Liturgical peculiarities of Advent are the Antiphons O, and the use of the purple vestments at Mass, with the omission of the *Gloria in Excelsis*, and the consequent substitution of *Benedicamus Domino* for *Ite, Missa est*. The Liturgy would carry us in spirit back to a period prior to Our Lord's Incarnation, and have us long

for Him as if in reality the Incarnation had not yet taken place. "We are not," says Cardinal Wiseman, "dryly exhorted to profit by that blessed event, but we are daily made to sigh with the Fathers of old, 'Send down the dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the Just One! Let the earth be opened and bud forth the Redeemer.' The Collects on three of the four Sundays of the season begin with the words, 'Lord, raise up Thy power and come,'—as though we feared our iniquities would prevent His being born."

As for the great festival to which the weeks of Advent lead—the feast which, despite the technically superior importance of Easter, has for long centuries been considered the gala day of the Christian year,—as for Christmas, there are in its history several circumstances which are likely to impress modern readers as surprising.

In the first place, as to its origin. We find no evidence of the celebration of the Nativity of Our Lord before the latter part of the fourth century; although its being observed at that time throughout the whole Church implies, of course, its previous celebration in some parts of Christendom—Rome, for instance—for long years, not to say centuries, before.

In the second place, even when the observance of Our Lord's birth had become universal, there was not uniformity as to the day on which it should be celebrated. The Churches of the East at different periods kept the feast on January 6, April 20, and May 15. "The learned Bishop Epiphanius, of Salamis," says Kellner, "lived in Cyprus at the end of the fourth century. In his answer to the Alogoi, he gives the chronology of Our Lord's life, according to which the 6th of January is the day of Our Lord's birth, and the 8th of November the day of His baptism in the Jordan. For him the Epiphany was plainly the festival of Christ's Nativity."* On the other hand, St. John Chrysostom tells

* "Heortology," p. 129.

us in one of his homilies that the Western Churches, from the very commencement of the Christian era, kept the feast on December 25; and he goes into an elaborate argument to show that the birth of Christ must have occurred on that date. So far as the spiritual life of the faithful is concerned, however, the question of the actual date of the Redeemer's birth is practically an academic one; the significance of Christmas remains unaffected by the preponderance of historical proof for either the one date or the other.

That significance rests, not on the precise time, but on the stupendous fact, of the birth of God as man, the long-expected of nations, the seed of Mary by whom the Eden promise had declared that the head of the serpent should be crushed. No other mystery that we celebrate in honor of our Lord Jesus Christ is so incomparably touching and so thoroughly instructive as this of His nativity. A God in the guise of a helpless infant; a God wrapped in swaddling clothes; a God whose only palace is a primitive stable, whose only throne is a common manger, whose sole court is His youthful Mother, His foster-father, and some lowly shepherds, — this is truly a spectacle which, nonplussing our reason, can not but make a lively impression on our hearts. Given that we have faith even as a grain of mustard seed, we can scarcely contemplate the sight without profiting by the sentiments of love and gratitude and humility and contrition which it awakens.

One lesson that the circumstances of our Saviour's birth, as detailed in the Evangelical narrative, must assuredly impress upon any reflective mind can not be too often reiterated. It was not merely to expiate our sins and satisfy divine justice that the Son of God endured a birth apparently so unfitting to His supreme greatness: it was also to rid mankind of some of its capital errors. The great majority of men, up to the coming of Christ, looked upon honors, riches, and pleasures (as far too many of

us still do) as the sources of real happiness. To prove to them in the most striking way possible that this idea was an error, and that what they most esteemed and loved was most worthy of their contempt and hatred, He willed that, instead of surrounding Himself with opulent magnificence, there should be in connection with His birth nothing save what might inspire love, or at the very least respect and esteem, for poverty, humiliation, and suffering. The lesson holds good for all time: it is not in the prerogatives of rank or social position, not in the wealth of the world, not in the gratification of sensual appetites, but rather in detachment from all these, that true happiness in this life and security for the life to come really exist.

Liturgically considered, Christmas is peculiarly privileged. The Holy Sacrifice may be offered at midnight. Every priest is permitted to say three Masses on the feast, thereby honoring the threefold nativity of the Word made flesh: His eternal generation in heaven; His nativity in time, according to human nature; and His spiritual birth, by grace, in the souls of the just. When Christmas falls on Friday, the usual abstinence is not enforced. The Octave of the festival is also extraordinary, inasmuch as, during it, feasts of the saints are celebrated. Thus we have, between Christmas and the Circumcision, the feasts of St. Stephen, St. John, the Holy Innocents, St. Thomas of Canterbury, and St. Sylvester.

The Circumcision of Our Lord appears as an ecclesiastical festival at Rome for the first time at the beginning of the ninth century. Its most noteworthy feature, perhaps, is that the Office of the day is almost entirely in honor of the Blessed Virgin. The Epiphany, occurring on the 6th of January, is the festival of the Manifestation of Our Saviour,—a triple manifestation or disclosure of Himself: to the Magi, who came and adored Him; to the Jews, by the baptism which St. John the Baptist conferred upon Him,

whilst the voice of the Father, and the dove, symbol of the Holy Ghost, proclaimed His mission; and to His Apostles, by His first miracle at the marriage feast of Cana, in Galilee.

Of other festivals appearing in the Christmas cycle, mention must be made of the Holy Name of Jesus, the Espousals of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, and, in some dioceses, the Holy Family. Of notable prominence in the time after Christmas is the feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, Candlemas Day. The festival is in reality twofold: the Purification of Mary, and the Presentation of the Infant Jesus in the Temple of Jerusalem. The candles solemnly blessed on this feast are commemorative of the prophecy of Simeon, who proclaimed Jesus "a light to the revelation of the Gentiles." The procession, in which in many places the faithful take part with lighted candles, has been well said to represent the march of mankind to eternity, under the guidance of its Head, the One who said of Himself, "I am the Light."

Thus, all through the Christmastide, not less than during the seasons of Easter and Pentecost, there is made abundantly manifest the incomparable beauty of the Church's Liturgy, and its adequacy in fitly interpreting man's love and worship of his Creator. The prevalent spirit of the Christmas series takes its color from the perennially charming picture of the Babe of Bethlehem; and our religious observance of the festivals of the period can scarcely fail to promote in a marked degree both the glory of God and our individual peace.

In Spain, the magnificently colored poinsettia is known as the Flor de Noche Buena as well as Flor de Pascua; for its flaming star is one of the most beautiful emblems of that of Bethlehem that this season affords. In Southern Europe it is to be seen growing in the open air, with its fiery burst of crimson gazing upon the midnight sky.

Giovanni.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY W. P. SMITH, S. J.



It really was too much for Miss Pansie Desmonde. She had met him several times in the course of her after-lunch drive past St. James' Park, resting solemnly and impassively amid the cushions of her open barouche. Each time he had held out his hand appealingly, singing still; and each time there had been the slightest faltering in his voice as she had passed on, apparently oblivious of everything save the coachman's broad back or the whip dangling from its socket.

To-day, however, the carriage was closed, to keep out the heavy rain; and what passers-by there were in the streets, were there of necessity, not from choice. So the solitary occupant, free from the observation of the curious looked out at the singer. It was a quaint little figure that met her gaze. Standing under one of the avenue trees, with heavy-soled boots, faded red stockings, corduroys, a thick sack tied with a piece of string over his shoulders by way of overcoat, and an old violin in his hand, was a little Italian boy. But his dress was insignificant to Miss Pansie; for had she not caught a glimpse of his face even at her first meeting him, when she feigned so well to look neither to left nor right?

Truly it was a beautiful face, sunned by fourteen Italian summers, with a rich glow of innocence radiating from the dark, wondering eyes. His hair was thick and black, unfettered by any kind of head covering, and blowing about in the June storm that had suddenly burst over the city.

"I wish I could get Clement Harrison to paint him," she murmured to herself, as the carriage passed on and she sank back in comfort once again. "That head is worth a fortune."

Sooth to say, Miss Pansie's life had been full of unrequited sacrifice and generosity. Since her mother's death, when she was in her twentieth year, she had devoted herself to her infirm father. Two years ago he had died, leaving her beyond the border line of thirty, with a large fortune, which she had neither the inclination nor opportunity to spend in an extravagant way. The friends she had were chiefly of her schooldays and a few intimates of her mother's; for she had never gone into society, and the invalid condition of her father had made company impossible. Still Miss Pansie Desmonde was not going to acquiesce in the mild conventional ways into which she had fallen. 'There was going to be a change; she was certain about that,' the slightly contracted forehead and nervous twinging of the lips seemed to say, as the carriage plodded onward, through the steady downpour, to G—— Square.

The bad weather, combined with the arranging of account books and bills, confined Miss Desmonde indoors for several days; in fact, it was more than a fortnight later that she chose to give orders for her favorite drive past St. James' Park and Buckingham Palace. Now we have seen that Miss Pansie was meditating a revolution; and account books and bills are not things to stifle a revolutionary spirit. Indeed, she had come to the conclusion that her wants were wholly inadequate to the property, stocks and hard cash which the columns of figures in her cash-books represented, and she must find an outlet somewhere. She had even made up her mind in what direction that outlet was to be; for not in vain would a plaintive little voice and a sweet Southern face thrust themselves between the cramped pages of £, s., d.

Her sentiment had settled into a fixed resolve on this bright latter June day, when she ordered her carriage to take its usual familiar round. There were no signs of her Italian boy, though she listened intently for the familiar voice, and more

than once actually turned her head for fear she had missed him in the throng of passing carriages. For many days, too, she passed the same way; but the green leaves on the avenue trees grew brown and fell as autumn passed to winter, and still no trace of the little stranger.

One night before Christmas, Miss Desmonde was returning from a concert at one of the great London halls. The streets were slippery with melting snow, and the horses trod their way carefully. The scene in the streets was a gay one even for that late hour,—shops brilliantly lighted, and a merry crowd of shoppers of all ranks.

Suddenly the carriage came to a standstill. In a moment James, the footman, was at the door, explaining that some one had been knocked down by a horse, and the road was blocked by the crowd pressing around.

"Go and see who it is, and ask if we can be of any assistance, James," said his mistress.

The astonished youth obeyed, and returned in a moment.

"It's only a little furriner, Miss,—an Italian or something, with a fiddle in his 'and. Well! I am..."

"Is the boy dead?" she asked of the policeman.

"Oh, no, mem! He's a bit broken up and stunned, but these furrin chaps are tough. Th' ambulance will be 'ere in 'arf a minute."

"It'll take a good 'arf hour," said a voice from the crowd. "Night calls is allus uncertain."

Meanwhile the little Italian boy—for it was no other—was lying white and still on the policeman's cloak.

"Policeman, will you get some one to carry him to my carriage? I am Miss Desmonde, of Tranellan Court, G—— Square. Five minutes' drive will bring us there. I will see that a doctor is called and the boy is properly cared for."

The willing policeman lifted up his burden as tenderly as if it had been a child of a few months old, and laid the

lad gently on the carriage seat, while Miss Pansie arranged the rugs and cushions as comfortably as possible.

"Drive on very quietly, Henry," she called to the coachman. "Shut the door, James."

Tranellan Court was soon reached. The injured boy was carried upstairs by the butler and a maid, who hurried down immediately to learn such items of information on the point as could be gathered in the servants' hall. The doctor came and went, prescribing quiet for the present, shaking his head sagely and reprovingly, as if to say, "The late lamented Charles Desmonde, Esq., would not have allowed his house to be turned into a hospital for paupers."

Three days thus went by; on the fourth day the doctor said the fever was passing rapidly and a change would set in during the day. Miss Pansie redoubled her attentions; though she confessed to feeling anxious as to her next move, when the patient should become conscious. Suppose he could not speak English? She had stayed some time in Florence as a schoolgirl, but what little Italian she had learned had as quickly been forgotten. Her grammars and dictionary were still on the library shelves; she would look up a few words at once.

Hurrying to the library, and as hastily returning to her chair by the bedside, she went over the well-thumbed books again. Questions about health—"How are you?" "Would you like anything?" and so forth—she carefully jotted down on a sheet of foolscap, as obviously the first to ask. She was engaged upon "occupations and trades" when she was startled by a low whisper:

"*Madonna, . . . Madonna, . . . dove sono? Chi e lei?*"

Miss Desmonde turned to the bed and realized that her moment had come.

"Hush! Doctor says you must not talk."

"Me talk Inglesse . . . me well . . . me hungry . . . *dove sono? Chi e lei?*" And the sad, brilliant eyes wandered reverently

round the room in utter bewilderment.

The mere mention of hunger was sufficient to restore the nurse's activities, and she quickly had a neat tray of delicacies by the bedside. Propped up with pillows, eating now of this, now of that, at his nurse's invitation, his eyes revealed an ever-increasing perplexity. Miss Pansie could contain her amusement no longer, and told him, with many pauses, the story of the accident. Still it was obviously inexplicable; but, with the philosophy of his race, he evidently concluded that all was well thus far; the why and wherefore would sooner or later appear. By degrees also his own story became clear, with frequent references to the Italian dictionary for obscure words where his English vocabulary failed.

Giovanni Battista was his name. He had come over to England four years ago with an uncle, who had left him under the charge of an old curio dealer, who treated him not unkindly. Ah, but how he longed for Italy, where he had a mother and brothers and sisters,—the little Nina, who would have made her First Communion by this time; and Pietro, who was always singing; and the poor little Giuseppe, who was very lame and very patient! No, he never heard from them, but the Madonna would protect them.

Thus the days went by, the boy gaining strength rapidly under the watchful care of his self-appointed nurse. Giovanni improved in health and physique alike; and Miss Pansie was obliged to admit—well, that she was much happier than she had ever been.

Still, one thing had troubled her. As Sunday morning came round, Giovanni regularly declared that he must go to Mass. The Madonna would be displeased with him unless he went to Mass. He had promised the *madre*, and so forth. At first it was a shock to Miss Pansie to realize that she was nurturing a Papist; but she had reasoned with herself that, after all, it was as natural for an Italian to be a Papist as for an Englishman or

Englishwoman to be a follower of the "Virgin Queen" in religious matters. At any rate, she had hitherto appeased his conscience, at least outwardly, by pleading his health and the severe weather; perhaps she might be able to still it altogether. Indeed, she was rejoicing that she had done so, when the meal passed on the next Sunday morning without a reference to the dreaded subject.

The morning was singularly fine, and at ten o'clock she asked Giovanni to amuse himself as best he could till she returned from church. In half an hour the carriage drove up, and the mistress descended from her room, prepared for her devotions. Great was her surprise to find the boy waiting in the hall, cap in hand.

"Me go to Mass too, Madonna Pansa. Quite well now," was his reply to her astonished gaze.

"But I am not going to Mass, *mio*; and I shall not be long away."

"You go to church?"

"Yes."

"Well, you go to Mass, and Giovanni come too, please," came back the answer in unquestionable logic; and the dark, wistful eyes never wavered.

Clearly there was not time for a controversy; the believing son of the South would not have comprehended if there had been. What were Henry and Cranmer and Elizabeth to him? He knew nothing of the light Luther and Calvin had spread abroad. He knew that Nina and Pietro and Giuseppe went to Mass every Sunday, sometimes to Holy Communion, and that he had promised his dear *madre* and good Padre Felice to do the same.

It was an awkward situation for Miss Pansie Desmonde,—with the butler, footman and coachman looking on, too, as if carved in stone.

"Well, come along, Giovanni."

Evidently she must put the boy down at the street where the little Roman chapel stood, with the vulgar little bell in an iron niche over the doorway. She could direct the carriage to be brought for

him, and afterward he could drive in the Park till the aristocratic devotions at St. Stephen's were concluded. There would be some gossip about it; but, then, it was all part of her resolution to be helpful.

The Sunday difficulty over, she breathed freely again. January and February passed, and the early days of spring came. From being Giovanni's nurse she had become his preceptress. The boy showed no uncommon ability; alert, observant and enthusiastic, he possessed the true poet's soul of his race. Many of our English poets he appreciated; but to the poets of his native land—to Dante and Petrarch above all—his devotion reached a reverential worship. It was at this time also that the old violin was laid aside for a Strad which Mr. Desmonde had bought years ago. A tutor came every day to give him lessons, and the progress he made was truly wonderful.

"He will be a great artist," said the tutor, a man of few words. "He must study the masters,—only the great." Thus Beethoven and Handel came to share his worship of the "divine Dante."

In these occupations the months sped by all too quickly, and Christmas came again, with its memories of a year ago. Giovanni was greatly changed from the little street singer Pansie Desmonde had brought to Tranellan, lying very still and white on the cushions of the barouche. He was now tall and robust, rather reserved in disposition for an Italian, but all kindness and considerateness. Certainly he was somewhat of a dreamer, though they were usually childish dreams he dreamt,—of his own Italy and his dear ones there; of the Madonna Pansa and why she was so good, yet did not go to Mass, and could not tell him so many things he wanted to know. Perhaps if he prayed to the Bambino, she would come with him this Christmas. So his gratitude and sympathy took the best form of gift—earnest prayer. Several times after this, when Miss Pansie stopped

to listen at his room door as she retired to rest, she heard a murmuring of *Padres* and *Aves* with unmistakable fervor.

"He is thinking about Pietro," she would say, "or lame Giuseppe, or his little Nina. Poor little fellow, how delightfully simple his ideas of religion are! I feel half inclined to go to Mass with him some day—not just yet—to see what he does."

Giovanni was strangely silent at dinner on Christmas Eve; nothing seemed to interest him, and there was evidently a weight of care on his mind. At last, when the butler withdrew, he abruptly broke the silence:

"I going to Mass at midnight to-night, Madonna,"—his English was improved, though still quaintly elliptical.

"Won't it do to-morrow, Giovanni? You will be tired with staying up all night."

"Oh, no! In Italy always go," was the prompt rejoinder.

"Yes, but England is not Italy, *mio*; and the weather is so bad. Besides, that little chapel of yours is sure to be very draughty," she objected.

"Ah, but Pietro and Nina will be there, and the *madre* will carry Giuseppe. I go also, Madonna Pansa."

She knew who would win the battle—in fact, who always won now,—though she had been so proud of her firmness before Giovanni came.

"Well, I will remain up for you. There is no need for me to go to St. Stephen's to-morrow. And" (she added half wearily to herself) "the singing is becoming so tedious! And why *will* the vicar drone the Epistles and mumble his sermon so dreadfully?"

So it was amicably settled, and the sunshine came once again into Giovanni's heart. Punctually at eleven o'clock she called the boy, wrapped him in his overcoat, and opened the door as noiselessly as possible.

"Pray to the Bambino for Madonna Pansa, *mio*," she whispered as he stepped out into the cold night.

She stood there till the crunching of his footsteps on the hard snow could be heard no longer. Then a strange thing happened. It could not have been by mere chance that her overshoes, her heavy winter cloak and her hat were all on the table in the hall reception room; at any rate, there they were. And, stranger still, Miss Pansie Desmonde began leisurely to put them on. But, strangest of all, she passed quickly through the still open door, locked it, and followed the footprints down the avenue and along the badly lighted streets and squares. How her heart throbbed as she assured herself, "I am only going to look after Giovanni, for he is far from strong,"—though she felt there was something else drawing her to the little chapel with its vulgar bell! That bell was ringing now in a thin metallic tone; a clock from a distant tower struck twelve, and a few silent people moved more briskly down the street. With these she entered, and, drawing her veil more closely over her face, sat down in a convenient back bench.

At first everything was vague. A fairly large congregation, lighted candles, moving figures in front—where she presumed was the altar,—was about all her agitation allowed her to distinguish. Then a second-rate harmonium gave out the opening lines of a hymn; and a few voices, rather rough, but evidently very earnest, took up the first verse. Her eyes wandered over the figures of the worshippers. How devout they were! Young men and young women gazing intently at the altar; even children spelling out their prayers from well-thumbed prayer-books, with an occasional appeal to mother or father for the place; and old women, with bent heads, fingering Rosaries like Giovanni's. Giovanni? Yes, there he was too. How handsome he looked, kneeling so upright and quiet! Was he thinking of Nina or Giuseppe? She could almost imagine they were kneeling near him. Perhaps he was praying for "Madonna Pansa."

And then a bell rang, and the

hymns ceased. A wonderful calm and peace seemed all at once to descend upon the place. A few who were seated knelt down and bowed their heads fervently. She knelt too; and watched the figure at the altar. Once he bent prostrate to the ground; then he raised himself, with hands outstretched appealingly above his head; and again he prostrated himself. "What can it all mean?" she asked herself. Again the bell rang, and again there was the profound prostration; but this time he raised a golden chalice high into the air, lingering a while as though offering it to some Unseen Power; and then he knelt again with great humility. "How I wish I could understand!" she exclaimed from the depths of her soul, little knowing what a prayer she had uttered.

The hymns began once more. The voices seemed quite sweet this time. She caught a line of the words occasionally, and they were utterly unlike anything she had heard before. The quiet dignity of the figure at the altar impressed her very considerably; so unlike the pompous vicar of St. Stephen's, with his rustling gown and white lawn surplice. The whole service seemed so real, so spontaneous; its very simplicity made its solemn character unmistakable.

Soon the people left their places and advanced to the altar rails. It was for the Communion, she conjectured. Here again how different it all was from what she was accustomed to at St. Stephen's! No haste, no looking about, no diffidence, but intense faith and recollection marked the bearing of the most youthful. She watched Giovanni approach and return, with the God of Nina, Pietro and Giuseppe, the God who can draw hearts closer for the very barriers of earth, sea and sky, resting in his heart. Then a feeling of intense isolation came over her,—a great longing to know and understand the things she had seen, and she bowed her head on the hard wooden bench.

Presently she became aware that the worshippers were passing out as silently

as they had come. Rising hastily, she drew her cloak about her, anxious to reach home before Giovanni. Even the dull streets seemed changed. The hard snow, the biting cold, the fitful light of the lamps, somehow wove themselves into the scene she had just witnessed. She actually felt ashamed of the great house looming before her, with its spacious hall and luxuriously furnished rooms. In some strange way, it also had become associated with the little Papist chapel.

Removing all traces of the expedition, she soon prepared a hot cup of cocoa for Giovanni, and sat to await his return. The boy observed nothing unusual, save that there were great tears in her eyes and she pressed him closer to her heart as they parted for the night.

Christmas Day passed unusually quietly. Miss Pansie, with some slight hesitation, asked Giovanni at breakfast how he had enjoyed the Midnight Mass.

"Me enjoy it well,—very well," was the only reply.

During the day she overheard him humming the hymn tunes of the preceding night; indeed, she had to check herself from joining in more than once.

But not many days elapsed before Giovanni noticed that conversation was always falling into a religious channel. Madonna Pansa sought information rather than questioned or criticised. The Mass, confession, the wonderful powers of the Madonna and her Rosary,—all were explained in the simple way of Padre Felice, who had prepared Giovanni for his First Communion, and was revered next to the Holy Father himself.

The easy current of life at Tranellan Court could not go on forever. A few days before the Epiphany, the old curio dealer who had acted as Giovanni's foster-father, and whose services Miss Desmonde had rewarded by a monthly pension, presented himself at Tranellan with a letter bearing an Italian postmark.

"This come to my shop yesterday, Miss,

beggin' your pardon! And I supposed it was for the young furriner."

Giovanni tore the letter open with all the eagerness of youth for news long awaited. It proved to be from no less a person than Padre Felice, begging Giovanni to return to Italy, as the uncle with whom he had travelled to England had died of a fever contracted on his homeward voyage a few months previously, and the *madre* was inconsolable at the loss of her Giovanni. The matter appeared too important to solve at once; so, after dismissing the old man, they retired to discuss the question. Of course only one conclusion was possible—the boy must go without delay.

With very sad hearts the final preparations were made. Giovanni declared that he would return to Tranellan before the spring,—nay, if necessary, bring with him Nina, Pietro, Giuseppe and the *madre*, to thank Madonna Pansa for her goodness. But, though the Madonna Pansa smiled assuringly through her tears, she knew full well that the *madre* would need her son for many years.

On the eve of his departure, as they sat together talking over the days that were to come, she told him boldly of her Christmas Eve escapade.

"Next year, *Giovanni mio*, we will receive Holy Communion together, shall we not?" she added.

The tears filled his dark eyes for answer; and he clung to her in silence, with his head upon her shoulder.

The day following, they set out together. She stood on the landing stage till the ship had become a mere speck on the horizon; then turned her face homeward with a great feeling of loneliness at her heart.

It was a month since Giovanni had left, and Miss Pansie Desmonde sat looking down the drive from the drawing-room window, fingering the little brown Rosary he had pressed into her hand at parting. What a weary month it had been! How

impossible the old round of duties seemed to her now! There lay his books and the old violin, serving as so many painful memories. True, he had written to tell her how happy he was; and already good Padre Felice had promised to get him an engagement in an orchestra, where he would receive "many piastres." She remembered that his violin professor had said he would surely become a great artist. Would he remember her then, she asked herself. Perhaps—

"A—a—lady wishes to see you, Miss," the butler interrupted her reverie somewhat abruptly.

"I will come in a moment, John,—no: show her in here, the hall rooms are so cold."

There was a moment's pause, and then, to Miss Pansie Desmonde's great amazement, two black-cloaked and black-hooded figures stepped into the luxurious apartment. "Nuns!" she muttered to herself, not knowing what to do.

"We are very sorry for this interruption. We will not detain you long, Madam; but the severity of the weather has obliged us to go begging farther afield than usual for our poor, and we have made bold to call upon you."

The quiet voice, the calm look, set her at her ease at once; besides, there was distress to be remedied, and her resolution had been intensified rather than diminished by Giovanni's loss.

"Oh, won't you take a seat and let me ring for some lunch? It is really not fit for any one to be out in this weather."

She was half astonished at the way she made herself at home with these "strange beings."

A cup of tea and bread and butter was all the two Sisters would take, but Miss Desmonde found them not unwilling to talk about their work. They were Sisters of Nazareth from Nazareth House, they informed her. Yes, the life was a strenuous one; but no one could realize how happy it was. And the hostess sat by marvelling, whilst they spoke with a

quiet enthusiasm of the joy of serving Christ in His helpless little ones and His aged poor.

The clock striking the hour of noon reminded the Sisters that they had still some distance to go; so, after thanking Miss Desmonde for her kindness, they rose to depart.

"Do you allow strangers—Protestants—around your convent?" she asked timidly.

"Oh, yes, we shall be delighted to show you the little there is to be seen!" was the pleasant answer, for they had fathomed her question at once.

Precisely a month had passed since the interview with the Sisters, and Miss Desmonde had become a regular visitor to Nazareth House. She had learned many lessons from that humble abode of self-sacrifice, not the least that as a Catholic she would have well-nigh unlimited scope for accomplishing her self-imposed task. Seeking out a priest—a convert whom she knew to have been a friend of her father's in his early years,—she began to receive definite religious instruction, and under his guidance to visit the poor of his parish.

Of course Giovanni had received news of the great changes in her life, but of one step he had as yet been told nothing; in fact, Miss Desmonde herself was only vaguely conscious of its possibility. It was, however, to take definite form before long. The 1st of May had been fixed for the day of her First Communion. By a special favor, she was to receive Our Lord at the children's Mass in the convent chapel. In the course of the morning afterward, she was telling a story to some of the little ones grouped around her, when one of them, with that strange impulse which is often so unaccountable in children, flung its tiny arms about her crying out: "O lady, you must stay with us always!"

From that seed, the thorny tree of an uncertain vocation began definitely to spring forth. Her position, her age, her

strength, and a thousand other reasons, rose up against it; but the light became more clear as the weeks passed by. At last she summoned up courage to consult her confessor. The old priest smiled quietly as he replied:

"I have had no doubt, my child, of your vocation. There are difficulties, but they are not insurmountable ones."

There was some consternation later in a certain section of London society when it became known that Miss Pansie Desmonde had become a Roman Catholic,—nay, that she had sold her house in G—— Square and joined some obscure body of nuns "who looked after paupers." But with the opinion of society on the matter we have nothing to do. We know that a few years later, about Christmas time, a stalwart young Italian, with one who was presumably his sister, rang at the solemn bell of Nazareth House convent and laughingly asked for "Sister Giovanni Battista," to the amazement of the nun who answered the ring.

"Tell Sister St. John Baptist that Nina and Giovanni want to see her," said the other, with a very pronounced foreign accent; and, without waiting for a request, the two followed the nun along the corridor.

Of the meeting that followed we need not speak. How many confessions had to be made on both sides! Nina was full of Giovanni's triumphs, even producing cuttings from the daily papers in which he was styled "the master violinist of Europe," "the greatest interpreter of Beethoven since—" and so forth, and so forth.

"And you have come to be Giovanni's guardian angel, dear, in the midst of all this worldly greatness?" Sister St. John Baptist asked teasingly.

The brother and sister looked at each other for an instant.

"There is only one Madonna Pansa,—only one," Giovanni replied, as he raised her trembling hand to his lips. "We shall never forget *her*,—never,—*never!*"

The Holy Night.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IN the hush of the solemn midnight,
As out of the purple skies
The golden host of stars look down
With myriad shining eyes,
Their ordered splendor seems to breathe
Of a yet more glorious sight,
When the radiant Star of Bethlehem
Shone on the Holy Night.

And the silent world seems listening,
As if to catch again
Some echo of the wondrous hymn,
The rapt, triumphant strain,
That on the blest Judean night
Burst from the opening sky,
Proclaiming peace on earth to men:
Glory to God most high.

Oh, to have watched with the Shepherds,
And heard that matchless song!
Oh, to have seen with raptured eyes
The bright, angelic throng!
Oh, to have hearkened the tidings,
With which the heavens still ring,
And been the first to be bidden
Unto the court of the King!

Ah, happy, blessed Shepherds,
Tell us what found ye there?—
A Child who lay in a manger,
A Mother who knelt in prayer;
The breath of the beasts to warm Him,
The straw for His lowly bed,
While the songs of angels filled the sky,
And the great Star burned o'erhead.

Oh, to have knelt with the Shepherds,
To worship and adore
The Lord who came as an Infant,
Humble and weak and poor!
To have brought to His feet in off'ring
The fairest lamb of the fold,—
Earlier gift than the Magi's
Incense and myrrh and gold!

Hush! we may still with the Shepherds
Go unto Bethlehem;
Still hearken the wonderful tidings
Brought by the angels to them;

Still kneel in the lowly stable
With the Mother undefiled,
And offer our love and homage
At the crib of the Holy Child.

We may open our hearts to His coming,
Bidding Him enter and reign,
Teaching our souls the deep meaning
Of poverty, hardship and pain.
So may we share in the blessing,
So catch a gleam of the light
That poured from the Star and the Manger
In the peace of the Holy Night.

The Vengeance of Lucienne.

A STORY OF LIFE IN PARIS OF TO-DAY.

BY ALICE DEASE.

XXIII.

LUCIENNE soon reached the Rue d'Arras. Dismissing her maid, she crossed the courtyard and made her way to the quaint little house. As a rule, the ringing of the door bell brought out the griffon, barking fiercely; but to-day its sounds were merely echoed by a faint wail from the little dog, which was evidently shut up somewhere in the rear premises. The Negro José stood in the shadow of the doorway, without a word.

What a sight was before her eyes as she entered the room of Madame de Mantelon! She could neither advance nor retire; her limbs were trembling under her; and, falling on her knees, she buried her face in the thick folds of the curtain to stifle the sound of tears she could not restrain.

Madame de Mantelon was lying on the bed, propped up by pillows almost to a sitting posture. Everything around her was draped in white; and, late autumn though it was, the room seemed to be full of flowers. The beautiful, worn features had the stamp of death upon them; but here it was no dreadful thing, no enemy to be faced. On the contrary, the radiance of the dying countenance expressed the

words to which a great saint gave voice long ago: "I never knew how sweet it was to die."

The flower-bedecked bed, the little altar with candles on it, told of the Divine Guest that had been there.

After a while Madame de Mantelon opened her eyes; then for the first time she became aware of Lucienne's presence. "Ah, you!" she held out her arms. "How good of you to come! I had no time to send you word. It was so sudden at the last. But my sister thought of you,—she did not forget you."

Madame de Mantelon beckoned feebly to Lucienne to approach. She could not speak, but her mind was perfectly clear; and she smiled sweetly as Lucienne obeyed, and, kneeling, kissed the nerveless hand.

"Dear, dear friend!" she said, and her voice was tremulous with tears. "Pray for me when you get to heaven; and pray, too, for those I love."

There was the faintest movement of assent, and then the dying woman looked toward her sister.

"You must not trouble yourself about me, my darling!" said Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille, speaking low but clearly. "Our parting will not be for long."

Then there was silence, broken in upon by sounds outside. José, who had been summoned while the Last Sacraments were being administered, quietly left the room. When he returned he had to lay his hand on Lucienne's arm before he could attract her attention.

"Monsieur has sent for Madame," he whispered. "The footman, who is waiting outside, says the message is urgent."

Mademoiselle Rochefeuille had roused herself to listen; and, seeing that Lucienne was about to answer that she could not leave, she interposed.

"Go, my child!" she said. "It is your duty, if your husband needs you. God sent you to us; and, remember, your coming has been a great consolation."

Lucienne took her hands.

"Promise me," she said earnestly,—

"promise me here, whilst she can still hear us, that you will always let me comfort and help you."

"That is an easy promise," replied Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille. "And I give it with all my heart. Kiss her," she added, as Lucienne rose to go; and the slight girlish figure bent over the bed, and the two sweet faces—one old and one young—were pressed together in a lingering caress.

"I will come back to-morrow," whispered Lucienne, trying to fight against the conviction that this was indeed the last time she should see her friend alive.

Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille repeated the word "To-morrow!" whilst Madame de Mantelon, looking upward with a smile, pointed silently to heaven.

On reaching home, Lucienne went straight to her husband's room. He was seated at the table, his arms outstretched before him, his head resting upon them; but at the sound of the opening door he sprang to his feet and came toward her. Distress and anguish were written on either countenance.

"Do you know, Raoul, that Madame de Mantelon is dying? Or has something else happened also?" asked Lucienne.

"The worst!" groaned Raoul, again covering his face with his hands.

"I—I don't understand," stammered Lucienne. "You said that no change was expected in the markets for some days."

"True, but this came suddenly, and was absolutely unforeseen. Nothing can save us now; for the very securities have gone down instead of rising."

"And it means ruin?"

"Absolute."

Lucienne staggered back as though struck by a blow.

"Will it," she asked timidly,—*"will it affect you—us?"*

"Yes,—we shall be beggared."

"And your parents?"

"For them, as I have said, it is absolute ruin. My father trusted Frederic so implicitly!"

"Is there any possibility of things being arranged without—"

"Without disgrace? No: it means both ruin and dishonor." Then, suddenly raising his voice, he cried aloud in horror and despair. "Poor, poor,—we shall all be poor!"

"Hush, dear,—hush!" said Lucienne. "We are young; it does not matter so much for us. Oh, I can not bear to think of what it will mean to your parents! O Raoul, what can we do for them?"

Raoul groaned aloud.

"Who broke the news to them?" she asked.

"I wrote it," he replied. "I never could have told them. It was bad enough having to see them afterward."

"And Louise?"

"I wrote to her, too. But for the time being she is the best off of us all. She is so taken up with that wretched husband of hers, she has no time to think of anything else."

"O Raoul! And he, poor wretch?"

"When I got to the Bourse the blow had already fallen, and Frederic was raging like a mad man. Two of his friends helped me, and we took him home absolutely by force. At first he wanted to brave it out; but when he found that I knew about his past, his only idea was—a revolver. Louise can guard him best from that."

Lucienne made no answer. She thought of her own parents now.

"I must go back to father," went on Raoul. "I promised I would do so, but I had to come to you first. I was afraid you might hear it from some one else."

"How good you are!" Even in her distress she smiled at him. "But go now, dear! Your parents must want you. I suppose it is better that I, too, should go to them?"

"No, no! You must rest now; and, besides, it would remind them too cruelly of—what is past."

He got up, meaning to leave her; but suddenly the realization of the present

came so forcibly upon him that he paused, clenching his hands, and speaking his thoughts angrily and aloud:

"Ruin, ruin! It is too awful, too cruel! Everything that makes life worth living swept from us at a blow! It is cruel and unjust. What have we done to deserve such a punishment? People speak of Providence—"

"Hush, hush, Raoul!" cried Lucienne. "Take care what you are saying! How often did you think of God when you were happy? How often did you thank Him for all He gave and which He is now taking from you? And yet you would murmur because He ceases to reward your ingratitude! If you can not take this trial as an expiation, at least do not say what I pray—oh, how earnestly I pray it!—you may live to repent."

Raoul had never seen his wife roused in this way before; and, admitting the truth of her words, he could not but admire her for speaking as she did. For a moment he was silent; then, going up to her, he took her hands.

"So you pray for me, Lucienne?" he said gently. "Pray again, then,—pray harder than ever. I need it, God help me! God *forgive* me!"

And, passing from the room, he left her alone.

XXIV.

Lucienne's parents were seated at breakfast on the morning following that on which she had said her last good-bye to Madame de Mantelon, when they were interrupted by an unexpected visitor.

"I must apologize for disturbing you at such an hour," began the stranger; "but I hope, when you learn my errand, you will forgive me. In the first place, I regret to have to announce to you the death of Madame de Mantelon, which took place yesterday afternoon."

Monsieur de Barli turned in questioning astonishment to his wife, who, seeing this, answered the stranger:

"It is more than kind of Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille—for I presume you come

on her behalf—to think of us at such a time. Personally, neither my husband nor myself was acquainted with the poor lady; but our daughter was so fond of her that we are sincerely sorry to hear of her death.”

“The real object of my visit,” went on the solicitor, after acknowledging Madame de Barli’s courtesies, “is to inform you that your name is mentioned in the deceased lady’s will, which at her own request was read to-day.”

“A legacy!” cried Madame de Barli. “Impossible! We did not know the lady.”

The man of business had by this time produced a legal-looking document from his pocket, and, unfolding it, he asked if he might read it aloud.

“I, Marie Elisabeth Sophie de Roche-feuille, widow of Jean Foulques Langeat, Comte de Mantelon de Bouvières, declare this to be my last will and testament. Having learned of the heroic charity shown by Madame Raoul Mauvoisin, *née* Lucienne de Barli, toward Pedro Lozares, in forgiving him the injuries he had committed against her and her family, and in nursing him with her own hands, and wishing to testify my admiration for such noble conduct, and my deep affection for the said Lucienne Mauvoisin, I bequeathe to her parents, Monsieur and Madame de Barli, a sum of twelve hundred thousand francs, and I thank God for allowing me to be the instrument of His Providence.”

The solicitor folded the paper, and, taking off his glasses, said:

“Madame de Mantelon’s affairs are all in order. She had two million francs to dispose of, in spite of all she has already spent in charity; and, as the other legatee is satisfied with the terms of the will, and desires that you should be paid at once, without the delay usual in such cases, the transfer can be effected immediately. If you will make it convenient to call at my office, I shall hand your legacy over to you, half in cash and half in securities.”

As one in a dream, Monsieur de Barli listened to the solicitor’s final words, and then escorted him to the door. Returning to his wife, he found her in tears; but, instead of the sorrowful weeping of old, these tears were the expression of deep joy.

“O Prosper,” she cried, “we have been wicked and sinful! We could not resign ourselves, and yet see how good God has been to us! It is Lucienne who has earned this blessing for us.”

“What does it all mean?” questioned Monsieur de Barli. “That man says she found him, that she knows where he is, that she helped and nursed him. I can not understand.”

“I know nothing more than what we have heard,” replied Madame de Barli. “It is all as great a mystery to me as it is to you. One thing I do know, and it is that to Lucienne alone we owe this God-sent legacy; and therefore, Prosper, we must not—you must not—refuse her anything she may ask.”

“What do you mean?” he asked. “Ah, I understand! And it is useless to expect such a thing of me. There are some offences that it is impossible to forgive.”

But Madame de Barli, knowing every inflection of her husband’s voice, was satisfied that Lucienne’s appeal for Pedro Lozares would not be made in vain.

XXV.

Raoul had passed the whole afternoon of the fatal day in helping his father to go over De Charolles’ accounts, and part of the following morning was spent at the same task. When that was completed, they were able to judge the full extent of his liabilities. If the creditors did not press for immediate payment, these would be less than had at first been anticipated. With all the money that the Mauvoisin family could raise by the advance of their own capital, and the sale of jewels, of furniture—of everything, in fact, but the absolute necessities of life,—the deficit barely exceeded the sum of six hundred thousand francs.

Lucienne dared not question Raoul when, after his morning's work, he came home and threw himself down beside the hearth. She saw despair written on his face; and, as words could do no good, she waited, silent and sympathetic.

"Oh, it is hard, hard!" he muttered at last. "Our lives are to be wrecked. Everything must go, for the want of a sum that could be repaid for certain, if we were only given enough time. That is really the refinement of cruel fate. If we could only raise six hundred thousand francs more, the bank need not cease payment, a panic would be avoided; and, as the securities that we have in hand rose even to their original values, we could pay back all that is owing. My father and the principal creditors would then take measures — legal ones if necessary — to force De Charolles to do this, and so we should be saved. If only I could get some of those men to see things as I see them, they would save themselves from losing a single franc, if they would advance the sum we need. De Charolles has gone too far; no one will trust him with another penny: bankruptcy must be declared."

"When?" asked Lucienne, breathlessly.

"This very evening, before the Bourse closes,—probably about five o'clock. Well, it is eleven now; that leaves us six hours of suspense."

"Where are you going?" asked his wife, seeing him preparing to go out.

"I have an appointment at twelve o'clock," replied Raoul; "and I must see De Charolles first. It seems that he wrote a most compromising letter, in which he owns having gone to the Jews for money—and worse. It is of the utmost importance that this should go no further; and, fortunately, the holder of this letter is under an obligation to my father, so he has promised to give it up to one of us at noon to-day."

"Then whilst you are gone," observed Lucienne, "I think I ought to go to see your mother. I know it will be painful for her to see me; but it is only right that

I should go to her, and she herself would blame me if I failed in my duty."

"You are right, — I know you are right, Lucienne. But—"

"Does she hate me so?" asked Lucienne.

"It is not that, but" (he turned his head away, and spoke very low) "can't you see how you and yours are being avenged?"

His head was bowed as he descended the stairs and crossed out into the street. At the doorway stood a girl holding a note in her hand, and looking uncertainly about her. He did not even see her, but passed out; whilst she mounted the stairs he had just come down, and knocked at the door that he had closed behind him.

A few moments later, as Raoul was walking down the Rue Neuve des Petit-Champs, a carriage passed quickly by, the driver urging his horses forward. Mechanically he looked up, and to his utter amazement his glance fell on the figure of his wife. She was seated beside a neatly dressed girl, evidently a servant; and, as she was reading a letter, she did not see him.

The maid, Manette's successor, had brought Lucienne a note — merely a peremptory summons from her father, and without a word of explanation. She could not imagine what had happened; and had it not been for the two words, "Come, darling!" which were written across the note in her mother's writing, she would have been torn with anxiety.

XXVI.

On arriving at the home of her parents, Lucienne received a full explanation of all that had transpired. She was astonished beyond measure on hearing of the legacy. It was hard for her father to be reconciled to the part she had played in regard to Lozares.

"How could I have done otherwise," murmured Lucienne, appealingly, "and continue to say every day, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who

trespass against us"? But I can not understand how Madame de Mantelon came to leave you a legacy."

"It is all owing to your kindness to Lozares," said her mother. "He must have confessed all to Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille. Ah, his sins have brought their own reward!"

"If you could see him as I did at first, you would indeed say so." And she told them of the condition in which she had found him.

In spite of the joy that had come to them, the De Barlis felt that there was something oppressing Lucienne.

"There is something troubling you," said her mother. "Lucienne, surely you need not keep anything from us now."

"Yes, mother, something is troubling me, sorely, grievously; and no one but you can help me."

"I know," said her mother quickly. "You are thinking of that wretched man, unforgiven still."

"No," replied Lucienne,—“not of Pedro now, but of your legacy.”

She knelt down beside her father and threw her arms about his neck.

"Father," she said, "at five o'clock this evening De Charolles will be declared bankrupt. His affairs and ours are all so implicated that it means ruin and disgrace to us all. Oh, their misfortune is infinitely greater than ours ever was, for it includes dishonor and disgrace! We shall give up everything, sell everything of value that we possess; but, even so, for the want of six hundred thousand francs, all must be lost."

She told of Raoul's absolute certainty that any loan would ultimately be repaid,—any loan, that is, sufficient to pay off the pressing debt. It was not as a gift that she asked the money, but as a loan; and, even though it was to help their bitterest enemies, could they refuse their daughter what for her sake alone had been given to them?

"Prosper, Prosper!" cried Madame de Barli. "How can we refuse her!"

But even to the double appeal Monsieur de Barli was silent.

"Ruin and dishonor!" went on Madame de Barli. "I can not bear to think of that unhappy woman alone now. What must it be to her, so haughty, so eaten up with pride! Lucienne, let us go to her; let us tell her we sympathize at least—"

"Go to her!" broke in Prosper. "You go to her! Never! That I will never allow. Let her rather come to you."

"O Prosper, can you not forgive? Let her forget what is past. Remembrance could only increase her sufferings. What could bring her to me now, the miserable unhappy woman?"

The old man took his wife's frail hand, and, holding it in his own, he stretched the other one to Lucienne, saying:

"I think she will come, and that soon; and she will say, 'Thank you!'"

An hour later, the three who had gone through so much that day, who had met sorrow and joy, who had struggled with temptation and had come forth victorious,—together these three entered the little house in the Rue d'Arras where their benefactress lay dead. For two of them this was their first visit; but Lucienne led them straight to the room where only the previous day she had heard the words, then not understood in their full meaning, "She thought of you,—she did not forget you,"—the room where rested all that was mortal of the Countess de Mantelon. So still, so peaceful, and so beautiful in death,—nowhere on earth could their sacrifice be more fittingly offered to God than in the serenity of this presence. And, kneeling, they prayed together that the gift they were about to make in favor of Raoul's parents might be accepted in heaven in reparation for the murmurs, the ill feeling, the want of resignation in the past.

Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille had not left her place at her sister's side; and Lucienne, going to her, whispered gently:

"Dear, dear friend and benefactress, how can we ever express a fraction of

our gratitude! She knows it all now.”
 “Ah, Lucienne,” said Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille, “she knew that in doing as she has done, she has given me the greatest comfort, the only consolation that such a grief as mine can know.”

She could not restrain her tears, and Lucienne wept with her. But before long, thoughtful as ever of others, the old lady turned to Monsieur de Barli.

“I want, in the presence of my dear dead sister, to ask you one favor,” she said, — “a favor that our dear Lucienne no doubt will ask, but I want to be beforehand with her.”

“I know what you would say,” replied the old man, brokenly. “But you need not ask it, for it is granted already. As a personal favor, I will beg of Lucienne to take me to-day to Lozares.”

Scarcely had he spoken when Lucienne rose from her knees.

“Dear father, later I will most gladly do as you ask, but now I have another task before me. I must go,—I must tear myself away. If she could speak, she would tell me to do so; and so would you, Mademoiselle, if you knew the full extent of your — of her generosity. It is not for Lozares alone that it wins forgiveness: it means salvation, peace and reconciliation to all my family, — to my own as well as to Raoul’s. I can not, dare not, delay the Heaven-sent message.”

“Go, then; and God be with you!” said Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille.

Bending over the still form, Lucienne pressed her lips for the last time on the inanimate brow of her benefactress; and, with a long-drawn embrace from Mademoiselle de Rochefeuille, and a whispered word to her mother, she left the room.

Again an hour passed by, and Raoul had learned the whole,—the astounding end of all these mysteries. The offering of the De Barlis had been made through their daughter’s hand; and, in humiliation and gratitude, had been accepted.

Then together Raoul and Lucienne ascended the stairs of the house in the

Rue Lafayette that only a year ago we saw her for the first time ascending, alone and so unhappy. Madame de Mauvoisin sat in her drawing-room, so soon (as she thought) to be dismantled; but as yet nothing was changed in it. It was just as it had been when we last saw it twelve long months ago. But she herself, — ah, what a change was to be seen in her, — stricken to the earth, bowed down, crushed with shame!

Very gently Raoul asked if Lucienne might come in, as she had something of importance to tell her.

“Lucienne?” repeated his mother, with tears in her eyes. “Yes, let her come, if she wishes. But what can she have to say to me? Ah, Raoul, she is an angel! Let her come to me. I know she is too good, too noble to rejoice. Yet how she and hers have been avenged!”

And Lucienne, coming in, with consummate tact and great tenderness broke to her mother-in-law the form her vengeance had taken.

(The End.)

At Nazareth.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

WHAT memories of Bethlehem

Had lingered all the hillside years with them,
 That ’mid their flocks and dreams they took
 the way

To Nazareth one Christmas Day!

There near His lowly door they kneeled
 And to the Child their bashful gifts revealed.
 A cloak brought one, as baby shepherds wear;
 And one a lambkin soft and fair.

Glad to the radiant Mother’s breast
 His little cheek and gifts were pressed,
 Till one uplifted to His brows of morn
 A crown as yet without a thorn.

O Shepherds out of Bethlehem,
 What kingly grief was that ye bore to them?
 For she, unclasping tearful from His hold,
 Bowed as in marble pure and cold.

Holy Night Readings.

IN an admirable homily preached on Christmas Day, Pope St. Gregory thus explains the reason why our Blessed Saviour was born in Bethlehem and laid in a manger:

"The name *Bethlehem* signifies 'the House of Bread'; and this is the birthplace of Him who said: 'I am the living Bread, which came down from heaven.' (St. John, vi, 51.) We see, then, that the name of Bethlehem was prophetically given to the place where Christ was born, because it was there that He was to appear in the flesh, by the eating of which the souls of the elect are fed unto life everlasting. He was born, not in His Mother's house, but away from home. And this is a mystery, showing that, by assuming our mortality, He was born in a strange country. We say strange, considering the divine nature of our Redeemer, and not His divine power. For, referring to this power, Holy Scripture says that when the Lord came into this world, He came unto His own. But when thinking of His divine nature, and knowing that He was begotten of the Father before all worlds, we may say that by taking our nature, in time, He came into a strange country. Again, considering, as the prophet says, that 'all flesh is grass' (Isa., xl, 6), we easily understand how Jesus, taking this flesh, changed it into wheat, since He said of Himself: 'Unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone.' (St. John, xii, 24.) This is the reason why the Divine Child is seen in a manger after His birth, that His flesh, like pure wheat, may draw to Him the faithful, as mysterious animals, to be fed and filled with eternal wisdom."

A Netherlands saga tells of a place called Been, near Zoutleeuw, now beneath the sea, which was once a stately city; but it became engrossed with commerce, indifferent to the life of the

soul, and hardened in its heart to pity. Our Lord came thither one Holy Night; He took the form of a tender little child, and in that touching guise He asked for food and shelter for the sake of Him whose birthday it was; but all were too occupied with their business, their pleasures, or their sin, to listen to the wandering Boy, and He was rebuffed and shut out in the winter's cold. Every heart had become cold and cruel and ungrateful. No sweet pity existed even for childhood.

Yet His was the hand that had given the rich harvests of sea and land that had enriched the town; He the King who had placed His guarding sentinels along the ocean's bourne and restrained its eager herd of waves; and yet no recognition was given of His presence on this His birthday morning. So the great God withdrew His warding angels and sent them back to heaven; and that night the hungering waves burst impetuously in through sandy dune and stone-heaped dike, and the cruel town was lost so that it could pollute God's earth no more.

On Christmas Eve, as the benighted fisherman of the Zuyder Zee hears those bells coming up through the waters, he hastens away from the spot in fear, and thinks of the city that 'knew not the time of its visitation.'

There is a striking passage in the third chapter of Father Faber's book "*Bethlehem*"—a chapter poetically entitled "*The Midnight Cave*"—which can not be read without special profit in Christmas-tide. After remarking on the powerlessness of words to express the astonishing mystery of the inhospitality of Bethlehem, which would not give its God room to be born within its walls, he adds:

"Alas! the spirit of Bethlehem is but the spirit of a world which has forgotten God. How often has it been our own spirit also! How are we, through churlish ignorance, forever shutting out from our doors heavenly blessings! Thus it is that we mismanage all our sorrows, not recog-

nizing their heavenly character, although it is blazoned after their own peculiar fashion upon our brows. God comes to us repeatedly in life, but we do not know His full face. We know Him only when His back is turned, and He is departing after our repulse. Why is it that, with a theory almost always right, our practice should be so often wrong? It is not so much from a want of courage to do what we know to be our duty, although nature may rebel against it. It is rather from a want of spiritual discernment. We do not sufficiently, or of set purpose, accustom our minds to supernatural principles.

"The world's figures are easiest to count by, the world's measures the most handy to measure by. It is a tiresome work to be always looking at things from a different point of view from those around us. And when this effort is to be lifelong, it becomes a strain which can not be continuous; and it ceases to be a strain only by our becoming thoroughly supernaturalized. Thus it is that a Christian life which has not made a perfect revolution in a man's worldly life, becomes no Christian life at all, but only an incommodious unreality, which gets into our way in this life without helping us into the life to come. Hence it is that we do not know God when we see Him. Hence it is that we so often find ourselves on the wrong side, without knowing how we got there. Hence it is that our instincts so seldom grasp what they are feeling after, our prophecies so often come untrue, our aims so constantly miss their ends. God is always taking us by surprise, when we have no business to be surprised at all. Bethlehem did not in the least mean what it was doing. No one means half the evil which he does. Hence it is a grand part of God's compassion to look more at what we mean than what we do. Yet it is a sad loss for ourselves to be so blind. Is it not, after all, the real misery of life, the compendium of all its miseries, that we are meeting God every day and do not know Him when we see Him?"

Notes and Remarks.

The strenuous efforts made during the past few years by the Chinese government to abolish the opium trade have so far proved only partially successful. Discussing the question of such abolition, a Calcutta paper, the *Indian Witness*, pays a tribute to the American authorities in the Philippines, where, it declares, the opium trade is strictly suppressed. "The object-lesson of a nation's renouncing a large revenue on moral grounds has been before the Eastern world for more than a year. . . . Thus it can be said without fear of contradiction that the opium traffic in the Philippine Islands has been suppressed, or at least is classed as extra hazardous, and is on a par with dealing in illicit firearms. That such results have been obtained is cause for congratulation to the United States government. Would that the British government took a similar stand with reference to the opium traffic! But in India government has the monopoly of its manufacture. It will have first to rid itself of being an accomplice in the act, before it can make the traffic illegal."

Our acquisition of the Philippines is still regarded by many good Americans as a mistake; so it will be gratifying to them to learn that American rule in the Islands is not ineffective for the betterment of at least some conditions there.

"Out of every hundred thousand of population in the United States, seventy-three divorces are granted every year. Out of every hundred thousand of population in Ireland, one is granted." Commenting on the statistics thus strikingly set forth, the *Herald-Republican*, of Salt Lake City, has this to say:

Religion has a good deal to do with the difference. Ireland is a strong Roman Catholic country, and the sentiment of that Church has always been strong against divorce, — strong for the keeping of the matrimonial pact. And

the difference in accessory fact is just as impressive as that of the result. The Roman Catholic Church is very careful about the entering into the marriage relation. It is a solemn ceremony, not to be carelessly contracted. There is just enough of preliminary consultation to make the espousals serious, and carefully considered. The result is that the contracting parties understand they are making a permanent arrangement when they wed. Nothing but the very best reasons in the world will operate to permit a dissolving of those bonds. And we probably have the Catholic Church to thank for that better view of the case.

In the United States, the people generally look with lighter view on the whole matter of marriage. The contracting parties more quickly and with less knowledge of each other pledge themselves to each other. They are accountable to no one. They do not even reflect that they are accountable to each other in the days that are to come. And they make so many bad matches, as a consequence, that they have to get seventy-three times as many divorces in a year as do the people of Ireland.

"The sad thing," says "Looker-On" in the *Pilot*, "is that much ability comes to naught because it lacks encouragement. Once let a man become penetrated with the idea that he can not win, and he is sure to lose. Now, we can not all be winners. Every battle means so many corpses in the field when it is over. For the majority, mediocrity is the portion; but there is no need of putting ourselves in that class while there is an ounce of life left. Then there is always the chance of helping others more gifted than we, but who are losing courage. If we can not win ourselves, let us do so by proxy—by enabling some one else. Great victories of war and peace, poems that are immortal, careers that are an inspiration to mankind, have come about through encouragement. What boots it that the collaborators fail to get credit? They have fulfilled their destiny in helping some great work to be done."

The trouble with a good many people, in this matter of giving or withholding encouragement, is that they believe, or profess to do so, that the recipient of

generous praise is in danger of becoming proud, conceited, puffed up, inordinately vain. Others refrain from praising what they personally consider praiseworthy lest their opinion should run counter to that of the world at large; forgetting that, as Pope puts it,

His praise is lost who waits till all commend.

The war-stricken and schism-afflicted diocese of Cebú, Philippine Islands, over which the late Bishop Hendrick presided, was created in 1595, and has a Catholic population of 1,978,858, ministered to by 240 priests,—more than 8000 souls to each pastor. Considering its vast extent and the age and feeble health of its late ruler, the wonder is that in a few short years so much could have been done for its reconstruction as late reports show. Though still suffering for lack of priests and higher schools, the diocese of Cebú has been left in a vastly improved condition by Bishop Hendrick. He may be said to have died a victim of his zeal, which was boundless and indefatigable. One of the most beautiful letters that we have ever read he addressed to the head of a sisterhood in this country, appealing for members to take charge of a much-needed institution which he desired to establish in his diocesan city. He won the grateful affection of the Filipinos, who mourn his loss as that of a beloved father and most devoted friend. Indeed, of all the tributes to Bishop Hendrick that we have seen, the most touchingly appreciative are those of Mr. Nicasio Makilan and Mr. Felipe Lumain, two native seminarians of the diocese of Cebú, now studying in St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y.

Dr. J. P. Lichtenberger, who holds and teaches that the increase of divorce is a matter, not to occasion any alarm, but to be viewed with philosophic placidity, was some time ago proposed for an associate professorship in the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania. His

appointment was opposed by Mr. Walter George Smith, a Catholic trustee of the institution, but took place nevertheless. Holding that the appointment is equivalent to an endorsement by the University of Dr. Lichtenberger's views, Mr. Smith promptly resigned from the Board of Trustees. The *Standard and Times*, of Philadelphia, says that the resignation creates a situation altogether unique:

It is an event of national importance,—not merely one that affects the State of Pennsylvania, but one whose moral consequences must in time be felt in every other State in which there are men whose moral sense has not become altogether dulled, and who are able dimly to discern the magnitude of the evil that the torrential volume of divorce is accumulating for the United States. . . . Mr. Smith is a lawyer, a scholar, and a jurist of the front rank. There is no higher name in the most honorable of professions. When such a man deliberately resigns the dignity conferred upon him by the highest teaching institution in the State, if not the country at large, the reasons for such a step must indeed be grave, the public can not but conclude. And grave they are in truth, because they indicate a point whereat the public conscience and the private conscience can no longer travel in company, and the very foundations of moral safety are in jeopardy because of the loosening of religious and social bonds.

The truth of the assertion, so often repeated by Catholic publicists all over the world, that the Freemasons and the Judeo-Masonic press are largely responsible for Anarchism, Socialism, and the persecution of the Church in France, Spain, and Italy, is now admitted by more than one of the leading newspapers of England and the United States. A correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, writing from San Remo, Italy, in commendation of its attitude regarding the execution of Ferrer, says:

You are right in saying that "the outside world can not be blamed if it believes that a judicial murder was committed." . . . We can never adequately understand the religious and politico-social conditions in Europe unless we take into account Freemasonry in all its ramifications, and they are legion. All the social and political upheavals of Europe since one

hundred and fifty years have been its work, and the programme is always the same. It was proclaimed by the "Grande Vente" of Italy a hundred years ago, and it is to-day that of Anarchism and Socialism everywhere—the destruction of organized Christianity (the Catholic Church), and the society actual, which is founded thereon, to give place to naturalism and State socialism, the worst form of tyranny. The Judeo-Masonic press proclaims day by day that the Church murdered Ferrer. Of course this is absurd. The State needed no prompting to do its duty in suppressing bloody riots and finishing the culprits. But it is true that wherever the forces of law and order are in collision with anarchy and riots, the true antagonists are the Catholic Church and secret societies.

It has been a cause of deep regret to many persons that so little was heard of relief work done by Catholics at Cherry, Illinois, during the terrible catastrophe that occurred in the coal mines there last month,—a catastrophe almost without parallel for suffering, heroism, and horror. The simple explanation is that we have no daily paper of our own to chronicle what the Catholic public in such cases is so eager to learn about. There was no intended discrimination on the part of the secular press: it was quite natural that special prominence should have been given to the relief work done or directed by such organizations as the National Red Cross Society, or such individuals as the officials of the Carnegie Hero Fund, rather than by Sisters and priests, and Bishop Dunne, of Peoria.

From the editor of the *La Salle Post*, Mr. James G. Doyle, a Knight of Columbus, writing in the *Columbian*, we learn that about seventy per cent of the miners were Catholics of various nationalities, the majority being Poles, Italians, Austrians, Slavonians, and Croatians. All of these had numerous representatives among the dead. Mr. Doyle states that Catholics were foremost both in risking their lives to rescue the entombed and in ministering to the relief of suffering, grief-stricken families. Laymen vied with priests in deeds of devotedness. Special mention

is made of a number of Knights of Columbus, including the Hon. T. F. Doyle, Mayor of La Salle, "who almost day and night, for a week after the fire, was on the ground, with sane advice and cheerful words and open purse"; and Dr. J. J. Moran, of Spring Valley, "whose invaluable services to the stricken widows and fatherless children were 'without money and without price.'" Not to speak of acts performed, the mere presence of the Bishop, priests and Sisters in itself was a benediction to the surviving sufferers. Mr. Doyle writes:

Sweet-faced, self-sacrificing Sisters from St. Mary of Nazareth, Chicago, and other convents, came, and went about the stricken households, lit the fires, cooked the meals, washed the dishes; dressed the children, assuaged the agony of the mothers as they lay half-hysterical on their beds.

The fact that Cherry has not had one suicide is traceable to the presence of Bishop Dunne and his faithful cohort of priests. They came just in time to keep at least a score of maddened wives and mothers from jumping into that awful shaft of death, or butting out their brains against the iron superstructure. The arrival of the nuns, speaking as they did the various languages of the stricken women and children, and the assuming by Bishop Dunne of the responsibility of arranging for the future welfare of the hundreds of fatherless children, were welcomed as potent influences to soothe, console and relieve the survivors; and the reception accorded them was in strange contrast to that with which the soldiers were greeted.

Mr. Doyle has rendered a distinct service by publishing his account of the disaster. We are sorry it did not appear sooner, and that we are unable to quote from it at greater length.

An interesting side-light on the recent gratifying events at Garrison, N. Y., is furnished by *Rome*. Referring to an appeal made in its columns a year ago for "the hidden victims of the revolution in Italy"—that is, the Italian nuns,—an appeal which we noted in these columns at the time,—our contemporary of the Eternal City says:

One lady (may God bless her for this and all her other charities!) sent a thousand francs;

but among the many smaller offerings there was one which was even more precious. It came from a community of Anglican nuns; and the Mother Superior, in sending it, asked for the prayers of her Italian Sisters, and promised to send out of her own poverty other offerings to the poorest of them. If you look at last week's copy of *Rome*, you will read in it the announcement that the Episcopalian Sisters of the Atonement have just been received into the Church; and we, at least, have no doubt that the great gift of faith is an instalment of their reward for their charity to the poor nuns for whom *Rome* appealed.

There can be no doubt that charity not only covereth a multitude of sins, but draws down upon the charitable a multitude of graces and blessings. Conversions to the Faith and of life as a result of almsgiving in the right spirit are of constant occurrence the world over.

Readers not versed in the political conditions of England, yet desirous of knowing what the present great struggle in that country is about (we judge that there are many such readers), will welcome this succinct statement of a politician in the *London Catholic Times*:

For long years now it has been evident that a conflict over the balance of constitutional power was at hand. Mr. Gladstone and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman may be said to have left a prophecy to that effect as their great political legacy. In a Chamber of some six hundred peers, only about sixty are Liberals, the rest are Conservatives. When a Conservative government is in office, the Lords resist; when a Liberal government comes, the Lords resist. So that, practically, when a Liberal government is in office, the Conservative government is still in power. Bills introduced by a Liberal Ministry and passed through the House of Commons, are mangled or smashed in the House of Lords. The Liberals propose; the Lords dispose.

The editor of the *Inter-Mountain Catholic* slyly remarks that any one who has a chance to interview Santa Claus this year ought to ask him about the visits he got from Cook and Peary. For our part, we feel sure that some one did find the North Pole and that it was lost again last week in our vicinity.



A Christmas Greeting.

DEAR little Christ-Child, on this day
Which gladdens every heart,
I hope in all our happiness
You, too, will have a part.

A merry Christmas, little King,
And gifts the kind You love,—
Sweet deeds of tender charity
Done for our God above.

For Mother Mary, too, I send
A Christmas greeting true.
What happiness must fill her heart!
Her Christmas joy is You.

And dear St. Joseph, guardian blest,
So faithful in his care,—
In all our happy Christmas thoughts
He, too, must have a share.

A merry Christmas! Carols ring
With joy from shore to shore.
A happy birthday, little King,
And many, many more!

CASCIA.

Christmas Eve on a Mountain Top.

BY B. F.

I.

LITTLE Jacques stood by the window, while an expression of anxiety puckered up his forehead, and his large grey eyes rested pensively on the wooded mountain-side, though he saw nothing; for little Jacques, aged eight, was now struggling with a problem difficult to solve.

"Come here, Jacques," said a weak voice from a bed in a corner. "What is trotting in that little head of thine?"

As she spoke, the mother raised herself on her pillow and threw a fond glance at the little figure by the window. It was

easy to see that Jacques was her pride and her joy. What would she have done without her precious boy, when the father's death left them almost penniless, and she, poor woman, ill in bed, too weak to do more than fondle the new-born baby at her side? His twin sisters were only four years' old,—too young to care for themselves.

But now fresh trouble had fallen on the little household. The landlord refused to wait any longer, and threatened to turn them out should the arrears of rent not be paid at Christmas. At Christmas! And this was Christmas Eve! No wonder that the childish forehead puckered into a frown as the little fellow stood by the casement, heedless of his mother's call.

Christmas Eve! Jacques dimly remembered a time when Christmas Eve meant sabots placed beside the hearth,—sabots which were visited on tiptoe in the early morning by a certain small being in bare feet, who danced an impromptu dance as he caught sight of the lovely things they contained. But that was before they left their bonnie home in France,—before they came to the little Swiss village at the foot of the mountain.

Since those happy days, though Jacques placed his sabots every Christmas Eve carefully side by side in the open chimney, the little wooden shoes remained empty, until their disappointed owner, dropping large tears on their shiny tops, bore them silently away. Jacques was sure he knew the reason of this apparent neglect: their house was so tiny, so completely hidden from the road, no wonder that "Papa Noël" passed by without noticing the tiny chimney peeping out of the roof.

As the boy's thoughts flew thus rapidly from the past to the present, he gave a sigh that contained a world of woe. Then suddenly his face brightened as an idea

flashed upon him, — a splendid way out of their difficulties, if only he could succeed in carrying out his plan. All that morning he stole in and out, brimful of mystery from the crown of his head to the toes of his hobnailed shoes; while the mother watched him with a smile, wondering what new idea was working in that little head.

II.

On the top of the mountain the snow was falling, — falling thicker and thicker, as the bitter east wind drove the flakes horizontally through the air. The pine trees drooped under their soft clinging burden; and the narrow paths lay concealed beneath a sheet of white, leaving only a few stumps scarcely visible in the growing darkness.

Beneath a tree somewhat larger than its neighbors stood a young Englishman, seeking shelter from the blinding storm. Buffeted by the wind and half frozen by the intense cold, he had wandered many hours through the woods, vainly endeavoring to regain the path he had lost; but the landmarks lay buried beneath the thick white blanket, and the increasing darkness now dispelled any lingering hope he may have had of finding his way.

To spend the night where he was, however, meant death, and he knew it. Death! How little he had thought of it when he had gaily accepted the wager, made with some thoughtless companions, to cross the mountain in winter! Yet it was coming, slowly coming, on the wings of the icy blast, in the approaching darkness, in the drowsiness that was stealing over him, causing him to close his eyes in spite of himself. For some moments the young man remained motionless, leaning against the sheltering pine; then, realizing his peril, he roused himself and stepped out once more into the night.

The snow had now ceased to fall; and, though the wind still swept in wild gusts through the trees, the darkness was less intense; and a few pale stars twinkled out from amidst the swiftly moving clouds.

Once more scanning the dark woods on either side of him, the Englishman had walked some little way, when he suddenly caught sight of what appeared to be a faint light dancing up and down with the swaying of the branches. Was it fancy, or some heavenly beacon sent to guide him?

His fatigue left him as he strode forward, scarcely daring to breathe, lest, like some Will-o'-the-wisp, the tiny glow should vanish, leaving him once more in the cold and the dark. The light, however, burned steadily on, leading him straight to a logwood hut, standing on the outskirts of the wood.

With a deep feeling of thankfulness, the young man pushed open the door and looked around him. On a table by the window stood an oil lamp, the beacon which had rendered such good service; and beside it lay a loaf of bread and a piece of cheese. The remainder of the room was empty save for a three-legged stool and a bundle of rugs and mats piled up in one of the corners.

Carefully closing the door behind him, the young man strode toward the hearth where the charred remains of a wood fire still glowed; and, picking up a handful of fresh fuel, cast it onto the hot embers. The three-legged stool stood within easy reach. He drew it toward the fire, and sat down, holding his hands out to the flickering blaze.

As he sat enjoying the warmth, and dreamily watching the yellow tongues curling round the logs, he was startled by an unexpected sound,—the sound of a childish treble which cried out in French patois: "Are you Papa Noël?"

If a bomb had exploded, the Englishman could not have been more astonished. He sprang to his feet and looked round him. The sight that met his eyes was a strange one. From out of the heap of rugs and mats crawled a funny little figure in a ragged coat.

It was Jacques, who had stolen up to the hut on the mountain to carry out

his wonderful plan. He had reasoned it out so carefully. To reach their village, Papa Noël must needs pass by the little hut which headed the only path down the mountain; a bright light shining through the window would be sure to attract his notice; he would enter, and little Jacques could then tell him all about the empty wooden shoes and the cruel landlord.

But when our small hero had found himself alone in the hut on the mountain, with night coming on, and the snowflakes driving against the panes, his courage had deserted him. The winding path by which he had come appeared dark and lonely; the strange noises in the pine woods near by filled him with a nameless terror; and little Jacques the dauntless had wept himself to sleep on the pile of mats.

When the Englishman recovered from his surprise, an amused smile lit up his rather stern features as he called Jacques to his side; and, somehow, the boy was not afraid, but nestled close to him and told him of the trouble at home.

Perhaps the man had children of his own, or perhaps he realized that Jacques' courage and simplicity had actually saved his life; for he listened, with a kindly twinkle in his eye, to the simple story.

"And so, my little man," he said, "you took me for Father Christmas! Well, I have no objection to the rôle; to-morrow I will pay the landlord. But for the present a good sleep will do us no harm. What do you say, youngster?"

How Jacques enjoyed that sleep in the little hut! His fears had vanished; two large hands tucked him carefully up in the rugs, and his fancy built castles in the air as he murmured joyfully to himself the Englishman's last words: "To-morrow I will pay the landlord."

Nor was Jacques disappointed. The man had won his wager and could afford to be generous. Very early next morning the two went down to the village and roused the landlord from his slumbers. Not only were the arrears of rent paid,

but six months' rent in advance as well.

"Now," said the Englishman, when this weighty matter was settled, "I am Father Christmas, you know, and must therefore live up to my reputation. How many sabots are there at home?"

Madame Leblanc had felt no anxiety concerning her son's prolonged absence. The boy often ran over to one of the neighbors, a seamstress, who sometimes kept him overnight. That it was so this Christmas Eve, the good woman never for a moment doubted. She slept longer than usual the following morning, and was suddenly awakened by the sound of three excited voices. Turning her eyes in their direction, she saw a sight she could never forget. From one side of the hearth to the other stretched a string of sabots—big ones and little ones,—each containing bundles of various shapes and dimensions.

The twins stood gazing rapturously at one of these, while little Jacques danced round the room, with the baby on one arm and a large box under the other. Even the mother's shoes had found their way with the rest, and stood supporting, rather than containing, a queer-shaped parcel, whence protruded the stiff red legs of an immense turkey.

What an exciting day that was for the inmates of the little house under the hill, and what a splendid dinner they had! And who should appear in the midst of them but Papa Noël himself!

"He came and sat down just like one of us," as the mother said afterward, "and insisted on carving the turkey."

"I think it was the real Papa Noël, after all," Jacques confided to his mother that evening, as she tucked him into his white cot.

"Perhaps it was," said the mother, with a smile, as she bent down and kissed the curly locks. "But promise me, my darling, never again to climb the mountain alone. Not all the Papa Noël's in the world would make up for the loss of my precious little son."

The Adventures of Ricardo.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XVII.

RICARDO'S feet and knees had been severely scorched. He was obliged to remain in bed for several days; while Serafina, whose leathern skin had been nearly impervious to the flames, swathed as it was in many garments, recovered from her burns almost immediately. She complained of severe bruises, due to having been rolled on the grass; saying to her fellow-servants that she felt as though she had been drawn through a mangle.

"But the child was very good to come to me, Señora," she said to her mistress; "and, if I may, I will make an ointment which will cure him more quickly than your oils and linens."

"I shall be glad of anything which will heal his burns quickly," said the Señora.

When the old woman went to Ricardo's room with her ointment, prepared from dried herbs and mutton tallow, she insisted upon putting it on herself.

"I have a prayer," she said; "and while using the salve I say this prayer."

"What is it, Serafina?" asked the lady. "You know I will have no charm."

"Charm!" cried Serafina, lifting her eyes piously to heaven. "Does not the Señora know that I gave them all up in my youth? It is a beautiful prayer. Will you hear it?"

"Yes; say it for me."

"Come to the sick chamber, then, and I will say it aloud there. To repeat it here would not, perhaps, be right."

Humoring the old woman, her mistress accompanied her to the sick room. Serafina was both dexterous and skilful. While she gently but thoroughly applied the warm ointment to the burns, she repeated in a low tone the following prayer:

"Heal, O Lord, the wounds of Thy servant, body and soul, and restore to him the vigor of his limbs and flesh. Amen."

As the ointment was absorbed, it dried—having some wax in its composition,—thereby forming a sort of healing covering, which soothed the burns, while it excluded the air. After Serafina had gone the Señora said:

"Now I will raise your pillows higher, Ricardo, so that you can look out of the window, and read a little if you would like to. First let me button your shirt at the throat: you may take cold."

As she stooped forward to do so she observed the little chamois sack which the boy still wore around his neck.

"I suppose you have a Scapular in that?" she said. "But the chamois covering is a little frayed. Let me put on a new piece."

"Thank you!" replied the boy. "It is only a medal and something—belonging to my mother. But I would not like to lose it."

"Her picture?" inquired the lady.

"No: a little pin."

"But why do you not wear it?"

"I was thought too young yet. When I am older, perhaps I could put it in my tie."

"Yes, so you might. I will get my chamois and workbasket."

She was back in a few moments, removing the chamois from the aluminum box in which Sidi Belai had placed the pin.

"Would you like to see it?" asked Ricardo. "You may open the box."

"Yes, I would," answered the lady, thinking to please him, and imagining she was about to see a very common, ordinary piece of jewelry.

She lifted the lid, and raised the envelope of cotton in which the pin was hidden, taking it daintily between somewhat reluctant fingers. But hardly had she disclosed it to view when her face paled, she rose to her feet, and, dropping the pin on the coverlet, she cried:

"Ricardo, Ricardo *mio!* Where *did* you find this pin?"

"It was my mother's," said the boy, calmly.

"And where did she get it?"

"It was always hers; she liked it more than anything, and when she lost it she was very sad. It was a little while before she died. We looked for it, but we could not find it. And then a good man, a shoemaker, found it in his shop, and put it in a box. One day I visited him and saw it there, and he gave it back to me. He told me it was very valuable, and to save it, and not wear it till I was a man."

"Is that all you know?" asked the lady.

"All, except he said that it was half of a seal."

"And so it is!" cried his adopted mother, falling on her knees beside the bed and seizing his wrists in her hands. Even in her excitement she did not forget the poor burned fingers. "Tell me now, Ricardo, can you remember nothing of how your mother got this seal?"

He shook his head, repeating:

"She had it always since I remember."

"*And I have the other half!*" said the lady. "Surely, surely there could not have been two exactly alike!"

To the mind of the boy, everything began to look clear. But he dreaded the fatal moment when the identity of his mother would be discovered, and he might have to suffer the alienation of the friends to whom he had become so dear, and who to his affectionate heart were equally dear.

"My mother *loved* that little pin," he said. "It was her dearest treasure."

The Señora gazed at the boy steadily and silently for a long moment. Slowly a light seemed to break in upon her.

"Do you know, Ricardo, what those letters stand for?" she inquired.

"Maria Ysabella Ibañez," he replied.

"Who told you that?"

"My mother."

"How did she know?"

"It was her name — before she married my father."

"O Ricardo, Ricardo, — my child, my child!" exclaimed the impetuous woman, throwing her arms around the boy and

clasping him to her breast. "I knew her, — I knew her! We played together when we were children, and were inseparable friends when we were girls. There was no one nearer to me than Maria Ibañez. Why, *hijo mio*, she was my cousin!"

"And you loved her?" faltered Ricardo.

"Indeed I loved her!"

"Always?"

"Always, always!"

The boy began to sob uncontrollably.

"I was afraid—afraid," he said at last, "that you did not love my mother, and then I could not have stayed—"

"Why? What did you know, Ricardo?"

"Only this week I heard something from Califo that made me think perhaps the Ibañez he spoke of and the family of my mother were the same. And I wanted to ask but I dared not, for he said the people did not love my mother. Another Indian said they were angry because she would not marry Don Carlos; but when I wanted him to tell me more, he would not. He said it did not concern me."

"When was this?"

"Only the other day, at Los Olivos."

The Señora smiled.

"Don Carlos was never to marry Maria Ibañez, Ricardo," she said, releasing her hold of him. "There was never question of his marrying any one but me. That is only gossip. No doubt you have already heard the truth about it, but I will tell it to you as we know it. Your mother had a beautiful voice. She had an aunt in San Francisco, and went to stay with her, so that she could take singing lessons. Your father was a singing teacher, and he also had a fine voice. That is what I have heard. I did not know him, Ricardo. Poor Maria! She knew very well that her parents would never consent to her marriage, so she did not ask them. But she begged forgiveness later, and it was not granted her. They went away, and we saw or heard of her no more."

She wiped her wet cheeks, and with the same handkerchief dried Ricardo's tears.

"When your grandfather died—he had

told her never to write to him again,—your uncles tried to find her, but they could not. Then they all died,—two of fever, and one by falling on his own gun while hunting. The sister also died, and there were none left. My husband then became the heir. But first he tried for several years to find your mother. He advertised in many papers, but to no avail."

"She never read the papers," said the boy. "We were in Cuba, and no papers of this country ever came to us."

"You were in Cuba? And was your mother happy? Was your father good?"

"I know nothing of my father, except that he and my mother sang in the opera."

"How very strange!"

"Yes, but it is true," said the boy. "Always—ever since I can remember—my mother sang in the opera."

"How, then, if she was a prima donna, were you so poor?"

"A prima donna! Never was she that. She sang always in the chorus."

"O Ricardo!"

There was a long silence; they were both weeping. At length the Señora lifted her head from the bedclothes where she had hidden it, and said in a low voice:

"Tell me all you can remember, dear."

Ricardo told her the whole miserable story. After he had finished she rose from her knees and went away. The boy lay back on his pillows exhausted, sad, yet happier than he had been for a long time,—perhaps than he had ever been. Everything was known; he was no longer a stranger taken in through the compassion of kind hearts, but he was in his own place, among his own people. They had never discarded his mother; they had always loved her, and her memory would be dear to them—almost as dear as to him. From beneath his closed eyelids tear after tear stole down his cheeks; but they were tears of joy, not of sorrow.

After the lapse of half an hour, the Señora came to him again with a small box in her hand.

"Here is the other half of that seal, Ricardo," she said, opening the box. "It has the same initials, but the flowers are a little different. I asked Maria to give it to me when she went away. I intended to wear it on my watch chain, but I never did. The seal was one that could be used at either end, and unscrewed in the middle."

Ricardo took it in his hand.

"Yes, it is the other half," he said. "How wise of Sidi Belai to tell me it might some day be of use to me!"

"Yes," replied the Señora. "But the truth would have come out sooner or later, in some other way."

"I hope so,—yet perhaps not; and it might have been a long time."

"Ricardo," she said, "you must understand that you are not only my cousin but the cousin of Don Carlos, who was related to your mother on the Ibañez side, while I am on the mother's. And the Villaflores are also your cousins."

"Yes," said the boy, "I do understand."

"And now, since it has seemed almost impossible for you to call us father and mother—though we hoped you would have done it in time,—you will call us aunt and uncle, will you not? That is the Spanish way."

"Yes, that will be very well," said Ricardo.

"I can hardly wait for Don Carlos to come," she went on. "He will be here this evening. How surprised and pleased he will feel! And Los Olivos ranch is yours now, Ricardo."

"I do not care at all for that," rejoined the boy, indifferently. "But I should like soon to see Father Featherstone."

"Ah, yes! How glad it will make him, the kind, holy man! And do you not imagine, Ricardo, that you can see the joy of that dear Maria Callahan? I am going to send her a handsome present."

A little old woman was coming out of St. Patrick's Cathedral. She had been to early Mass. On the sidewalk she met

another woman not much younger than herself. They paused to greet each other.

"Well, well, Anne!" exclaimed the old woman. "'Tis a cure for sore eyes to see you. Where have you been these four years?"

"After I left Mrs. Grey I went to Ireland, thinkin' I'd stay there; but all my people were dead, and I wasn't well contented; so I came back three months ago. I have a little room for myself, and I take in sewing. And what of yourself, Mary? You look fine and prosperous."

"I'm stopping with Mrs. Grey now,—have been there about two years. I got too old for the fruit-stand. I don't do much but see that things are kept straight. Mrs. Grey is an easy mistress."

"And Father John,—where is he?"

"Sure he went to the Jesuits, after all. He's in Woodstock, a place in Maryland."

"And what became of that other young priest, and the boy he took to California?"

"Oh, Father Featherstone's there for good! His health wasn't equal to this climate. He has a grand parish now. And let me tell you, Anne, the story of what happened to poor little Ricardo is wonderful indeed. He found, after he'd been there a while, that the people who took him were his own blood relations, and he came into a good property. Besides that, he'll have all their money after their death. Father Featherstone was back last year, and he told us what a fine boy Ricardo has grown to be; he's head and front of everything in the way of outdoor sports. And he never went a day to school except to Father Featherstone, and he's enough of a scholar for a gentleman farmer, which he is to be."

"How old is he now?"

"Just turned fifteen, Anne, and a most beautiful-looking figure of a young man. He sent us his photo. Come up some day and I'll show it to you."

"I will, then, and gladly, Mary. So you hear from him?"

"Regularly once a year, Anne. And the lady always sends me a Christmas

gift, from herself and Ricardo. Last year 'twas a beautiful shawl; and this year a box of preserved figs and guava jelly, four dozen in all, done in the most beautiful way. And she puts them up with her own hands, Anne. Come down and we'll sample them, with a cup of good tea."

"All right; I will, very soon, thank you, Mary! That little boy was a fine investment for them that took him, wasn't he? He had a wonderful winning way with him, didn't he?"

"Yes, and he'll always have it. 'Twas born with him. He was God's own child from the day he came into the world, and he'll be God's good man till the day he leaves it," said Mary Callahan.

(The End.)

A Curious Christmas Ceremony.

Certain towns on the river Danube have a peculiar ceremony at Christmas time, called "blessing the river." The people, many of them dressed to represent Biblical characters, wearing gay turbans of paper and carrying long white wands, repair to the river-banks, when priests clothed in surplice bless the river. This ceremony lasts about half an hour. After the last prayers have been said, the ice is broken, and a small wooden cross is thrown into the river. This cross is supposed to bring good fortune during the following year to him who ventures into the water and rescues it.

Our Lady's Hen.

The friendly little bird called the wren had a nest in the Stable of Bethlehem, and was the first of all the bird tribe to welcome the Infant Saviour. It used to be known as "God's little fowl"; or, more commonly, as "Our Lady's Hen." And long ago in Scotland there was a curse on any one that should molest it:—

Malisons, malisons, mair than ten,
That harry the Lady of Heaven's hen.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Catholicism and Reason," an essay by the Hon. Henry C. Dillon, is an interesting pamphlet recently issued by the International Catholic Truth Society. It sells at five cents a copy, or three dollars a hundred.

—A writer in the *Dial* observes that, although Dr. Johnson is little read nowadays, he has left a few phrases and maxims that promise to abide. "To point a moral or adorn a tale" falls glibly from the tongue of thousands who have never heard of "The Vanity of Human Wishes"; and many an untoward happening is spoken of as eclipsing the gayety of nations, with no suspicion on the speaker's part that he is quoting Johnson's allusion to the death of Garrick.

—A Spanish centenary in which many outside of Spain will feel a sympathetic interest is that of Jaime Luciano Balmes (1810-1848). The founder of a journal for the defence of the Faith, he did valiant service as a publicist; but his enduring fame rests principally on his "Fundamental Philosophy" and "Protestantism and Catholicity Compared in their Effects on the Civilization of Europe." Preparations for the celebration of his centenary next year have already been begun, and it is gratifying to learn that all classes in Spain are uniting to honor his memory.

—In the course of a thoughtful article entitled "The Year's Curriculum in Fiction," published in a recent issue of the *Independent*, Mrs. L. H. Harris says:

I do not name any names, but if some of our bachelor novelists who are bent upon the destruction of the practical basis of marriage could be put in a bag like objectionable human tomcats, a stone tied to it and the thing sunk into the nearest pond, society would be better off.

A very hard saying. It would be interesting to know what disposition Mrs. Harris would have made of the ladies, both married and single, who produce the same sort of literature, only worse sometimes. A London publisher, we notice, has been obliged to suppress one of their so-called text-books of life.

—The Rev. Antonio Isoleri, Ap. Miss., has translated from the Italian of Father Giuseppe Maria da Masserano "The Life of St. Leonard of Port Maurice." The book is published in Philadelphia, and the proceeds from its sale are to be devoted to St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi's parochial school and orphan asylum. The Life, it need scarcely be said, is a most interesting one; but we can not help wishing

that it had been less literally translated. All such books should be adapted for English readers. It has often been our wish to welcome an adequate biography of the great Franciscan missionary of the eighteenth century. Even before his canonization, he was taken as patron and model of missionaries, students, and religious. It is interesting to learn that Father Isoleri, who is a devout client of St. Leonard, used to hear in his former home in Italy that his great-grandfather had been present at a sermon delivered by the saint of Porto-Maurizio.

—According to the *London Standard*, one of the most important scientific publications of the year is "Mendel's Principles of Heredity," by W. Bateson, M. A., F. R. S., V. M. H., professor of biology in the University of Cambridge. "It constitutes the only authoritative work that aims at something approaching a comprehensive and complete outline of the most absorbing problem of modern biology." Another non-Catholic reviewer remarks: "It is striking evidence of the eternal value of exact experimentation that the work of Gregor Johann Mendel, an obscure monk, is to-day a living force in biology." His two original papers are included in Prof. Bateson's work.

—The editor of "The Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh" must have smiled while transcribing this solemn admonition of the Sage of Chelsea to his future wife:

I very much approve your resolution to exercise your powers in some sort of literary effort; and I shall think myself happy if by any means I can aid you in putting it in practice. There is nothing more injurious to the faculties than to sit poring over books continually without attempting to exhibit any of our own conceptions. We amass ideas, it is true; but at the same time we proportionally weaken our powers of expressing them,—a power equally valuable with that of conceiving them, and which, though in some degree like it the gift of Nature, is in a far higher degree the fruit of art, and so languishes more irretrievably by want of culture.

And the dreary letter in which this paragraph occurs is one of the longest of all. Evidently Carlyle was not at his best in letter-writing. But how well he could describe people, especially people that he didn't like!

—It is a good thing to have established a reputation in the literary world, especially in the case of a poet. Once the critics have placed such a one among the immortals, he or she may produce almost anything—at least for a time—and it will hardly fail of popularity. The critics do not care to acknowledge themselves mistaken; and, of course, those who

are not critics have nothing to say. Mr. William Watson is a poet with a reputation, consequently his "New Poems" has been hailed as "a glorious harvest of majestic song," and so on. The first poem in the volume, entitled "The Blacksmith," is referred to by one enthusiastic reviewer as "the most consummately wrought of all." Here are some stanzas of it:

'Tis the Tamer of Iron
Who smites from the prime,
And the song of whose smiting
Hath thundered through time.

Like a mighty Enchanter,
'Mid demons he stands—
'Mid Terrors infernal,
The slaves of his hands.

As a pine-bough in winter,
All fringed with wild hair,
His arm, too, is shaggy,—
His arm, too, is bare.

Is this careless rapture or utter commonplace, platitude, or poetry? We venture to assert that "The Blacksmith" will not enhance Mr. Watson's reputation; and we are free to say that we much prefer Longfellow's poem with a similar title, even though "boys" and "voice" do duty as a rhyme in one stanza, and some critics call it a commonplace production.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Phileas Fox, Attorney." Anna T. Sadlier. \$1.50.
- "The Catholic Highlands of Scotland." Dom Odo Blundell, O. S. B. \$1.10.
- "Giannella." Mrs. Hugh Fraser. \$1.50.
- "The Prison Ships, and Other Poems." Thomas Walsh. \$1.08.
- "The Woman who Never Did Wrong, and Other Stories." Katherine E. Conway. 75 cts.
- "The Supreme Problem." J. Godfrey Raupert. \$1.50.
- "The Isle of Apple Blossoms." John Talbot Smith. 10 cts.

- "Life of the Rev. Mother Ste. Marie." \$1.75.
- "The Courage of Christ." Rev. Henry Schuyler, S. T. L. 50 cts., net.
- "The Blindness of Dr. Gray; or, The Final Law." Canon Sheehan, D. D. \$1.50.
- "A Manual of Moral Theology for English-Speaking Countries." Rev. Thomas Slater, S. J. Vols. I. and II. \$5.50.
- "The Law of Church and Grave." Charles M. Scanlan, L.L. B. \$1.35.
- "The Catholic Church, The Renaissance, and Protestantism." Alfred Baudrillart. \$2.
- "At the Root of Socialism: A Study of a Glasgow Manifesto." F. Power, S. J. 10 cts.
- "The Glories of Lourdes." Chanoine Justin Rousseil. \$1.10, net.
- "A Certain Rich Man." William Allen White. \$1.50.
- "The Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, in Meditations." Maurice Meschler, S. J. \$4.75, net.
- "Waifs and Strays. Being a Collection of Sermons, some Lectures, Essays, etc." Rev. Henry A. Brann, D. D., L.L. D. Volume I.—Sermons. \$1.15.
- "The Priest's Studies." T. B. Scannell, D. D. \$1.20, net.
- "The Diocese of Limerick, Ancient and Medieval." Rev. John Begley, C. C. \$3.85, net.
- "Holy Practices of a Divine Lover." Dame Gertrude More. 75 cts.
- "What Think You of Christ?" Rev. Bernard Otten, S. J. 25 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Frederick Smith, of the diocese of Liverpool; Rev. William O'Grady, archdiocese of San Francisco; Rev. Peter Dunigan, diocese of Hartford; and Rev. Aloysius Felchi, S. J.

Sister Mary Fidelis, of the Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. William Morehead, Mrs. Henrietta M. Davis, Mr. James Cullen, Mrs. Pauline Dallas, Mr. Michael Morrissey, Mr. George S. Baker, Mr. James Caulfield, Sr., Mrs. Hannah Meyer, Mr. Edwin Brand, Miss M. Burke, Mr. Charles Dvorak, Mr. R. B. Gauss, Mr. Joseph Koester, Mrs. Elizabeth Spellacy, Mr. Joseph Cadenazzi, Mrs. Edward Carey, Mr. John Platzer, Mrs. Catherine Kernan, Mr. Frederick Voss, Mr. Frank Shepherd, Mrs. Sarah Shepherd, Mr. B. Carroll, and Mrs. Susan Dickson.

Requiescant in pace!



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Ave Maria.

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